This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08167257 2

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

*DA
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME VI.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXXI.

APRIL, MAY, JUNE.

1874.

BOSTON:

LITTELL AND GAY.

Digitized by Google

ASTOR LIBRARY
NEW YORK

Digitized by Google

TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

OF

THE LIVING AGE, VOLUME CXXI.

THE SIXTH QUARTERLY VOLUME OF THE FIFTH SERIES

APRIL, MAY, JUNE, 1874.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Libraries, Ancient and Modern, . . 259
Dr. Schliemann's Trojan Antiquities, . 515

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Prosper Mérimée: His Letters and Works, ... 131

BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

David Livingstone, ... 387

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The Shield of Achilles, ... 110
Letters from Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 116
The Reply of Achilles to the Envoys of Agamemnon, ... 687
Emanuel Deutsch, ... 800

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Two Chapters on the Reign of Louis XIV., ... 67, 482
On Wordsworth, ... 323

NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Animals in Fable and Art, ... 451

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

International Vanities.
Titles, ... 3
Decorations, ... 340
Emblems, ... 726
Disorder in Dreamland, . 46, 102, 330, 495
The Story of Valentine; and his Brother, 78, 467, 559, 615
The Two Speransky, ... 160
Lord Stanhope and the Historians of Queen Anne's Reign, ... 195
Scepticism and Modern Poetry, . . 236
Alice Lorraine, . . 591, 658, 739, 789
Journal de A. M. Ampère, ... 698

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

Some Old-Fashioned Parsons, . . . 619
The Strivings of Ancient Greece for Union, ... 707

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Recollections of John Keats, ... 174

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

Far from the Madding Crowd, 19, 299, 536
Dr. Johnson's Writings, ... 91
The Courtier of Misfortune: A Bonapartist Story, ... 150, 227
A Rose in June, . 168, 212, 353, 682, 715
The White Cat, ... 462
The French Press, ... 579
Impressions of Iceland, ... 750

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

The Prince Printers of Italy, ... 32
Mendelssohn, ... 218, 424, 672
Spanish Life and Character in the Interior During the Summer of 1873, 313
The Philology of Slang, ... 367
Our First Great Novelist, ... 643
Dante, ... 771
Ordered South, ... 817

TEMPLE BAR.

Chateaubriand and his Times, . . . 287
Chinese Domestic Life, ... 436
Sir Peter Lely, ... 549
Lamartine, ... 604

VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

A Country Walk with the Poets, . . . 762

QUEEN.

Impulsive People, ... 377

SPECTATOR.

Colonel Chesney's Essays, ... 55
Youth *versus* Age, ... 253
Sir John Lubbock on the Bee, . . . 379
The New Constitution of Switzerland, . 508
The Domesday Book of Scotland, . . 571
English Foreign Policy, ... 629
The Women and the Universities, . . 693
The Old Scotch Moderates, ... 821

ECONOMIST.

The Illness of Prince Bismarck, . . . 255
The Reality of the Indian Famine, . . 631

Digitized by Google

SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Princess Charlotte, ... 248
Count Beust's Note, ... 446
An Alsatian Experiment, ... 696

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

The Speakership, ... 61
Chinamen out of China, ... 124
Liberalism and Democracy, ... 506
The Fiji Islands.
The Whites, ... 510
The Natives, ... 569
The Blacks, ... 635
Popular Voting in Switzerland, . . 574
Italian Affairs, ... 633

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

The Caspian Sea, ... 58
Explorations of a Naturalist, . . . 188
Archibald Constable, ... 242
A Homely Heroine, ... 282
About Retrievers, ... 297
Prognostications by Leeches, . . . 382
Hissing, ... 444
Belgian Husbandry, ... 503
Exotic English, ... 638

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Childhood in Japan, ... 126
Peg-Legged Bob, ... 812

ACADEMY.

Twinkling of the Stars, ... 703

Digitized by Google

INDEX TO VOLUME CXXI.

ACHILLES, The Shield of 110
Anne, Queen, Historians of her Reign, . 195
Age *versus* Youth, ... 253
Austria, Position of, at the Breaking Out of the War of 1870, ... 446
Animals in Fable and Art, ... 451
Alice Lorraine, . . 591, 658, 739, 789
Achilles, The Reply of, to Agamemnon, 687
Alsatian Experiment, ... 696
Ampère, A. M., Journal of 698

BROWNING, Elizabeth Barrett, Letters from 116
Belt, Thomas, Explorations of, in Central America, ... 188
Bismarck, Illness of 255
Bee, The, Sir John Lubbock on . . 379
Beust's, Count, Note, ... 446
Belgian Husbandry, ... 503

CHESNEY's Essays, Colonel 55
Caspian Sea, The 58
Chinamen out of China, ... 124
Childhood in Japan, ... 126
Courtier of Misfortune, The . . 150, 227
Constable, Archibald 242
Charlotte, The Princess 248
Chateaubriand and his Times, . . 287
Chinese Domestic Life, ... 436
Country Walk with the Poets, A . . 762

DISORDER in Dreamland, 46, 102, 330, 495
Decorations — International Vanities, . 340
Democracy and Liberalism, ... 506
Domesday Book of Scotland, . . . 571
Dante, ... 771
Deutsch, Emanuel 800

EMBLEMS — International Vanities, . 726
English Foreign Policy, ... 629
Exotic English, ... 638

FAR from the Madding Crowd, 19, 299, 536
Fiji Islands, The
The Whites, ... 510
The Natives, ... 569
The Blacks, ... 635
French Press, The 579
Famine, Indian, Reality of 631
Fielding, Henry 643

GREECE, Ancient, The Strivings of, for Union, ... 707

HOMELY Heroine, A 282
Hissing, ... 444
Husbandry, Belgian, ... 503

INTERNATIONAL Vanities.
III. — Titles, ... 3
IV. — Decorations, ... 340
V. — Emblems, ... 726
Impulsive People, ... 377
Indian Famine, The Reality of . . 631
Italian Affairs, ... 633
Iceland, Impressions of 750

JOHNSON's, Dr., Writings of . . . 91
Japan, Childhood in 126
Japan, Religion in 768

KEATS, John, Recollections of . . 174

LOUIS XIV., The Reign of . . 67, 482
Libraries, Ancient and Modern, . . 259
Lubbock, Sir John, on the Bee, . . 379
Leeches, Prognostications by . . . 382
Livingstone, David 387
Liberalism and Democracy, . . . 506
Lely, Sir Peter 549
Lamartine, ... 604

Mérimée, Prosper 131
Mendelssohn, ... 218, 424, 672
Moderates, The Old Scotch . . . 821

NATURALIST, A, Explorations of . . 188
Novelist, Our First Great 643

OLD-FASHIONED Parsons, Some . . 619
Ordered South, ... 817

PRINCE Printers of Italy, The . . 32
Press, The French 579
Parsons, Some Old-Fashioned . . 619
Poets, A Country Walk with the . . 762
Peg-Legged Bob, ... 812

ROSE in June, A . 168, 212, 353, 682, 715
Retrievers, About 297
Ritualism, ... 703

SPEAKERSHIP, The 61
Speransky, The two 160
Stanhope, Lord, and the Historians of Queen Anne's Reign, ... 195
Scepticism and Modern Poetry, . . 236

Digitized by Google

Spanish Life and Character in the Interior, ... 313
Shakespeare's Games, ... 320
Slang, The Philology of 367
Switzerland, The New Constitution of . 508
Switzerland, Popular Voting in . . 574
Schliemann's Trojan Antiquities, . . 515
Scotland, The Domesday Book of . . 571
Slave Trade, The, at Zanzibar, . . 576
Stars, Twinkling of the 703
Scotch Moderates, The Old . . . 821

TITLES — International Vanities, . . 3
Trojan Antiquities, Dr. Schliemann's . 515

VALENTINE; and his Brother, the Story of 78, 467, 559, 615

WORDSWORTH, ... 323
White Cat, The 402
Women, The, and the Universities, . 693

YOUTH *versus* Age, ... 253

POETRY.

ACHILLES, The Shield of 114
Amelia, To 258
After Heine, ... 322
Achilles' Reply to Agamemnon, . . 691
Attainment, ... 706
April, In 706

Brook Rhine, The 642

Chimpanzee, The 386
Couleur de Rose, ... 450

Dawn, ... 258
Darkness, ... 578

Epigæa Asleep, ... 2
Early Spring, ... 194
Easter Decorations, ... 322
Easter Song, ... 386

Fisherman's Summons, The 642

Gradual Spring, ... 450
Good-Bye, ... 642

Horatian Lyrics, ... 130
Home-Sick, ... 706

In Memoriam, ... 2

Love-Flowers, ... 66
"Lighten Our Darkness," 258
Life or Death? 578

Mars, ... 66

"Only a Woman's Hair," 2

Plea, A 386
Parting, ... 450
Prayer, ... 450
Psyche, To 770

Recollection, ... 258
Revenant, ... 322

Sweet Marjoram, ... 194

Tournament, A 66
Twilight Dreams, ... 194
Tired, ... 322
The Thought of Her, ... 514
The Tides, ... 578
Times, ... 706
Thoughts, ... 770

Winter Sunrise, ... 514
Winter Sunset, ... 578

TALES.

ALICE LORRAINE, . . . 591, 658, 739, 789

Courtier of Misfortune, The . . . 150, 227

Disorder in Dreamland, 46, 102, 330, 495

Far from the Madding Crowd, 19, 299, 536

Homely Heroine, A 282

Peg-Legged Bob, ... 812

Rose in June, A . 168, 212, 353, 682, 715

Valentine; and his Brother, The Story of 78, 467, 559, 615

White Cat, The 402

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. | No. 1556.—April 4, 1874. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXI.

CONTENTS.

I. INTERNATIONAL VANITIES. III.—Titles, . *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 3
II. FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD. By Thomas Hardy, author of "Under the Greenwood Tree," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," etc. Part IV., ... *Cornhill Magazine*, . . . 19
III. THE PRINCE PRINTERS OF ITALY, . . *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . . 32
IV. DISORDER IN DREAMLAND. Part II., . . *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 46
V. COLONEL CHESNEY'S ESSAYS, ... *Spectator*, ... 55
VI. THE CASPIAN SEA, ... *Chambers' Journal*, . . . 58
VII. THE SPEAKERSHIP, ... *Pall Mall Gazette*, ... 61

POETRY.

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR," . . . 2 | EPIGÆA ASLEEP, ... 2
IN MEMORIAM, ... 2

MISCELLANY, ... 64

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Digitized by Google

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

LATE judge beside an Indian river,
My wife's great-uncle, frail and old,
Minus his temper and his liver,
Came home with stores of wealth untold.

We'd named our eldest boy Ramchunder;
We'd called our house "The Mangostines;"
And, but for a domestic blunder,
Should now enjoy his princely means.

We laid down yards of Indian matting;
Compounded jars of sangaree;
The cook had turned, by constant patting,
Our Dorset butter into ghee.

We warmed the house from base to attics,
Although the season was July:
He brought a train of Asiatics,
Whose faces made the children cry.

My wife received him in a hurry,
Her brow perplexed with household care;
She'd been all day about the curry,
With scarcely time to dress her hair.

The children then were all paraded;
He loudly blessed our little Ram;
Each wore a tussah richly braided,
And each performed a deep salaam.

We closed the windows while at dinner;
How hot the soup and chutney were!
John punkahed well for a beginner;
My wife wore roses in her hair.

The pains we'd taken were not wasted:
He praised our sauce of capsicum;
Said that such pepper he'd not tasted
Since with the Rifles at Dum-Dum.

The curry! careful preparation,
With glowing chilis round it stuck,
Appeared; he sniffed his approbation,
And trifled with a Bombay duck.

The rice was dried to pure perfection;
He filled his mouth — a silence fell —
Then starting, with an interjection,
Which I am too polite to tell —

He gasped, he wheezed, he coughed, he sputtered;
We loosed his stock, we gave him air,
And with a stifled voice he muttered:
"You've choked me with a filthy hair."

Alas! it was no hair of minion;
My wife confessed she dressed in haste,
And while Maria combed her chignon,
Herself had mixed the curry paste!

They proved the will of Thule Crompton,
By which we never got a groat;
His thousands found their way to Brompton,
For the Diseases of the Throat.

Chambers' Journal.

IN MEMORIAM.

O SUMMER sky, so blue and clear;
O sparkling eyes, without a tear,
And joyous hearts without a fear.

O earth so sweet, and roses fair,
And bright birds glistening through the air,
Trilling soft music everywhere.

O form I loved so true and well,
Nought on this earth can break the spell
That links me to thy narrow cell,

Where lies thy quiet, peaceful breast,
In childhood's hours I've oft caressed —
Those loving lips I've often pressed.

O life is sweet when love is young,
To cheer us as we urge along
This toilsome path, this busy throng.

I think of thee at morning light;
I see thee in my dreams by night;
Thou art my guardian angel bright.

I'll love thee still while life shall last;
Nor fame nor fortune e'er can blast
Thy radiance o'er my memory cast.

Chambers' Journal.

EPIGÆA ASLEEP.

BY WILLIAM WHITMAN BAILEY.

ARBUTUS lies beneath the snows,
While Winter waits her brief repose,
And says, "No fairer flower grows!"

Of sunny April days she dreams,
Of robins' notes and murmuring streams,
And smiling in her sleep she seems.

She thinks her rosy buds expand
Beneath the touch of childhood's hand,
And beauty breathes throughout the land.

The arching elders bending o'er
The silent river's sandy shore,
Their golden tresses trim once more.

The pussy-willows in their play
Their varnished caps have flung away,
And hung their furs on every spray.

The toads their cheery music chant,
The squirrel seeks his summer haunt,
And life revives in every plant.

"I must awake! I hear the bee!
The butterfly I long to see!
The buds are bursting on the tree!"

Ah! blossom, thou art dreaming, dear,
The wild winds howl about thee here,
— The dirges of the dying year!

Thy gentle eyes with tears are wet;
In sweeter sleep these pains forget;
Thy merry morning comes not yet!

Providence, R. I. Transcript.

Digitized by Google

From Blackwood's Magazine.

INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.

NO. III. — TITLES.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU says, in a true but decidedly ill-tempered sentence, that kings have two main objects, "to extend their power outside their frontiers, and to make it more absolute within them." He might have added, with equal reason, that another of their objects is to multiply and consolidate their titles; indeed, if we are to admit the arguments of Bossuet, this latter sort of action is obligatory upon them — they have no choice about it. The Bishop of Meaux argues that "kings, like the sun, have not received without a reason the brilliancy which surrounds them; it is necessary to the human race; they are bound, both for the peace and the decoration of the universe, to keep up a majesty, which is but a ray of that of God." This opinion may have been altogether in its place in Louis XIV.'s chapel at Versailles (though those who saw the German Emperor pray every Sunday in that same chapel for the speedy capitulation of Paris are justified in entertaining doubts as to its fitness even there), but it certainly does not express actual ideas; and though Fléchier confirms it by asserting that reverence for regal Majesty should be regarded "as a sort of civil religion and of political worship," we seem, in these days, to have grown altogether outside the state of mind in which such theories were regarded as indisputable axioms. The books on the law of nations allude to them with veneration, but do not presume to discuss their mysteries or to penetrate into their awe-inspiring recesses. It is rather in the treatises on ceremonial, in the chronicles of two or three hundred years ago — in the older French, German, and Italian special dictionaries, and in the earlier encyclopædias — that we find disquisitions on the fundamental principles of Majesty, and on the titles with which Majesty adorns itself. But, whatever be the sources of information on the matter, they present the same invariable character of detailed reverence, of wilful homage, of credulous and unsuspecting earnestness. These sentiments are indeed so developed in many of the more ancient publications that it is sometimes difficult to avoid feeling a sort of envy of such resolute conviction, of such persistent faith. The authors who believed in Majesty believed in everything; they had no doubts; they went straight onwards to their end without a hesitation, without a flicker in their creed. Even if they state that, because mustard was made at Dijon, its name must necessarily be a corruption of "moult me tarde," the old motto of the Dukes of Burgundy (who were always in a hurry), there is a sincerity about the affirmation which shows that they, at all events, were quite certain of the fact. And so it was with all else they talked about; no matter what they said, they were always convinced of the truth of their own words. The result is, naturally, that the modern reader somewhat mistrusts the asseverations of such unreasoning writers, and that, if he wants to be as satisfied as they are, he is obliged to take the trouble of verifying many of their assertions. Luckily the subject is amusing; what would be an ungrateful labour in another case, becomes a pleasant task in this one: though the early history of titles is so much scattered that its elements have to be scraped together from various outlying sources. They are all disconnected; there is no unity in the story; it lies about in bits; it does not appear to have been ever grouped into a whole. If this last impression be correct, if no history of titles has ever been composed, there is a gap for an enthusiast to fill up; but it seems difficult to believe that the ground has really been left untilled: it is probable that books have been composed upon the question, but that they have left no "footprints on the sands of time," as is indeed the case, unfortunately, with a good many books. And yet this is a world-wide subject, which finds its application everywhere, and which a number of learned men in many lands have regarded as possessing qualities of the highest character. Even now there are serious people who look at it with deep respect, and who will protest

Digitized by Google

with indignation against its being included amongst the vanities of nations. The only answer to be given to them is, that it would be of no use at all to be a native of a Protestant country unless one could enjoy the one advantage of Protestantism, which is to be absolutely free to hold and to defend any opinion whatever. They are entitled to do the same.

Judging from what has happened since history has been organized, it seems reasonable to suppose that in early times kings invented themselves first, and then invented titles, in order to frame in and illuminate their glory. Menes, whom we must regard as ancient — the most moderate computation of his date puts him 4000 years back — was a title in himself, for his name signified "the conductor;" and though we know nothing of the special personal denominations which were adopted by the founders of Babylon and Nineveh, we find their successors in possession of a fair share of honorific appellations, at the moment when their annals become accessible to our curiosity. The Kileh-Shargat cylinder, which is the oldest monument of Mesopotamian history yet discovered, has brought down to us the designations attributed to himself by the fifth known king of Assyria, who reigned about 1200 B.C. It indicates that the potentate in question already used in some abundance the figurative, emblematic, and descriptive epithets which have since acquired the name of "titles." He calls himself "Tiglath-pileser; the illustrious chief; whom Asshur and Hercules have exalted to the utmost wishes of his heart; who has pursued after the enemies of Asshur, and has subjugated all the earth; the son of Asshur-rish-ili; the powerful king; the subduer of foreign countries; he who has reduced all the lands of the Magian world;" and more in the same style. This was pretty good for thirty centuries ago, for a prince who seems to us, at this long distance, to have been a mere beginner in the art of self-laudation; but, as times passed on, the love of titles grew, and, seven hundred years after Tiglath, we find Xerxes saying on another slab: "I am Xerxes the king; the great king; the king of kings; the king of the many-peopled countries; the supporter also of the great world; the son of King Darius." Tigranes the Armenian borrowed "king of kings" from Persia at a later period; and held to it so eagerly, that, when he was beaten by Lucullus, he refused to answer a letter from the latter because it was addressed to him under the ordinary name of king, instead of bearing the plural mention. But let it be remembered that it has turned out luckily for archæologists that this appellation should have been cherished with such care and employed so frequently; for, if the signs which represented it had not been constantly repeated in the Persepolis inscriptions, Grotefend would have had no reason to suspect that they might perhaps express this much-loved title, and would not have been thereby led to the discovery of the key by which the cuneiform writing was deciphered. It was because Darius Hystaspes persisted in calling himself king of kings that the meaning of these arrow-headed records was found out. If more recent royal titles had served an equally useful purpose, they might, perhaps, have been omitted from the catalogue of the vanities of nations. Alas! it is just the contrary. That is why they are included here.

It is, indeed, most terribly the contrary; for whereas Xerxes and Darius — whom our schoolmasters taught us most wrongfully to regard as gorgeous specimens of pride — contented themselves, in their retiring modesty, with half-a-dozen titles, the monarchs of our own time require at least fifty each. In this respect, as in so many others, the world has got on marvellously since the fight at Salamis; the progress, indeed, has been so vast, the subject has become so huge, that it is an audacious act to attempt to dissect it in an article: nothing but its outlines can be sketched in these few pages; developed at full length, it would fill a dozen folios. And if, instead of limiting our attention to purely royal titles (which alone present a character of internationality), we were to include personal and local attributions too, we should need a goods station to store the volumes

Digitized by Google

we should be forced to write. Some slight allusion to the latter is, however, inevitable in talking about the former, even if it only be to call attention to the erroneous disposition into which so many of us have fallen, since this century began, of looking upon a title as a privilege granted by a sovereign, far more than as one of the essential attributes of the sovereign himself. If the monarch had no titles, it would be difficult to conceive his bestowal of them on his subjects; it was because he wore golden spurs himself that, in those strange days of chivalry, any knight could confer his own grade upon a deserving squire; and, though the right of *noblesse* to ennoble has vanished with the times of lance and shield, the principle that honour only can grant honour, that rank alone can bestow rank, has remained in force, and finds its application in the universal rule that the sovereign is the exclusive fountain of distinction. Chivalry, with its communistic theory of equality in merit (as merit was understood in those days), shared the power with the monarch for a time, but he has seized it back again; and what Blackstone said of England is true of all other countries now, "The Constitution intrusts the Sovereign with the sole power of conferring dignities and honours, in confidence that he will bestow them upon none but such as deserve them." Generally, in these days at least, he does distribute them reasonably; and it will be owned, even by democrats, that nobility (which is implied by titles) is an institution which fits in skilfully with human weaknesses and instincts, and perhaps even with social necessities. It has generally been independent of forms of government; it exists in every monarchy (except Norway) and in most republics; it preceded and it outlived barbaric times; honour, which, in its moral sense, was but an invention of the middle ages, came long after it; and, though nations now profess to base their motives on justice and on duty instead of honour, we may presume that titles will live down these theories in their turn, and will get on just as well with the new springs of action which the future Radical chieftains of the world may invent hereafter in their stead.

But, notwithstanding this persistent duration and this universal applicability, it cannot be pretended that titles have been of much practical utility to their proprietors. From the Egyptian Menes that we were alluding to just now, who was lamentably eaten by a hippopotamus, down to those six Deys of Algiers who were successively elected and assassinated in the same afternoon by a sensitive population sixty years ago, there have been innumerable and most varied evidences of the now undoubted axiom that "the post of safety is a private station." And if titles have not saved the lives of their possessors in those disagreeable moments through which sovereigns, like common people, have sometimes had to pass, it does not seem to be very clear that they have been more successful in rendering their owners joyful or contented. The King of Yvetot is the only monarch in history whose happiness appears to have been incontestable; and it will be admitted, without discussion, that his position, especially as described by Béranger, was exceptional, and cannot be quoted as an argument. And yet the vanity of the throne has always so violently tempted human nature, that some of the best heads that men have owned have been carried away by the desire of sitting in ermine, with a crown and sceptre. "Etre Bonaparte, et se faire Sire! *il aspire à descendre!* mais non, il croit monter en s'égalant aux rois: il aime mieux un titre qu'un nom." What can be added to such a phrase as this? What words can paint with clearer truth the folly of the pride of reigning?

Kings persist, however; they continue to distribute titles amongst their subjects, and to confer titles upon themselves. The former constitute one of the most vigorous manifestations of local and individual pride; the latter present an aggressive form of the vanity of nations. And yet, however alike the two classes of appellations may appear in this respect, there is an enormous difference in their origin and in their application. No one can deny the validity of

Digitized by Google

the former, because they only take effect within the kingdom of the sovereign who concedes them; but the latter concern other sovereigns and other nations, who may, if they think fit, dispute the titles which neighbouring rulers may assume. And this right of approbation is all the more indisputable because it is not limited to mere honorific denominations. It extends to a much larger field — to the existence of foreign states as well; for every power reserves the right of recognizing or of refusing to recognize another power, even though its material existence may be so patent as to need no recognition — even though, as Napoleon said of the French Republic when he was negotiating at Campo Formio, "it no more needs recognition than the sun requires to be recognized." If, then, this latter right is, as we all well know, and as the authors on International Law take care to tell us in imposing phrases, inherent to every independent government, it follows that the refusal to recognize the titles which a foreign sovereign may attribute to himself is but a subsidiary consequence of it — but a result of the higher right to disavow the sovereignty itself in virtue of which the titles have been assumed. In principle, as Phillimore observes, "it is unquestionably competent to every sovereign to take any title of dignity or authority which it may please him to adopt or the nation to confer upon him;" and yet, as Vattel puts it, "as it would be absurd in a little prince to take the name of king, and have himself called Majesty, foreign nations may reject this fancy, and will thereby conform to sound reason and to their duty." And in another place he goes on to say, "as a nation may confer upon her conductor whatever degree of authority and whatever rights she may think proper, she is equally at liberty in regard to the name, the title, and the honours with which she may choose to decorate him. . . . But foreign nations are not bound to give way to the will of a sovereign who assumes a new title, or of a people who call their chief by what name they please. If this title has in it nothing unreasonable or contrary to custom, it is altogether in harmony with the mutual duties which bind nations together to grant to a sovereign or a conductor of a state the same title that is given to him by his people. But, if this title is contrary to custom, if it implies attributes which do not belong to him who affects it, foreign nations may refuse it without his having reason to complain."

It was essential to begin by this definition of the law (so far at least as there is any law at all) which exists between nations on this question of title-taking, for without it the position would have been difficult to follow out. But, with this explanation before our eyes, we start from a clear ground; we see that, as De Martens says, "if, in consequence of the natural equality which exists between sovereign states, each of them can attribute to its chief such titles as it may choose to confer upon him, other states have the right to recognize those titles, or to refuse to recognize them, or to recognize them only conditionally." And really this precautionary reserve becomes very comprehensible when we look into the history of sovereign titles, and discover that it brings out the former vanities of royalty with an unsparingness of precision which would probably humiliate the living members of the profession if they knew of it. Let us hope that they are less well informed than we are, and that they sleep at night in peace under the soothing influence of the conviction that their various denominations honestly belong to them.

Now we can open out the books and apply ourselves to the study of the first principle of the science of royal appellations, which is, of course, to divide them solemnly into classes. These classes are, Titles of Dignity, which include all the designations expressive of the monarchical position; Titles of Possession, which refer to territories and dominions; Titles of Relationship, of Religion, and of Courtesy. And even this list, sufficient as it is, is not quite complete; for, subsidiarily, there are titles of incognito, and also the special personal or descriptive surnames which have been borne by so many chieftains from Scipio the African down to the present Red Prince of Prussia.

Titles of dignity are easy to comprehend; they are made up exclusively of words which indicate a function; they apply to any sort of titled situation, provided it be effective, and not simply honorary; they are composed especially of the formulas by which each country habitually describes its head — of Emperor, King, and the various other epithets assumed by the chiefs of states. And yet, simple as this first category of royal substantives appears to be, it includes so many various

Digitized by Google

designations of sovereignty that it would be difficult to compose an absolutely complete enumeration of all the shapes of rulership that the world has known. Pope has stood first so long that we may put it first once more, though it was not until the fifth century that it became the particular attribute of the Bishop of Rome, who, so far, had been called Summus Pontifex: it appears to have been attributed to him by the Concile of Toledo in the year 400. Emperor and King are both older, especially the latter; but Emperor naturally heads the catalogue of pride, for no other title has stood so high in history, no other sound brings back to us as that one does the memory of Rome, of Charlemagne, of Napoleon. And yet this very title disappeared in Western Europe in 476, and remained unknown from that time until the new conqueror revived it on Christmas-day 800. It existed meanwhile in Constantinople, it is true; but that is no argument in the case, for the schismatic Eastern Emperor never counted in the Catholic world. And then we get to King, the universal King, which has lasted from all time without even a change beyond that of literal translation from one language to another; the rank that has been so long-lived that the Radicals must sometimes ask themselves with perplexity how they are to succeed in finally suppressing so tough an institution, and must wish for more years like 1870, which proved again the truth of Voltaire's saying that "offensive wars make kings, defensive wars make rebublics." It has indeed been immensely and persistently employed. Its originator can scarcely have suspected, when he set the first example of it, that he was establishing the most durable of human grades, and that, after him, the earth would behold more kings than the stars we see on a frosty night. (Lest the exactness of this comparison should be disputed, let it at once be observed that, in our latitude, only 4200 stars are visible to the naked eye, and that there have been vastly more kings than that.) Hierarchically the next place belongs to Grand Duke, a designation which was first conceived at Moscow, but which was acclimatized in southern Europe in 1569, when Pius V. bestowed it on Cosmo de Medicis. But though Tuscany was the first land to own it, Germany only has preserved it, the seven Grand Duchies still extant being all beyond the Rhine. Then appears Elector, a name full of memories of pride and strife, a name which tells the whole history of central Europe for four centuries. But Elector has not enjoyed the vitality of King; the seven great Electorates that were created by the Golden Bull in 1356, "the seven lamps of the Holy Roman Empire" — which, to quote Voltaire once more, "was neither holy nor Roman" — have now dwindled down to one little shadow of their former name. The Prince Bishops of Mayence, Trêves, and Cologne, the Bavarian Duke, the Chiefs of Saxony, the Palatinate, and Brandenburg, are represented now, alas, by the Elector of Hesse Cassel! This is a fall indeed. That the emperor-makers of the middle ages should (except the bishops) have ended by becoming kings themselves, was natural enough in the times through which they passed; that these great chieftains who had held hereditarily between them the charges of Arch-Chancellors of Germany, the Gauls, and Italy — of Grand Steward, Grand Equerry, Arch-Marshal, Arch-Chamberlain, and Arch-Treasurer of the Empire — should have struggled higher still, was but a consequence of their nature which was human, though Electoral; but that the grand title of Elector, abandoned by the warrior-priests and warrior-princes who had borne it with savage pride for four hundred and fifty years, should be picked up, appropriated, and retained by the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, is one of those absurd incongruities of history which offend our reason and revolt our imagination. We get next to Duke, which ceased to be an independent sovereign title under Louis XII. in France, and disappeared in Germany (except in Nassau) at the commencement of the present century, with Palatine, Margrave, Burgrave, Rhingrave, Wildgrave, and Altgrave. Landgrave alone, of all the old Teutonic titles, is still kept up by the rulers of Hesse Homburg; and it is as well that it should be preserved, for it is the most ancient of all the special German names. It was invented so long ago as 1130, by Louis, third Count of Thuringia, who adopted it in order to distinguish himself from the crowd of Counts around him. The idea was evidently admired by his colleagues; for Thierry, Count of Lower Alsace, appropriated the same denomination seven years afterwards, and Albert of Hapsburg, Count of Higher Alsace, followed the example in 1186. These were the three real Landgraves, the only ones that were recognized as original by the Empire; all the others were imitations. Margrave was a more

Digitized by Google

modern title; it was limited to the four rulers of the Marches of Brandenburg, Meissen, Baden, and Moravia. We may take Doge next, with its memories of Genoa and Venice; and Protector, which Napoleon renewed from Cromwell when he formed the Confederation of the Rhine. Stadtholder and Viceroy wake up very different recollections: one carries us to the chilly shores of Holland, the other to the bright skies of Naples, India, and Peru. Voivode, like Palatine, was also a Viceroy's title; but the former was Sclavonic, the latter German. Czar we will look at by itself, and Hospodar is almost the only remaining title which is worth mentioning; for we need not expatiate on the Bans of the Eastern Marches, though the name exists still in Croatia. Sultan must be counted as Asiatic, far it was first adopted by Bajazet; and with it comes the old name Caliph, which means "substitute," and was originally attributed to the successors of Mahomet; but the Caliphates of Bagdad, Fez, Grenada, Egypt, Morocco, and Tunis, have all become successively extinct, and their rights are concentrated in the Sultan of Turkey, who is now sole Caliph, and thereby Commander of the Faithful. Of Shahs there is but one, though there are three Khans (Khiva, Khokand, and Boukhara), two Imauns (Yeman and Muscat), two Regents (Tripoli and Tunis). Bey, or Beg, has now disappeared; but that it was once a higher name than Sultan is shown by the fact that it was preferred to the latter by Thogrul, founder of the dynasty of the Seleucides. Sheikh belongs particularly to the Governor of Madina, and is otherwise a mere village chieftain's name. Pasha is now replaced in Egypt by Khedive. And there we may end the list, though it is very far from being exhausted. It may, however, be as well to allude to Emir, and to add that, strictly, it is a description, not a title: it is the name borne by the descendants of the Prophet, who are found in every class of Arab and Turkish society, particularly amongst the beggars. The peculiarity about their situation is, that to be an Emir because your father was one is considered to be very insufficient evidence of your right to claim the rank; to be so in virtue of your mother is infinitely more conclusive; but to be so on both sides, is altogether satisfactory. The one privilege of Emirs is, that they are the only people who can wear green turbans; and as the Sultan — although he is now Caliph — is not of the blood of the Prophets, such of his Ministers as are Emirs courteously abstain from green in his presence, so as not to remind him of his inferiority. Emir has, however, been sometimes deviated from its true meaning, and has been applied as a material title to people in authority; for instance, Abd-el-Kader took it, though he was but a simple Sheikh.

This enumeration of the best known amongst the titles of dignity is, however, of but small interest. That certain names should exist in certain countries as designations of their leader, is a fact which we may regard as historical or geographical or linguistic, according to our fancies: the real essence of the matter is not there; it lies, from the point of view where we are placing ourselves here, in the degree of right which each sovereign has to bear and hold the title which he may select. The history of the assumption of new titles is a very large one: it includes a singular variety of extensions, augmentations, adaptations, and usurpations — so many, indeed, that they cannot all be counted. History is full of battles which have been fought for titles: and though we have grown so careless about them now that we allow monarchs to change their names pretty nearly as they please, the process was not so easy in former times. When Christina of Sweden had herself crowned *King* (not Queen) no serious objection was made, because the matter was regarded by the powers as local and exceptional; just as nobody said a word when Madame de Guébriant was appointed Ambassador of France, when the Countess of Pembroke served as Sheriff of Westmoreland, and when the Shah of Persia sent a feminine negotiator to make peace for him with the Grand Seigneur. But in cases of male nominations to new titles, governments used to be less courteous and more exacting. It is only of late years that they have grown indifferent, luckily for the five empires and the five kingdoms which have sprung up this century, and which have consequently been received with a bland politeness which showed that they provoked no emotion (with the one exception of the first Napoleon). The last two great king-makings, in 1806 and 1815, were effected by the masters of Europe, and therefore could provoke no hostility; but the isolated cases of Brazil, of Louis Philippe, of Napoleon III., of Italy and Mexico, were all of the very kind which used to cause bitter op-

Digitized by Google

position in other days, and yet not a word was said about them, other than — "Certainly — just as you please; we are all quite content." The same calm silence reigned when the empire of Germany shrivelled into Austria; when the chiefs of Saxony, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria put on royal crowns; when Baden and Hesse Darmstadt became Grand Duchies. No one raised a finger then, and it was considered to be quite natural that the Congress of Vienna should confirm those changes, should add Hanover to the list of thrones, and Mecklenburg to the Duchies, and should bestow the title of King of Poland on the Czar. But notwithstanding this generous liberality of disposition, the plenipotentiaries of Europe refused to grant the prayer of that insatiable Elector of Hesse Cassel, who, not content with the new Electorate that he had invented ten years before, came up again respectfully and said, "Please, gentlemen, do let me be a king too, like my neighbours." At Aix-la-Chapelle, in October 1818, they rejected his pitiful demand, and, at the same time, they once more proclaimed the right of every power to exercise supervision over the titles of the others. This is how they answered that lamentable Elector: "Les Cabinets déclarent que, attendu que la demande de S. A. R. l'Électeur de Hesse n'est justifiée par aucun motif suffisant, il n'y a rien qui puisse les engager à y satisfaire. Les Cabinets prennent en même temps l'engagement de ne reconnaitre, à l'avenir, aucun changement ni dans les titres des souverains ni dans ceux des princes de leurs maisons, sans en être préalablement convenus entre eux."

This example shows that, after all, the line really is drawn somewhere even now; and that, notwithstanding the degenerated principles of our epoch, it is not yet possible for everybody to create himself a king. But to obtain a clearer idea of the trouble there was in former times to get leave to change a title, we must go back to the establishment of the kingdom of Prussia, and still more, to the assumption of the style of Emperor by the Czar of Russia. When Frederic III. appointed himself king, he asked leave privately from the Emperor beforehand, (how little that Emperor knew what a serpent he was warming in his bosom!) and consequently got recognized without much trouble by the other powers. But the Russian story is far more complicated: it is the best example we possess of the contentions which once existed about titles; it is therefore worth telling in some detail.

The original denominations of the Muscovite sovereign were Autocrat (which was borrowed from the Greek Emperors), Great Lord, Grand Duke, and Czar. This last designation was an old one: it was first given to Duke Wladimir, who died in 1125, and some of his successors partially retained it; but, all the same, the Russian rulers continued to be called Grand Dukes till the sixteenth century. In 1547, Ivan II. was crowned as Czar of Moscow, and that title was retained until, after the conquest of Little Russia and Smolensk, they became Czars of All the Russias (Great, Little, New, Black, Red, White, and Southern Russias). During the next century they began to call themselves Imperator, in the Latin translations of the documents which they addressed to other powers. The Emperor of Germany, Leopold I., was, however, so offended by this assumption of a title which he considered to be his personal monopoly, that he wrote to Peter, in 1687, to declare that he would send back all letters containing this most reprehensibly presumptuous audacity. Peter, however, persisted; and in 1721, after his victory at Pultava over Charles XII., the title of Emperor of all the Russias was officially conferred upon him by the Russian Senate and the Holy Synod. Queen Anne of England immediately recognized the new appellation, and called Peter by the name of Emperor, in a letter which she wrote to him that year, with her excuses for an attack which had been made on the Russian envoy in London. Prussia also, of course, acquiesced in the change, for her own royalty was too recent to allow her to make difficulties with others. Sweden followed in 1723; Venice in 1726; Denmark in 1732; Turkey engaged in 1741 to give the title of Empress to Elizabeth, who had just become Czarina; even the Emperor of Germany recognized the Russian empire in 1744. Finally the Courts of France and Spain consented, in 1745, to treat Elizabeth as Empress, on condition of receiving a *lettre réversale*, stipulating that the Imperial title should cause no change in the ceremonial then existing between the two Courts. But when Peter III. succeeded to Elizabeth in January 1762, France wrote to him simply as Majesté Czarienne, and claimed another *réversale* before she would call him Emperor. A curious correspondence took place between the Russian ambas-

Digitized by Google

sador at Versailles and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, but the Russian Government gave way and granted the *réversale*. The same difficulty arose again six months later when Catherine took the place of Peter, for France then claimed a third *réversale*. Catherine was not the woman to stand this sort of worry; but even she yielded somewhat to the spirit of the time, and authorized her Minister Gallitzin to communicate the following declaration to all the ambassadors resident at St. Petersburg: "The title of Imperial which Peter the Great, of glorious memory, took, or rather renewed, for himself and his successors, has long been the property of both the Sovereigns and the Crown and monarchy of All the Russias. Her Imperial Majesty considers that it would be contrary to the stability of this principle to renew the *réversales* which were given when this title was first recognized. Conformably with this sentiment, her Imperial Majesty orders the Minister to make this general declaration, that the title of Imperial having been once attached to the crown and monarchy of Russia, and perpetuated during several years and successions, neither she nor her successors forever can renew the *réversales;* and, still less, keep up any correspondence with powers who refuse to recognize the Imperial title in the person of the Sovereigns of All the Russias, as well as in their crown and monarchy. And in order that this declaration may put an end, once for all, to any difficulties in a matter where none ought to exist, her Imperial Majesty, respecting the declaration of Peter the Great, declares that the title of Imperial shall introduce no change in the ceremonial employed between the Courts, which shall remain on its former footing.—Moscow, 21st Nov. 1762." The French Court considered this declaration to be far too haughty; so it put in the following counter declaration, which expresses, in singularly clear language, the theory then existing: "Titles are nothing by themselves. They are only real provided they are recognized; and their value depends on the idea which is attached to them, and on the extent which is accorded to them, by those who have the right to admit them, to reject them, or to limit them. Sovereigns cannot attribute titles to themselves by their own choice; the consent of their subjects does not suffice—that of other powers is necessary; and every Crown being free to recognize or to reject a new title, may also admit it with the modifications and conditions which may satisfy it. According to this principle, Peter the First and his successors, down to the Empress Elizabeth, have never been known in France otherwise than by the name of Czar. That princess was the first to whom the king granted the Imperial title; but on the express condition that this title should in no way prejudice the ceremonial employed between the two Courts. . . . The king, animated by the same sentiments towards the Empress Catherine, does not hesitate to grant the title of Imperial; . . . but if any pretension were ever raised contrary to the usages constantly followed as to rank and precedence between the two Courts, from that moment the Crown of France, by a just reciprocity, would resume the former style, and would cease to give the Imperial title to that of Russia." Charles III. of Spain put in an analogous counter-declaration at the same moment, and then the matter dropped, after forty-one years of discussion.

We can now go on from titles of Dignity to titles of Possession, which comprise, as their name indicates, the list of all the states and territories which the sovereign may possess, including not only his real possessions, but also his fictive or usurped ones. The consequence used to be, that monarchs made up such tremendous catalogues of the lands they governed, and swelled them with so many countries that had never belonged to them at all, that their full length enumeration became interminable: in order, therefore to avoid pages of useless writing, the chancelleries cunningly invented three sorts of titles of possession: the Grand Titre, the Moyen Titre, and the Petit Titre. When the King of Sardinia, who was very rich in self-attributed dominions, was described in all his detail as King of Cyprus, Sicily, and Jerusalem; Duke, Prince, Marquis, Count, Baron, and Seigneur of forty-seven other districts, the table was so lengthy that one can understand that it was skipped over whenever etiquette allowed the substitution of a somewhat shorter designation. The King of Naples was in an analogous condition, and he also claimed to be Sovereign of Jerusalem, as the English King professed to be King of France. In treaties and official documents, all these pretended titles were resolutely inscribed; ambassadors who were negotiating peace would have

Digitized by Google

rather gone to war again than have consented to leave out one single ray of their masters' glory: so, as it generally happened that two or more monarchs claimed the same title in the same document (almost every prince professing to be sovereign of all or part of the dominions of every other), it became usual to insert a clause of *non præjudicando*, in order to stipulate that, no matter what were the titles claimed by anybody, nobody admitted them, and that they were simply left in for ornament and the satisfaction of the claimer. If Ghorrum Shah, the fifth Mogul Emperor of Delhi, had signed a treaty with a European state, and had described himself by his special denomination of Shah Jehan or King of the World — which is the largest title of possession yet assumed by any sovereign — the other side would have let him do it without asking for a *réversale*, but they would have shielded their reservation behind a *non præjudicando*. The Titre Moyen, which grew to be generally used at the end of the eighteenth century, was made up of sub-dignities, omitting nearly all the territorial titles. The Petit Titre simply designates the sovereign by the short appellation by which he is usually known, and which is always the highest that he owns.

Titles of Relationship do not imply family connection between the monarchs who employ them. Other people cannot say son or cousin to anybody but their own or their uncle's child; but sovereigns use these words in a special meaning: they employ them to designate political or religious situations, or to mark equalities or inequalities of rank. All Catholic princes give to the Pope the title of Holy Father, or Venerable Father, and denominate themselves his devoted Sons; in reply he calls them "Carissime" or "Dilectissime in Christo fili." Emperors and Empresses, Kings and Queens, write to each other as "Frère" and "Sœur"; reigning Grand Dukes, and that irrepressible Elector who lives at Cassel, also enjoy this fraternal privilege; but sovereigns who do not possess royal honours are only entitled to be called Cousins. Even Godfather and Godmother have been employed in Germany as forms of royal courtesy; they served there a good deal at one time, and not solely as mere formulas of politeness, but as political realities too; for it was not at all unusual to see a town, particularly a Hanse town, included as an *être moral* amongst the sponsors of a prince: Hamburg and Dantzic were several times God-mamma in this fashion. All this is a very droll shape of vanity, and there is a superb moral to be drawn from it; but there is so much more to say about other elements of the question, that we have no time to idle on the road, and are forced to rush on to the next category without stopping to learn a lesson of philosophy, or to consider what would be the effect in our day if Edinburgh or Southampton were to hold a royal baby at the font.

Religious titles include the special appellations of the Pope, and the distinctive adjectives which he has granted to certain European monarchs. His own names have varied from time to time; his present denomination of Holiness has been restricted to him only since the fourteenth century, before which period Bishops and then Kings possessed it. Louis le Debonnaire, and Bela, King of Hungary, were both called "Your Holiness." The same most inexact description was applied to the Arian heretic Theodoric, who was called "very pious and very holy," by the local Concile held at Rome in 501; and to the pagan Emperors Valerian and Gallienus, who were styled "very holy" by St. Denis, Bishop of Alexandria. The Emperors of Constantinople, though not recognized in the West, were "holy" and "holiness" amongst their own people. And, stranger still than all, King Robert of France, the husband of Bertha and Constance, was called by the very name which the Pope bears now — Saint Père! When Holiness was definitely adopted at Rome, the earlier denominations of Paternity, Beatitude, Grandeur, and Apostolic Majesty, were all abandoned. The other titles of the Pope are older: in the ninth century he was called Vicar of St. Peter, and in the twelfth century he took his present appellation of Vicar of Jesus Christ. The denomination of Servant of the Servants of God was first adopted by Gregory the Great. The religious epithets which have been bestowed by the Holy See on favoured kings are all modern. Very Christian belongs to France; Catholic was conferred on Ferdinand for his conquest of the Moors; Defender of the Faith was confirmed by Act of Parliament (this is vastly comical) after the Pope had withdrawn his gift of it to Henry; Portugal possesses Very Faithful; Hungary has Apostolic Majesty; and the Sovereign of Poland was Orthodox. The strangest thing about these titles of religion is, not that they should

Digitized by Google

exist at all, but that — existing — monarchs, who are so fiercely eager for ornamental names, should not use them. And yet it is so. The Queen of England and the Emperor of Austria are the only rulers who describe themselves by their religious titles; the others simply allow these denominations to be employed towards them by foreign powers — or, more exactly, that is what Portugal still does, and what France, Spain, and Poland used to do when they possessed kings. This is the one example which exists of voluntary renunciation of an honour amongst sovereigns.

Titles of Courtesy form one of the largest branches of the subject. The reverential salutations of Sire, Majesty, Highness, Monseigneur, are all included in this category. Each of them has a history to itself; each of them has its place marked out with scrupulous precision. Sire was for a long time synonymous with Seigneur, which itself was not a title, but only the substantive which designated the chieftain of a district; and as, in old times, every district had a chieftain — "point de terre sans Seigneur," said the law — it followed that there were a good many Sires and Seigneurs. The memory of some of them has come down to us. Who has not heard of the Sire de Coucy and his motto? "Ni Roi, ni Duc, ni Comte ne suis; je suis le Sire de Coucy." The Sires de Rohan, de Joinville, de Créquy, were others who left a name in history. The application of this syllable to sovereigns alone is a very new habit. Majesty is far older; it is indeed the most ancient of all the list of courteous titles, for it was originally assumed as a personal adornment by Diocletian. Still it came into use amongst our rulers at a relatively recent period, and, in the first instance, as a religious designation only, as is proved by a letter of the Emperor Charles IV., who, in 1355, addressed Cardinal Colombier, Chief of the Sacred College, as Your Majesty. But shortly afterwards, the Emperors, who to that time had been called Serenity and Grace, began to entitle themselves Majesty; and Louis XI. of France imitated their example, the King of Naples and the Duke of Milan being the first foreign princes who recognized him by this name. Still it was not universally adopted; it was regarded as a new fashion, and it had some difficulty in making its way. In the treaty of Cambrai (1529) Charles V. is, however, called Majesty at last; and in the treaty of Crespy (1544) he is denominated Imperial Majesty, and Francis Royal Majesty, this being the first occasion on which these two titles appeared face to face. Francis does not seem, however, to have cared much about it, if we are to judge, at least, by an answer which he made to a letter which he got from Charles, beginning with two entire pages of imperial titles: his reply commenced, in studious contrast, by the simple sentence "Francis, King of France, Bourgeois of Paris." But the Majesty of Charles and Francis was not copied: other sovereigns continued to be called Highness, Magnitude, Celsitude, or Altitude (it should be observed that all these nouns express dimension); and when Catherine de Medicis tried to get herself made a Majesty, like her father-in-law, the Parliament of Orleans refused to authorize it. Henry III. introduced the plural words Their Majesties, on his return from Poland; and yet, notwithstanding this, he was generally called Highness. Ferdinand and Isabella were simple Highnesses; and even Charles V., though Majesty as Emperor, was Serenity as King of Spain. Philip II. was the first Majesty in the Peninsula; but the Emperor Maximilian never called him so, and gave him nothing but Serenidad. Sebastian of Portugal imitated Philip a few years afterwards, and adopted the new name; but his immediate successors dropped back again to Highness. Henry VIII. was first called Majesty by Francis at the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold; he liked the name and took it home with him. To his time the Sovereign of England had been Your Highness and Your Grace. The result of all this was that, by the end of the sixteenth century, the kings of Europe had crept successively into Majesty; but though they all claimed it for themselves, they did not all give it to each other. The Chancery of the Empire was — as might have been expected in the face of such an audacious invasion of its rights — particularly obstinate about it, and refused to recognize a Majesty in France till 1648, and in any other State till 1741; to that date it went on calling all kings Serenities. Even in the preliminaries of peace after the Thirty Years' War, when the Emperor was well beaten, he called himself His Sacred Cæsarian Majesty, and described the King of France, his conqueror, as simply the Most Serene Christian King. France was more generous than this; for she conceded Majesty to Denmark in 1700, and to the then newly in-

Digitized by Google

vented King of Prussia in 1713. There is perhaps more vanity in this story of the growth of Majesty than in the history of any other of the titles which kings have bestowed upon themselves.

Next to Majesty comes Highness, which was originally invented towards the end of the Roman Empire, when Altitudo first appears: down to the tenth century, however, it was mainly employed by bishops, who, curiously enough, seem to have made a trial of nearly all the lay titles now in use. Three centuries later it had filtered into Italy, and was absorbed thence into Germany under the guise of Hoheit, and applied to sovereigns who were vassals of the Empire. When kings began to denominate themselves Majesty, Highness descended to princes and to sons and brothers of sovereigns. Philip II. at once appropriated it for his children, who were the first Highnesses in Spain; indeed Spanish sovereigns seem to have regarded Highness as having suddenly become their personal property, as a title which they alone could confer on others — for Philip II. offered it in 1590 to the Duke of Mantua, provided the latter would make him a loan of 300,000 crowns; and when Philip V. went to Italy in 1702, he bestowed the rank on the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Parma. This investiture did not, however, satisfy everybody, for there was a certain *curé* of Montferrat who refused to call the Duke of Mantua Altitudo, on the ground that the name belonged to God alone; which argument he proved by quoting from his breviary the phrase, "tu solus altissimus." While all this was going on, Gaston d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIII., set the example of adding on Royal to Highness; the nephews and the nieces of Louis XIV. did the same; and, encouraged by these examples, the Prince de Condé called himself Altesse Sérénissime. The Duke of Vendôme, however, did not dare to do the same, although he was desperately inclined to try. Then Victor Amadeus II. of Savoy, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Duke of Lorraine, made themselves Royal Highnesses like the others; and finally, Altesse, by itself, was abandoned by all princes of the blood, and was left to members of collateral branches. In 1736, the Duke of Holstein Gottorp became Celsitudo Regia, which would be an excellent name for a new plant, but scarcely represents our present notion of a princely title. Since the beginning of this century it has been usual to call all princes of the blood Imperial or Royal Highnesses; and yet, in 1815, Louis XVIII. gave only Sérénissime to the Duke of Orleans: it was not till 1825 that the latter became Altesse Royale. The German Hoheit, although it is accepted as the equivalent of Highness, has changed its character since 1818, when the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle decided that Hoheit should become an intermediate title between Altesse Royale and Altesse Sérénissime. But notwithstanding this elaboration of its sense, Hoheit is invariably accompanied by the elevating adjective Kaiserliche or Königliche when it is applied to princes of imperial or royal blood. The title of Hoheit alone was adopted in 1844 by the reigning princes of the old ducal families of Germany, such as the Saxon Duchies, Anhalt, Nassau, and Brunswick, in contradistinction to Durchlaucht, which from that date has become the appellation of the princes who are not issued from ancient reigning families, and of such subject princes as may receive the gift of it from their sovereign. The distinction between the two titles is real enough: even the dictionaries seem to understand it, for they translate Durchlaucht simply "Highness;" while Hoheit is said by them to signify "Highness, greatness, grandeur, sublimity, majesty, augustness, and eminence," which is a good deal for one word to imply, and for one prince to merit. A third form, Erlaucht, was granted by the Diet, in 1829, to the families of the mediatized Counts, in contradistinction to Serene Highness which it had accorded in 1825 to the fifty mediatized princes. The word Erlaucht has the reputation of being untranslatable; there are, however, people who say that it means Illustriness; perhaps the easiest way of rendering it into English would be to call it Earlship.

We should be wrong to laugh too scornfully at these refinements of German shades of rank, for there is nowhere in the world a people which has subdivided titles as we English have. We do not think of counting up the forms which we have invented, because they seem quite natural to us from habit; but when we have verified the twenty-seven sorts of denominations which exist in the British peerage — without including our special grades of baronet and knight — we shall own, perhaps, that no other land can match our wild extravagance of signs of rank. Our system possesses another peculiarity also proper to ourselves alone:

Digitized by Google

our House of Lords is the only senate in the world which is composed exclusively of hereditary peers. In Spain, Prussia, Austria, and the other German states, the Upper House is made up of three sorts of members — some of them are hereditary, some sit in virtue of the offices they hold, others are nominated by the sovereign. In Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, the Senate is elected like the Lower Chamber. Here, perhaps, our system has a certain merit; but our profusion of graduated differences of titles is of no possible use except to puzzle foreigners. We have, proportionately, almost as many of them as of family names, in which we are notoriously the best-provided people of the old continent, for in England only we have 40,000 of them, or a rough average of one name for every five hundred individuals. We have carried this adoring love of variety of names and titles even into our army, where we have created five kinds of rank altogether irrespective of military grades properly so called; our army rank may be regimental (substantive), brevet, local, temporary, or honorary, and we might almost add "relative" to this absurd list, which no other nation can understand. In our navy, at all events, rank is rank; there our officers are in reality what they say they are. The French have five tiers of nobility, like ourselves; but each member of the five categories puts simple Monsieur before his name, with no addition of courteous flatteries like Grace, Most Honourable, or Right Honourable — with no Lady Mary, Lord John, or Lady John. Even before 1789 there were only eight sorts of nobility in France: 1. The King; 2. *Noblesse couronnée*, which included solely the princes of the blood; 3. *Noblesse de race*, or *noblesse d'épée*, which was hereditarily transmitted from father to son; 4. *Noblesse par lettres*, which was conferred by the king; 5. *Noblesse d'office*, or *de robe*, which was obtained by appointment to certain judicial offices; 6. *Noblesse de clocher*, which grew up in the provinces by holding the post of mayor or *échevin*; 7. *Noblesse de coutume*, which was transmitted by a mother to her children, even if their father were not noble; 8. *Noblesse bâtarde*. There was also a ninth sort, called *noblesse de finance*, which was considered unworthy to be included in the list, because it was bought for money. All this has disappeared now; the *noblesse de race* alone continues to exist as a purely personal possession, unrecognized politically.

After this parenthesis about French and English titles, we can go back to Prince, which occupies a position by itself. It means "first;" and the consequence of its meaning has naturally been that there have been princes of all kinds, from the Roman Princes of the Senate, from the two adopted sons of Augustus Cæsar whom he appointed "Princes of the young men," from the Prince of the Apostles and the Princes of the Church, to the Prince of Door-keepers (Princeps apparitorum) who kept the gate of the French Parliament. In the early times of the French monarchy the bishops, dukes, and counts were all called Princes; but there were no born princes then, for in those days relationship gave no rank, even to the sons of kings. Under Charles VI. the title of Prince belonged only to kings and dukes, and to the seigneurs of such lands as composed a principality. Christine de Pisan, in her "Cité des Dames," says: "En diverses seigneuries sont demeurantes plusieurs puissantes dames, çi comme baronesse et grand-terriennes, qui pourtant ne sont appelées Princesses, lequel nom de Princesse n'affiert être dit que des Emperières, des Roynes, et des Duchesses, si ce n'est aux femmes de ceux qui, à cause de leurs terres, sont appelés Prince par le droit nom du lieu." It was only in the fifteenth century, under Charles VII. and Louis XI., that the position and prerogatives of members of the royal family were determined; it was then that the name Princes of the Blood was first invented. Henry III. confirmed their status by an ordinance in 1576, and Louis XIV. defined their powers with precision in his edict of 1711. Loyseau, who wrote in the time of Henry IV., confirms the modern date of royal princes when he says, "Il n'y a pas longtems que les males issus de nos rois se qualifient Prince en vertu de leur extraction." In Germany none but the members of sovereign houses are called Prinz; subjects who have been raised to princely rank are denominated Fürst, the latter title being the special designation of "principalities of erection." Thus Prince Bismarck bears upon his cards "Fürst von Bismack, Kanzler des Deutschen Reiches." He is not "Prinz" in Germany; and it may be added that his rank of Fürst is inferior to Duke (Herzog), which comes in between the two sorts of Princes.

Monseigneur, which once was copiously employed, is almost forgotten as a royal title; the last lay personage who

Digitized by Google

bore it was Prince Napoleon: it now belongs exclusively to prelates, who, since Richelieu adopted it, have ceased to be addressed (as they used to be) as "Révérendissime Père en Dieu." Originally Monseigneur was an attribute of the Dauphin; but it was applied as a distinctive appellation to nobody but the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV. Padischah can hardly be omitted from the list, though in its Eastern sense it is rather a title of dignity than of courtesy. In Europe, however, it became known in the latter character, as a formula of politeness accorded by the Sultan to the King of France, and, at a later period, to the Emperors of Austria and Russia. As this has taken us back again to Turkey, it will be as well to profit by the opportunity and to mention, though it is not quite in place, that Mahomet II. was the first Turkish monarch who was called by Europeans the Grand-Turk. The Sultan of Cappadocia was spoken of by Monstrelet as the Little-Turk; but though the smaller Turk was soon afterward absorbed by the larger, and though all comparison between them was therefore at an end, the superlative denomination continued to exist as the property of the ruler of Constantinople.

Excellency, which at present is the property of Ministers, of Ambassadors, and of everybody who goes to Naples, formerly belonged to Kings along. Henry IV. conferred it for the first time on an ambassador when he gave it to the Duke de Nevers, his representative at Rome. It was then generally adopted for foreign envoys, but Monarchies at first refused it to the representatives of Republics. Venice succeeded, however, in obtaining it for her diplomatic agents in 1636, after much intriguing; and since that date it has been universal. It is given, too, in Germany, to Intimate and Actual Privy Councellors, to Field-Marshals, and to some other functionaries.

Eminence was reserved to Cardinals by a Bull of Urban VIII., in 1630; till that time they had been Most Illustrious and Most Reverend. The knights of Malta called their Grand Master "Eminence Sérénissime;" the Ecclesiastical Electors of Germany were also Eminences.

In addition to these distinctive appellations, there is a formula which is employed by a good many sovereigns when speaking of themselves, and which, though not a title, belongs most evidently to the family of royal designations. Kings frequently assert that they hold their crown "by the grace of God." Originally this phrase had no connection with the theory now known as Divine Right; for the latter is altogether modern, while the words in question were employed by bishops in the fourth century, and by certain monarchs from the tenth century, when some of them described themselves as holding power "by the grace of God and of the Holy Apostolic See." The true meaning of the statement was probably to indicate the subservience of sovereigns to the Pope, who was then the generally accepted king-maker. These were the days when Silvester II. raised Hungary to a kingdom in favour of Saint Stephen, the first sovereign of the house of Arpad; when Popes Eugene and Alexander III. confirmed Alfonso in the rank of King of Portugal, which had been offered to him by his army; when Innocent II. invested Roger as King of Sicily. All this shows distinctly that "the grace of the Holy Apostolic See" was a reality on earth; but it had nothing at all to do with *droit divin*, which is a very different institution, scarcely a couple of centuries old. The Roman emperors never heard of it; they held their place from the soldiers or the people. Even in the twelfth century, the legists of Bologna admitted no other source of royalty than the *vox populi*; they said, "By the *regia* law which constituted the empire, the people has transferred its own power to the prince." And yet the idea of a religious source of political authority would seem to have assumed a vague uncertain form after Pepin set the example, in 752, of asking for the consecration of the Church. But the theory of Divine Right, in its present sense, is altogether new. It seems, indeed, to have been invented in England in Charles II.'s time, by Filmer; for he was the first to argue that hereditary monarchy, by order of primogeniture, is the only government in conformity with the will of God — that it is a divine institution — that no contrary right can be invoked against a prince who possesses power "Dei gratiâ." Bossuet took up the idea with enthusiasm, and defended it with brilliancy. It was, indeed, natural that he should do so, for it just fitted in with the attitude of homage which he assumed toward his royal master; but even he could not give it durability; and it has so died out in our time, that it is almost surprising to see both Guizot and Macaulay take the trouble to

Digitized by Google

seriously attack it. The former defined it with exactness when he said: "This is the formula of a power from which the people must support everything, and which cannot disappear, however mad and incapable it may be; of a power which pretends to be above all rights, to be imprescriptible, and which would remain inviolable if all other rights were violated." And yet this power — so thorough, so independent of control — has contributed scarcely anything to royal titles. The details which have been given here of the origin of the present appellations borne by sovereigns, show that those appellations are, with scarcely an exception, anterior to Divine Right; indeed, it would almost seem as if monarchs left off inventing new denominations for themselves when they woke up to the satisfying notion that they were the elect of Heaven. If so, they acted logically; for it would palpably be useless, and perhaps, indeed, irreverent, to continue to add adorning names to rulers whose sceptre has ceased to be bestowed upon them by human hands. So long as kings made themselves, or so long as their subjects made them, the multiplication of fresh titles was but a natural consequence of the vanity of both. When kings imagined that they were direct delegates from on High, they respectfully suspended further earthly ornamentings of their office. Now that they are relapsing to human origin once more, they will perhaps begin again to coin titles for themselves; and the day may come when Royal Highness will fade away and be replaced by Splendid Brilliancy, Inconceivable Superbness, or Extreme Enormity, and when kings will be deferentially addressed as your Stupendousness, your Vast Infinity, or your Supreme Excessiveness. If so, Sire and Majesty will, of course, descend to Dukes, Peers' daughters will grow into Serene Princesses, and the lower classes generally will become Baronets. That is what is understood by "progress."

Sobriquets which indicate a personal peculiarity constitute the last category of royal appellations; and really they have a special use in history, inasmuch as they generally transmit to us a tolerably exact idea of the moral or physical peculiarities of the sovereign to whom they were attributed. Of course no diplomatic writer who respects either his subject or himself would condescend to class them amongst royal titles; but, in fact, they are infinitely more useful to us, practically, than the more serious appellations which the authors cherish. Children read with curious interest the names which tell them of the long hands of Artaxerxes, of the red beards of the Barbarossas, of the long hair of the Norwegian Harold, of the short legs of Robert Courtecuisse, of the poverty of John Lackland. These details do not fade away — they rest solidly in our memory; and humiliating as it may have been for kings to have received denominations so utterly unworthy of their grandeur, those names now serve as signposts in the history of their period. They remain and will go on remaining — nobody will forget them; but the same cannot certainly be said of the other designations which have been mentioned here. All Frenchmen, without exception, know that Henri Quatre was the Roi Vert-Galant, and can tell the reason why; but scarcely any of them are aware that he was the first king of France "*par la grace de Dieu.*" This may be annoying to the learned enthusiasts who theorize about titles, but it is true and it is natural.

There is nothing else to be added to the list, so far as sovereigns are concerned. The rough sketch of the subject which has been given here indicates the main outlines of the forms which it has assumed; people who are curious about this sort of pride can carry their study into further detail. Here there is no room for more extension about monarchs; for, in the short space still available, we have to glance at another huge branch of this wide-spreading tree — we have to enumerate some of the chief titles of kings' children. Thus far we have looked at the parents only; we must turn our eyes now to the offspring for a moment.

The eldest sons of sovereigns present three main categories of titles — general, special, or local. The first class includes Prince Imperial, which is now borne in Austria, Germany, and Brazil; and Prince Royal, which is used in Bavaria, Greece, Denmark, Saxony, Wurtemberg, and Sweden. The second is or was composed of Dauphin and Czarewitch. The third is the most numerous; it comprises, or has comprised, our Prince of Wales, Prince of Orange, Prince of the Asturias, Duke of Brabant, Don N. of Alcantara (in Portugal), King of the Romans in the old German Empire, King of Rome in the first French Empire, Prince of Piedmont. Their brothers and sisters are separated in the same three fashions. The first division covers Austria, where they are Arch-Duchesses and Arch-Dukes, a

Digitized by Google

title created by Frederic III. in 1453; Russia, where Grand is substituted for Arch; Prussia, Denmark, and the smaller German States, where they simply add Prince or Princess to their names. The second class is limited to the Infants of Spain; and if antiquity be a merit, it really is a pity that this title should now be temporarily suspended, for its age is great. Pelage, who lived in 1100, tells us that before his time the name of Infant was known in Aragon; and in a charter of 1174, Alfonso of Castile calls his daughter Infantissa. The third group stretches into various geography and many dukedoms: it includes York, Clarence, Cumberland, Sussex, Kent, and Edinburgh; Orleans, Montpensier, Nemours, Chartres, Joinville, Bordeaux, and Aumale; Oporto, Beja, and Braganza; Genoa, Carignan, and Savoy; Scania, Dalecarlia, Upland, and Ostrogothland; Calabria and Rota; and, after them, the Countships of Flanders and Hainault, and the Principality of Grand-Para in Brazil. There are a great many more besides, but it is scarcely necessary to recount them all. One addition that is perhaps worth making is, that there was a time when each son of the German Emperor was called "Most Noble Purple-Born" — nobilissimus et purpuratus. This sounds droll, because we are not accustomed to it; but, in reality, it is not one atom more absurd than the Royal Dilection of three centuries ago, or the Serene Altitude of to-day. And yet, numerous as princes' titles are, they are nothing compared to those of the sovereigns, their fathers; for even if we add the Hereditary Grand-Dukes and the Hereditary German Princes, and allow largely for the unknown but possible appellations of the sons of Asiatic potentates, and even of those of African and American chiefs, we shall never get near the total of the names which European monarchs have bestowed upon themselves. The fountains of honour really seem to have comprehended honour, as some people are said to understand charity, and to have retained the larger part of it for themselves. There is not, however, the slightest objection to be made to this way of dealing with the glories of the earth, provided the fact be known and recognized. So long as glories are required — and in the present condition of society there is not the slightest indication of any diminution of their necessity — it would be folly to complain because monarchs manifest so vigorous a desire for them. Indeed it may be urged that sovereigns increase the value of new titles in the eyes of their faithful subjects by the eagerness with which they claim them for themselves, and that they thereby contribute to the maintenance of the entire institution in an unweakening form.

All nations are absolutely alike in this one matter; they unanimously agree that variousness of rank and of titular distinctions must be resolutely kept up. Monarchies and republics present no real difference on the question; for, though the former monopolize the use of royal and noble appellations, the latter incontestably possess by far the largest share of general civil titles. We can calculate without any serious effort the number of British subjects who possess a nobiliary designation; but the mind recoils from the attempt to count up the Honourables, the Generals, the Judges, and the Colonels who adorn the United States. America supplies, indeed, so singular an evidence of the effects of the love of titles in republics, that we are led on by it to suspect that radicalism, as soon as it becomes triumphant, will create a new nobility of its own in Europe; and to conclude, from that apparent probability, amongst other reasons, that it will really not be worth while to make the change, and that we may just as well continue as we are. But the seeming certainty that no modification of form of government will exercise any effect on the multiplicity of decorative appellations, renders that multiplicity still more unworthy of our civilization. The thirst for dignities indicates a state of mind of which no people have any reason to be proud, either nationally or individually; and though Transatlantic democrats and European royalists struggle after them with equal appetite, that fact does not diminish the childish folly of the longing. And we cannot argue that our own responsibility is diminished because our rulers set us the example of running after gilded toys. It is no justification for our own vanity to urge that monarchs cover themselves with sounding names; that we find the same abundance of royal epithets wherever we turn our eyes; that there is not a Court in the Old World where titles do not exist — not a King in Christianity, not a Pacha in Africa or Asia, not a naked Chief of negroes, who does not call himself by an accumulated variety of ornamental denominations.

In one land only is there an exception.

Digitized by Google

At 140° east there is a sovereign who considers that one description is sufficient to express all his greatness, who scorns all other designations as unworthy of his grandeur, who does not even condescend to possess a family name. It is true that this rare monarch has behind him five-and-twenty centuries of hereditary power; it is true that he is, in the eyes of his adoring people, Deity as well King. But this extraordinary situation would have produced an absolutely contrary effect in Europe. If we had such a sovereign here, his predecessors would have invented new titles for themselves as each century went by, and he would, by this time, be proprietor of a collection far surpassing all that the world has seen. In Japan alone there exists a master who has held one unvarying rank since the time of Nebuchadnezzar; who would regard as a degradation any addition to the single quality by which more than a hundred and twenty of his fathers have been known before him. The ruler of the empire of the Rising Sun may, however, be content with his solitary appellation, for it is far away the grandest which imperial pride has ever thought of. In old Japanese it is Soumela-Mikōto; but when Chinese characters were introduced into Japan the Chinese equivalent crept into use, and the monarch became known as Ten-o, which is the denomination he now bears. The meaning of the two words is identical—that meaning is "Heaven-Highest," and that is the one title of the sovereign of Japan. No one will deny that it surpasses all our vain attempts at glory, and that King, Prince, and Emperor are poor indeed by the side of this superb invention. Mikado is not a title, though we use it as if it were; it signifies Royal Gate, and is merely a descriptive indication, just like Sublime Porte, of which, singularly enough, it is a far-Eastern repetition. In the mass of royalty, the Ten-o stands alone; alone he supplies to us the strange example of a rank which is itself and nothing else. No other similar case exists; and certainly the value of our own miserably recent variegated grades and names shrinks wofully when we see that the oldest, longest, and sole unbroken line of kings which history has known—a line which began in 600 B.C.—has never changed its title. But though the successive representatives of this truly royal race have steadily repudiated all additional dignities for themselves, they have bestowed them in much variety on their subjects; and, indeed, have made up amply by their liberality in that direction for their resolute restriction towards themselves. Like the kings of Europe, the Ten-o is and has never ceased to be (the Taicoon was nothing but a Viceroy) the fountain of honour to his people; it is he who grants the sixteen degrees of rank of which his nobility is composed. So far, he is like any ordinary prince. But he preserves his vast advantages over Western sovereigns in the special faculty which he alone possesses of conferring the rank of Dai-djo Dai-djin, which (it is asserted that there is no doubt about it) used to deify its holder after death. It will be recognized that no other potentate exercises any power analogous to this; and it is easy to understand that Kœmpfer should have declared, in his odd old book about Japan, that this grade was so terrifically sacred that the Ten-o always kept it for himself. This, however, is an error; the reality is that the Ten-o never stooped to call himself a Dai-djo, because that dignity was beneath him, and that the title has been several times bestowed. It was once more granted, three years ago, to Sanjo, the actual prime minister. It still remains at an inaccessible elevation above all other grades; but, sad as it is to own it, it cannot be denied that it has latterly become completely human, and has lost its former remarkable privilege of god-making.

It is certainly unsatisfactory to discover, at the two ends of history, that Xerxes and the Ten-o offer indisputable examples of voluntary abstention from titular satisfactions; while we Britons, like all other highly civilized populations, have spent the last thousand years in inventing, replacing, and renewing our royal adjectives and substantives. We have a fond conviction that we offer an example to the world; and so perhaps we should, if the world consisted of nothing else but docks, cheap carpets, coal, green fields and fair complexions; but in this particular element of royal titles, we ought to frankly own that we are not a model for other people; that Japan is far more worth copying than we are; and that we ought to hope that, in her present eagerness to Europeanize herself, she will be wise enough to make an exception in this one detail, and that her sovereign will continue to afford to us this spectacle of a ruler of thirty adoring millions who is simply "Heaven-Highest."

Digitized by Google

From The Cornhill Magazine.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HOMESTEAD: A VISITOR: HALF-CONFIDENCES.

By daylight, the bower of Oak's new-found mistress, Bathsheba Everdene, presented itself as a hoary building, of the Jacobean stage of Classic Renaissance as regards its architecture, and of a proportion which told at a glance that, as is so frequently the case, it had once been the manorial hall upon a small estate around it, now altogether effaced as a distinct property, and merged in the vast tract of a non-resident landlord, which comprised several such modest demesnes.

Fluted pilasters, worked from the solid stone, decorated its front, and above the roof pairs of chimneys were here and there linked by an arch, some gables and other unmanageable features still retaining traces of their Gothic extraction. Soft brown mosses, like faded velveteen, formed cushions upon the stone tiling, and tufts of the house-leek or sengreen sprouted from the eaves of the low surrounding buildings. A gravel walk leading from the door to the road in front was encrusted at the sides with more moss — here it was a silver-green variety — the nut-brown of the gravel being visible to the width of only a foot or two in the centre. This circumstance, and the generally sleepy air of the whole prospect here, together with the animated and contrasting state of the reverse façade, suggested to the imagination that on the adaptation of the building for farming purposes the vital principle of the house had turned round inside its body to face the other way. Reversals of this kind, strange deformities, tremendous paralyses, are often seen to be inflicted by trade upon edifices — either individual or in the aggregate as streets and towns — which were originally planned for pleasure alone.

Lively voices were heard this morning in the upper rooms, the main staircase to which was of hard oak, the balusters, heavy as bed-posts, being turned and moulded in the quaint fashion of their century, the handrail as stout as a parapet-top, and the stairs themselves continually twisting round like a person trying to look over his shoulder. Going up, we find the floors above to have a very irregular surface, rising to ridges, sinking into valleys, and being at present uncarpeted, the face of the boards is shown to be eaten into innumerable vermiculations. Every window replies by a clang to the opening and shutting of every door, a tremble follows every bustling movement, and a creak accompanies a walker about the house, like a spirit, wherever he goes.

In the room from which the conversation proceeded, Bathsheba and her servant companion, Liddy Smallbury, were to be discovered sitting upon the floor, and sorting a complication of papers, books, bottles, and rubbish spread out thereon — remnants from the household stores of the late occupier. Liddy, the maltster's great-granddaughter, was about Bathsheba's equal in age, and her face was a prominent advertisement of the light-hearted English country-girl. The beauty her features might have lacked in form was amply made up for by perfection of hue, which at this winter time was the softened ruddiness on a surface of high rotundity that we meet with in a Terburg or a Gerard Douw, and like the presentations of those great colourists, it was a face which always kept on the natural side of the boundary between comeliness and the ideal. Though elastic in bearing, she was less daring than Bathsheba, and occasionally showed some earnestness, which consisted half of genuine feeling, and half of factitious mannerliness superadded by way of duty.

Through a partly-opened door, the noise of a scrubbing-brush led up to the charwoman, Maryann Money, a person who for a face had a circular disc, furrowed less by age than by long gazes of perplexity at distant objects. To think of her was to get good-humoured; to speak of her was to raise the image of a dried Normandy-pippin.

"Stop your scrubbing a moment," said Bathsheba through the door to her. "I hear something."

Maryann suspended the brush.

The tramp of a horse was apparent, approaching the front of the building. The paces slackened, turned in at the wicket, and, what was most unusual, came up the mossy path close to the door. The door was tapped with the end of a whip or stick.

"What impertinence!" said Liddy in a low voice. "To ride up the footpath like that! Why didn't he stop at the gate? Lord! 'tis a gentleman! I see the top of his hat."

"Be quiet!" said Bathsheba.

The further expression of Liddy's concern was continued by exhibition instead of relation.

Digitized by Google

"Why doesn't Mrs. Coggan go to the door?" Bathsheba continued.

Rat-tat-tat-tat, resounded more decisively from Bathsheba's oak.

"Maryann, you go!" said she, fluttering under the onset of a crowd of romantic possibilities.

"Oh, ma'am — see, here's a mess!"

The argument was unanswerable after a glance at Maryann.

"Liddy — you must," said Bathsheba.

Liddy held up her hands and arms, coated with dust from the rubbish they were sorting, and looked imploringly at her mistress.

"There — Mrs. Coggan is going!" said Bathsheba, exhaling her relief in the form of a long breath, which had lain in her bosom a minute or more.

The door opened, and a deep voice said —

"Is Miss Everdene at home?"

"I'll see, sir," said Mrs. Coggan, and in a minute appeared in the room.

"Dear, dear, what a universe this world is!" continued Mrs. Coggan (a wholesome-looking lady who had a voice for each class of remark according to the emotion involved: who could toss a pancake or twirl a mop with the accuracy of pure mathematics, and who appeared at this moment with hands shaggy with fragments of dough and arms encrusted with flour). "I am never up to my elbows, Miss, in making a pudding but one of two things happens — either my nose must needs begin tickling, and I can't live without scratching it, or somebody knocks at the door. Here's Mr. Boldwood wanting to see you, Miss Everdene."

A woman's dress being a part of her countenance, and any disorder in the one being of the same nature with a malformation or wound in the other, Bathsheba said at once —

"I can't see him in this state. Whatever shall I do?"

Not-at-homes were hardly naturalized in Weatherbury farm-houses, so Liddy suggested — "Say you're a fright with dust, and can't come down."

"Yes — that sounds very well," said Mrs. Coggan, critically.

"Say I can't see him — that will do."

Mrs. Coggan went downstairs and returned the answer as requested, adding however, on her own responsibility, "Miss is dusting bottles, sir, and is quite a object — that's why 'tis."

"Oh, very well," said the deep voice. indifferently. "All I wanted to ask was if anything had been heard of Fanny Robin?"

"Nothing, sir — but we may know tonight. William Smallbury is gone to Casterbridge, where her young man lives, as is supposed, and the other men be inquiring about everywhere."

The horse's tramp then recommenced and retreated, and the door closed.

"Who is Mr. Boldwood?" said Bathsheba.

"A gentleman-farmer at Lower Weatherbury."

"Married?"

"No, Miss."

"How old is he?"

"Forty, I should say — very handsome — rather stern-looking — and rich."

"What a bother this dusting is! I am always in some unfortunate plight or other," Bathsheba said, complainingly. "Why should he inquire about Fanny?"

"Oh, because, as she had no friends in her childhood, he took her and put her to school, and got her her place here under your uncle. He's a very kind man that way, but Lord — there!"

"What?"

"Never was such a hopeless man for a woman! He's been courted by sixes and sevens — all the girls, gentle and simple, for miles round, have tried him. Jane Perkins worked at him for two months like a slave, and the two Miss Taylors spent a year upon him, and he cost Farmer Ives's daughter nights of tears and twenty pounds-worth of new clothes; but Lord — the money might as well have been thrown out of the window."

A little boy came up at this moment and looked in upon them. This child was one of the Coggans (Smallburys and Coggans were as common among the families of this district as the Avons and Derwents among our rivers), and he always had a loosened tooth or a cut finger to show to particular friends, which he did with a complacent air of being thereby elevated above the common herd of afflictionless humanity — to which exhibition people were expected to say, "Poor child!" with a dash of congratulation as well as pity.

"I've got a pen-nee!" said Master Coggan in a scanning measure.

"Well — who gave it you, Teddy?" said Liddy.

"Mis-terr Bold-wood! He gave it to me for opening the gate."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Where are you going, my

Digitized by Google

little man?' and I said, 'To Miss Everdene's, please;' and he said, 'She is a staid woman, isn't she, my little man?' and I said, 'Yes.'"

"You naughty child! What did you say that for?"

"'Cause he gave me the penny!"

"What a pucker everything is in!" said Bathsheba discontentedly, when the child had gone. "Get away, Maryann, or go on with your scrubbing, or do something! You ought to be married by this time, and not here troubling me."

"Ay, mistress—so I did. But what between the poor men I won't have, and the rich men who won't have me, I stand forlorn as a pelican in the wilderness. Ah, poor soul of me!"

"Did anybody ever want to marry you, miss?" Liddy ventured to ask when they were again alone. "Lots of 'em, I daresay?"

Bathsheba paused as if about to refuse a reply, but the temptation to say yes, since it really was in her power, was irresistible by aspiring virginity, in spite of her spleen at having been published as old.

"A man wanted to once," she said, in a highly experienced tone, and the image of Gabriel Oak, as the farmer, rose before her.

"How nice it must seem!" said Liddy, with the fixed features of mental realization. "And you wouldn't have him?"

"He wasn't quite good enough for me."

"How sweet to be able to disdain, when most of us are glad to say Thank you! I seem I hear it. 'No, sir—I'm your better,' or 'Kiss my foot, sir; my face is for mouths of consequence.' And did you love him, miss?"

"Oh, no. But I rather liked him."

"Do you now?"

"Of course not—what footsteps are those I hear?"

Liddy looked from a back window into the courtyard behind, which was now getting low-toned and dim with the earliest films of night. A crooked file of men was approaching the back door. The whole string of trailing individuals advanced in the completest balance of intention, like the remarkable creatures known as Chain Salpæ, which, distinctly organized in other respects, have one will common to a whole family. Some were, as usual, in snow-white smock-frocks of Russia duck, and some in whitey-brown ones of drabbet—marked on the wrists, breasts, backs, and sleeves with honeycomb-work. Two or three women in pattens brought up the rear.

"The Philistines are upon us," said Liddy, making her nose white against the glass.

"Oh, very well. Maryann, go down and keep them in the kitchen till I am dressed, and then show them in to me in the hall."

CHAPTER X.

MISTRESS AND MEN.

HALF-AN-HOUR later Bathsheba, in finished dress, and followed by Liddy, entered the upper end of the old hall to find that her men had all deposited themselves on a long form and a settle at the lower extremity. She sat down at a table and opened the time-book, pen in her hand, and a canvas money-bag beside her. From this she poured a small heap of coin. Liddy took up her position at her elbow and began to sew, sometimes pausing and looking round, or, with the air of a privileged person, taking up one of the half sovereigns lying before her, and admiringly surveying it as a work of art merely, strictly preventing her countenance from expressing any wish to possess it as money.

"Now, before I begin, men," said Bathsheba, "I have two matters to speak of. The first is that the bailiff is dismissed for thieving, and that I have formed a resolution to have no bailiff at all, but to manage everything with my own head and hands."

The men breathed an audible breath of amazement.

"The next matter is, have you heard anything of Fanny?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

"Have you done anything?"

"I met Farmer Boldwood," said Jacob Smallbury, "and I went with him and two of his men, and dragged Wood Pond, but we found nothing."

"And the new shepherd have been to Buck's Head, thinking she had gone there, but nobody had seen her," said Laban Tall.

"Hasn't William Smallbury been to Casterbridge?"

"Yes, ma'am, but he's not yet come home. He promised to be back by six."

"It wants a quarter to six at present," said Bathsheba, looking at her watch. "I daresay he'll be in directly. Well, now then"—she looked into the book—"Joseph Poorgrass, are you there?"

Digitized by Google

"Yes, sir — ma'am I mane," said the person addressed. "I am the personal name of Poorgrass — a small matter who is nothing in his own eye. Perhaps it is different in the eye of other people — but I don't say it; though public thought will out."

"What do you do on the farm?"

"I does carting things all the year, and in seed time I shoots the rooks and sparrows, and helps at pig-killing, sir."

"How much to you?"

"Please nine and ninepence and a good halfpenny where 'twas a bad one, sir — ma'am I mane."

"Quite correct. Now here are ten shillings in addition as a small present, as I am a new comer."

Bathsheba blushed slightly as she spoke at the sense of being generous in public, and Henery Fray, who had drawn up towards her chair, lifted his eyebrows and fingers to express amazement on a small scale.

"How much do I owe you — that man in the corner — what's your name?" continued Bathsheba.

"Matthew Moon, ma'am," said a singular framework of clothes with nothing of any consequence inside them, which advanced with the toes in no definite direction forwards, but turned in or out as they chanced to swing.

"Matthew Mark, did you say? — speak out — I shall not hurt you," enquired the young farmer, kindly.

"Matthew Moon, mem," said Henery Fray, correctingly from behind her chair, to which point he had edged himself.

"Matthew Moon," murmured Bathsheba, turning her bright eyes to the book. "Ten and two-pence halfpenny is the sum put down to you, I see?"

"Yes, mis'ess," said Matthew, as the rustle of wind among dead leaves.

"Here it is, and ten shillings. Now the next — Andrew Candle, you are a new man, I hear. How came you to leave your last farm?"

"P- p- p- p- p- pl- pl- pl- pl- l- l- l- l- ease, ma'am, p-p-p-p-pl-pl-pl-pl-please ma'am-please'm-please'm ——"

"'A's a stammering man, mem," said Henery Fray in an under tone, "and they turned him away because the only time he ever did speak plain he said his soul was his own, and other iniquities, to the squire. 'A can cuss, mem, as well as you or I, but 'a can't speak a common speech to save his life."

"Andrew Candle, here's yours — finish thanking me in a day or two. Temperance Miller — oh, here's another, Soberness, both women I suppose?"

"Yes'm. Here we be, 'a b'lieve," was echoed in shrill unison.

"What have you been doing?"

"Tending thrashing-machine, and wimbling haybonds, and saying Hoosh! to the cocks and hens when they go upon your seeds, and planting Early Flourballs and Thompson's Wonderfuls with a dibble."

"Yes — I see. Are they satisfactory women?" she enquired softly of Henery Fray.

"O, mem — don't ask me! Yielding women — as scarlet a pair as ever was!" groaned Henery under his breath.

"Sit down."

"Who, mem?"

"Sit down!"

Joseph Poorgrass, in the background, twitched, and his lips became dry with fear of some terrible consequences as he saw Bathsheba summarily speaking, and Henery slinking off to a corner.

"Now the next. Laban Tall. You'll stay on working for me?"

"For you or anybody that pays me well, ma'am," replied the young married man.

"True — the man must live!" said a woman in the back quarter, who had just entered with clicking pattens.

"What woman is that?" Bathsheba asked.

"I be his lawful wife!" continued the voice with greater prominence of manner and tone. This lady called herself five-and-twenty, looked thirty, passed as thirty-five, and was forty. She was a woman who never, like some newly married, showed conjugal tenderness in public, perhaps because she had none to show.

"Oh, you are," said Bathsheba. "Well, Laban, will you stay on?"

"Yes, he'll stay, ma'am!" said again the shrill tongue of Laban's lawful wife.

"Well, he can speak for himself, I suppose?"

"O Lord no, ma'am. A simple tool. Well enough, but a poor gawkhammer mortal," the wife replied.

"Heh-heh-heh!" laughed the married man with a hideous effort of appreciation, for he was as irrepressibly good-humoured under ghastly snubs as a parliamentary candidate on the hustings.

The names remaining were called in the same manner.

"Now I think I have done with you," said Bathsheba, closing the book and

Digitized by Google

shaking back a stray twine of hair. "Has William Smallbury returned?"

"No, ma'am."

"The new shepherd will want a man under him," suggested Henery Fray, trying to make himself official again by a sideway approach towards her chair.

"Oh—he will. Who can he have?"

"Young Cain Ball is a very good lad," Henery said, "and Shepherd Oak don't mind his youth?" he added, turning with an apologetic smile to the shepherd, who had just appeared on the scene, and was now leaning against the doorpost with his arms folded.

"O, I don't mind that," said Gabriel.

"How did Cain come by such a name?" asked Bathsheba.

"O you see, mem, his pore mother, not being a Scripture-read woman, made a mistake at his christening, thinking 'twas Abel killed Cain, and called en Cain, meaning Abel all the time. She didn't find it out till 'twas too late, and the chiel was handed back to his godmother. 'Tis very unfortunate for the boy."

"It is rather unfortunate."

"Yes. However, we soften it down as much as we can, and call him Cainy. Ah, pore widow-woman! she cried her heart out about it almost. She was brought up by a very heathen father and mother who never sent her to church or school, and it shows how the sins of the parents are visited upon the children, mem."

Mr. Fray here drew up his features to the mild degree of melancholy required when the persons involved in the given misfortune do not belong to your own family.

"Very well, then, Cainy Ball to be under shepherd. And you quite understand your duties?—you I mean, Gabriel Oak."

"Quite well, I thank you, Miss Everdene," said Shepherd Oak from the doorpost. "If I don't I'll enquire." Gabriel was rather staggered by the remarkable coolness of her manner. Certainly nobody without previous information would ever have dreamt that Oak and the handsome woman before whom he stood had ever been other than strangers. But perhaps her air was the inevitable result of the social rise which had advanced her from a cottage to a large house and fields. The case is not unexampled in high places. When, in the writings of the later poets, Jove and his family are found to have moved from their cramped quarters on the peak of Olympus into the wide sky above it, their words show a proportionate increase of arrogance and reserve.

Footsteps were heard in the passage, combining in their character the qualities both of weight and measure, rather at the expense of velocity.

(All.) "Here's Billy Smallbury come from Casterbridge."

"And what's the news?" said Bathsheba, as William, after marching to the middle of the hall, took a handkerchief from his hat and wiped his forehead from its centre to its remoter boundaries.

"I should have been sooner, Miss," he said, "if it hadn't been for the weather." He then stamped with each foot severely, and on looking down his boots were perceived to be clogged with snow.

"Come at last, is it?" said Henery.

"Well, what about Fanny?" said Bathsheba.

"Well, ma'am, in round numbers, she's run away with the soldiers," said William.

"No; not a steady girl like Fanny!"

"I'll tell ye all particulars. When I got to Casterbridge Barracks, they said, 'The 11th Dragoon-Guards be gone away, and new troops have come.' The Eleventh left last week for Melchester. The Route came from Government like a thief in the night, as is his nature to, and afore the Eleventh knew it almost, they were on the march."

Gabriel had listened with interest. "I saw them go," he said.

"Yes," continued William, "they pranced down the street playing 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' so 'tis said, in glorious notes of triumph. Every looker-on's inside shook with the blows of the great drum to his deepest vitals, and there was not a dry eye throughout the town among the public-house people and the nameless women!"

"But they're not gone to any war?"

"No, ma'am; but they be gone to take the places of them who may, which is very close connected. And so I said to myself, Fanny's young man was one of the regiment, and she's gone after him. There, ma'am, that's it in black and white."

"Did you find out his name?"

"No; nobody knew it. I believe he was higher in rank than a private."

Gabriel remained musing, and said nothing, for he was in doubt.

"Well, we are not likely to know more to-night, at any rate," said Bathsheba. "But one of you had better run across to Farmer Boldwood's and tell him that much."

Digitized by Google

She then rose; but before retiring, addressed a few words to them with a pretty dignity, to which her mourning dress added a soberness that was hardly to be found in the words themselves.

"Now mind, you have a mistress instead of a master. I don't yet know my powers or my talents in farming; but I shall do my best, and if you serve me well, so shall I serve you. Don't any unfair ones among you (if there are any such, but I hope not) suppose that because I'm a woman I don't understand the difference between bad goings-on and good."

(All.) "No'm!"

(Lyddy.) "Excellent well said."

"I shall be up before you are awake; I shall be afield before you are up; and I shall have breakfasted before you are afield. In short I shall astonish you all."

(All.) "Yes'm!"

"And so good-night."

(All.) "Good-night, ma'am."

Then this small thesmothete stepped from the table, and surged out of the hall, her black silk dress licking up a few straws and dragging them along with a scratching noise upon the floor. Liddy, elevating her feelings to the occasion from a sense of grandeur, floated off behind Bathsheba with a milder dignity not entirely free from travesty, and the door was closed.

CHAPTER XI.

MELCHESTER MOOR: SNOW: A MEETING.

For dreariness, nothing could surpass a prospect in the outskirts of the city of Melchester, at a later hour on this same snowy evening — if that may be called a prospect of which the chief constituent was darkness.

It was a night when sorrow may come to the brightest without causing any great sense of incongruity: when, with impressible persons, love becomes solicitousness, hope sinks to misgiving, and faith to hope: when the exercise of memory does not stir feelings of regret at opportunities for ambition that have been passed by, and anticipation does not prompt to enterprise.

The scene was a public path, bordered on the left hand by a river, behind which rose a high wall. On the right was a tract of land, partly meadow and partly moor, reaching, at its remote verge, to a wide undulating heath.

The changes of the seasons are less obtrusive on spots of this kind than amid woodland scenery. Still, to a close observer, they are just as perceptible; the difference is that their media of manifestation are less trite and familiar than such well-known ones as the bursting of the buds or the fall of the leaf. Many are not so stealthy and gradual as we may be apt to imagine in considering the general torpidity of a moor or heath. Winter, in coming to the place under notice, advanced in some such well-marked stages as the following:

The retreat of the snakes.
The transformation of the ferns.
The filling of the pools.
A rising of fogs.
The embrowning by frost.
The collapse of the fungi.
An obliteration by snow.

This climax of the series had been reached to-night on Melchester Moor, and for the first time in the season its irregularities were forms without features; suggestive of anything, proclaiming nothing, and without more character than that of being the limit of something else — the lowest layer of a firmament of snow. From this chaotic sky-full of crowding flakes the heath and moor momentarily received additional clothing, only to appear momentarily more naked thereby. The vast dome of cloud above was strangely low, and formed as it were the roof of a large dark cavern, gradually sinking in upon its floor; for the instinctive thought was that the snow lining the heavens and that encrusting the earth would soon unite into one mass without any intervening stratum of air at all.

We turn our attention to the left-hand characteristics. They were flatness as regards the river, verticality as regards the wall behind it, and darkness as regards both. These features made up the mass. If anything could be darker than the sky, it was the wall; if anything could be gloomier than the wall, it was the river beneath. The indistinct summit of the façade was notched and pronged by chimneys here and there, and upon its face were faintly signified the oblong shapes of windows, though only in the upper part. Below, down to the water's edge, the flat was unbroken by hole or projection.

An indescribable succession of dull blows, perplexing in their regularity, sent their sound with difficulty through the fluffy atmosphere. It was a neighbouring clock striking ten. The bell was in the open air, and being overlaid with several

Digitized by Google

inches of muffling snow, had lost its voice for the time.

About this hour the snow abated: ten flakes fell where twenty had fallen, then one had the room of ten. Not long after a form moved by the brink of the river.

By its outline upon the colourless background, a close observer might have seen that it was small. This was all that was positively discoverable. Human it seemed.

The shape went slowly along, but without much exertion, for the snow, though sudden, was not as yet more than two inches deep. At this time some words were spoken aloud: —

"One. Two. Three. Four. Five."

Between each utterance the little shape advanced about half a dozen yards. It was evident now that the windows high in the wall were being counted. The word "Five" represented the fifth window from the end of the wall.

Here the spot stopped, and dwindled small. The figure was stooping. Then a morsel of snow flew across the river towards the fifth window. It smacked against the wall at a point several yards from its mark. The throw was the idea of a man conjoined with the execution of a woman. No man who had ever seen bird, rabbit, or squirrel in his childhood, could possibly have thrown with such utter imbecility as was shown here.

Another attempt, and another; till by degrees the wall must have become pimpled with the adhering lumps of snow. At last a piece struck the fifth window.

The river would have been seen by day to be of that deep smooth sort which races middle and sides with the same gliding precision, any irregularities of speed being immediately corrected by a small whirlpool. Nothing was heard in reply to the signal but the gurgle and cluck of one of these invisible wheels — together with a few small sounds which a sad man would have called moans, and a happy man laughter — caused by the flapping of the waters against trifling objects in other parts of the stream.

The window was struck again in the same manner.

Then a noise was heard, apparently produced by the opening of the window. This was followed by a voice from the same quarter.

"Who's there?"

The tones were masculine, but not those of surprise. The high wall being that of a barrack, and marriage being looked upon with disfavour in the army, assignations and communications had probably been made across the river before to-night.

"Is it Sergeant Troy?" said the blurred spot in the snow, tremulously.

This person was so much like a mere shade upon the earth, and the other speaker so much a part of the building, that one would have said the wall was holding converse with the snow.

"Yes," came suspiciously from the shadow. "What girl are you?"

"O, Frank — don't you know me?" said the spot. "Your wife, Fanny Robin."

"Fanny!" said the wall, in utter astonishment.

"Yes," said the girl, with a half-suppressed gasp of emotion.

There was a tone in the woman which is not that of the wife, and there was a manner in the man which is rarely a husband's. The dialogue went on.

"How did you come here?"

"I asked which was your window. Forgive me!"

"I did not expect you to-night. Indeed, I did not think you would come at all. It was a wonder you found me here. I am orderly to-morrow."

"You said I was to come."

"Well — I said that you might."

"Yes, I mean that I might. You are glad to see me, Frank?"

"O yes — of course."

"Can you — come to me!"

"My dear Fan, no! The bugle has sounded, the barrack gates are closed, and I have no leave. We are all of us as good as in Melchester Gaol till to-morrow morning."

"Then I shan't see you till then!" The words were in a faltering tone of disappointment.

"How did you get here from Weatherbury?"

"I walked — some part of the way — the rest by the carrier."

"I am surprised."

"Yes — so am I. And, Frank, when will it be?"

"What?"

"That you promised."

"I don't quite recollect."

"O you do! Don't speak like that. It weighs me to the earth. It makes me say what ought to be said first by you."

"Never mind — say it."

"O, must I? — it is, when shall we be married, Frank?"

"O, I see. Well — you have to get proper clothes."

Digitized by Google

"I have money. Will it be by banns or license?"

"Banns, I should think."

"And we live in two parishes."

"Do we? What then?"

"My lodgings are in St. Mary's, and this is not. So they will have to be published in both."

"Is that the law?"

"Yes. O, Frank — you think me forward, I am afraid! Don't, dear Frank — will you — for I love you so. And you said lots of times you would marry me, and — and — I — I — I ——"

"Don't cry, now! It is foolish. If I said so, of course I will."

"And shall I put up the banns in my parish, and will you in yours?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow. We'll settle in a few days."

"You have the permission of the officers?"

"No — not yet."

"O — how is it? You said you almost had before you left Casterbridge."

"The fact is, I forgot to ask. Your coming like this is so sudden and unexpected."

"Yes — yes — it is. It was wrong of me to worry you. I'll go away now. Will you come and see me to-morrow, at Mrs. Twills's, in North Street? I don't like to come to the Barracks. There are bad women about, and they think me one."

"Quite so. I'll come to you, my dear. Good night."

"Good night, Frank — good night!"

And the noise was again heard of a window closing. The little spot moved away. When she passed the corner, a subdued exclamation was heard inside the wall.

"Ho — ho — Sergeant — ho — ho!" An expostulation followed, but it was indistinct; and it became lost amid a low peal of laughter, which was hardly distinguishable from the gurgle of the tiny whirlpools outside.

CHAPTER XII.

FARMERS: A RULE: AN EXCEPTION.

THE first public evidence of Bathsheba's decision to be a farmer in her own person and by proxy no more was her appearance the following market-day in the corn-market at Casterbridge.

The low though extensive hall, supported by Tuscan pillars, and latterly dignified by the name of Corn-Exchange, was thronged with hot men who talked among each other in twos and threes, the speaker of the minute looking sideways into his auditor's face and concentrating his argument by a contraction of one eyelid during delivery. The greater number carried in their hands ground-ash saplings, using them partly as walking-sticks and partly for poking up pigs, sheep, neighbours with their backs turned, and restful things in general, which seemed to require such treatment in the course of their peregrinations. During conversations each subjected his sapling to great varieties of usage — bending it round his back, forming an arch of it between his two hands, overweighting it on the ground till it reached nearly a semi-circle; or perhaps it was hastily tucked under the arm whilst the sample-bag was pulled forth and a handful of corn poured into the palm, which, after criticism, was flung upon the floor, an issue of events perfectly well known to half a dozen acute town-bred fowls which had as usual crept into the building unobserved, and waited the fulfilment of their anticipations with a high-stretched neck and oblique eye.

Among these heavy yeomen a feminine figure glided, the single one of her sex that the room contained. She was prettily and even daintily dressed. She moved between them as a chaise between carts, was heard after them as a romance after sermons, was felt among them like a breeze among furnaces. It had required a little determination — far more than she had at first imagined — to take up a position here, for at her first entry the lumbering dialogues had ceased, nearly every face had been turned towards her, and those that were already turned rigidly fixed there.

Two or three only of the farmers were personally known to Bathsheba, and to these she had made her way. But if she was to be the practical woman she had intended to show herself, business must be carried on, introductions or none, and she ultimately acquired confidence enough to speak and reply boldly to men merely known to her by hearsay. Bathsheba too had her sample-bags, and by degrees adopted the professional pour into the hand — holding up the grains in her narrow palm for inspection, in perfect Casterbridge manner.

Something in the exact arch of her upper unbroken row of teeth, and in the keenly pointed corners of her red mouth

Digitized by Google

when, with parted lips, she somewhat defiantly turned up her face to argue a point with a tall man, suggested that there was depth enough in that lithe slip of humanity for alarming potentialities of exploit, and daring enough to carry them out. But her eyes had a softness — invariably a softness — which, had they not been dark, would have seemed mistiness; as they were, it lowered an expression that might have been piercing to simple clearness.

Strange to say of a female in full bloom and vigour, she always allowed her interlocutors to finish their statements before rejoining with hers. In arguing on prices, she held to her own firmly, as was natural in a dealer, and reduced theirs persistently, as was inevitable in a woman. But there was an elasticity in her firmness which removed it from obstinacy, as there was a naïveté in her cheapening which saved it from meanness.

Those of the farmers with whom she had no dealings (by far the greater part) were continually asking each other "Who is she?" The reply would be —

"Farmer Everdene's niece; took on Weatherbury Upper Farm; turned away the baily, and swears she'll do everything herself."

The other man would then shake his head.

"Yes, 'tis a pity she's so headstrong," the first would say. "But we ought to be proud of her here — she lightens up the old place. 'Tis such a shapely maid, however, that she'll soon get picked up."

It would be ungallant to suggest that the novelty of her engagement in such an occupation had almost as much to do with the magnetism as had the beauty of her face and movements. However, the interest was general, and this Saturday's *débût* in the forum, whatever it may have been to Bathsheba as the buying and selling farmer, was unquestionably a triumph to her as the maiden. Indeed, the sensation was so pronounced that her instinct on two or three occasions was to merely walk as a queen among these gods of the fallow, like a little sister of a little Jove, and to neglect closing prices altogether.

The numerous evidences of her power to attract were only thrown into greater relief by a marked exception. Women seem to have eyes in their ribbons for such matters as these. Bathsheba, without looking within a right angle of him, was conscious of a black sheep among the flock.

It perplexed her first. If there had been a respectable minority on either side, the case would have been most natural. If nobody had regarded her, she would have taken the matter indifferently — such cases had occurred. If everybody, this man included, she would have taken it as a matter of course — people had done so before. But the exception, added to its smallness, made the mystery — just as when the difference between the state of an insignificant fleece and the state of all around it, rather than any novelty in the states themselves, arrested the attention of Gideon.

She soon knew thus much of the recusant's appearance. He was a gentlemanly man, with full and distinctly outlined Roman features, the prominences of which glowed in the sun with a bronze-like richness of tone. He was erect in attitude, and quiet in demeanour. One characteristic pre-eminently marked him — dignity.

Apparently he had some time ago reached that entrance to middle age at which a man's aspect naturally ceases to alter for the term of a dozen years or so; and, artificially, a woman's does likewise. Thirty-five and fifty were his limits of variation — he might have been either, or anywhere between the two.

It may be said that married men of forty are usually ready and generous enough to fling passing glances at any specimen of moderate beauty they may discern by the way. Probably, as with persons playing whist for love, the consciousness of a certain immunity under any circumstances from that worst possible ultimate, the having to pay, makes them unduly speculative. Bathsheba was convinced that this unmoved person was not a married man.

When marketing was over, she rushed off to Liddy, who was waiting for her beside the yellow gig in which they had driven to town. The horse was put in, and on they trotted — Bathsheba's sugar, tea, and drapery parcels being packed behind, and expressing in some indescribable manner, as well by their colour and shape, as by their general lineaments, that they were that young lady-farmer's property, and the grocer's and draper's no more.

"I've been through it, Liddy, and it is over. I shan't mind it again, for they will all have grown accustomed to seeing me there; but this morning it was as bad as being married — eyes everywhere!"

"I knowed it would be," Liddy said.

Digitized by Google

"Men be such a terrible class of society to look at a body."

"But there was one man who had more sense than to waste his time upon me." The information was put in this form that Liddy might not for a moment suppose her mistress was at all piqued. "A very good-looking man," she continued, "upright; about forty, I should think. Do you know at all who he could be?"

Liddy couldn't think.

"Can't you guess at all?" said Bathsheba with some disappointment.

"I haven't a notion; besides, 'tis no difference, since he took less notice of you than any of the rest. Now, if he'd taken more, it would have mattered a great deal."

Bathsheba was suffering from the reverse feeling just then, and they bowled along in silence. A low carriage, bowling along still more rapidly behind a horse of unimpeachable breed, overtook and passed them.

"Why, there he is!" she said.

Liddy looked. "That! That's Farmer Boldwood — of course 'tis — the man you couldn't see the other day when he called."

"O, Farmer Boldwood," murmured Bathsheba, and looked at him as he outstripped them. The farmer had never turned his head once, but with eyes fixed on the most advanced point along the road, passed as unconsciously and abstractedly as if Bathsheba and her charms were thin air.

"He's an interesting man — don't you think so?" she remarked.

"O yes, very. Everybody owns it," replied Liddy.

"I wonder why he is so wrapt up and indifferent, and seemingly so far away from all he sees around him."

"It is said — but not known for certain — that he met with some bitter disappointment when he was a young man and merry. A woman jilted him, they say."

"People always say that — and we know very well women scarcely ever jilt men; 'tis the men who jilt us. I expect it is simply his nature to be so reserved."

"Simply his nature — I expect so, miss — nothing else in the world."

"Still, 'tis more romantic to think he has been served cruelly, poor thing! Perhaps, after all, he has."

"Depend upon it he has. O, yes, miss, he has. I feel he must have."

"However, we are very apt to think extremes of people. I shouldn't wonder after all if it wasn't a little of both — just between the two — rather cruelly used and rather reserved."

"O dear no, miss — I can't change to between the two!"

"That's most likely."

"Well, yes, so it is. I am convinced it is most likely. You may take my word, miss, that that's what's the matter with him."

CHAPTER XIII.

SORTES SANCTORUM: THE VALENTINE.

It was Sunday afternoon in the farmhouse, on the thirteenth of February. Dinner being over, Bathsheba, for want of a better companion, had asked Liddy to come and sit with her. The mouldy pile was dreary in winter-time before the candles were lighted and the shutters closed; the atmosphere of the place seemed as old as the walls; every nook behind the furniture had a temperature of its own, for the fire was not kindled in this part of the house early in the day; and Bathsheba's new piano, which was an old one in other annals, looked particularly sloping and out of level on the warped floor before night threw a shade over its less prominent angles and hid the unpleasantness. Liddy, like a little brook, though shallow, was always rippling; her presence had not so much weight as to task thought, and yet enough to exercise it.

On the table lay an old quarto Bible, bound in leather. Liddy looking at it said,

"Did you ever find out, Miss, who you are going to marry by means of the Bible and Key?"

"Don't be so foolish, Liddy. As if such things could be."

"Well, there's a good deal in it all the same."

"Nonsense, child."

"And it makes your heart beat fearfully. Some believe in it; some don't; I do."

"Very well, let's try it," said Bathsheba, bounding from her seat with that total disregard of consistency which can be indulged in towards a dependent, and entering into the spirit of divination at once. "Go and get the front door key."

Liddy fetched it. "I wish it wasn't Sunday," she said, on returning. "Perhaps 'tis wrong."

"What's right week days is right Sundays," replied her companion in a tone which was a proof in itself.

The book was opened — the leaves,

Digitized by Google

drab with age, being quite worn away at much-read verses by the fore-fingers of unpractised readers in former days, where they were moved along under the line as an aid to the vision. The special verse in the Book of Ruth was sought out by Bathsheba, and the sublime words met her eye. They slightly thrilled and abashed her. It was Wisdom in the abstract facing Folly in the concrete. Folly in the concrete blushed, persisted in her intention, and placed the key on the Book. A rusty patch immediately upon the verse, caused by previous pressure of an iron substance thereon, told that this was not the first time the old volume had been used for the purpose.

"Now keep steady, and be silent," said Bathsheba.

The verse was repeated; the Book turned round; Bathsheba blushed guiltily.

"Who did you try?" said Liddy curiously.

"I shall not tell you."

"Did you notice Mr. Boldwood's doings in church this morning, miss?" Liddy continued, adumbrating by the remark the track her thoughts had taken.

"No, indeed," said Bathsheba, with serene indifference.

"His pew is exactly opposite yours, miss."

"I know it."

"And you did not see his goings on?"

"Certainly I did not, I tell you."

Liddy assumed a smaller physiognomy, and shut her lips decisively.

This move was unexpected, and proportionally disconcerting. "What did he do?" Bathsheba said perforce.

"Didn't turn his head to look at you once all the service."

"Why should he?" again demanded her mistress, wearing a nettled look. "I didn't ask him to."

"O no. But everybody else was noticing you; and it was odd he didn't. There, 'tis like him. Rich and gentlemanly, what does he care?"

Bathsheba dropped into a silence intended to express that she had opinions on the matter too abstruse for Liddy's comprehension, rather than that she had nothing to say.

"Dear me — I had nearly forgotten the valentine I bought yesterday," she exclaimed at length.

"Valentine! who for, miss?" said Liddy. "Farmer Boldwood?"

It was the single name among all possible wrong ones that just at this moment seemed to Bathsheba more pertinent than the right.

"Well, no. It is only for little Teddy Coggan. I have promised him something, and this will be a pretty surprise for him. Liddy, you may as well bring me my desk and I'll direct it at once."

Bathsheba took from her desk a gorgeously illuminated and embossed design in post-octavo, which had been bought on the previous market-day at the chief stationer's in Casterbridge. In the centre was a small oval enclosure; this was left blank, that the sender might insert tender words more appropriate to the special occasion than any generalities by a printer could possibly be.

"Here is a place for writing," said Bathsheba. "What shall I put?"

"Something of this sort, I should think," returned Liddy promptly:

The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Carnation's sweet,
And so are you.

"Yes, that shall be it. It just suits itself to a chubby-faced child like him," said Bathsheba. She inserted the words in a small though legible handwriting; enclosed the sheet in an envelope, and dipped her pen for the direction.

"What fun it would be to send it to the stupid old Boldwood, and how he would wonder!" said the irrepressible Liddy, lifting her eyebrows, and indulging in an awful mirth on the verge of fear as she thought of the moral and social magnitude of the man contemplated.

Bathsheba paused to regard the idea at full length. Boldwood's had begun to be a troublesome image — a species of Daniel in her kingdom who persisted in kneeling eastward when reason and common sense said that he might just as well follow suit with the rest, and afford her the official glance of admiration which cost nothing at all. She was far from being seriously concerned about his nonconformity. Still, it was faintly depressing that the most dignified and valuable man in the parish should withhold his eyes, and that a girl like Liddy should talk about it. So Liddy's idea was at first rather harassing than piquant.

"No, I won't do that. He wouldn't see any humour in it."

"He'd worry to death," said the persistent Liddy.

"Really, I don't care particularly to send it to Teddy," remarked her mis-

Digitized by Google

tress. "He's rather a naughty child sometimes."

"Yes — that he is."

"Let's toss, as men do," said Bathsheba, idly. "Now then, head, Boldwood; tail, Teddy. No, we won't toss money on a Sunday, that would be tempting the devil indeed."

"Toss this hymn book; there can't be no sinfulness in that, miss."

"Very well. Open, Boldwood — shut, Teddy; no, it's more likely to fall open. Open, Teddy — shut, Boldwood."

The book went fluttering in the air and came down shut.

Bathsheba, a small yawn upon her mouth, took the pen, and with off-hand serenity directed the missive to Boldwood.

"Now light a candle, Liddy. Which seal shall we use? Here's a unicorn's head — there's nothing in that. What's this? — two doves — no. It ought to be something extraordinary, ought it not, Lidd? Here's one with a motto — I remember it is some funny one, but I can't read it. We'll try this, and if it doesn't do we'll have another."

A large red seal was duly affixed. Bathsheba looked closely at the hot wax to discover the words.

"Capital!" she exclaimed, throwing down the letter frolicsomely. "'Twould upset the solemnity of a parson and clerk too."

Liddy looked at the words of the seal, and read —

"Marry me."

The same evening the letter was sent, and was duly sorted in Casterbridge post-office that night, to be returned to Weatherbury again in the morning.

So very idly and unreflectingly was this deed done. Of love as a spectacle Bathsheba had a fair knowledge; but of love subjectively she knew nothing.

CHAPTER XIV.

EFFECT OF THE LETTER: SUNRISE.

At dusk, on the evening of St. Valentine's Day, Boldwood sat down to supper as usual, by a beaming fire of aged logs. Upon the mantel-shelf before him was a time-piece, surmounted by a spread eagle, and upon the eagle's wings was the letter Bathsheba had sent. Here the bachelor's gaze was continually fastening itself, till the large red seal became as a blot of blood on the retina of his eye; and as he eat and drank he still read in fancy the words thereon, although they were too remote for his sight,

"Marry me."

The pert injunction was like those crystal substances, which, colourless themselves, assume the tone of objects about them. Here, in the quiet of Boldwood's parlour, where everything that was not grave was extraneous, and where the atmosphere was that of a Puritan Sunday lasting all the week, the letter and its dictum changed their tenor from the thoughtlessness of their origin to a deep solemnity, imbibed from their accessories now.

Since the receipt of the missive in the morning, Boldwood had felt the spherical completeness of his existence heretofore to be slowly spreading into an abnormal distortion in the particular direction of an ideal passion. The disturbance was as the first floating weed to Columbus — the contemptibly little suggesting possibilities of the infinitely great.

The letter must have had an origin and a motive. That the latter was of the smallest magnitude compatible with its existence at all, Boldwood, of course, did not know. And such an explanation did not strike him as a possibility even. It is foreign to a mystified condition of mind to realize of the mystifier that the very dissimilar processes of approving a course suggested by circumstance, and striking out a course from inner impulse and intention purely, would look the same in the result. The vast difference between starting a train of events, and directing into a particular groove a series already started, is rarely apparent to the person confounded by the issue.

When Boldwood went to bed, he placed the valentine in the corner of the looking-glass. He was conscious of its presence, even when his back was turned upon it. It was the first time in Boldwood's life that such an event had occurred. The same fascination that caused him to think it an act which had a deliberate motive prevented him from regarding it as an impertinence. He looked again at the direction. The mysterious influences of night invested the writing with the presence of the unknown writer. Somebody's — some *woman's* — hand had travelled softly over the paper bearing his name: her unrevealed eyes had watched every curve as she formed it:

Digitized by Google

her brain had seen him in imagination the while. Why should she have imagined him? Her mouth — were the lips red or pale, plump or creased? — had curved itself to a certain expression as the pen went on — the corners had moved with all their natural tremulousness: what had been the expression?

The vision of the woman writing, as a supplement to the words written, had no individuality. She was a misty shape, and well she might be, considering that her original was at that moment sound asleep and oblivious of all love and letter-writing under the sky. Whenever Boldwood dozed she took a form, and comparatively ceased to be a vision: when he awoke there was the letter justifying the dream.

The moon shone to-night, and its light was not of a customary kind. His window only admitted a reflection of its rays, and the pale sheen had that reversed direction which snow gives, coming upward and lighting up his ceiling in a phenomenal way, casting shadows in strange places, and putting lights where shadows had used to be.

The substance of the epistle had occupied him but little in comparison with the fact of its arrival. He suddenly wondered if anything more might be found in the envelope than what he had withdrawn. He jumped out of bed in the weird light; took the letter, pulled out the flimsy sheet, shook the envelope — searched it. Nothing more was there. Boldwood looked, as he had a hundred times the preceding day, at the insistent red seal: "Marry me," he said aloud.

The solemn and reserved yeoman again closed the letter, and stuck it in the frame of the glass. In doing so he caught sight of his reflected features, wan in expression, and insubstantial in form. He saw how closely compressed was his mouth, and that his eyes were widespread and vacant. Feeling uneasy and dissatisfied with himself for this nervous excitability, he returned to bed.

Then the dawn drew on. The full power of the clear heaven was not equal to that of a cloudy sky at noon, when Boldwood arose and dressed himself. He descended the stairs and went out towards the gate of a field to the east, leaning over which he paused and looked around.

It was one of the usual slow sunrises of this time of the year, and the sky, pure violet in the zenith, was leaden to the northward and murky to the east, where, over the snowy down or ewe-lease on Weatherbury Upper Farm, and apparently resting upon the ridge, the only half of the sun yet visible burnt incandescent and rayless, like a red and flameless fire shining over a white hearthstone. The whole effect resembled a sunset as childhood resembles age.

In other directions, the fields and sky were so much of one colour by the snow, that it was difficult in a hasty glance to tell whereabouts the horizon occurred; and in general there was here, too, that before-mentioned preternatural inversion of light and shade which attends the prospect when the garish brightness commonly in the sky is found on the earth, and the shades of earth are in the sky. Over the west hung the wasting moon, now dull and greenish-yellow, like tarnished brass.

Boldwood was listlessly noting how the frost had hardened and glazed the surface of the snow, till it shone in the red eastern light with the polish of marble; how, in some portions of the slope, withered grass-bents, encased in icicles, bristled through the smooth wan coverlet in the twisted and curved shapes of old Venetian glass, and how the footprints of a few birds, which had hopped over the snow whilst it lay in the state of a soft fleece, were now frozen to a short permanency. A half-muffled noise of light wheels interrupted him. Boldwood turned back into the road. It was the mail-cart — a crazy, two-wheeled vehicle, hardly heavy enough to resist a puff of wind. The driver held out a letter. Boldwood seized it and opened it, expecting another anonymous one. So greatly are people's ideas of probability a mere sense that precedent will repeat itself, that they often do not stop to think whether the fact of an event having once occurred is not in many cases the very circumstance which makes its repetition unlikely.

"I don't think it is for you, sir," said the man, when he saw Boldwood's action. "Though there is no name, I think it is for your shepherd."

Boldwood looked then at the address:

To the New Shepherd,
Weatherbury Farm,
Near Casterbridge.

"Oh — what a mistake! — it is not mine. Nor is it for my shepherd. It is for Miss Everdene's. You had better take it on to him — Gabriel Oak — and say I opened it in mistake."

Digitized by Google

At this moment, on the ridge, up against the blazing sky, a figure was visible, like the black snuff in the midst of a candle-flame. Then it moved and began to bustle about vigorously from place to place, carrying square skeleton masses, which were riddled by the same rays. A small figure on all fours followed behind. The tall form was that of Gabriel Oak; the small one that of George; the articles in course of transit were hurdles.

"Wait," said Boldwood. "That's the man on the hill. I'll take the letter to him myself."

To Boldwood it was now no longer merely a letter to another man. It was an opportunity. Exhibiting a face pregnant with intention, he entered the snowy field.

Gabriel, at that minute, descended the hill towards the right. The glow stretched down in this direction now, and touched the distant roof of Warren's Malthouse — whither the shepherd was apparently bent. Boldwood followed at a distance.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE PRINCE PRINTERS OF ITALY.

THE rivalries and jealousies of the Italian States, their struggles for liberty, and their individual feuds, have been a common theme with historians of the Middle Ages.

But however deplorable may have been the effect of such a continual state of civil war upon the general welfare of the country, it has not been altogether barren of good results.

The rulers of the various Italian States were indeed always striving to outshine each other in the splendour and magnificence of their Courts, but they cherished at the same time a far nobler emulation. They soon perceived that genius of any kind was the brightest ornament which they could obtain for their respective Courts, and that, by the protection which they vied with one another in affording to literature and art, they secured celebrity at the time, and a lasting renown for the future. They were, therefore, at all times careful to cherish and kindle the smouldering fire of that native genius which was the special heritage of Italy, and which she preserved through all the rude vicissitudes of external conquest and internal warfare.

In Italy first appeared that dawn of light, destined in its meridian splendour to dissipate the dense ignorance into which Europe generally was plunged. The earliest efforts of her language, half a century before Dante wrote the poem which so largely contributed to form it, were protected and fostered at the Court of Frederick II. King of Sicily. To touch only upon great examples: — In 1316 we find Dante entertained at the Court of the Scaligeri at Verona, and the princely hospitality of his host is immortalized in that portion of the "Divina Commedia" which, as a further proof of Dante's gratitude, was dedicated to Can Grande della Scala — "Il Gran Lombardo," as the poet calls him.

Similar hospitality was shown to Dante during the last years of his life by Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna; and Petrarch, following closely upon the footsteps of Dante, was sought after and honoured by all the princes of Italy, as we have recently shown in these pages. Nor did the princes only extend their favour to what may be called the creative genius of the thirteenth century; they were also foremost in promoting that research among the long-lost classics which was the distinguishing mark of the next century.

This research, first begun by Petrarch and Boccaccio, and pursued with infinite labour in circumstances of great difficulty, received in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries very general encouragement. The Pontiffs in Rome, the Medici in Florence, the Visconti, afterwards succeeded by the Sforza, at Milan, the Arragon kings of Naples, the Houses of Gonzaga in Mantua, and of Este in Ferrara, the Dukes of Urbino — all promoted this revival of learning. They sent emissaries to all parts of the world for the purpose of collecting manuscripts, and no journey was accounted too dangerous or too protracted to obtain them. Preeminently, Lorenzo de' Medici spared neither trouble nor expense in his researches. He sent to explore both Europe and Asia for Greek and Latin manuscripts, which, when brought to him, he purchased at any price; and twice, with a magnificence worthy of his name, did he despatch the celebrated Giovanni Lascari to the Sultan Bajazet, in order that under the Imperial protection he might carry his researches through Greece. Two hundred manuscripts, of which eighty were new discoveries, were the result of these journeys.*

* Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, vol. vi. p. 137.

Digitized by Google

On the discovery of the twelve comedies of Plautus in 1429,—for up till that time only eight were supposed to exist—copies of the manuscript had immediately to be made for the several Houses of Visconti, of Este, and of the Medici. It is further related as a proof of the esteem in which these treasures of classical learning were held by the princes, that a manuscript of Livy's Annals, sent by Cosmo de' Medici to Alfonso, King of Naples, sufficed to appease a quarrel between them; though the king was counselled by his physicians to examine it carefully lest Cosmo should have introduced poison between the leaves.*

But none of the princes of this time deserves so much praise as an encourager of learning as Nicholas V. (Thomas Sarzana), who became Pope in 1447. He founded the Vatican Library, and left it at his death enriched with 5,000 volumes, a treasure far exceeding that of any other collection in Europe. Every scholar who needed maintenance, found it at the Court of Rome, and the works of several Greek authors were translated into Latin, by order of Pope Nicholas V.†

Almost all the works of the classical authors were either found in Italy or elsewhere by Italians, and the enthusiasm which had been shown in collecting manuscripts next took the form of bestowing them in those magnificent libraries which are among the great wonders of Italy. Niccolo Niccoli, a Florentine of eminent learning, first conceived the idea, and founded the first public library in the convent of the S. Spirito at Florence, of which Boccaccio's private collection of books was the germ, he having left them as a legacy to that convent. From this eventually sprang the famous Medicean library, only one among many of the princely libraries of Italy.

The fall of the Eastern Empire towards the middle of this century compelled the Greeks in considerable numbers to seek a refuge in Italy, when they further disclosed those immortal monuments of their language which the Crusades had been the first means of revealing to the European mind. Thus a new and still more powerful stimulus was given to the general desire for information.

This thirst was very partially relieved while the fountain of learning continued to trickle out, drop by drop, through the difficult and costly channels of copies and transcriptions. But the wonderful discovery of Gutenberg suddenly opened the spring, and diffused the long-pent-up waters of learning over the civilized world.

Printing could not have been invented at a more propitious moment for the perfecting of this wondrous art. The especial circumstances of the age caused it to be universally appreciated, and it seemed to crown the joint labours of the princes and learned men with a success which, in their wildest dreams, they could not have expected to attain.

Although Germany must fairly claim the honour of this great invention, it has never been questioned that Italy was the first to follow in her footsteps; and it is worthy of notice how quickly she adopted and succeeded in appropriating to herself the invention of another country. This was only natural. Abundantly rich in her own talents, she had no cause to envy a foreign discovery, and at that moment of supreme activity of mind she did not hesitate to adopt the new invention, although it did not originate with her. On the contrary, nursed and cherished in the centre of art and learning, printing soon reached its highest perfection.

The rude wooden movable characters, Gutenberg's great discovery and improvement on the still ruder engraved blocks of wood, from which the so-called "block-books" were printed, and which was the earliest form of the art*—were now discarded for types cut by the artist-hand of a Francia; men of profound erudition and cultivated talents were employed to select and revise the manuscripts about to be printed; while princes were willing to devote much of their wealth, and even to sacrifice a portion of their territories, to this new and wonderful method for the diffusion of knowledge.

Thus when Aldo Manuzio, who may be rightly called the father of Italian typography, first set up his printing-press in Venice, it was Alberto Pio, Prince of Carpi, who defrayed the costs—whose family name of "Pio" Aldo was permitted to bear, on account of the great affection and intimacy which existed between them, and by it the princes of Italy will always be associated with the first great printer of their country.

Before proceeding to speak of Aldo, whose life and works are more generally known, some few words should be said

* Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana* vol. vi. p. 126.

† Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 143.

* Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 150. "This mode of printing from blocks of wood has been practised in China from time immemorial."

Digitized by Google

about his patron, whose remarkable talents and singular excellence, while they deserved a better fate in his lifetime, have been allowed to remain too long in obscurity after his death. Tiraboschi * the great historian of Italian literature, first brought them to the light. Till that time no one had ever written any account of the life of the Alberto Pio. He was the son of Leonello, Prince of Carpi, a small principality, now only a town in the present Duchy of Modena. His mother was the sister of Pico della Mirandola, the accomplished friend of Lorenzo de' Medici. It had been arranged that Alberto Pio, and his brother Leonello, should divide the principality with Giberto and his brothers, the descendants of another branch of the same family. This division of authority, especially when the state to be governed was of small dimensions, caused, as may easily be imagined, fierce and continual dissensions, and the estates of the Pio family were the scene of perpetual warfare. As usual, the Emperor of Germany was appealed to, and, as usual, no good result ensued. The neighbouring Dukes of Ferrara also strove more than once to appease the quarrel in Carpi. But the truces were always of short duration, until in the year 1500, Giberto, in order to revenge himself on his cousin Alberto, sold his rights over the principality of Carpi to the Duke of Ferrara, receiving in exchange a few towns belonging to the dukedom.

Thus did Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, first obtain a hold over the principality of Carpi, and his successor, Alfonso, was not slow to avail himself of this semblance of a right. By the payment of 100,000 florins to the Emperor Charles V., he obtained from him in 1552 the investiture of the principality, in defiance of a former decree of the Emperor Maximilian, which upheld the rights of Alberto Pio and anulled the cession made by Giberto to the Dukes of Ferrara. The Prince of Carpi, when thus robbed of his dominions, retired to the Court of Francis the First, and found his best consolation in those literary pursuits which in his brighter days he had so liberally protected.

Passing by the further political vicissitudes of Carpi before its final absorption into the Duchy of Ferrara, which have but a remote bearing on the subject of this paper, we will now look upon her Prince from a literary point of view. Our admiration for the eminence which he obtained, both in the cultivated use of his own mind and in his endeavours to promote it in others, is increased by the consideration of the perpetual state troubles by which he was harassed. From his earliest years, at the age of four, he was the pupil of Aldo Manuzio,* and for nine years he enjoyed the advantage of so distinguished a tutor, whereby he acquired a permanent taste for literature. The gratitude which the young prince felt on this account to Aldo, lasted through life, and showed itself on every occasion. Aldo, on the other hand, had the highest esteem for his young pupil, and paid a striking tribute to his zeal for learning in dedicating to him the first volume of his magnificent edition of Aristotle of 1495, called "Editio Princeps."† In this dedication, Manuzio addresses Alberto Pio as the patron of all learned men, his own patron more especially; adverts to his enthusiasm for collecting Greek books, thus following in the footsteps of his learned uncle, Pico della Mirandola; and dwells upon the fair promise of his early years, so admirably spent in the improvement of his own mind and in endeavouring to promote the revival of learning, since he had for many years been indefatigable in collecting Latin, Greek, and Hebrew manuscripts, while he entertained with a princely magnificence the most learned men he could find, to correct and explain them.‡

Of a similar nature is the eulogium of Federigo Asolano, who also dedicated to the Prince of Carpi the second volume of the works of Galen. But Aldo Manuzio was more especially bound to express his sense of obligation to Alberto Pio, for, together with his uncle, Pico della Mirandola, this prince had formed a design which may well entitle them to be called the "Prince Printers of Italy." Their scheme was to publish an entire set of new and correct editions of Latin and Greek authors, in order the better to promote the study of the two languages.

The greatest printer of the age, Aldo Manuzio, was chosen to execute their project, which Erasmus, in his "Proverbs," afterwards printed by Aldo, rightly terms one of princely magnificence: for it included the restoration of litera-

* *Storia*, vol. vii. pp. 236, 283, *et seq.*

* Manni, *Vita di Aldo Pio Manuzio*, p. 9.

† This edition of Aristotle was in five vols., the first bearing date 1495, the last 1498.—HALLAM, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i pp. 224, 225.

‡ Tiraboschi, vii. p. 291.

Digitized by Google

ture fast falling to decay; the disinterment of that which had lain concealed for ages; the supply of what was deficient; the correction, by careful comparison, of manuscripts which appeared erroneous.*

For this purpose Alberto Pio, although according to Rénouard he was then only twelve years old, and his uncle, Pico della Mirandola, wished to set up a magnificent printing-press in Carpi for Aldo Manuzio, giving him absolute possession of one of his castles in which to carry on the work, and even as a further mark of honour investing him with the goverment of a part of his territory. An Academy of Arts and Sciences was to be included in the scheme, in order that these might flourish in his dominions, and Carpi be the centre whence the Aldine editions should emanate. Unhappily, so splendid a design was frustrated by the political disturbances already alluded to, and Aldo had to betake himself to Venice, where he set up, in 1488,† his famous printing-press, the cost of which was defrayed by the two princes, Alberto Pio and Pico della Mirandola, who by no means abandoned that part of the project because they could not have the glory of executing it in their own dominions. On the contrary, they gave large sums of money for this purpose, and throughout the various vicissitudes of the life of Aldo these two princes, despite their own political troubles, continued to befriend him. The printing-press thus established at Venice had a marvellous success. Before twenty years elapsed there was scarcely a Greek or Latin author whose works had not issued from it in one of those beautiful editions now so rare and so eagerly coveted.

The full merit of these editions can only be rightly appreciated when we consider that the manuscripts from which they were printed were often imperfect, mutilated, and half effaced; the copies of the same author not always agreeing together, and demanding as much patience, wisdom, and sagacity on the part of the critic as manual dexterity on the part of the printer.

Hitherto books had been usually printed in folio, but Manuzio was first inspired with the idea of publishing them in a smaller and more convenient form.

* Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 242.

† Manni, *Vita di Aldo Pio Manuzio*, p. 12. There have been various opinions as to the exact date of this event, but Manni founds his assertion on Aldo's Preface to Aristotle, dated 1495, in which Aldo affirms that he has been seven years engaged in the "difficult and costly undertaking of printing."

In order to compress the contents of these folios into the 8vo size which he invented, and which has since become so common a form of volume, he caused to be engraved that peculiar kind of type, which for a long time bore the name of the "Aldine Type," and which we now term "Italic."

It was originally copied from the handwriting of Petrarch in the manuscript of the "Canzoniere," and the characters to which Aldo owes so much of his fame, and which may justly claim our admiration for the grace and taste of their forms, are supposed, with good reason, to have been cut by no less a hand than that of the great artist Francesco Raibolini, or "Il Francia."

From the beginning of the invention of printing, the types were for the most part engraved by either goldsmiths, coiners, or engravers of some kind or another, and the chief masters in the art were always chosen for this purpose. It is well known that "Francia" was unrivalled in his goldsmith work; that the medals and money stamped with coins of his engraving were equal to those of the famous "Caradosso" of Milan, and that when employed to paint the Altar-piece of the Bentivoglio Chapel, he signed his work "Franciscus Francia, Aurifex," as if to denote that he was by profession a goldsmith, and not an artist.*

The first time that this type was employed was in the edition of Virgil published by Aldo in 1501, and he is careful to acknowledge his obligation to the great artist in the following inscription: —

In Grammatoglyptæ Laudem
Qui graiis dedit Aldus, in latinis
Dat nunc Grammata scalpta dædaleis
Francisci manibus Bononiensis.†

It is only much to be lamented that Aldo did not continue to act in accordance with this acknowledgment. Far from doing so, he obtained from the Government of Venice a monopoly for the use of these types during a period of ten years, and three successive Popes — Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X.— laboured to secure Aldo this monopoly, while it was forbidden to Francia to cut

* Lanzi, *Storia Pittorica dell' Italia*, vol. v. p. 20.

† Rénouard, *Annales des Alde*, vol. i. p. 165. There has been some doubt as to whether this Francisci was the same person as the famous Francia, but Sir Antonio Panizzi, in a beautiful little treatise (from whence this information has been drawn) entitled "Chi era Francesco da Bologna," and privately printed in 1856, proves this point to the satisfaction of all his readers. See also Blade, *Life of Caxton*, vol. ii. p. 24.

Digitized by Google

types for any one else, and to all, save Aldo, was their use forbidden. In all the history of monopolies and privileges one more odious than this could hardly be found. Even admitting, as it is commonly urged, that Aldo first invented the characters to which he gave his name, the mere fact of their having been executed by another hand ought to have restrained him from demanding, and the Government from according, so unjust and so exclusive a monopoly. In the rare and beautiful edition of Petrarch which Francia published at Bologna, where he set up his printing-press after his separation from Aldo, is to be found, on the title-page, his lament that he had lost both the glory and the profit which he would have derived from the characters cut by his own hand, had not both fallen to the share of Aldo Manuzio. The rival printers of Soncino, near Cremona, who first printed the Hebrew characters, and who, although they afterwards set up their printing-presses throughout Italy, always preserved the name of their native town till it became a family name, declared also, without hesitation, that Aldo had usurped from Francesco da Bologna the honour of the invention and the design of the running characters.* They further added that no one was to be compared with Francia for skill in engraving, not only Latin and Greek, but also Hebrew characters.

It must, however, also in fairness be stated that Rénouard does his best to justify Aldo from this accusation, by asserting that the inscription in the Virgil is an all-sufficient acknowledgment of the artist's share in the invention of the running characters.† Be this as it may, it would still seem much to be regretted that even the semblance of so great a blot should rest on the character of a man who, like Aldo Manuzio, spent his whole life in efforts to contribute to the progress of the human mind and the advancement of civilization.

It is indeed difficult to form an idea of the enthusiasm with which Aldo laboured to place once more before mankind those grand productions of ancient classical literature which had so long been allowed to remain in obscurity. If he discovered a manuscript which had not yet been printed, he never ceased in his efforts till he had gained possession of it, regardless of trouble and expense. While he thus promoted the interests of learned men, they in return gave him their best assistance. From all sides contributions of manuscripts flowed in, some for sale, and some sent gratuitously as gifts.

From 1501 to 1505 the Aldine Press was in the fullest activity, publishing all the principal classical and Italian authors in that smaller form of which the Virgil of 1501 had been the first sample. The transition from the cumbersome and expensive folios to these cheap and portable editions was so great a step in the progress of printing, that it appeared only second in importance to the discovery of the art itself.

Nor does the reputation of Aldo rest only on his printing, or even on his editorial labours, the Greek and Latin dissertations, prefaces, and criticisms with which he illustrated the books which issued from the press; he left behind him also some original works, chiefly of an instructive kind, of considerable merit. His first work was a Latin Grammar written to take the place of the old scholastic "Doctrinale" of "Alexandri da Villa Dei," written in barbarous and meaningless rhymes, which had been the torment of his youth. This was followed by a Greek Grammar, a Greek and Latin Dictionary, and other works, whose names cannot be inserted in this paper for want of space.

PART II.

SOME writers have affirmed that Aldo Manuzio first invented the Greek types. This, however, Rénouard declares to be only so far true that up to the time of Aldo, whenever a Greek passage occurred in a book, it was left blank to be filled up with the pen, because few of the printing establishments were furnished with Greek types. But Greek books, many of them of importance, were known to be printed before that time, such as the Grammar of Lascaris at Milan in 1476, a Homer at Florence in 1488, and others besides. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that Aldo was the first to introduce a great improvement in the existing Greek types, which were badly shaped and rudely cut, whereas he had new ones formed after the pattern of the best manuscripts. Moreover, Greek books, which had been printed slowly and at rare intervals, now issued from the great Venetian Press with astonishing speed. When Aldo had amply furnished himself with Greek and Latin types,* his next step was to

* Familiarly called "caratteri corsivi."

† *Annales des Aldes*, vol. iii. p. 22.

* A contemporary writer affirms that Aldo had silver types cast for his favourite editions. Another declares

Digitized by Google

adopt a peculiar device whereby his books might be distinguished all over the world. He chose with singular sagacity the mark of the Dolphin and Anchor well known to all, and which, adopted by English printers * and publishers, is still employed to adorn many of the choicest editions of our books.

The Dolphin was chosen because of the speed with which the fish is said almost to leap through the waves, while the Anchor, on the contrary, represents stability and repose. By these emblems Aldo meant to imply that, in order to labour to any purpose, the scheme of work must be carefully and maturely weighed, and then executed with rapidity.† It is said that two Emperors, Titus and Domitian, made use of the same emblem, and that Aldo was presented by a member of his Academy (Il Bembo), with a silver medal of the time of Titus, bearing the stamp of the Dolphin and Anchor. Although he had for some time entertained the idea of employing this device, it was only used for the first time in 1502, for a small 8vo Dante, and all the books which subsequently issued from his press bear this celebrated emblem. As might have been expected, there were many counterfeit dolphins and anchors employed by printers, who, disregarding the monopolies granted to Aldo, sought by the aid of this stamp, and by imitating his types, to pass off their books as productions of the celebrated Aldine Press. Among these were the Giunti of Florence, of whom Francesco d'Asola, a partner and relation of Aldo, bitterly complains in his Preface to the Titus Livius of 1518. He discovered their fraud by the fact of the dolphin's mouth being turned to the left, and not to the right, as in the Aldine stamp. Theodoric Martens, a Belgian printer, who died at Alost, in 1534 stamped his editions with a double anchor; to which Erasmus, many of whose works he printed, makes allusion in his epitaph upon the printer: —

Here I lie, Theodoric of Alost.

. . . . . .

The sacred anchor remains, emblem dearest to my youth.
Be Thou, O Christ, I pray, my sacred anchor now.*

The dolphin and anchor were indeed more or less imitated by many printers of this century at Paris, Basle, Cologne, Rome, Parma, &c. &c. John Crespin, of Geneva, placed them at the foot of a Greek Testament, with the initials J. C. and the following lines: —

Les agités en mer, Christ, seule anchre sacrée
Asseure, et en tout temps seule sauve et recrée.

These printers, for the most part, adopted the device after the death of Aldo, but during his lifetime he suffered most annoyance from the printers at Lyons, who imitated his editions without scruple, and even copied his prefaces.

These frequent piracies at last compelled Manuzio to draw up a formal remonstrance, in which he pointed out the typographical errors and general incorrectness of the fraudulent editions. But even this the Lyonese printers turned to account, for they quickly extracted the erroneous sheets, which they replaced with new ones, corrected according to Aldo's remonstrance, and thus their fraud was doubly secured.

It is now time to speak of the Academy, the "Aldi Neacademia," formed by Aldo in Venice for the especial purpose of presiding over the editions of the classics, and ensuring their excellence and correctness. All the learned men of Italy of that time esteemed it an honour to belong to this Academy.† The name of Erasmus is also enrolled among the list of members. His "Adagia," as has been already stated, were printed at the Aldine Press, and Aldo announces, in the preface, that he had purposely delayed the printing of many classical editions in order to publish immediately this most excellent work. Erasmus, on the other hand, observes, in the same book, that "If some tutelary deity had promoted the views of Aldo, the learned would shortly have been in

that the Pope promised Paolo Manuzio a set of types in the same precious metal, "Argentei typi;" but Rénouard casts doubt upon this, declaring that the expense of casting types in silver would have been too great. Nor would they have been sufficiently durable. On the same account, he refuses to believe that silver types were employed to print a Bible at Cambridge, by Field, in 1656. — *Ann. des Alde*, iii. 85.

* As, for example, William Pickering, of London, with the inscription "Aldi Discip. Anglvs." His edition of the British Poets is in the small 8vo. form which Aldo had invented. The mark which he adopted for his books was the later and more finished impression of the Dolphin and Anchor, struck in the time of Paolo Manuzio, and technically termed "L'Ancore grassa." The original stamp of the Aldine Press, as employed by the great Aldo, appears in the books of Mr. Basil Montagu Pickering, the present publisher.

† *Annales des Alde*, vol. iii. p. 97.

* "Hic Theodoricus jaceo prognatus Alosto.

. . . . . .

Anchora sacra manet, notæ gratissima pubi.
Christe, precor, nunc sis anchora sacra mihi."

† For a list of members see Rénouard, *Ann. des Alde*, vol. iii. pp. 36–38.

Digitized by Google

possession not only of all the Greek and Latin authors, but even of the Hebrew and Chaldee, insomuch that nothing could have been wanting in this respect to their wishes." *

It is sad, however, to relate that this friendship between Aldo and Erasmus, which had been founded on mutual esteem, did not last. It was even exchanged for a dislike almost approaching to hatred, and difficult to account for. Whereas it had been the pride of Erasmus to assist in the correction of the great Venetian Press, he afterwards indignantly disclaimed having undertaken the correction of any but his own works, and is careful to explain that he never received from Aldo the wages of a corrector of the press. Some affirm that the Italian manner of living appeared to Erasmus frugal and parsimonious when compared with the good cheer of Germany or of his native country, and that he left Venice on that account. But a more probable solution would seem to be that as his opinions inclined towards those of Luther and his party, they became distasteful to Aldo, who had every reason to attach himself to the cause of the Popes, to whom he owed three successive monopolies. It is certain that, after the quarrel, whenever Aldo or his successors printed a book for Erasmus, they inserted the contemptuous designation of "Transalpinus quidam homo" in the title, instead of the name of the author, as if to signify his complete disgrace at the Court of Rome. Moreover, the Prince of Carpi, who had supplied the funds for establishing the Aldine Press, was strongly opposed to the views of Erasmus, and even went so far as to refute them in a work of much erudition. When Luther first began to declare his opinions, the eyes of the world were fastened on Erasmus as one of the most learned men of the age, to see which side he would embrace. While the Lutherans, in spite of the protestation of Erasmus, declared that he held their opinion, he was an object of interest to two parties in the Church of Rome: the one headed by Leo X., Clement VIII., and Cardinal Sadoleto, who tried by praise and flattery to keep him within the pale of the faith and to induce him to lay down those opinions which led him to be suspected; and on the other hand, those who thought it their duty to protest openly against him, to point out his errors and mistakes, in order that others might not make shipwreck of their faith upon the same rocks which had wrought his ruin. Foremost among these was Alberto Pio, Prince of Carpi. Erasmus, to whom the character and learning of this Prince were well known, and who had besides seen him often in Venice, remonstrated with him for the harshness of his language, to which Alberto replied in a learned treatise, dated May 12, 1526, pointing out to Erasmus the dangerous nature of his opinions, so little removed from those of Luther, at the same time praising both his genius and learning.

Erasmus defended himself against this attack, and the controversy continued. Theology had always been the favourite study of the literary prince of Carpi, and he now undertook an elaborate work, singularly free from the scholasticism of the age, eloquent in style, and full of erudition, in which he examines and compares the works of Erasmus and of Luther. This work he printed at Paris, where he had taken refuge after the sack of Rome, by the troops of Charles V. It was in the press when he died (1531), and was published in Paris that same year.*

These few fragments are all that can be collected of the history of a prince who has perhaps, literally, the most right to be called a Prince Printer of Italy, his name appearing in conjunction with that of the first Venetian Printer on the title-page of each one of those splendid volumes of Venetian typography as they issued from his press. His tutor and friend, the great Manuzio, whom he had been the means of so largely benefiting, and who in return, had spent his whole life in executing the vast literary designs of the prince, had pre-deceased him by some years. Aldo died in 1515, at the age of 66, before he could accomplish his cherished project of printing a Bible in three languages, — Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. One page only was executed of this great undertaking, but the beauty of the characters of all three languages, in each of which Aldo was an equally good scholar, is sufficient to show what a noble work the first Polyglot Bible would have been had he lived to execute his design.†

Aldo was by his own especial wish

* Roscoe's *Life of Leo X.*, vol. i. p. 168.

* "Alberti Pii Carporum Comitis Illustrissimi et Viri longe doctissimi præter præfationem et operis conclusionem, tres et Viginti libri in locos lucubrationum variarum D. Erasmi Roterodami quos censet ab eo recognoscendos et retractandos." — Tir. *Storia*, vii. 295.

† For fac-simile of page see Rénouard, *Annales*, iii. 44.

Digitized by Google

buried at Carpi, in the Church of San Paterniano.

But the reputation of the Aldine Press, which he had founded, was not destined to expire with him, nor was the patronage of the princes of Italy only exercised in Carpi.

Paolo Manuzio, the third son of Aldo il vecchio, and the only one who followed the profession which his father had rendered so famous, was but three years old at the death of Aldo. The work of the Aldine Press was not, however, suspended on that account, but, still bearing the name of its illustrious founder, was maintained by Andrea Torresano d'Asola, the father-in-law of Aldo il vecchio, with whom he had entered into partnership on marrying his daughter, and who had assisted him in his pecuniary difficulties. Andrea was himself an adept in the art of printing, and, some years previous to his entering into this partnership, had purchased the printing establishment of Nicholas Jenson, another Venetian printer of some reputation, which thus became incorporated into the Aldine Printing House. The operations of this great firm were thereby still further extended, and were carried on by Andrea d'Asola and his two sons, Francesco and Federigo, during the minority of Paolo Manuzio.

The books printed during this period are marked

In ædibus Aldi et Andreæ soceri.

The stamp of the Press was preserved unchanged, with the addition of the peculiar mark of the Torresani — a tower with the letters A. T. — till the death of Andrea in 1529, when the establishment ceased to work for a few years.

It was re-opened in 1533, by the young Paolo Manuzio, who, although only twenty-one, inspired confidence both by his name and the diligence with which he had applied himself to his studies. In 1540 the partnership with his uncles, the Torresani, was dissolved. They went to Paris, where they set up, a few years later, a printing establishment, while Paolo, with the advice and assistance of his father's learned friends, conducted the Aldine firm at Venice. The books which now issued from this press bore either the inscription "Apud Aldi Filios" or "In ædibus Pauli Manutii." A new and more careful stamp of the dolphin and anchor was struck, which is termed by Italian booksellers "L'Ancora grassa," to distinguish it from that of Aldo il vecchio. In 1546 the stamp underwent a still greater change, the anchor having, to use an heraldic term, two cherubs for "supporters" on either side, and the words "Aldi Filii" substituted for the single name, which, divided in two, "Al-Dvs," was formerly placed on either side the anchor.*

In the year 1571, the Emperor Maximilian II. conferred upon Paolo a patent of nobility, with the right to add the Eagle of the Empire to his coat of arms, which was the same as the mark of his press. But Paolo died before he could make use of this new device, and the only books which bear it were printed after his death by his son.

Paolo Manuzio, being now sole proprietor of the firm, applied himself diligently to follow his father's footsteps, and gave himself up entirely to literary and typographical labours. The editions which he issued from his press were universally famed for their beauty and correctness, and for the erudition of their notes and prefaces. His edition of Cicero of 1540 was considered the best and most important of any classical author yet published.† The "Aldi Neacademia," which his father had founded, and which had existed but a few years, was replaced in Paolo's time by a great "Accademia Veneziana," also called "Della Fama," from its emblem — a representation of Fame with the motto: "Io volo al ciel per riposarmi in Dio." It was founded in 1556 at the cost of Federigo Badoaro, a Venetian senator, and about a hundred of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Italy belonged to it, with Bernardo Tasso, father of the poet, as president. It was intended for the general encouragement of the arts and sciences, with the special objects of correcting the numerous mistakes of the old books on philosophy and theology, adding annotations and dissertations, and translating them into various languages. The printing was entrusted to the Aldine firm, and Paolo Manuzio was chosen as corrector of the press. He was, besides, appointed to fill the chair of eloquence in the Academy. In a short time many books were issued, which, for the beauty of their type, the quality of their paper, and the accuracy of their corrections, obtained a great reputation for this Academy. But, unhappily, the brilliant expectations to which this institution had given rise,

* For these various forms, see Rénouard, *Annales*, iii. 98–101.

† Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 325.

Digitized by Google

were dashed to the ground by the bankruptcy of its founder, and the "Accademia della Fama" was as short-lived as the "Aldi Neacademia" had been. It struggled on for a few months after this catastrophe, until its complete collapse, after an existence of but four years, and thirty years went by before another Venetian Academy could be established.

Still, the manner in which Paolo Manuzio, during his brief connection with this institution, had discharged his functions, won for him a great reputation, so that when after its collapse he travelled through Italy for the purpose of visiting the fine libraries which it was the pride and glory of the princes to collect, it was the endeavour of each and all to retain him in their principality. The Senate of Bologna offered him a large sum to carry on his printing in their city, and the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este tried in the same way to retain him in Ferrara, but the honour of an Aldine establishment was reserved for the Imperial city. In the year 1539, the Cardinal Marcello Cervini and Alessandro Farnese had formed the design of setting up a printing-press in Rome for the purpose of printing the manuscripts of the Vatican. Antonio Blado Asolano, the printer selected to execute the design, previous to going to Rome, went to Venice to implore the assistance of the Aldine Press in the preparation of types, paper and other requisites for the undertaking. The Venetian firm gladly lent their powerful assistance, and beautiful editions of Greek and Latin authors soon issued from the Blado Press, of which the most remarkable was a Homer with the commentaries of Eustathius, published in 1542.

But it was the age of Luther, and the presses of the Holy See were required for other purposes than that of reproducing ancient classical authors. Pius IV. therefore summoned no less a person than the great Venetian printer to establish a branch of the Aldine Press at Rome, for the purpose of printing the works of the Fathers of the Church, and other ecclesiastical writers, in order to oppose some barrier to the flood of new opinions which was rapidly overspreading the world. At the cost of Pius IV., who, besides an annual salary of five hundred scudi, paid in advance the whole expense of the transfer of himself and family, Il Manuzio opened his printing-house in the Campidoglio, the very palace of the Roman people, and the books printed there bear the stamp of "Apud Paulum Manutium in ædibus Populi Romani, 1561."

It would seem as if so classical a residence and so important an employment must have fixed Paolo Manuzio for ever in Rome. But nevertheless, from various reasons (and no satisfactory one has yet been discovered), either because his gains were not in proportion to his labours, or because the climate was not suited to his health, after the lapse of nine years he left Rome and returned to Venice.

Yet he was never able, after his sojourn in Rome, to settle again. He went both to Genoa and Milan, and in 1573 once more to Rome, for the purpose of visiting a daughter whom he had left in a convent there. Gregory XIII. then occupied the papal chair, but like his predecessor, he knew too well the value of a man of so great a literary reputation as Paolo to let him escape out of his hands. Gregory offered him an annual stipend, with entire liberty to attend to his own pursuits, if he would once more conduct the Aldine Press at Rome. Paolo agreed, but his second sojourn in Rome was shorter even than the first; not, however, this time from any inconstancy on his part, but because death overtook him early in the following year (1574). Although Paolo Manuzio was inferior to his father, in that he only maintained what Aldo had created, he was equal to him as a printer and editor. Some writers say that his taste as a critic was not so faultless as that of Aldo il vecchio, but his works place him among the most polished writers, both in Latin and Italian, of his age. His most famous Latin treatises are the two upon the Roman Laws and Polity.* In his letters Manuzio carefully copied the style of Cicero, whose letters he also commented on. The literary men of his time even went so far as to say that it was difficult to decide whether Manuzio owed most to Cicero or Cicero to Manuzio. But while Hallam places him among those writers of the latter part of the sixteenth century who were conspicuous for their purity of style, he blames him for too close an imitation of Cicero, which causes the reader soon to weary of his writings, however correct and polished they may be. Paolo Manuzio also wrote and published various small treatises in elegant and beautiful Italian.

* "De Legibus Romanorum," and "De Civitate." — Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, i. 523.

Digitized by Google

He made a careful study of Roman antiquities, and was the first to discover on an ancient marble the Roman Calendar, which he published in 1555, with an explanation, and a short treatise on the ancient manner of counting the days. Like all eminent men he had his detractors, such as Gabriello Barri, who accused him of being a plagiarist, but the accusation was entirely without foundation.*

At the same time Tiraboschi blames Paolo for his discontent, and for his repeated complaints of the indifference shown by the princes of his time to the progress of literature. The short sketch of the life of Manuzio just given is sufficient to prove the injustice of these complaints, and Tiraboschi shows that at the time when they were made (1595) there was not a province in Italy without a prince whose pride and glory it was to cherish and protect literature and learning, and who has not left behind him the recollection of his munificent protection of science and art. But Manuzio was often hindered in his great labours by ill-health and weakness of eyes; and this may perhaps account for that peevish and querulous disposition which led him to find fault with the times in which he lived.

He left four children, but only one son — called Aldo, after his illustrious grandfather — was destined to maintain the family reputation.

Aldo "il giovane," so called to distinguish him from the founder of the family, seemed destined to fulfil the brilliant expectations suggested by his name, by publishing, at the age of eleven, a small collection of choice Latin and Italian authors, together with a treatise upon the two languages;† and this was followed in three years' time, by a more learned and more considerable treatise upon Latin orthography.‡

That his father must largely have assisted him in these two works can admit of little doubt; indeed, Rénouard § suggests that it was probably the work of Paolo himself with some few contributions from his son, and that the father published the book in the name of Aldo in order to give him a brilliant start on his literary career.

His after reputation did not at any rate keep pace with so remarkable a beginning, and the success which he did achieve was due more to his name than to his individual efforts. He profited by his residence at Rome during his father's lifetime to augment his collection of ancient inscriptions, by studying the monuments themselves instead of the accounts of them in books. He was thus able considerably to improve his work on Latin orthography, of which he published a new edition in 1566. This work, the fruit of great research, is even now consulted by those who wish to write or reprint Latin books.*

Paolo Manuzio entrusted his son with the management of the Aldine Press at Venice, himself conducting the branch which he had transferred to Rome.

The Venetian Press, under the superintendence of Aldo il giovane, did not so much produce new works as reprints of those editions on which its reputation was already founded. From 1540 to 1575 it was chiefly occupied upon the works of Cicero; and the most celebrated work of Aldo il giovane was his commentary upon the works of this author, in ten volumes. Five of these it must, however, be stated, were the work of Paolo, and only the latter five were added by his son.

In 1572 the young Aldo married Francesca Lucrezia, a daughter of a branch of that same Giunti family of printers who had been the early rivals of the Aldine Press. His career at Venice does not seem to have been very distinguished, although, perhaps more as a tribute to his name than his merits, he was made Secretary to the Venetian Senate, and other marks of distinction were conferred upon him. Yet he was not loyal to a city which had honoured himself and his family, or to an institution which had immortalized his name. In the hope of greater gains and a more extended reputation, he accepted the post of Professor of Latin Eloquence at Bologna, in the room of the learned Sigonius; and he left Venice (1585) never to return, having previously made over the famous press which bore his name to Niccolo Manassi.

Aldo il giovane had a full share of that princely favour which his father and grandfather had enjoyed. His Life of Cosimo de' Medici procured him the favour of Francesco, his descendant, the then reigning duke, who placed him in the chair of *belles lettres* at Pisa, through which he became a member of the Flor-

* See Tiraboschi, vii. 211.
† Eleganze insieme con la copia della lingua Toscana e Romana, scelte da Aldo Manuzio, 1558.
‡ Orthographiæ Ratio ab Aldo Manuzio.
§ *Ann des Aldo*, vol. iii. p. 176.

* *Annales des Aldo*, vol. iii. p. 178.

Digitized by Google

entine Academy. At the same time he was offered a similar position at Rome, vacant by the death of the famous Latin scholar Muretus. This he at first refused, but it was kept open in the hope that he would one day accept it, which at last he determined to do. Yielding to the entreaties of Pope Sixtus V., he transferred himself and his vast library — the result of the united labours of his father and grandfather — to Rome in the year 1588. He fulfilled the duties of the Professor's chair during the lifetime of this Pope, and at his death in 1590, his successor, Clement VIII., gave Aldo, in addition to this post of honour, the more lucrative position of superintendent of the Vatican Printing Press. This responsible office he only held during five years, dying — it is commonly supposed, of a surfeit — in 1597. Such was the unsatisfactory end of an unsatisfactory life, which by no means fulfilled the brilliant promise of its early years. Dazzled by the glory of a premature reputation, Aldo neglected the profession which his father and grandfather had raised to so much honour; and instead of being, like them, the first printer of his age, filled an inferior place among literary men. It would seem also that he possessed more learning than taste in employing his knowledge, and that, while gifted with a retentive memory, he was by no means in other respects a genius. His works are those of a learned man, well acquainted with his subjects, but written in a dry, repulsive style. One of those supposed to be the most interesting is the "Life of Castruccio Castracani," the usurper who became Lord of Lucca. The life of this singular individual had already been written by Macchiavelli in Italian, and by Tegrimi in Latin; but Aldo, dissatisfied with both these biographies, made a journey to Lucca for the purpose of consulting the public archives and family documents. With their assistance he published at Rome a new life of this extraordinary soldier of fortune, entitled, "Le Attioni di Castruccio Castracani degli Antelminelli, Signore di Lucca." It is praised by De Thou, and a new edition was published at Pisa as lately as 1820.

Aldo il giovane left no surviving children, and with him the family became extinct; while the Press which will forever bear their name, passed into other hands. He died, moreover, without a will, and the splendid library of 80,000 volumes, which it had taken three generations to collect, was divided among his creditors. Angelo Rocca wrote an epitaph upon the three Manuzii, in which, however, he shows an undue partiality for Aldo il giovane.*

The annals of the Aldine Family have been given the place of prominence in this paper, and pursued as closely as its brief limit will allow, because they illustrate not only the progress and perfecting of the typographical art in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but also the princely favour and patronage to which that art was in its infancy so much indebted. The circumstances also in which the Manuzii were placed, and the nature of their labours, give their history an interest which does not perhaps belong to that of any other printer. Nor are similar circumstances likely to occur again. Never again, as in the case of Aldo il vecchio, will it fall to the lot of any printer to exhume and rescue from destruction the ancient classics; nor will it again be the privilege of any prince to lend his countenance and supply the funds requisite for so arduous and so glorious a task.

"Reddo Diem" is the apt motto placed by Manni on the title-page of his life of Aldo Pio Manuzio, and it is not easy to determine whether the Venetian printer deserves most the gratitude of posterity for the light of knowledge which his discoveries shed upon the world, or for the preservation of that knowledge by an art which he brought to perfection and which seems to render a future dark era impossible. But although these two achievements may fairly give him the claim to be considered the chief printer of Italy, it must be admitted that in point of time others had preceded him. It is commonly supposed that the first Italian press was set up by two Germans, Sweinheim and Pannartz, in the monastery of Subiaco, then inhabited by German monks in the Roman Campagna. They first printed the works of Donatus, followed by those of Lactantius and the "De Civitate Dei" of St. Augustine.

From Subiaco the monastery was transferred to Rome, where it was under the patronage of the Popes, Paul II. and Sixtus V., who conferred the Episcopate of Aleria, in Corsica, on the corrector of

* "Aldus Manutius senior, moritura Latina
Græcaque restituit mortua ferme typis.
Paulus restituit calamo monumenta Quiritum
Utque alter Cicero scripta diserta dedit.
Aldus dum juvenis miratur avumque patremque
Filius atque nepos, est avus atque Pater."
Rénouard, *Ann. des Alde*, vol. iii. p. 208.

Digitized by Google

their press, Giannandrea dei Bussi, a man of great learning, but at that time in the very depths of poverty. Another bishop, Giannantonio Campano, bishop of Terramo, corrected the proofs of a rival printing-house, that of Udalrico Gallo at Rome.*

Before the time of Aldo, Venice had her printing-presses, one set up in 1469 by Giovanni da Spira and Vendelino his brother, another that of Niccolo Jenson, which, as has been already seen, was purchased by Andrea d'Asola, the father-in-law of Aldo.

In this same year books were also printed in Milan, which may boast of having printed the first Greek book, the Grammar of Lascaris, of Constantinople, in 1476, by Dionigi da Paravisino.

Florence was celebrated for the family of the Giunti, who attained a great reputation in their own city, and also established branches of their firm at Venice and Lyons. Luc-Antonio Giunta and Filippo his brother were the first printers in this family, and like the Manuzii, of whom they were often the not very scrupulous rivals, they published a great number of editions of the classics. Of these, the most celebrated was an edition of Plutarch's Lives in Greek, first published in that language by Filippo Giunta; while Bernardo, his son, published the celebrated edition of Boccaccio's "Decamerone." † The Giunti maintained their printing reputation through several generations, and their rivalries with the Aldine firm were finally extinguished by the marriage of the grand-daughter of Luc-Antonio Giunta with the grandson of Aldo il vecchio, in 1572. The family did not become extinct till the middle of the next century.

The art of printing spread in Italy with surprising rapidity, not only in the large cities, among which it was soon the exception to find one without a press, but also in the smaller towns, and even villages. Books were printed in St. Orso, near Vincenza; Polliano, near Verona; Pieve di Sacco, Nonantola, and Scandiano, in the duchies of Modena and Reggio; so that it may be fairly said that if Italy did not invent the art, she did her utmost to propagate it with rapidity.

Moreover, the influence of printing was not confined to the field, however vast and fruitful, of classical learning. It also penetrated into the wide and comparatively untried area of Oriental literature, and the restoration of the Greek and Roman languages was speedily followed by the study of the Eastern tongues, which, although necessary to the better knowledge of the sacred writings, had been for a long time neglected. The first Hebrew book ever printed is supposed to have been the Pentateuch, printed at Bologna in 1482, prior even to those issued by the famous Hebrew press at Soncino, already alluded to, which was established in 1484. In the next century the Hebrew language was studied to a considerable extent for controversial purposes, on the one side by the German Protestants, and on the other by the champions of the Roman faith. It was the favourite language of the great Bellarmine, himself a considerable Hebrew scholar.

The Syriac and Chaldee, closely related to Hebrew, were studied for the same theological purposes, also the Arabic, by far the most fertile in books. The first Arabic press was set up at Fano by the Venetian Giorgio, at the cost of Pope Julius II. It was the first press with Oriental types established in Europe, and although no book was issued from it during the life-time of that Pope, one year after his death (in 1516) there appeared the first attempts at a polyglot Bible in a Psalter printed in four languages, Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, and Chaldee, of which a Dominican, Agostino Giustiniani, was the editor.*

This instance of good-will, which in the midst of his devouring ambition Pope Julius II. manifested to literature and art, would have been more highly esteemed, had not his immediate successor, Leo X., the worthy son of Il Magnifico, opened another Augustan age for literature and learning in Italy. And yet an eminent literary historian observes, "that although these times are generally distinguished as the age of Leo the Tenth, I cannot perceive why the Italians have agreed to restrict to the Court of this Pontiff that literary glory which was common to all Italy. It is not my intention to detract a single particle from the praises due to Leo X. for the services rendered by him to the cause of literature. I shall only remark that the greater part of the Italian princes of this period might with equal right pretend to the same honour; so that there is no particular reason for conferring on Leo

* Tiraboschi, *Storia*, vi. 162, 166, 168.
† Rénouard, *Annales*, iii. 341.

* Ginguéné, vol. vii. p. 239.

Digitized by Google

the superiority over all the rest." * Still, the patronage of the Holy See, which was accorded to the earliest beginnings of printing in Italy, was exercised with a continual munificence worthy of especial consideration. The Popes lost no opportunity of protecting and furthering the progress of an art whose manifold importance to the Holy See became daily more apparent.

Leo X. has been blamed, and not without reason, for cultivating the classics to the neglect of sacred literature. The two opposite historians of the Council of Trent (Fra Paolo Sarpi, and Pallavicino) seem to agree upon this point.†

A further witness to the devotion of this Pope to classical study and literature, appears in his edition of the first five books of Tacitus, purchased for five hundred "scudi" from the Abbey of Corvey, in Westphalia, and printed and published at Rome in a new and costly edition at his own private expense, with the monopoly secured for ten years under pain of excommunication. The edition of Plato dedicated to him by Aldo Manuzio was also secured to the Venetian printer in a similar manner.

On the other hand, instances may be urged of the encouragement afforded by him to many learned men who devoted themselves to the study of the sacred writings. On being informed that Pagnini, a learned ecclesiastic then in Rome, had undertaken to translate the Bible from the original Hebrew, Leo requested to be allowed the inspection of this work. He also ordered that the whole should be transcribed at his own expense, and gave directions that it should be immediately printed.‡ Tesco Ambrogio of Pavia, who is said to have understood no less than eighteen different languages, was employed by this Pope to translate the liturgy of the Eastern clergy from the Chaldee into Latin, and was also appointed by him to a chair at the University of Bologna, where he delivered instruction in the Syriac and Chaldee languages. Moreover, the great Cardinal Ximenes dedicated his Complutensian Polyglot Bible to Leo, as an acknowledgment of the encouragement which he had afforded to Oriental learning. Leo the Tenth died in 1582. It was during the brief Pontificate of his immediate successors, nine of whom filled the Papal chair in an interval of sixty-three years, that the Manuzii (Paolo and his son Aldo) were summoned to establish a branch of their printing press in Rome.

It was the glory of Sixtus V., elected Pope in 1585, to securely establish the Vatican printing-press. This press was principally intended for early Chirstian literature, and the dedication to him of the works of Gregory the Great, by Pietro da Tossignano, sets forth that infinite praise is due to Sixtus V., both for the idea and the execution of so magnificent a scheme as the publication of the Holy Fathers of the Church, whereby a great and solid advantage is obtained for the Catholic Faith. The splendid editions of the Vulgate and of the Septuagint, and many other works of great value, were the fruit of this last scheme of Sixtus V.

After the death of Aldo il giovane, the regulation of this press, which had been placed under his charge by Clement VIII., and upon which forty thousand scudi had been already expended, was confided to Domenico Borso. This expense does not appear so extraordinary when it is remembered that this press was furnished not only with Greek and Latin, but also with Hebrew and other Oriental characters, with paper of great value, and every other requisite for the perfection of this art. Above all, the most learned men of the age were paid high salaries to supervise and correct the editions which issued from it.

Many of the Cardinals imitated the example of the Popes. Even before Sixtus V. had conceived or executed his vast scheme, another, almost equally magnificent, had been carried into effect by Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici. In 1580 he opened a printing-press in Rome, with Oriental types, to be entirely devoted to the publication of books in Eastern languages, for the purpose of propagating the Roman faith among the people of the East, and bringing them into the fold of the Roman Church. Gregory XIII. placed under his care the two Patriarchates of Alexandria and Antioch, and declared him also Protector of Ethiopia, thus committing the salvation of those far-off countries to his charge.

The Cardinal did not neglect his trust, but despatched learned and expert travellers throughout Syria, Persia, Ethiopia, and other Oriental provinces, in search of manuscripts, which they brought to Rome to be printed. First there issued from his Oriental press an Arabic and Chaldaic

* Roscoe's *Leo the Tenth* (from Andres, *Dell' origine d'ogni Letteratura*), i. 380.

† See their judgments — Sarpi, *Storia*, i. 11, 12; Pallavicino, *Conc. di Trento*, lib. i. cap. ii. p. 51.

‡ Roscoe's *Life of Leo X.*, vol. ii. p. 401.

Digitized by Google

Grammar, the works of Avicenna and Euclid, then the four Gospels, first in Hebrew, and afterwards in a Latin version, of which 3,000 copies were printed. He had also intended to print the Bible in six of the principal Eastern languages, in order that these, joined to the four already printed, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee, might make altogether a Bible in ten languages, the grammar and dictionary of each tongue also forming part of the work. But the simultaneous death of Pope Gregory XIII., and of his own brother Francesco de' Medici, whom he succeeded as Grand Duke of Tuscany, prevented the accomplishment of this design. His Oriental press, however, continued to work for many years. In fact, most of the books in Oriental types published at Rome in the beginning of the seventeenth century contain the imprint —"Ex Typographia Medicea linguarum externarum." These types were afterwards transported to Florence, and are still preserved in the Palazzo Vecchio.

Thus it may be said that both the Pontiffs and Cardinals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries made use of their power no less than of their treasure in furthering the interests of science. Indeed, the dedications of the infinite number of books printed in this century, the letters of the learned men of the age, and all the various monuments of Papal magnificence which still exist in Rome, bear witness to this fact.

The two other princely houses which vied the nearest with Rome in munificence were those of Este and of the Medici. It would be difficult to decide which of these two carried off the palm in the opinions of contemporary writers. To Cosimo de' Medici Florence and all Tuscany, of which he was the Grand Duke, are indebted for the enthusiasm with which during his reign the arts were cultivated, and the perfection to which they were brought. The favour of this prince was also extended to printing, and at his own cost he sent for Arnaldo Arlenio, a German printer, established him in Florence, and associated him with Torrentino, whose beautiful editions date from 1548.

Torrentino's editions cease with the year 1563, and it is supposed that the wars in which Tuscany was then involved caused him and his associate to seek a more peaceful retreat in Mondovi, where the Duke Emmanuel Philibert is said to have entered into partnership with them. He at any rate assigned them a provision of twenty scudi a month for three years, a fact of which Arlenio reminds him in a petition for the maintenance of his partnership with the heirs of Il Torrentino, and the payment of the promised provision, which, by some mistake, they had as yet not received. The Duke acceded to their request in a decree issued at Turin, March 15, 1571.*

The Duke of Ferrara did not suffer himself to be eclipsed by the magnificent patronage of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Alfonso II. d'Este also opened a printing-press in Ferrara for the special purpose of printing works hitherto unedited, and manuscripts which he had acquired by diligent search.

So many famous printing-houses, established in every part of Italy, contributed to the general cultivation of literature. The multiplication of good copies of books rendered them accessible, not only to the princes themselves, but also to private individuals; while numberless new libraries were formed, and the famous old ones increased.

It would have been impossible in these few pages to do more than indicate how powerful was the assistance accorded by the princes to the art of printing during the first two centuries after its introduction into Italy. But enough has perhaps been said to prove that her potentates were fully aware of the great advantages to be derived from so wonderful an invention; more especially as it seemed to come as a reward for their incessant labours to promote the interests of literature, science, and art. Not only did the stores of classical learning thereby revealed to them repay their efforts, but the Pontiffs found also a return for their liberality in the spiritual weapons with which printing supplied them, out of the armoury of the early Fathers.

Such were some of the first effects produced in Italy by an art whose influence was scarcely less great over the other countries of Europe, although productive of different results. Printing reached its highest perfection shortly after its introduction into Italy. In point of rapidity of execution no doubt the quantity of printed matter issued in the present time is immeasurably greater. But, on the other hand, as to the quality of typography, there can be no comparison between the ephemeral productions of these days and those marvellous works, of which one alone would suffice to establish the reputation both of printer and editor.

* Note to Tiraboschi, vii. 218.

Digitized by Google

The early Italian editions are not only sought for and prized on account of their rarity, but also on account of their unrivalled beauty, the excellent quality of their paper, the brilliancy of their type, the largeness of their margins, and the careful attention bestowed on every typographical detail. Nor then, as now, were some extravagantly-luxurious editions issued side by side with others of startling inferiority, with bad paper and worse ink. The great printers of those days — the Aldi of Italy, the Elzevirs of Leyden, the Estiennes of Paris — printed for the general benefit of all readers. It is true that their publications were often dearer than the common productions of some inferior contemporary printer, but then these great printing-houses issued no bad editions — all were good, carefully executed, correct, and in good taste. So much for the manual labour which belongs to the printer; but if we turn to the intellectual share of the work which fell to the lot of the editor, there is still more to excite our admiration in the sagacity and erudition displayed in selecting the works most fitted for publication, and in arranging for their issue in the best possible manner. Looking back on those early days of printing, on the reverence with which the new discovery was employed, and the grand end which it subserved, we experience a feeling of regret that familiarity with its use should have placed in unworthy hands, and diverted often to unworthy purposes, perhaps the greatest discovery man was ever permitted to make.

"It is a very striking circumstance," says Mr. Hallam, "that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried, at the very outset, so bold a flight as the printing of an entire Bible,* and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armour, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies. . . . We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven."

In Italy, also, as we have seen, printing was never employed except in the service of erudition, or, higher still, in that of Divine revelation.

* Commonly called the "Mazarin Bible," the edition being unknown until found about the middle of the last century in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris. — Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, i. 153.

Thus contemplated, the art of printing seems raised above the ordinary level and bustle of common life, and surrounded by the same kind of dignified repose which especially belongs to the great libraries of Italy — those store-houses of accumulated science, the result of years of labour on the part of her learned men, and costly expenditure on the part of her princes.

There may have been many political and social evils connected with the division of Italy into a variety of States, each more or less despotically governed, but it must be owned that the emulation caused by that very fact stimulated a number of individual efforts whereby the treasuries of classical learning were secured to the world, literature and the arts were cherished and protected, and the graver sciences promoted in the same manner. The rise and rapid progress of typography in Italy may also be traced to the same source. Italy has long sighed for unity and liberty, and, within the last few years, both these wishes have been accomplished. Great things are also expected from a form of government which seems to realize the wishes of her greatest sons. No longer

Son le terre d'Italia tutte piene di tiranni.

No longer does Rome

Vedova, sola, e dì e notte chiama:
Cesare mio, perchè non m'accompagna? *

Cæsar, in the person of a native monarch, sits firmly in the no longer empty saddle, and upon a free country now devolves the duty of cherishing the genius which may spring out of her inexhaustible soil; yet must she never forget the debt which she owes to those princes by whose fostering care the great art of printing was upholden during its early struggles for existence in Italy.

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

* Purg. c. vi.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DISORDER IN DREAMLAND.

PART II.

MISS FULFORD fretted herself a good deal about this rumour of Lieutenant Hardinge's approaching removal from Wetton. She feared that his departure at any early date would give the death-blow to her hopes, which were now never over-lively. Lydia Tarraway, who re-

Digitized by Google

turned home the day after the dinner-party, did not write very speedily, and so left Gertrude much tormented by suspense. She owned to herself now that she had given her affections to Hardinge; and the prospect of his going away, never probably to be seen by her again, was almost more than she could bear. When she did meet Lydia, the information which that young lady had to give was not comforting. Lydia's brother Phil had been to stay for a few days at Plymouth, and had been commissioned to find out from some military acquaintances whether there was a regulation such as her militia friend had mentioned. The youth, not knowing how anxiously Gertrude waited for his reply, did not hurry to fulfil his errand, and thus it was some days before Lydia told her that the rule about recruiting was certainly as the militia officer had stated. Lydia, it is to be feared, was not without some little feeling of satisfaction at her friend's disappointment. She had herself condescended to think of fascinating Hardinge, and of course it wouldn't be pleasant to see a man who was insensible to her attractions fall a victim to her neighbour's. Miss Tarraway, however, by no means intended to waste in despair because this romance had come to nought. Though some years off the guilt and ignominy of old-maidenhood, she knew, nevertheless, that a good many shining hours had been allowed to slip away unimproved, and she was not in the least disposed to dally with flowers from which no honey was to be gathered. With an eye to building her cell, she had been, since her visit to Colkatton, investigating the Church interest of Mr. Norcott's family, and examining herself whether she could be content to settle down as the lady of a rector or vicar, and whether a young man who painted in oils could be a help meet for her. She saw with some little regret that Gertrude was unhappy; but then, why could not Gertrude do as other people had been obliged to do — give up romantic fancies, and turn her thoughts to designs that were practicable?

The evening parties which Hardinge had mentioned in his leave-taking at Colkatton duly took place. He was fairly attentive to Gertrude; but Admiral Tautbrace, who was likewise a guest, was so marked in his devotion, that if quantity could have made up for kind, the lovesick lady would have been amply compensated.

"I am sorry to hear that we are likely to lose you soon," said Miss Fulford to the Lieutenant, as they danced together on one of the evenings. It cost a painful effort to say this with any appearance of indifference while her heart was fluttering and thumping like a flying beetle trying to steer himself along a wall.

"Lose me!" echoed Hardinge. "I think not. Who says so? It's very kind of you to express regret."

Her heart shook and drummed worse than ever as this answer caused a *renaissance* of hope. She could not get on with her quest but by putting great force on herself. "Oh, I understood — that is, I heard some one say that you had only come for a fixed time, and would have to go away soon: of course it isn't correct."

"There is a fixed time when I must rejoin my regiment; but it isn't soon. . I've three or four months more of this work to do."

"Only three or four months?" inquired Gertrude, with an emotion which Hardinge did not perceive.

"Well, three or four months make a pretty good spell. It will secure me what remains of the winter amusements, give me a chance of some trout-fishing, and get me off the spring drills. By that time, you know, it will be high time for me to go in; I feel myself getting rusty as it is." Thus answered that insensible young man. There was only one ray of comfort (if comfort it could be called) in what he said. The man seemed perfectly heart-whole: there was no sign of a rival.

One can suppose how, with this trouble upon her, Gertrude chafed inwardly at the Admiral's attentions. But, as I have before hinted, it was not her nature to let others see much of what she felt; so, spite of the chagrin that was fretting her, she played her part with some spirit, replied without weariness to the Admiral's remarks, and even found herself able to take a few observations of the affairs of her friends.

"I am to have the honour this quadrille, am I not?" said Admiral Tautbrace, coming in from the tea-room. "They wanted me to sit down to a rubber — and there would have been plenty of time, as you were engaged for so many dances; but I said to myself — 'If it should detain me only two minutes from the side of a certain fair lady that I know after she is disengaged, it would be a dearly bought amusement;' so I sauntered patiently about the rooms, and now

Digitized by Google

have been refreshing with a cup of tea. Will you come and do likewise? It is very hard upon us fellows who have passed our youth to have these whirligig dances come into fashion. I could foot a hornpipe when I was a middy, and steer a craft through a country-dance as well as any pilot going, — hands across, you know, down the middle and up again, lots of life in that — and now I can manage to walk through a quadrille; but old timbers would never stand twirling at that pace. Everything getting too fast, by George, I say! dancing on shore like teetotums, and sending hulls through the water with steam: all a mistake, depend on it; we shall have to come back to reasonable, sensible ways."

"But the waltz is very delightful, I assure you, with a partner, who, as you say, knows how to steer a craft."

"Then I shall say no more on that head, except to regret that when I passed as able to knot, reef, and steer, the art of navigating a maelstrom was not considered a necessary part of education. Our friend Miss Tarraway is not dancing so much as usual to-night."

"No indeed. As Mr. Norcott does not dance, Lydia and he appear to be enjoying each other's company in the sitting-down way."

"Happy curate! she has given up her waltzes to talk to him."

Hardinge came to see Gertrude to her carriage; but though she was glad to lean on his arm for only a minute or two, she was too well assured of his indifference, after the tone in which he had spoken of his departure, to go home with a lightened heart because he came to bid her good-night. Her spirit, which had endured so well while she was under the eyes of others, gave way as soon as she was alone, and the poor girl wept tears of poignant mortification. She felt certain that she must love the young officer forever, and could never love any one else; and she began to contemplate a heroic martyrdom, and to think about "the rose i' the bud," and "Patience on a monument," and so on. Poor soul! proud science never taught her to stray into the doctrines of woman's rights, but there did arise in her breast a little rebellious feeling against the restrictions to which her sex was subject. For when the idea of a martyrdom and smiling at grief began to look less captivating on further acquaintance, she asked herself who could say that, if the notion of falling in love with her once were suggested to Hardinge, he wouldn't do it; and yet she might not do anything at all to make him understand how acceptable his affection would be. She had heard and read of shrewd observers who had penetrated secrets like hers, and by a word of well-timed exhortation or explanation had made everything smooth, and put two people in the way of making each other happy. Was there nobody to act the part of the kind fairy? Anon she would lose all patience with her beloved for being so obtuse and impassible, and then blame herself for blaming him, be overcome with tenderness, and cry again as if her heart would break.

Mr. Benjamin Saunders, as he rode home on the evening before mentioned, did not feel that his visit to Colkatton had been very efficacious — indeed he felt subdued and discouraged to a degree with which his sanguine nature was not familiar. By the time he got home he had decided that there were difficulties in his way, unlike what he had ever before encountered in paying his addresses, and that he was a donkey for ever thinking of a thing so hard of achievement. This was very like giving up the idea altogether; and when he began to think of the many quarters in which his attentions would be acceptable, he felt already consoled to some extent, and able to put aside his chagrin. He was kind and affable to his mother that evening, told her all about the grate, and what he proposed to do with it, and entered into two or three business matters so as quite to delight the poor old lady, who could not help expressing her satisfaction; which having done at some length, she unfortunately reverted to his flippant mention of Miss Fulford the night before, and proceeded to point out the folly of it.

"It may sound very free and independent, my son," said she, "but I never knowed any good to come of it. Gentry folks may bend theirselves to we, but us mustn't never presume nothing with them. Well they know the difference betwixt us, and never forgets it. Chayney is chayney, and crockery is crockery."

His mortification returned when the young man found himself alone at night. He asked himself what could ever have set him on such a quest, and wondered how the deuce a sharp fellow like him, who could be so successful on his own level should have invited such humiliation. And then he remembered that it was his dream that had tempted him; and, his

Digitized by Google

mind once turned again to the dream, he couldn't help going over all its scenes, which came up now as vividly as when they were first presented. Once more he realized the blissful feelings produced by the vision, and felt his whole nature stirred by the touch of the old peer, and the sight of his coronet. "After all, could I be so wrong?" inquired Benjamin of himself; "that dream meant something — I'll be hanged if it didn't! There was no promise that all this jolly catch of fish was to be had without a little trouble and patience, or perhaps without a little disappointment, only that it is to be had; and by George! it's worth putting up with something for." His ambition revived, you see, as he reflected on the dream, and with it came a sense of shame at being so easily downcast. He had probably begun rashly and injudiciously; he would now set to work with more forethought. A moderate amount of rumination showed him that his main difficulty arose from his inferior station in life; and he was painfully impressed by his mother's remark about chayney and crockery. But then, although there was no denying that crockery is crockery, it was equally undeniable that crockery might by clever alchemy be transmuted to chayney. In brief, he perceived that the first step towards the attainment of his object must be social advancement for himself. This would have been difficult to most men in his position; but, as we have seen, he was bold and prompt. He did not let a day pass before he put an iron in the fire, as he called it.

Wetton boasted of a club, such as clubs in those days were. The Wetton Association played cricket and made excursions (sometimes giving picnics) in the summer; in winter it played cards once a-week and supped. Its meetings were held at the hotel. In order that it might be kept going at all, it had to be established on a somewhat broad basis. The auctioneer, appraiser, and land-surveyor (one and the same person) was a member, so was the cashier of the bank, so was the teacher of music and church organist, so was the young man who came originally to lecture at the Wetton Institution, and then remained to instruct youthful Wetton in Euclid, trigonometry, the use of the Gunter's chain, and geology. But for all that, it claimed to be a very blue-blooded society indeed; and if, like other orders of that kind, it occasionally admitted a somewhat doubtful candidate from necessity, it took care to show that the condescension was great and exceptional. With all their broad base, the members could not produce a decent field of cricketers; and in order to insure play they were compelled to invite young men of all grades, down to mechanics and labourers, to join the sport, although these were not members. Now Benjamin, after his year at Plymouth, where he learned to play cricket if he did not acquire much book-lore, was frequently honoured by an invitation to "play with the club," which he highly prized; and once or twice when Wetton played Muggytown or Slushton, he had been of the eleven, having some reputation as a bowler, which reputation was set against another reputation which he bore of being a forward and not particularly agreeable young person. Hitherto he had been quite proud of this left-handed alliance with the club; but now when he began to cast about for a lift up the social ladder, he felt that the full rights of membership must form the first rung for him to mount by; accordingly he began to think over the possible means of reaching this dignity. His father's friend, and his own early preceptor, the schoolmaster, had a son of about Benjamin's age. This son had been wrought into a good mathematician, and sent to Cambridge, where he came out as a senior "op." Before taking orders, which was his destination, he had come home to spend a little time with his family; and the club, unsolicited, had shown its sense of the credit which he had brought to Wetton by electing him a member. Now this young Coryton (or Carryten as they were commonly called, partly from ignorant corruption of the name, and partly from the frequency of carrying ten in the old gentleman's instructions) was a sort of link between Benjamin and the club. They had played in the Wetton gutters together, stolen apples in concert, been, under a common sentence, wellnigh flayed (for old Carryten generally left his mark upon offenders, and didn't spare his own flesh), and were still great friends. Ben was not aware of having reflected credit on his native place except by his appearance and general style; but in every other respect he might aspire to the club as well as Coryton. He thought, too, it would only be reasonable of his friend to propose him, and so he asked him to do him that favour. Coryton, although he could do anything with figures and quantities short of squaring the circle, was very much Ben-

Digitized by Google

jamin's inferior in point of assurance. He would have preferred at most times not to put himself forward in the affairs of the club; but, elected as he had been, and that very recently, he saw a peculiar impropriety in attempting to introduce another member from his own stratum of society. Thus he was made excessively uncomfortable by Benjamin's request, and hardly knew how to answer it. "Look here, Ben," he said, after some hesitation; "don't fancy, old chap, that I wouldn't be delighted to have you a member, because I would, and you ought to know that I would; but you know I doubt if my bringing you forward would be the best means to insure success. Your chance of election would be much better if your name were put up by one of the older members."

"Perhaps so; but who, except yourself, is likely to do it for me? Why, dash it, Tom, your're as good a member as any of 'em, and have just as much right to propose a candidate."

"Let that be granted," answered the senior "op;" "still, proposing is a different thing from electing. Say that I enter your name, I must have a coefficient, a seconder, you know,—and who will he be? If they take offence, and look upon me as an irrational quantity presuming on the favour they have shown me, we shall never make the proposal binomial: that is, my boy, we shall not get the two names necessary for candidature, far less shall we command the series that will secure election."

The impetuous Benjamin could not help seeing some reason in this, but he did not choose at once to acknowledge it, and he vented his vexation as if he had still to complain of Coryton's indisposition to help him. "By George!" he said, flinging away his cigar impatiently, "it seems a fellow might just as well be without a friend as have one."

"That is as much as to say that to have and not to have is the same thing, which is absurd. Given your friend, he is a unit, and valuable in his degree; but the problem is to find a multiplier that shall make you friends of the body of the club, and I don't, at this moment, see my way to the solution of it. What do you say to consulting my father? Father 'll tell us what we had best do, and will help an old scholar if he can."

"Humph," replied Benjamin; "of course I've no objection to consulting the old gent, if I can only get him in a favourable humour."

"Well, then, Ben, he is likely to be expanded and raised to the *n*th power of graciousness to-morrow evening, when the tradesmen's club are going to present him with a snuff-box; catch him after that, and he'll be cleared of fractions and surds, and prepared to be dealt with by any process that you like."

"I'm a member of *that* club," responded Ben, "and can go if I like." (He didn't like, though.)

"Then go by all means. I shan't be there, because I don't belong to 'em. But you, being homologous, should attend and do him honour; when he's radiant, extract his opinion, and obtain his goodwill."

"All right," said Ben; and he went to give notice that he would be at supper. But Tom Coryton went to meet his father, who would be then just on his way home from the schoolhouse, to talk to him about this embarrassing matter. Tom was in high favour after having taken so good a degree, as may be supposed: the old gentleman's countenance brightened at the sight of him; he got a favourable hearing for his little trouble, and was, moreover, gratified by his parent's entire approval of the manner in which he had met Mr. Saunders's request.

"Right, Thomas, right: everywhere but here you are Mr. Coryton, the Bachelor of Arts, and high-class mathematician; and here, too, I hope, my son, you'll some day hold up your head with the best of 'em. But just now people won't forget that your old father is the writing-master, and they'd look down upon you for that if you were the head of a college. Wait a little; you'll be a clergyman before long, and I shall be out of your way. Then they'll forget about your origin, and be ready enough to recognize you."

"Don't talk that way, father, please," entreated Tom. "I don't want to be anything grander than you and mother, and I don't wish for any worship or any station where you can't be a witness, and where we shan't all be on the same level, just as we are now."

"You'll feel otherwise by-and-by, perhaps, my son," answered old Carryten, who was nevertheless touched by Tom's honest feeling. "But about Ben Saunders, now; I would lend him a hand for his old father's sake, if I knew how. I'll think about it. Pity that Ben isn't pleasanter. He wishes for people's good opinion, I'm sure, but he doesn't go quite the way to get it. I'll think it over, Tom, I'll

Digitized by Google

think it over, my son." And Tom knew very well that his father's interest was gained for his friend.

It was a fortunate thing for young Saunders that he was induced to attend the tradesmen's meeting. A very unfavourable impression would have been given if, on this first meeting of the society after his father's death, and on this opportunity of doing honour to his old schoolmaster and his father's friend, he had absented himself, as he certainly had intended to do; for he thought that now when he was resolved to move on a higher level, the less he had to do with the old low level the better — which, I am afraid, was no proof of his fitness for social promotion. At all events, there he was, and nobody had a right to suppose that he didn't come with all his heart. The members, all in their simple way, evinced sympathy with him, and he was asked to be one of the half-dozen picked members who stood out to receive old Carryten, the guest of the evening. Ben was rather pleased that he had come. He couldn't help being friendly when everybody was so cordial; and I fancy that he made himself very agreeable, pulling out a cigar when they were all taking their pipes, and damning the infernal punch, which he said was made with British rum and rotten lemons — not being considered ill breeding, but rather a proof of familiarity with the *beau monde*.

The presentation of the snuff-box was done by the president, a jolly old hardware man, who, in tendering the gift and proposing old Carryten's health, didn't try to be a bit fine, but spoke up just as he would on any ordinary night; and, prompted by a full and honest heart, was very effective. "We are wishful," said the chairman in the course of his address, "of showing our regard and esteem for a gentleman, an old friend, who has been amongst us now more'n thirty year — ay, more 'n thirty year (for the time shoots away). There isn't but one or two in the room besides me can mind his coming, but every one in the room'll say 'twas a fortinate thing he did come. To the older ones he has proved an honest and kind friend, and the younger have learned to respect him as an instructor so well as to love him as a friend, for there isn't one under thirty but have passed under his hand." (Great applause and drumming on the table at this last remark, Mr. Saunders contributing liberally to the noise.) "Thewse that cried loudest wasn't, I believe, always they that got beat the hardest, though, perhaps, they wanted it the most." (Mr. Saunders silenced. Cheers from quarters that had been quiet before.) "Well, as I was saying, young and old have good reason to respect and valley him, independent of what we as a body feel. But it is as the clerk of this club that we are now regarding of him — a club that has been prospering for more than twenty year, and a club that, I may safely say, never would have prospered, nor never would have lasted to this day at all, if it hadn't been for the good management, and good sense, and good feeling of our friend what I am speaking of. Mr. Carryten, sir, in the name of the club, which feels greatly beholden to you, I request you to accept of this box, a trifle in itself, but a weighty matter if you take account of all the hearty good-will that we give 'long with it. May you live many, many years, sir, to make use of this small present, and may every new year find you increased in prosperity and in public estimation." The speaker then made a graceful allusion to the honours acquired by Mr. Tom Coryton, and drank to the health and prosperity of Mr. Coryton and family.

Old Carryten's hand trembled a good deal as he received the box, and he spent some time looking over it and admiring it, and then expressing his admiration of some of its workmanship, and of the gracious inscription, to those who sat next him, while the whole company hemmed and blew their noses and fidgeted until he should get on his legs, which he was in no particular hurry to do.

A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.

That was true enough; but then he wasn't always severe and stern, and he wasn't always stern when he was severe. I have known him sometimes, when taking the rind off a young gentleman's loins (for, bless you, we were not squeamish about a little excoriation in those days), convulse his pupils — the subject of his discipline excepted — with irresistible jokes. And, when he was clear of the school altogether, it was astonishing what good company he could be, what fun there was in him, what capital stories he could tell. He had a fair tenor voice, too, though it had begun to crack by this time, and was commonly asked for a song or two on festive occasions. He was certainly not liable in a general way to be overcome by his feelings; but somehow,

Digitized by Google

on this occasion he not only postponed as long as he could the acknowledgment of the flattering gift, but when he did get up, he took refuge at first in a little fun. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have been in the habit of giving boxes for many ears, but never till this year has a box like this been given to me." This brightened the whole company again in a moment; there was scarcely a pair of ears among them that didn't tingle at the *jeu d'esprit*. The laughter was loud, and the applause very hearty. The merriment had a composing effect on the speaker, who, being quite in his element, spoke of his early acquaintance with Wetton, and told one or two of his very best stories, with voice imitations, about some of the local characters. Though this was very effective, and delighted his audience, he knew very well that he was only postponing the dreaded response to the genial old hardware-man's gracious personalities. It had to be made, however, and as soon as he got on that subject, it was evident that he would, even in the presence of his old scholars, betray a weakness most derogatory to the character which he had hitherto maintained among them. He made two or three acknowledgments, very feebly, and in a somewhat broken voice; took a pinch of snuff and a sip of punch; went at it again; got out one or two sentences with great gulps in them; and at last old Carryten broke down utterly and ignominiously, subsided into his seat and covered his eyes with his hands, while the table rang with plaudits, Kentish fire, the jingling of glasses, and finally a very boisterous performance of the chorus, "For he is a jolly good fellow." Poor old Carryten! perhaps if more kindness had come his way before, more expression of feeling might have come out of him! But how could that have been, I should like to know? To all of my generation, and to all our mothers, who saw our welts and bruises, he was the very impersonation of cane and rod. He has cut the buttons from my jacket aforetime, and sent me to my seat with my shirt sticking to my back. All admitted that he would drive knowledge into any mind whatever capable of receiving it, and I suspect that Maga's compositors have been indebted to him for the legible MSS. of more than one contributor; but it has taken a long life to raise in my mind a suspicion even that any feeling softer than fear and obedience would have been acceptable from his scholars. And yet, when I come now to think of that night at the tradesmen's club, and the old fellow's emotion, it strikes me that he may have had a sense of a hard and laborious life devoted to duty according to his lights, with mighty small material reward, and with only the consciousness that he was useful in his generation to support him; also, that deep down in his breast under the stony and scarifying strata, lay a yearning for an encouraging word or two, for some small appreciation of the devotion which kept him like a mill-horse forever at his grinding labour.

Well, everybody was affected, and, fortunately for Mr. Saunders, it was his allotted duty to break the awkward silence by rising to propose the health of Mrs. Coryton. The subduing influence of the recent scene kept him within bounds, and he made his little speech very nicely, and was rewarded by a glance out of old Coryton's eyes such as he had never before seen proceeding from those organs. They finished the evening very merrily: the schoolmaster wrung everybody's hand at parting; and when Saunders offered his company on the walk home it was graciously accepted. In that auspicious quarter of an hour the young man opened his mind.

"I don't think," said the old gentleman, "that it would be well for either you or Tom, Benjamin, that he should be your proposer,"—and he gave reasons for this opinion similar to those which Tom had given. "But," added he, "perhaps if Tom can't manage it, I can. I assure you we both desire to serve you,—he an old friend, I an old scholar; and, provided you obtain your wish, I don't suppose you mind exactly by what agency the thing is worked. Leave it to me. And now, good night: I hope the evening has been as pleasant to you as it has been to me."

Ben knew that old Carryten wouldn't talk in that way unless he saw his way pretty clearly to attainment; but how he was to pass a not quite eligible friend into a society of which he wasn't himself a member wasn't quite apparent. He went to sleep, however, very tranquilly upon the assurance which he had received, but before doing so, had very much fortified his resolution to realize the dream.

We will not follow old Carryten through his negotiations on Benjamin's behalf. There might be some amusement in doing so, but it would carry us too far from the trunk-line of our story. His mode of operating was this. There were

Digitized by Google

in Wetton, as there are in most places, certain gentlemen who managed to participate in the amusements and indulgences that were to be had there, without being as remarkable for prompt payment as for prompt fruition. Such as these, one may be sure, were in the club, and were its most regular attendants; and they were also in the books of a good many tradesmen, whom to reconcile to the system of small profits and slow returns was a feat which they all achieved with more or less brilliancy, though sometimes at the imminent risk of being "*taken* by the insolent foe." Now, the schoolmaster, from his long intimacy with Saunders's affairs, knew pretty well who they were that stood indebted to the estate. He knew also that some of the debtors were of the free-and-easy class which I have just mentioned. He contrived to let a few of them know that the books of the estate were likely soon to be put in the hands of a man of business, with a view of clearing off all old scores, and starting afresh under the new owners. He likewise hinted at Mr. Benjamin Saunders's ambition to be elected a member of the worshipful society known as the Wetton Club; whereat these exclusive aristocrats laughed scornfully, asked if he didn't wish he might get it (which was then considered a smart form of speech), and remarked, that though the club had got deuced low, yet, by Jupiter! it hadn't quite come down to that yet. The better part of their nature, however, prevailed, when they perceived that to do Saunders a kindness might secure for the doer of it exemption from the pressure that was to be apprehended; and two or three of these genial fellows, after putting aside the crabbed air with which they first pretended to meet the proposal, entered heartily into the design, and even vied with each other in showing their zeal for it. These were really the ruling members of the club, who were there continually, fussing and complaining and managing. They knew how to beat about and get promises not to oppose; also how to bring on the election at a favourable time. In short, they carried in their man; and though a good many independent members raged and stormed afterwards, yet, as the rules had in a fashion been complied with, they were given to understand that it was their own fault that they didn't attend and black-ball. It ended in growling only, and the growling died away, and Mr. Benjamin Saunders had his foot on the ladder.

This step achieved, our hero of the dream followed it up by dissociating himself more and more from the business, except the office part thereof, and by being seen now and then out with the harriers on a good-looking horse. Through his exhibitions of himself on the outside of this same horse arose a little adventure, which he looked upon as arranged by the good genius who had sent him the dream, but which did not seem so fortunate to the other actors in it as it did to him. He was out on the road one afternoon, when he met a drayman who was conveying two huge logs of timber to his building-yard. The logs were lashed on to a rest formed by timbers, which were supported by the axles of two pairs of immense wheels, such as the reader has often seen used in a similar way. Benjamin stopped the drayman, to whom he had something to say; but his steed fidgeted so at the neighbourhood of the tall wheels that it was a difficult matter to converse, and a good deal of time was lost through the animal edging away, and then being forced up again. While this little scene was going on, a lady on horseback hove in sight, as the Admiral would have said, and came on at a canter towards the dray. When she was near enough to be distinguished, the youth saw that it was Miss Fulford; upon which recognition he coloured very much, ceased to attend to the man, and patting and soothing his horse, tried to make it stand quiet while the young lady passed. But the rapid approach of another horse is not calculated to make a horse already restive remain motionless. He plunged and sidled more and more, but did not prevent him from showing the efforts he was making to subdue these capers, nor from raising his hat as the young lady passed. Whether Miss Fulford knew him or not was not clear; but she had reined in her horse to a walk as she came up to the unsightly vehicle, and, keeping to the side opposite to Benjamin and his gyrations, slightly inclined her head in acknowledgment of his salute; then thanks to the steadiness of the beast which carried her, which did little more than prick his ears, she got clear of the obstruction, and stretched into a canter again. So far well; but her groom, who had not slackened his pace, and who attempted to dash past, was not destined to be so successful. The groom's horse

Digitized by Google

shied wildly at the wheels, and, upon being pressed, made a sharp wheel with his fore legs in the air, which brought the rider off upon the top rail of a gate, across which he fell heavily, while the animal galloped off. By the time Saunders and the carter got up to him, he had fallen to the ground. The man could speak to them in gasps, but he was evidently severely shaken, and in great pain. Several of his ribs, he said, were broken. Now, it was a question what was to be done; for, after they had supported him into a sitting posture against the gate, and picked up his hat and replaced it upon his head, he said he could not sit upon Saunders's horse if he were lifted thereon. Then the drayman said he knew of no better plan than to make a bed of some hay which he carried with him for his horses, spread it on the logs, and let the poor fellow be stretched upon it till they could reach a wayside inn about half a mile on. While they were by very slow motions raising him to this rude bed (for he was in great agony, and could hardly bear to be touched), Miss Fulford, who had missed her attendant and turned to see what had become of him, rode up.

"He'll go home safe enough, Miss; he won't come to no hurt," feebly moaned the poor man, in reply to her alarmed "Good heavens, Corder! what is this?"

"Dear me, never mind the horse; are you much hurt?"

"Feared I be, Miss."

Then Mr. Saunders explained the manner of the accident, and what they proposed to do,— to which, as no alternative presented itself, she was fain to assent. He also said that he would ride forward to the little inn, send a more comfortable conveyance if he could get one, and order a bed to be prepared for the sufferer. Permitting him to do so, Miss Fulford said she would remain with the dray. A little way on, Saunders met a farmer returning in his tax-cart from town, and made him promise to turn back and bring up the injured groom when he should meet the dray. He then pricked on to the inn, called out the landlady, and told her to prepare a bed. It was some time before the tax-cart came up, for Corder could not bear to be driven at more than a slow walk. They lifted the patient carefully out, and promised to have him as tenderly undressed and put to bed till a doctor should arrive. Miss Fulford's intention had been to remain at the inn till a carriage could be sent for her; but a sight of the house showed this to be impossible. There were fellows drinking all over the place, and a decent sitting-room was not to be had. Saunders said that he would have been quite ready to stay, but then Miss Fulford would have had to ride home alone; and, through the delay caused by the accident, it was getting late, and would be dusk before she could reach Colkatton. There was nothing for it but that Benjamin should attend her. If he would have taken the groom's place, and followed her at a distance, the arrangement might have been very well; but there was no chance of that. Benjamin thought that he would be able to lift her on to her horse; but she, too quick for him, went to the stock and swung herself into the saddle in a moment, earning a commendation from the ostler, who said, as he drew his hand across his upper lip after letting go her reins, "Yew be a lightsome one, Miss; darned if yew ban't. Yew oft to be in Powell's trewp, yew did. I've a seed heavier maidens that they thought wo'th puttin' into pantalewns." But it is a question whether this panegyric was not due entirely to the fear she was in of Benjamin touching even the sole of her boot. She had an instinctive perception that he was a person to be kept at a considerable distance. Ben, however, by this time quite understood the necessity of greatly restraining himself, and intended this time to make an impression by extreme deference, curbing his vivacious fancy. And when he got a chance of saying anything at all, he said nothing that any one could object to; but his chances were exceedingly limited, for Miss Fulford kept at something more than a canter whenever the ground permitted it; and in a very short time they were in the outskirts of Wetton, and at the door of Mr. Pound the Apothecary and Surgeon. That practitioner himself immediately appeared at the door of his pharmacy, and received directions, first, to go himself to see her servant immediately; second, to send for a carriage for herself; third, to let one of his men lead her horse to Colkatton; fourth, to afford Miss Fulford the shelter of his house till the carriage should be ready. On the appearance of Pound's man she lighted off her horse, thanked Mr. Saunders very impressively for the great trouble he had been at on her account, said she would not detain him another minute, and disappeared into the house. Thus, you see, she shook off her cavalier

Digitized by Google

almost as soon as they were among the houses: Pound, the most prudent of pestle-drivers, would be sure to make no remark concerning her being so escorted: and so the whole annoying adventure would be at an end, with no gossiping body cognizant of it. But Gertrude reckoned without her host. Owing to the pace at which she had travelled, there was still plenty of light in the sky when she reached Wetton, and there was a pair of eyes in the window of the house opposite to Pound's, which in a moment perceived all the circumstances of the arrival. Old Mrs. Yeo, the owner of the house, was infirm and purblind: she could seldom go to church, and she could not see to read; so she received a visit once or twice a-week from the vicar or his curate, who read to her, and gave her ghostly advice and comfort. Thus Mr. Norcott was with her at this time, but the eyes I spoke of didn't belong to him — then. Moreover, Mrs. Yeo was aunt — I believe I ought to say grand-aunt — to Miss Lydia Tarraway, and that young lady it was, who, having accidentally called in to see how her dear old aunty did, was the owner of the eyes in question. It was with the greatest difficulty that she suppressed an exclamation which would have been highly inopportune while the reading was going on. "What can Gertrude Fulford be about?" said Lydia to herself. She perceived the manner of Saunders's dismissal, and guessed that the occurrence must have been accidental; at the same time she considered it only her duty to regard it as "strange." Her feeling towards Gertrude was friendly rather than otherwise. She had quite retired from the Hardinge contest, since it was ascertained that the Lieutenant's days in Wetton were numbered, and that Norcott had an uncle, a bishop, and a cousin, in the House of Commons; for there would be many rivals in this quest also, and fine exercise for Lydia's talents. She did not imagine that there was the smallest chance of Gertrude's obtaining Hardinge's regard; but then why was Gertrude so silly and so vain as to fancy that she could captivate a man who was probably pre-engaged, and at any rate not going to lose his heart in Wetton? It must have been impatience at her friend's manifest folly, or else I know not what it was, that made Lydia feel quite a complacent glow when she saw the riders together at Pound's gate, and made her resolve with the severity of a censor that the matter might be the means of conveying a lesson against overweening pretensions. When Mr. Norcott escorted her home in the dusk of the evening, she told him what she had seen.

From The Spectator.

COLONEL CHESNEY'S ESSAYS.*

AMONG modern essayists, Colonel Charles Chesney is entitled to a high rank, because he not only possesses a power of clear statement, but what many of the so-called brilliant writers lack, he is remarkable for accurate knowledge and sound judgment. Sometimes, indeed, he strains a point a little too far, in his anxiety to reach that judicial impartiality which, if it tempers the ardours of composition, is an error on the right side. Order, lucidity, vigour, are the salient qualities of his style, as a thirst for truth, habits of exact investigation, and a trained, dispassionate faculty, which enables him to form sound conclusions, are the qualities of his well-balanced mind. The essays collected and published in this volume are not only of a nature to interest the military, but the general reader. Whether he carries us into the camps, or along the track of the Grand Army on Muscovite soil, guided by the accomplished De Fezensac, or throws a light on Suchet's Spanish compaigns, while sketching the career of Henry von Brandt; whether he draws a picture of Cornwallis, or renders the exploits of Chinese Gordon intelligible — not his easiest task — or whether he finds a theme in recent American warfare, Colonel Chesney is always entertaining and instructive. But we call especial attention to the four essays which relate to the American war, not only because they are well done, but for the reason stated in the author's preface, namely, that the military excellence displayed during the mighty struggle "has been unduly depreciated by comparison with the late events on the Continent;" and, indeed, we may add, unduly depreciated from the very first, notably by soldiers who should have known better than to surrender at discretion their judgment to their political prejudices. Colonel Chesney was al-

* *Essays in Military Biography.* By Charles Cornwallis Chesney, Colonel in the Army, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Engineers. Reprinted chiefly from the *Edinburgh Review.* London: Longmans and Co.

Digitized by Google

ways an exception, and in his preface he has the courage to repeat some striking truths which the vulgar, no matter what their rank, and the ignorant, no matter whether professional or not, have generally disregarded. Thus, measured by actual fighting, "the most seasoned soldiers of Europe are but as conscripts compared with the survivors of that conflict;" while the conditions of war on a grand scale, says our author, "were illustrated to the full as much in the contest in America, as in those more recently waged on the Continent." He justly points out that in "the art of feeding and supplying an army in the field, the Americans displayed quite as much ability as any Continental power;" that as regards courage, "the actual fighting was far more stubborn;" and that if the organization and discipline were inferior, compared with European models, yet considering that the armies on both sides were improvised, under the very stress of collision, they were certainly the best troops built up from nothing which have been seen in modern days. Colonel Chesney rightly says the actions were inconclusive, chiefly because "the beaten side would not break up," but retired in good order, keeping a bold front to the victor. "In order to pursue there must be some one to run away, and to the credit of Americans, the ordinary conditions of European warfare in this respect were usually absent from the great battles fought across the Atlantic." It may be added that the nature of the country favoured the exhibition of what Colonel Chesney calls "an inherited quality,"—enabled infantry to resist horsemen, and check a whole army until fresh arrangements could be made by the conquerors. There was, doubtless, a deficiency of cavalry, but even Seidlitz himself, had he been there with his squadrons, would have been puzzled how to use them in an American forest. The battles were relatively inconclusive, because the troops on both sides were good, and the country abounded in natural obstacles, and because rapid movements were impossible in the face even of slight resistance. Yet the greater actions were quite as decisive as all but the exceptional fights in Europe. Fort Donelson and the much-criticised Pittsburg Landing really cleared an immense tract of country. Grant took Vicksburg when he defeated Pemberton on the Big Black; he saved Tennessee when he won Missionary Ridge. Meade, in one of the best fought battles of the whole war, Gettysburg, decisively freed the North from invasion, and forced the Confederates thenceforth to stand on the defensive. Against the troops they possessed and the country on which they fought, Napoleon himself could not have won anything like an Austerlitz, still less a Waterloo.

The strange disposition to carp at American Generals must be mainly the fruit of a very imperfect study of their campaigns and the conditions under which they were fought. It is all the more remarkable, because America possessed what England did not, a first-rate military school. Whence could you hope to get good Captains, if not from West Point? We also had excellent establishments in our Artillery and Engineers, but the untrained and uneducated Infantry and Cavalry monopolized all the commands, and laughed to scorn scientific soldiership. And out of the genuine Military Academy on the Hudson came really educated soldiers, although so many of them, absorbed in commercial and industrial pursuits, or engaged in obscure duties, lived comparatively unknown. When the war broke out they came to the front as natural leaders, and with one exception, they alone did anything great or decisive. It was West Point, divided against itself, which fought the campaigns, and we say they are worthy of being compared with any campaigns of modern times. Men of transcendent genius, since the very dawn of recorded history, have been so few that they may be counted on the fingers. But among those who stand in the second rank, Lee, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan must find a place; and of these four, beyond question, the man who approached most nearly to the highest genius, the man who showed the profoundest insight into strategy, was General Sherman. There were many bright strokes in that prolonged war, but the brightest, the most Napoleonic, the greatest, as well as the truest conceptions, were the march through Georgia, and subsequently from the Savannah to Cape Fear River. And they were purely Sherman's own inspirations, or rather, to speak correctly, inventions, and he obtained permission to execute both only after considerable hesitation at head-quarters. If Marlborough deserves credit for marching through a peaceful country to the Danube; if Napoleon is exalted because, crossing the Alps, he suddenly placed an army on the Ticino and Po, then also is Sherman en-

Digitized by Google

titled to renown for having the brain to conceive and the boldness to execute a great march through a hostile country, which dealt the deadliest blow struck at the Confederacy. It must, as a stroke of supreme generalship, take rank among the finest recorded in military history. In saying this, we do not intend to underrate the military qualities of Grant, and still less of Lee. There are now, as there were in the early years of the war, many who refuse to credit Grant with intellectual ability or military genius. Certainly Colonel Chesney is not of the number. Although, as we think, he is too severe on the General when treating of the Virginian campaign, he speaks in no equivocal terms respecting the enterprise against Vicksburg. The time came, he says, when, "pursuing one great object steadfastly, he was to win it at last, by a display of resource such as the most brilliant or scientific of modern Generals could not surpass." Sherman was a competent judge, and in his famous letter to Grant, in March, 1864, he frankly writes, "My only points of doubt were in your knowledge of grand strategy and of books of science and history, but I confess your common-sense seems to have supplied all these." Of the men of books of science and history, some, at least, still entertain doubts which the great soldier who saw his comrade at work flung away forever, certainly after Vicksburg. What is genius, at least of the highly practical sort, but the soundest common-sense, set in motion and reduced to fact by that infinite capacity for taking pains of late so much talked about? No mistakes made by Grant in the overland advance upon Richmond can blot out or seriously diminish his credit among competent men. It would almost seem that some critics are angry with him for perceiving that the soundest strategy was to "operate directly against Lee's army, wherever it could be found," the strategy he announced to Sherman on April 4, 1864, conveying plans which gave the latter General "infinite satisfaction," and made him exclaim, "That we are all now to act on a common plan, converging on a common centre, looks like enlightened war." No doubt the method of carrying it out is open to sharp criticism, and that the manœuvres of Sherman compare favourably with the bloody fighting which preceded the manœuvring of Grant. Yet here we should do well to remember the words of Colonel Chesney, when speaking of "the charge of wasting his army by pressing it on against unfair odds of position." He says, "A little more of success in the results, and we should have heard nothing but praise." After all, he gained his point, which was to break up Lee's army, if possible; if not, to force it back into Richmond, and hold on until the Confederacy was vanquished. He did this, partly by fighting bloody battles, and partly by outflanking his adversary. Lee met with his match, — encountered a foe who could stand up to him, frustrate his tactics, and march round him; but naturally the force acting on the defensive, a line which the Confederate was soon obliged to adopt, lost the fewer men, yet could ill afford to lose those. We never could understand the statement that Grant changed his line of operations, since, outflanking his opponent, he still went direct upon Richmond. He shifted his immediate base several times, but how and when did he shift his line of operations? As to the allegation that he might have moved, in the first instance, from the Rapidan to the James by water, and not by land, we have always thought the criticism did not sufficiently appreciate the political and physical conditions of the campaign. It certainly was, as we well remember, originally advanced in this country solely by political opponents of the North, desirous of detracting from the reputation of a General who had driven Lee into Richmond, and who held him there. But we have not the space required to state even the *pros* and *cons* upon a question possessing, however, almost wholly a speculative interest. We are bound to say that Colonel Chesney throws upon President Lincoln all blame for the adoption of the "impracticable plan," which, however, ended in the capture of Richmond. When General Badeau finds leisure to complete that *Military History of General Grant* which he began so many years ago, we shall have sounder materials for a judgment than any we now possess.

The subject is so vast, that we can only touch slightly on a few salient points, and refer the reader to Colonel Chesney's suggestive essays, if he has neither time nor inclination for a deeper study of military operations quite as instructive as any which have occurred since Napoleon's career as a soldier came to its abrupt close. We can only regret that our able military essayist has not given us his estimate of Sherman, whose volume of despatches furnishes a tempting

Digitized by Google

theme exactly suited to Colonel Chesney's gifts. But we are glad to see his weighty protest against the vulgar error that American Generals are inferior to their European brothers in arms. That the troops raised from nothing were long inferior in organization and discipline is true; but we doubt whether at the end of the war many, if any, European armies have surpassed in these respects, the soldiers whom Grant and Sherman led back to Washington in May, 1865.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE CASPIAN SEA.

THE late successful march of a Russian army from Khiva has directed attention to the extensive wildernesses which border the shores of the Caspian Sea. That great inland sea of salt water with no outlet to the ocean, but the reservoir of the Volga and other rivers, is one of the geographical wonders of the world. By geologists it is considered to be the chief remnant of a vast sheet of water which once stretched across Europe from the Euxine to the northern Polar Ocean. The changes to produce this result were caused by no great convulsion, but took place slowly and imperceptibly. In the present day, armies toil over solitudes dreary and saline, once the bottom of a sea more vast than the Mediterranean.

Humboldt has described under the name of the concavity of the Caspian basin, that enormous extent of land, as large as France, which the Caspian would even now cover, if its level were equal to that of the Black Sea; but it is, in fact, eighty-five feet lower. The low plains around Astrakhan have nothing picturesque about them; they cannot be compared to the southern shore of Mazanderan, where the shadowy palm-tree waves its branches, and the green hills and blue distances of Demavend present such beautiful landscapes: nor to the Caucasus mountains, raising above the waters their plains of verdure, where the defile of Derbend, guarded by its city, built like an amphitheatre, or a pyramid of gigantic blocks of stone, charms the eye; but it is in the northern plains, with their desolation and uniformity, that the work of the ocean may be clearly read by the geologist.

The Russians divide these steppes according to the nature of the soil, into the sandy, the rocky, and the saline: the first form the greater part of the western basin; the rocky plains extend eastwards in the direction of Tartary; and the saline occupy a considerable space between the Volga and the Ural. As a general rule, they all merit the title of desert; and when the locusts arrive, which is very frequently, there does not remain a single blade of grass, and the reeds growing near the marshes are eaten to the very level of the water. It may be imagined how miserable is the scene in the depth of winter, when the great plain is concealed under a veil of snow, which the icy wind raises in whirlwinds; but even in the joyous season of summer there is nothing pleasing in the broad extent of white and red sand, with a patch here and there of spurge or mugwort shewing their dark leaves. Sometimes the traveller crosses with difficulty a deep ravine worn by the torrents of rain, then skirts a marsh, with its waters glancing through a forest of reeds. In the distance, a clump of willows marks a saline spring: the breeze blowing over the burning steppe raises a cloud of dust. The remains of dried-up plants rush along by thousands, curiously rolled into balls by the wind, seeming to pursue each other, and leaping up many yards in height, as if they were living beings. At the end of each stage the carriage stops before a miserable cabin, half-buried in the sand, where a human figure appears; but rarely are the tents of the Kalmucks or Kirghiz tribes seen, and hundreds of leagues may be traversed without a trace of man.

The largest of these steppes exceeds five hundred miles. The coasts of the Caspian to the north are flat, and the banks of sand render navigation almost impossible, where the mighty streams of the Volga, the Terek, the Ural, and the Emba, ceaselessly labour to fill up the sea itself. To the south, the Caspian divides itself into two basins; a peninsula almost meeting the opposite coast. According to local tradition, it was possible to walk across from Baku to Tartary; thus the depth of the water varies much, in some places not exceeding eight or nine feet; and its greatest depth is a few hundred feet. At recurring periods of seven years, it increases about three feet, and then diminishes for the next seven. The saltness of the water also is very unequal: where the rivers pour in the fresh stream it is possible to drink it; in other places it is charged with salt, a fact which has given rise to much discussion.

From the salt part of the sea, narrow

Digitized by Google

canals run into the land, which, being in time evaporated by the heat of the desert, become real magazines of salt. Some of the more ancient bays present a number of basins with every degree of saline concentration. One is still receiving water from the sea, and has only deposited on its banks a very thin layer of salt; in a second, the ground is concealed by a thick crust of rose crystals, like a marble pavement; a third is one compact mass of salt, where a little pool of water shines here and there; and another has lost all the water by evaporation, and the strata of salt is already partially covered by sand.

In all this, it will be perceived, there is a resemblance between the Caspian and the Dead Sea. The waters of both escape only by evaporation, and each is distinguished by its intense saline properties, as well as by salt on its margin.

Of the thousand bays and lagoons storing the salt of the Caspian, none is more remarkable than that of Karaboghaz, an inland sea which probably once united the Sea of Hyrcania with the Sea of Aral. It covers an immense space of ground, whilst the canal connecting it with the Caspian is never deeper than seven yards, and the current runs at a speed of three knots an hour. All the navigators of the Sea, and the wandering Turkomans, are struck with the steady unrestrained flow of this salt water rolling through black reefs, and fancy an abyss must swallow up the water, and lead it by subterranean paths to the Persian Gulf. But science can explain it very satisfactorily. In this basin, exposed to high winds and intense heat, evaporation goes on very rapidly; the immense marsh over which it flows keeps the salt, and concentrates it, only restoring to the atmosphere the water brought by the Caspian current. Already no animal can live in it; the seals which used to visit its shores come no longer; the shores are deprived of vegetation. Layers of salt cover the bottom, and the sounding line comes up coated with salt crystals. It is believed that the Karaboghaz daily receives three hundred and fifty thousand tons of salt — more than is consumed in the Russian empire in six months. After violent tempests, its extent is soon diminished, its banks are transformed into immense fields of salt, and its appearance is that of a marsh only.

Not more singular are the volcanic forces at work under the soil at Baku, and even recently, an island has suddenly risen near the shore. The springs of naphtha are most abundant; about fourteen miles from Baku are the hot springs, which were called the eternal fires, and were for centuries worshipped in the temple of the Persian sect of Guebres; but the city is now deserted. A stray spark will at most places set fire to the gas which issues from the ground, and during stormy nights a mantle of light hangs its phosphorescent folds on the sides of the mountains. The labourer dare not dig too large a hole, or the naphtha would flow in such quantities that it cannot be stopped. Even in the midst of the sea, it boils on the surface of the waves, and spreads a rainbow-like film; a burning torch thrown on the water creates an immense conflagration. What riches are buried beneath these shores! Every year, more than fifteen hundred tons of liquid naphtha are pumped up, but the torrents of gas freely escape into the air, some charcoal-burners alone making use of it.

In some parts of the coast, the indentations have a most remarkable form, resembling in a striking manner the *fiords* of Norway; the islands and peninsulas extend a long way into the sea, forming chains interrupted by the water, which has worked its way through the rock. The thousands of canals which separate them are an unexplored labyrinth even to the fishermen, and the most exact map can give little idea of this mingled scene of islands, channels, and bays. They do not possess the wild grandeur of Norway; the height is not great, and there are ugly banks of sand; neither are the shores bordered by precipitous rocks, down which flow mighty cascades; and the horizon is closed by the level plain of the steppes instead of the glaciers of the Scandinavian Alps: still they are not inferior in geological interest. The Russians have steamers on the Caspian sailing regularly between Astrakhan and Petrolaks, on which a great variety of character may be seen, half Asiatic, half European.

Had Russia known how to profit by the immense commercial advantages of the Caspian Sea, the regions around it would not be in their present depopulated condition. In the whole world there is probably not a sea more admirably placed for the commerce of the world than the Russian Mediterranean. Situated in the centre of a continent, it bathes the shores of Europe and Asia, extends its bays on the plains of the north, whilst in the south it reflects the vegetation of the tropics, and unites two worlds, which the

Digitized by Google

Caucasus tries in vain to separate by its giant walls of rock and ice. It seems destined to become the great commercial road of Europe when a railway is made through Southern Russia to Rostow, Stravapol, Derbent, Baku, and by the southern shore into Afghanistan, Cabool, Lahore, to Calcutta; but many years must elapse before there can be so great a change in the wild hordes who dwell around it as to make this practicable.

Astrakhan is usually spoken of as a town on the northern shore of the Caspian, at the mouth of the Volga. It is in reality situated on an island formed by a branch of that river. It cannot be said to be in a thriving condition. We learn that the cost of living in Astrakhan is so little that twenty pounds a year affords sufficient for the maintenance of a poor family. The people are contented with black bread and fruits; a large water-melon can be bought for a penny; and cucumbers, either fresh or pickled in salt, are eaten with bread. Salt fish dried in the sun forms the food for the winter season; it is first steeped in water, and then boiled, or if caviare is eaten, it is spread like butter on the bread. But it has great disadvantages as a residence; it is dusty in summer, windy in autumn, frozen up in winter, and knee-deep in mud in spring. No trees enliven the prospect, no pleasant fountains, and no pavements on the roads; forming a great contrast to Tiflis. The islands are the abode of great numbers of wild-fowl; pelicans fish on the margin of the streams, and the wild osprey hovers over the water, ready to seize on its prey.

The most interesting sight in the neighbourhood is perhaps that of a Tartar settlement of Kalmucks. General Kostenkoff, who is placed in charge of them, has taken great pains to improve them; having studied their language, written a grammar, and translated the Bible into their tongue. At present they are Buddhists, and probably possess the only idol temple left in Russia in Europe. This Sir Arthur Cunynghame was permitted to visit, as is mentioned in his work, *Travels in the Eastern Caucasus*. The priest lives in a tent similar to those inhabited by the tribe, but better furnished with mats and Persian carpets. At the back of the tent, folding-doors open, and disclose a small cupboard, which contains a small ugly wooden doll in a long silk cloak. This is worshipped many times a day, and offerings of brick-tea and beans are made to it; whilst a silver lotus-flower hangs in front. Beyond is the temple, built in pagoda-form, and gaily painted. Five boys, forming the choir, squatted in the ante-room, dressed in gaudy yellow calico; the lama or priest wore a painted brass crown on his head, holding in his hand a pair of brass cymbals, and several men were playing on trumpets, flageolets, sea-shells, and drums, making a most discordant noise.

On a table in the centre, seven gods were placed, each having a small umbrella, a silver pot of silver lotus-flowers, a little cup of beans, and one of tea; curious silk flags were arranged round the table, and an embroidered canopy covered the whole. At one end of the temple, six more gilt gods each occupied his niche, dressed in yellow coats, and with the same offerings; whilst a lamp was kept constantly burning, and perfume was freely burnt. The curious invention of the prayer-wheel stood on each side of the door; they are wooden drums, about a foot in diameter, and are made to revolve by a leathern strap and crank. The prayers are carved round them, and each turn says four prayers: thus a vast amount of devotion is gone through without much labour. None but the lamas understand their books, and the people have entirely lost the clue to their religion, not knowing what they do. But they pay their contribution, and worship, bowing their heads to the ground. About a hundred have become Christians, but this race is fast dying out.

There are considerable fishings in the Caspian; the principal fish caught being the sturgeon, from the roe of which is made the famous caviare of the Russians. There is a trade carried on among the Tartars and Circassians around the Caspian Sea of working beautiful ornaments in gold and silver. At Koorbaki, the inhabitants used to call themselves Franks, and are supposed to be the descendants of some workmen whom the Genoese republic sent out to utilize the metals found in the mines. They taught their art to the natives, and were shut up in the mountains during the advance of the Turks and Tartars, but still retain the beauty of their designs and perfection of workmanship. Shamyl turned their skill to good account in the making of guns; for whilst Europe was still fighting with the smooth-bore, his army were using excellent rifled firearms. They also coined money for him, imitating any foreign coins that came to hand and seemed convenient in size. The best workmanship

Digitized by Google

in daggers and arms of all kinds sold at Tiflis, is sent there from these mountains to the Armenian shopkeepers.

The Kalmucks have at various times offered to colonize these regions, and in the last century about five hundred thousand settled near the Volga, but their freedom was taken away; so in 1771 their Khan set out on his return to Tartary with all his people, baffled the army sent in pursuit, and reached the borders of China in about eight months. They have been replaced by a few wandering and degraded tribes; and the Tcherkesses are also abandoning their mountains by thousands, rather than suffer the Russian standard to float over them. What has happened on the western side of the Caspian Sea is also going forward on the eastern; as the Muscovites advance towards Khiva, they conquer a desert; without waiting for the barrier of steel drawn around them, the nomad Turkomans have prudently taken flight. Derbend and Baku no longer offer their former splendour; and where the Argonauts went in search of the Golden Fleece, and where theologians have placed the earthly Paradise, nothing is to be found but arid and frightful wastes.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

THE Royal authority for the appointment of a Speaker was received by the Commons at the first meeting of the new Parliament on Thursday, and no opposition was offered to Mr. Brand's re-election. On Friday the Speaker elect presented himself before the Lords Commissioners at the bar of the House of Lords to "submit himself with all humility" for the Royal approbation, receiving from the Lord Chancellor in reply her Majesty's assurance of his sufficiency and her full approval and confirmation of his appointment. Then the Speaker humbly claimed on behalf of the Commons "all their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges." A formal assent was not always mere matter of course. When Coke made this claim before Elizabeth of imperious memory, the Lord Keeper (Sir John Puckering) took her Majesty's instructions and replied, "Privilege of speech is granted, but you must know what privilege you have, not to speak every one what he listeth, or what comes into his brain to utter; but your privilege is for such speech as shall be used with judgment and sobriety. Wherefore, Mr. Speaker, her Majesty's pleasure is that if you perceive any idle heads which will not stick to hazard their own estates, which will meddle with reforming the Church and transforming the Commonwealth, and exhibit any bills to such purpose, that you receive them not, till they be showed and considered by those whom it is fitter should consider of such things and can better judge of them." The Lord Keeper conveyed to Mr. Speaker an equally ungracious grant of security for the persons of members "with the caveat that, under colour of this privilege, no man's ill-doings or not performing of duties be covered and protected;" and of free access to her Majesty "so that it be upon urgent and weighty causes, and at times convenient, and when her Majesty may be at leisure from other important causes of the realm"—a privilege, in short, of approaching the maiden Queen when she had nothing better to do. The warning not to be too free of speech was soon followed by a blow. A week after Coke, as Speaker, received this Royal admonition, a bill having meanwhile been offered in the Commons against recusants, her Majesty sent for him, reminded him of her command delivered through the Lord Keeper, and said the House must not meddle with matters of State or causes ecclesiastical. Returning to his place, he informed the House that the Queen was highly offended, and had charged him on his allegiance not to read any such bill, so the bill dropped. The freedom of speech claimed by the Speaker did not always count for much, even after the Hanoverian succession, for in 1719 Mr. Shippen, representing the Cornish borough of Saltash, was sent to the Tower for saying, "that a paragraph in the King's Speech seemed calculated for the meridian of Germany rather than for Great Britain, and that it was a misfortune that the King was a stranger to our language and Constitution."

Close on 500 years have passed since the name of Sir Thomas Hungerford was recorded in 1377—the first Speaker to whom the title was expressly given. The first who was formally presented for Royal approval was Sir John Busby, in 1394. Sir John Tiptoft, when chosen in 1406, made excuse by reason of his faith, but his plea was not accepted; and he justified his choice, for we read ("Gurdon's History of Parliament") that while he

Digitized by Google

was Speaker "he took more upon him, and spoke more boldly and freely to King and to Lords, than any before him; whose example being followed, the King and Lords put a check to it as a novelty in the 13th Henry IV., when Thomas Chaucer, as Speaker, desired freedom as usual." It was Sir John Tiptoft who signed and sealed the deed of entailing the Crown, *nomine totius communitatis.* During the Civil War and the Convention Parliaments, before the return of Charles II., and after the flight of James II., Speakers were, of course, elected by the Commons alone. Again, during the first illness of George III., in 1789, a new Speaker, Mr. Grenville, was appointed to fill up a death vacancy, and the Royal leave and approval were necessarily dispensed with. These seem to be the only exceptions, however, since 1394, to the rule of seeking licence from the Crown to elect a speaker, and afterwards presenting him for approval. Charles II. refused to confirm, in 1678, the election of Sir Edward Seymour, who had previously served in the same office, and had made himself obnoxious to the King. The result was a serious difference between King and Commons, and a short prorogation, but afterwards the Commons gave way, and chose Mr. Serjeant Gregory. This is the only instance in which the Royal confirmation of the Commons' choice has been refused. Between the reigns of Henry VIII. and Charles II. the Speaker was usually a lawyer. More than thirty lawyers served during this period. Of these some, like More and Rich, afterwards became Lord Chancellors; some, like Popham and Coke, were appointed Lord Chief Justices of England. Three were Recorders of London — Sir Robert Sheffield, ancestor of the Dukes of Buckingham of an extinct creation, who was chosen Speaker in 1510; Mr. Serjeant Crook, in 1601; and Sir Heneage Finch, in 1626. Cordele, in 1558, was Master of the Rolls when chosen Speaker, and Mr. Serjeant Philips, elected Speaker in 1603, was made Master of the Rolls, but still sat as Speaker. In Elizabeth's reign, Richard Onslow, Popham, and Coke held the office of Solicitor-General when elected Speaker. Sir Harbottle Grimstone, the first Speaker after the Restoration, afterwards became Master of the Rolls, as did Sir John Trevor, who was twice Speaker, and was expelled from the House in 1695 for taking a bribe of a thousand guineas from the City of London for promoting the passing of a local bill. He himself, while in the chair, was forced to put the question that he had been guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour in accepting this bribe, and declared that the "ayes" had it. "The unutterable ignominy of the moment," says Macaulay, "left its mark even on the callous heart and brazen forehead of Trevor. Had he returned to the House on the following day, he would have had to put the question on a motion for his own expulsion. He therefore pleaded illness, and shut himself up in his bed-room. Wharton soon brought down a Royal message authorizing the Commons to elect another Speaker."

A physical as well as a moral defect prevented Sir John Trevor from officially exercising one important duty devolving on a Speaker. He squinted, and thus members in different parts of the House sometimes claimed with equal confidence that they had "caught his eye." A more difficult duty pertaining to the Speakership has always been that of preserving order. Sir Spencer Compton, who was Speaker from 1715, to 1727 was once asked to keep the House quiet by a member who said, "Surely I have a right to be heard!" Sir Spencer's unfeeling answer was, "No, sir! You have a right to speak, but the House have a right to judge whether they will hear you." Hatsell, however, in his Precedents, gravely dissents from this opinion, and believes it to be the Speaker's undoubted duty to keep the House quiet, that members may be heard. In an earlier instance, recorded by Sir Simonds D'Ewes, the Speaker did his duty properly. One Serjeant Heales, in a speech made in 1601, said, "The Queen hath as much right to all our lands and goods as to the revenues of her Crown." At this amazing instance of legal subserviency "all the House hemmed and laughed and talked." It is one of the earliest recorded attempts to put down the parliamentary bore or utterer of extreme opinions. "Well," quoth the undaunted Serjeant Heale, "all your hemming shall not put me out of countenance!" But then Mr. Speaker, for the greater civility of debate, stood up and said, "It is a great disorder that this should be used, for it is the ancient use of every man to be silent when any one speaketh; and he that is speaking should be suffered to deliver his mind without interruption." So the Serjeant proceeded, as Sir Simonds tells us, "and when he had spoken a little while, the House hemmed again, and so he sat

Digitized by Google

down." Humming was another unparliamentary sound which the Speaker was once called on to reprove. "I move," said Sir William Wheeler, "for candles, and also that humming be forborne, which is not parliamentary, nor ever used but at ovations and in schools." This species of interruption has given place to the louder "Oh!" prolonged at times into something like a groan, and requiring a dexterous management of voice not to be achieved by all members. Another and still more disagreeable sound has happily been put down by the authority of successive Speakers. Hissing used to be not uncommon, for in 1604 we find a grave member justly denouncing it as not only interrupting and hindering speech, but "a thing derogating from the dignity, not becoming the gravity, and crossing and abating the honour and privileges of the House." In our own day a solitary hiss late at night and at a time of great excitement is the sole and rare relic of this undignified old custom. Sleep as a refuge from parliamentary boredom has been recognized as beyond the Speaker's jurisdiction ever since Alderman Atkins moved "that such scandalous members as slept, and minded not the business of the House, should be put out;" and Harry Martin, the Regicide, who was "the scandalous member" thus pointed at, stood up and said, "Mr. Speaker has been moved to turn out the nodders. I desire the noddees may also be turned out."

Speakers of old must have had to deal with unruly members indeed. The Commons' journals record in 1640 an order "that whoever does not take his place, or moves out of it to the disturbance of a member speaking, Mr. Speaker shall present his name, and the House shall proceed against him." Another order in the following year was directed against whispering during business of importance, and in 1661 all members who climb over seats were to pay twelve pence to the serjeant. After the Restoration the House of Commons was specially remarkable for its indecorum, and Pepys in his Diary tells how in 1661 "Sir Allan Brodrick and Sir Allen Apsley did come drunk the other day into the House, and did both speak for half an hour together, and could not either be pulled or bid to sit down and hold their peace, to the great contempt of the King's servants and cause, which I am grieved at with all my heart." Elsewhere in his Diary there is much to convict the Parliament of his day of hard drinking and roystering manners, in keeping with the times, but such as must have severely tasked a Speaker's authority. Marvel dryly describes "the pretty ridiculous figure the House cut when they were taken by Sir Thomas Clifford, after presenting an address — Speaker, mace and all — into the royal cellars, to drink his Majesty's health." The Hull patriot's stern reprobation was perhaps uncalled for here, as in the Royal precincts members were surely out of school. We have seen how the Speaker was expected to interpose in cases of verbal disorder. But more serious quarrels were not wanting within the House. Blows were sometimes exchanged there, and we read in "Auchitell Grey" that two members, Trelawney and Ash, having called each other rebel and Papist, the Speaker, at the wish of the House, invited both members to dinner, engaging them meanwhile to proceed no further with their quarrel.

The cry of "Agree, agree," is an ancient cry which still survives, though Sir Jonathan Trelawney declared (when Sir J. Trevor was in the chair) that such a cry "savoured to him like club law." But the Speaker's temper was more sorely tried than by this comparatively harmless exclamation. "If any man have a privilege to be disorderly, let me know it," said the Speaker in 1675, with marked sarcasm. There must have been "dinner bells" even in the time of Speaker Lenthall, who was elected in 1640 and again in 1654, for we find him telling members who rushed out of the House with one accord for their dinner that they were unworthy to sit in so great and wise an assembly if they so ran forth. When certain members rose to follow the Speaker into the Lords before the Royal message had been properly delivered, Sir Edward Seymour said: — "The burgesses of Newcastle and Leicester are in great haste to be gone, as if they went to get places at a show or play." This Speaker was free in his reproofs, and once charged a member with staying up so late at night, that he was unable to be in his place in a morning. "It is not true," retorted the angry member, "that I sat up late last night; I hope you will speak truth while you are in the chair." Even so lately as the end of the last century the Speaker was often in conflict with members, and unseemly scenes occurred. Happily the Speaker's authority is unquestioned now, and his dignity is

Digitized by Google

amply maintained, even without the adventitious aid referred to by the friend who, upon Addington's appointment as Speaker, regretted "that such an enlightened countenance as God has given you should be shrouded in a bush of horse-hair."

SELF-KNOWLEDGE. — In one of his poems, Burns ventilates a wholesome wish:

> O wad some Power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursel's as ithers see us.

The difficulty is, how the thing is to be done. Seeing ourselves as others see us is no easy matter. In the first place, owing to the complaisance and timidity of mankind, there is usually a great difficulty in knowing what others really think of us. The rules of good breeding are completely antagonistic to it. The world wears a mask — not from bad motives, but to make things pleasant. How to see behind the mask, is the point for consideration. Great acuteness and vigilance, also great candour towards one's self, are indispensable in acquiring self-knowledge by such means. Then, we are beset by no end of notions of our own sufficiency. How, except by some tremendously severe self-searching and consciousness of human infirmity, can we get at the truth regarding ourselves? There is a possibility of our going on in great errors almost to the end of life, where not roused to a sense of them by some inlet of criticism from others. Obviously, there are large numbers who go on recklessly in the commission of criminal actions, who never seriously think what they are about, and are only for the first time brought to their senses in humiliating penal solitude. It is there they see themselves as others see them, though it may be rather late in the day. In ordinary affairs, one might be the better of even knowing whether any of his personal manners are disagreeable, whether he speaks too much or too loudly, whether he is thought to be too silent or too communicative; or, if a lady, whether she is not dressing too gaily for her years, and so forth.

DRAWING INFERENCES. — At one time — the seventeenth century — a common standard of religious belief was a belief in witches. If you denied witchcraft, you denied everything, and ran a fair chance of being burnt at the stake. A writer in the *British Quarterly Review*, iii. 139, gives some instances of this vicious, and we might now say exploded, standard of belief. "The learned Joseph Glanvill wrote a book of "philosophical considerations touching the being of witches," with a view to the confutation of infidelity! That great man, Sir Thomas Browne, said: "For my own part, I have ever believed, and now do believe that there are witches. They that doubt of these do not only deny them, but spirits, and are obliquely and upon conscience not only infidel but atheistic." Cudworth held that "those who disbelieved witchcraft can hardly escape the suspicion of some hankering towards atheism." Talking of Sir Thomas Browne, that "great man," as the reviewer calls him, made as notable a mistake regarding the end of the world as he did about witches. He says: "We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time." The setting part of time! Why, the world, on the contrary, is still merely in its infancy. A large part of it is not yet discovered, and a still larger portion has not got out of a state of primeval barbarism.

SOURCES OF TROUBLE. — It may be doubted if anything which requires constant keeping and care be worth the trouble. Fine house-furniture, fine pictures, and finery of various kinds, are all apt to be sources of vexation. Much plate in a house is a still greater torment, for it leads to a constant apprehension of thieves. In this way, a man gets tyrannized over by a great many things which, in his simplicity, he imagined would give him nothing but pleasure. Douglas Jerrold, I think, points this out in some of his writings.

IN "A General Sketch of the History of Persia" is the following: — "Fat-h 'Aly Shâh was himself a poet; and his Laureate was an old chief named Fat-h 'Aly Khân, whose ancestors had been for several generations the Governors of Kashan. It is related that one day the Shâh gave him some of his verses to read, and asked for his opinion of them. 'May my soul be your sacrifice,' said the Laureate, 'they are bosh.' The insulted sovereign exclaimed, 'He is an ass — take him to the stables.' And the order was literally obeyed. After a short time his Majesty sent for him again, and read some more of his verses. The poet walked off without a word. 'Where are you going?' cried the Shâh. 'Just back again to the stables,' cried the undaunted Laureate."

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. | No. 1557.—April 11, 1874. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXI.

CONTENTS.

I. Two Chapters on the Reign of Louis XIV. By James Cotter Morison, . . . *Fortnightly Review*, ... 67
II. The Story of Valentine; and his Brother. Part IV., ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 78
III. Dr. Johnson's Writings, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 91
IV. Disorder in Dreamland. Part III., . . *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 102
V. The Shield of Achilles. By W. E. Gladstone, ... *Contemporary Review*, ... 110
VI. Letters from Elizabeth Barrett Browning to the Author of "Orion" on Literary and General Topics. Part III., *Contemporary Review*, ... 116
VII. Chinamen Out of China, ... *Pall Mall Gazette*, ... 124
VIII. Childhood in Japan, ... *All The Year Round*, ... 126

POETRY.

A Tournament, ... 66
Love-Flowers. By F. W. Bourdillon, . 66
Mars, ... 66

Miscellany, ... 128

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For Eight Dollars, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the Living Age with another periodical.

An extra copy of The Living Age is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of Littell & Gay.

Digitized by Google

A TOURNAMENT.

RAMBAUD OF VAQUIERAS.

I'LL tell you of our tournament, without circumlocution,
What warriors bravest shone therein, and did most execution,
Of who stood up, and who fell down, I'll say the simple truth;
To magnify in love or war, trust me, I'm not the youth.

The Lord of Baux began the fray — I err, it was his horse —
A giant beast that overthrew whatever crossed his course:
He backed against a noble count, and hurled him to the ground,
And then, disabled with his kicks, fell twenty horses round!

Among the crowd your Dragonel conspicuous appeared,
As under him his fiery barb most furious plunged and reared,
'Twixt steed and rider to the last uncertain was the fray,
For while the rider bit the dust, the former ran away.

Count Beausire was released the next from his unruly steed,
And thus enabled one to mount more meet for martial deed.
Then Barral of Marseilles, good knight, a fine career did make,
Till, by a knight still better, he was flung into a brake.

Across the lists Mondragon's lord I saw most boldly prance,
And overthrow a knight, himself, without breaking his lance;
A squire, whose steed was skin and bone, it was that dealt the blow;
Mondragon calmly raised himself, and sought a safer foe.

Mevallion's lord dashed bravely on, completely clad in mail;
The barb that bore him was a trifle larger than a quail;
His spear struck Nicholas on the helm; good Nicholas laughed amain;
To him the shock was such as might have dealt a drop of rain.

The Prince of Orange boldly charged three warriors in a row,
Because his horse would plunge that way, whether he would or no;
They fled, but if from man or horse to him it mattered nought,
Since, chasing like a victor, he himself a victor thought.

Translated by John Rutherford.

LOVE-FLOWERS.

OH! who was watching when Love came by,
When Love came here in the glad spring hours?
The scarf was torn from his laughing eye,
And he wore instead a wreath of flowers.

The wreath of flowers his head went round
And about his eyes, as the scarf had been;
But in vain the flowery band was bound,
For he peeped the flowers and leaves between.

He wore no quiver, he wore no bow,
And innocent looked as a blinded boy;
With flowers about him, above, below,
The spirit he seemed of spring and joy.

But here and there he let fall a flower,
The cruel, the bright little blinded god;
And watching, I saw that hour by hour
These blooms took root in the green spring sod.

And whoso plucks the flowers that grow
From the blooms Love flung from his wreaths above,
Though sweetest-seeming of blossoms they blow,
His heart shall be hot with the madness of love.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

MARS.

THE wild wind wails across the wintry waste,
The mallard whirls, shrill-crooning, from the sedge,
The willows bending, shiver in the blast,
That heraldeth the birth of boisterous March.

Hardy, yet tremulous, the violets blue
Peep from their sheltering green; the burnished blooms
Of crocuses slow venture from the mould,
And quavering bells of snow-drops, pure and white,
Ring music on their stems, — breeze-melodies,
Of rustling petals, subtle elfin-tunes,
Felt but not heard. Brave robinet gives way,
Sweet winter-minstrel, to spring's darling thrush.

Pink blush the almond-trees, with tender bloom,
As glows the cheek of bashful white-veiled bride,
Touched by her bridegroom's kiss. The helmed furze
On yonder common, is a-yellowing
With countless golden crests; grey rabbits run
In blithesome troop, from out the covert-side,
And sport them in the sunshine. Once again
The magic touch of Nature wakens Earth!

All The Year Round.

Digitized by Google

From The Fortnightly Review.

TWO CHAPTERS ON THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

CHAPTER I.

1661–1679.

THE reign of Louis XIV. was the culminating epoch in the history of the French Monarchy. What the age of Pericles was in the history of the Athenian Democracy, what the age of the Scipios was in the history of the Roman Republic, that was the reign of Louis XIV. in the history of the old Monarchy of France. The type of polity which that Monarchy embodied, the principles of government on which it reposed, or brought into play, in this reign attain their supreme expression and development. Before Louis XIV., the French Monarchy has evidently not attained its full stature; it is thwarted and limited by other forces in the State. After him, though unresisted from without, it manifests symptoms of decay from within. It rapidly declines; and totally disappears seventy-seven years after his death.

But it is not only the most conspicuous reign in the history of France — it is the most conspicuous reign in the history of Monarchy in general. Of the very many kings whom history mentions, who have striven to exalt the monarchical principle, none of them achieved a success remotely comparable to his. His two great predecessors in kingly ambition, Charles V. and Philip II., remained far behind him in this respect. They may have ruled over wider dominions, but they never attained the exceptional position of power and prestige which he enjoyed for more than half a century. They never were obeyed so submissively at home, nor so dreaded, and even respected, abroad. For Louis XIV. carried off that last reward of complete success, that he for a time silenced even envy, and turned it into admiration. We who can examine with cold scrutiny the make and composition of this Colossus of a French Monarchy; who can perceive how much the brass and clay in it exceeded the gold; who know how it afterwards fell with a resounding ruin, the last echoes of which have scarcely died away, have difficulty in realizing the fascination it exercised upon contemporaries who witnessed its first setting up. Louis XIV.'s reign was the very triumph of commonplace greatness, of external magnificence and success, such as the vulgar among mankind can best and most sincerely appreciate. Had he been a great and profound ruler, had he considered with unselfish meditation the real interests of France, had he with wise insight discerned and followed the remote lines of progress along which the future of Europe was destined to move, it is lamentably probable that he would have been misunderstood in his lifetime and calumniated after his death. Louis XIV. was exposed to no such misconception. His qualities were on the surface, visible and comprehensible to all; and although none of them were brilliant, he had several which have a peculiarly impressive effect when displayed in an exalted station. He was indefatigably industrious; worked on an average eight hours a day for fifty-four years; had great tenacity of will; that kind of solid judgment which comes of slowness of brain, and withal a most majestic port and great dignity of manners. He had also as much kindliness of nature as the very great can be expected to have; his temper was under severe control; and, in his earlier years at least, he had a moral apprehensiveness greater than the limitations of his intellect would have led one to expect. His conduct towards Molière was throughout truly noble, and the more so that he never intellectually appreciated Molière's real greatness. But he must have had great original fineness of tact, though it was in the end nearly extinguished by adulation and incense. His court was an extraordinary creation, and the greatest thing he achieved. He made it the microcosm of all that was most brilliant and prominent in France. Every order of merit was invited there, and received courteous welcome. To no circumstance did he so much owe his enduring popularity. By its means he impressed into his service that galaxy of great writers, the first and the last classic authors of France, whose

Digitized by Google

calm and serene lustre will forever illumine the epoch of his existence. It may even be admitted that his share in that lustre was not so accidental and undeserved as certain king-haters have supposed. That subtle critic, M. Ste. Beuve, thinks he can trace a marked rise even in Bossuet's style from the moment he become a courtier of Louis XIV. The king brought men together, placed them in a position where they were induced and urged to bring their talents to a focus. His Court was alternately a high-bred gala and a stately university. If we contrast his life with those of his predecessor and successor, with the dreary existence of Louis XIII. and the crapulous life-long debauch of Louis XV., we become sensible that the Fourteenth Louis was distinguished in no common degree; and when we further reflect that much of his home and all of his foreign policy was precisely adapted to flatter, in its deepest self-love, the national spirit of France, it will not be quite impossible to understand the long-continued reverberation of his fame.

But Louis XIV's reign has better titles than the adulations of courtiers and the eulogies of wits and poets to the attention of posterity. It marks one of the most memorable epochs in the annals of mankind. It stretches across history like a great mountain-range, separating ancient France from the France of modern times. On the farther slope are Catholicism and feudalism in their various stages of splendour and decay — the France of crusade and chivalry, of St. Louis and Bayard. On the hither side are free-thought, industry, and centralization — the France of Voltaire, Turgot, and Condorcet. When Louis came to the throne, the Thirty Years' War still wanted six years of its end, and the heat of theological strife was at its intensest glow. When he died, the religious temperature had cooled nearly to freezing-point, and a new vegetation of science and positive inquiry was overspreading the world. This amounts to saying that his reign covers the greatest epoch of mental transition through which the human mind has hitherto passed, excepting the transition we are witnessing in the day which now is. We need but recall the names of the writers and thinkers who arose during Louis XIV.'s reign, and shed their seminal ideas broadcast upon the air, to realize how full a period it was, both of birth and decay; of the passing away of the old and the uprising of the new forms of thought. To mention only the greatest; — the following are among the chiefs who helped to transform the mental fabric of Europe in the age of Louis XIV.: — Descartes, Newton, Leibnitz, Locke, Boyle. Under these leaders, the first firm irreversible advance was made out of the dim twilight of theology into the clear dawn of positive and demonstrative science. Inferior to these founders of modern knowledge, but holding a high rank as contributors to the mental activity of the age, were Pascal, Malebranche, Spinoza, and Bayle. The result of their efforts was such a stride forward as has no parallel in the history of the human mind. One of the most curious and significant proofs of it was the spontaneous extinction of the belief in witchcraft among the cultivated classes of Europe, as our English historian of Rationalism has so judiciously pointed out. The superstition was not much attacked, and it was vigorously defended, yet it died a natural and quiet death from the changed moral climate of the world.

But the chief interest which the reign of Louis XIV. offers to the student of history has yet to be mentioned. It was the great turning-point in the history of the French people. The triumph of the Monarchical principle was so complete under him, independence and self-reliance were so effectually crushed, both in localities and individuals, that a permanent bent was given to the national mind — a habit of looking to the Government for all action and initiative permanently established. Before the reign of Louis XIV. it was a question which might fairly be considered undecided, whether the country would be able or not, willing or not, to co-operate with its rulers in the work of the Government and the reform of abuses. On more than one occasion such co-operation did not seem entirely im-

Digitized by Google

possible or improbable. The admirable wisdom and moderation shown by the Tiers-Etat in the States-General of 1614, the divers efforts of the Parliament of Paris to check extravagant expenditure, the vigorous struggles of the provincial assemblies to preserve some relic of their local liberties, seemed to promise that France would continue to advance under the leadership indeed of the Monarchy, yet still retaining in large measure the bright, free, independent spirit of old Gaul, the Gaul of Rabelais, Montaigne, and Joinville. After the reign of Louis XIV. such co-operation of the ruler and the ruled became impossible. The Government of France had become a machine depending upon the action of a single spring. Spontaneity in the population at large was extinct, and whatever there was to do must be done by the central authority. As long as the Government could correct abuses it was well; if it ceased to be equal to this task, they must go uncorrected. When at last the reform of secular and gigantic abuses presented itself with imperious urgency, the alternative before the Monarchy was either to carry the reform with a high hand or perish in the failure to do so. We know how signal the failure was, and could not help being, under the circumstances; and through having placed the Monarchy between these alternatives, it is no paradox to say that Louis XIV. was one of the most direct ancestors of the Great Revolution.

Nothing but special conditions in the politics both of Europe and of France, can explain this singular importance and prominence of Louis XIV.'s reign. And we find that both France and Europe were indeed in an exceptional position when he ascended the throne. The Continent of Europe, from one end to the other, was still bleeding and prostrate from the effects of the Thirty Years' War when the young Louis, in the sixteenth year of his age, was anointed king at Rheims. Although France had suffered terribly in that awful struggle, she had probably suffered less than any of the combatants, unless it be Sweden.

The great and so recently all-powerful empire of Spain had entered that phase of rapid and virulent decay which has scarcely a parallel in the history of civilized nations; and which even the trials and horrors of the Thirty Years' War do not suffice to explain. Spain was succumbing to the clerical cancer of Jesuitism and the Inquisition, from which she has never recovered. Her power and prestige were at an end, and her voice had lost nearly all weight in the councils of Europe.

Germany was in a still worse condition, although from a less ignoble cause. She had been exposed to the whole fury of that most savage of all wars, and desolation unequalled since the days of Attila had visited her thriving towns, farms, and villages. It is a moderate computation which estimates her loss of human beings at three-quarters of the previous population. The destruction of property of all kinds was greater, especially under the head of horses and farm-stock. It has been reckoned that cows had disappeared to the extent of eighty-two per cent., goats at eighty-three per cent., and horses eighty-five per cent., while the race of sheep had entirely vanished. Two hundred years after the war Germany had not recovered from the losses she then sustained.*

Italy was the geographical expression she was destined to be down to the present generation.

England, since the death of the great Elizabeth, had been withdrawn from European politics. First, through the incapacity and perverseness of her Stuart kings. Secondly, through the dark cloud of the Civil War, behind which she lay hidden from the gaze and even comprehension of Continental statesmen. Just recently, indeed, that cloud had been rent asunder, and revealed the astonishing spectacle of the great Cromwell seated on the throne of the Plantagenets and Tudors, and wielding their sceptre with a power and dignity to which the mightiest of them had never attained.

* "Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit," von Gustav Freytag, vol. iii. ch. vi. Herr Freytag gives abundant evidence of the moderation of these astonishing estimates.

Digitized by Google

But the great Protector died in 1659, two years before Louis took the reins of government into his own hands.

Sweden, under the capricious Christina, and her successor Charles X., seemed fully occupied with her immediate neighbours, Poland and Denmark. She also had suffered some changes in her domestic policy, which considerably reduced her capacity for foreign intervention and influence.

The small but heroic republic of Holland was doubtless stronger and more illustrious than at any former period. But her strength was confined to one element; peace, commerce, and colonization were the objects of her policy; and she seemed to be threatened by no possible enemy but her jealous rival for maritime supremacy, Great Britain.

Such were the apparent guarantees of future peace, in the exhaustion or domestic preoccupation of the various European countries. The gates of the Temple of Janus could be shut, it would seem, with the profit and consent of all. No; there was one power in a position to open them. That was France.

The part played by France in the latter period of the war had been truly grand and noble. Taking up the interrupted work of the great Gustavus, she gave the finishing blow to the three great enemies of humanity and progress — Austria, Spain, and the Church; and her diplomacy in the Cabinet had admirably secured her triumphs in the field. The treaties of Munster and of the Pyrenees placed her in the highest position of moral prestige. She gained largely in territory; but her sacrifices had been great, and her gains were obtained at the expense of the hated Spaniard and Austrian. The leadership of the Continent devolved upon her. The peace of Western and Central Europe was in her keeping. Painful as was the condition of her overtaxed rural population, she was in relative opulence, as compared with her exhausted neighbours. The place vacated by the Empire and Spain, of general tyrant and browbeater of Europe, was open to her to fill if her young King were so minded. The world had not long to wait before it was made fully aware of his intentions. But this is not all.

It happened by a remarkable coincidence that precisely at this moment, when the condition of Europe was such that an aggressive policy on the part of France could be only with difficulty resisted by her neighbours, that the power and prerogatives of the French Crown attained an expansion and pre-eminence which they had never enjoyed in the previous history of the country. The schemes and hopes of Philip the Fair, of Louis XI., of Henry IV., and of Richelieu had been realized at last; and their efforts to throw off the insolent coercion of the great feudal lords had been crowned with complete success. The Monarchy could hardly have conjectured how strong it had become, but for the abortive resistance and hostility it met with in the Fronde. The minority of a king in France had been from time immemorial a signal for the nobles to take the field in avowed enmity to the principle of national unity and centralization represented by the Monarchy. "The king is a minor, let us be major," was a current saying of the nobles. Never before had they had so fair a prospect of success; for never before had they had the alliance of the magistrates and civilians, of the Parliament, and other sovereign courts, who were indeed the chief civil servants of the Administration. These long-docile instruments of the Crown, which had indeed created them expressly as a counterpoise to feudal violence, were on this occasion the leaders in the resistance to the scandalous incapacity (to say the least) of the Regent and her minister, Mazarin, a great diplomatist but an incompetent administrator. The mob of Paris, rendered furious by capricious taxation, and the unwonted dearness of food and necessaries, rose in insurrection, and was led by one of the ablest demagogues on record, the Cardinal de Retz. Princes of the blood and the most powerful nobles joined the movement; the two greatest generals in France or in the world, Condé and Turenne, offered it their swords. The Government, represented by Ann of Austria, was perhaps the feeblest ever called upon to meet such a crisis. Yet so strong was the Monarchical principle, that nobles, bourgeoisie, and populace, all combined, were unable to make permanent head against it. Indeed, the event clearly proved that nothing but the Monarchy was able to govern France, imperfect as its government might be. The nobles, in this their last effort to restore feudal anarchy, had shown themselves once more fierce, greedy, and blind, without a single political quality in them. And the men of the Robe were but little better; they were contending for their

Digitized by Google

own narrow interests. The populace was as ignorant as it was miserable, and quite incapable of producing leaders of its own. All the passions of a revolution were there, but the light of intellectual principles to direct them was wanting. Not yet could the crushed millions see how their galling fetters could be smitten off. The anguish of another century was needed for the elaboration of ideas which could give vision to the passions of revolt. And so the Fronde perished for lack of knowledge. The flames of insurrection which had shot up, forked and menacing, fell back underground, where they smouldered for four generations yet to come. The kingly power soared, single and supreme, over its prostrate foes. Long before Louis XIV. had shown any aptitude or disposition for authority, he was the object of adulation as cringing as was ever offered to a Roman emperor. When he returned from his consecration at Rheims, the Rector of the University of Paris, at the head of his professorial staff, addressed the young King in these words: — "We are so dazzled by the new splendour which surrounds your Majesty, that we are not ashamed to appear dumbfounded at the aspect of a light so brilliant and so extraordinary;" and at the foot of an engraving of the same date, he is in so many words called a demi-god.

It is evident that ample materials had been prepared for what the vulgar consider a great reign. Abundant opportunity for an insolent and aggressive foreign policy, owing to the condition of Europe. Security from remonstrance or check at home, owing to the condition of France. The temple is prepared for the deity; the priests stand by, ready to offer victims on the smoking altar; the incense is burning in anticipation of his advent. On the death of Mazarin, in 1661, he entered into his own.

Louis XIV. never forgot the trials and humiliations to which he and his mother had been subjected during the troubles of the Fronde. It has often been remarked, that rulers born in the purple have seldom shown much efficiency, unless they have been exposed to exceptional, and as it were artificial probations, during their youth. During the first eleven years of Louis's reign, incomparably the most creditable to him, we can trace unmistakably the influence of the wisdom and experience acquired in that period of anxiety and defeat. He then learned the value of money, and the supreme benefits of a full exchequer. He also acquired a thorough dread of subjection to ministers and favourites — a dread so deep, that it implied a consciousness of probable weakness on that side. As he went on in life, he to a great extent forgot both these valuable lessons, but their influence was never entirely effaced. To the astonishment of the courtiers, and even of his mother, he announced his intention of governing independently, and of looking after everything himself. They openly doubted his perseverance. "You do not know him," said Mazarin. "He will begin rather late, but he will go farther than most. There is enough stuff in him to make four kings and an honest man besides." His first measures were dictated less by great energy of initiative than by absolute necessity. The finances had fallen into such a chaos of jobbery and confusion, that the very existence of the Government depended upon a prompt and trenchant reform. It was Louis's rare good fortune to find beside him one of the most able and vigorous administrators who have ever lived — Colbert. He had the merit — not a small one in that age — of letting this great Minister invent and carry out the most daring and beneficial measures of reform, of which he assumed all the credit to himself. The first step was a vigorous attack on the gang of financial plunderers who, with Fouquet at their head, simply embezzled the bulk of the State revenues. The money-lenders not only obtained the most usurious interest for their loans, but actually held in mortgage the most productive sources of the national taxation; and, not content with that, they bought up, at ten per cent. of their nominal value, an enormous amount of discredited bills, issued by the Government in the time of the Fronde, which they forced the Treasury to pay off at par; and this was done with the very money they had just before advanced to the Government. Such barefaced plunder could not be endured, and Colbert was the last man to endure it. He not only repressed peculation, but introduced a number of practical improvements in the distribution, and especially in the mode of levying the taxes. So imperfect were the arrangements connected with the latter, that it was estimated that of eighty-four millions paid by the people, only thirty-two millions entered into the coffers of the State. The almost instantaneous effects of Colbert's measures —

Digitized by Google

the yawning deficit was changed into a surplus of forty-five millions in less than two years — showed how gross and flagrant had been the malversation preceding. Far more difficult, and far nobler in the order of constructive statesmanship, were his vast schemes to endow France with manufactures, with a commercial and belligerent navy, with colonies, besides his manifold reforms in the internal administration — tariffs and customs between neighbouring provinces of France; the great work of the Languedoc Canal; in fact in every part and province of government. His success was various,* but in some cases really stupendous. His creation of a navy almost surpasses belief. In 1661, when he first became free to act, France possessed only thirty vessels of war of all sizes. At the peace of Nimeguen, in 1678, she had acquired a fleet of one hundred and twenty ships; and in 1683 she had got a fleet of one hundred and seventy-six vessels; and the increase was quite as great in the size and armament of the individual ships as in their number. A perfect giant of administration, Colbert found no labour too great for his energies, and worked with unflagging energy sixteen hours a day for twenty-two years. It is melancholy to be forced to add that all this toil was as good as thrown away, and that the strong man went broken-hearted to the grave, through seeing too clearly that he had laboured in vain for an ungrateful egotist. His great visions of a prosperous France, increasing in wealth and contentment, were blighted; and he closed his eyes upon scenes of improvidence and waste more injurious to the country than the financial robbery which he had combated in his early days. The Government was not plundered as it had been, but itself was exhausting the very springs of wealth by its impoverishment of the people. Boisguillebert, writing in 1698, only fifteen years after Colbert's death, estimated the productive powers of France to have diminished by one-half in the previous thirty years. It seems, indeed, probable that the almost magical rapidity and effect of Colbert's early reforms turned Louis XIV.'s head, and that he was convinced that it only depended on his good pleasure to renew them to obtain the same result. He never found, as he never deserved to find, another Colbert; and he stumbled onwards in ever deeper ruin to his disastrous end.

But these evil days are as yet far off. A handsome young king, after a creditable and quite unexpected attention to the toils of empire, may well allow himself a little relaxation, and Louis's relaxations were ample and magnificent. Balls, masks, and scenic splendours which last seven days at a time, assure enraptured courtiers that the winter of their discontent is at last over, and that a king indeed has come to bless them. More important still were the hunting parties at Compiègne, and the moonlit wanderings in the leafy dimness of Fontainebleau forest. The young king is married and religious,— at least hears mass with unfailing regularity every day of his life,— yet he can truthfully say, "Mais, Madame, après tout je ne suis pas un ange;" and he is besieged by dames and demoiselles who are pining to hear him make the tender avowal. He makes it to one Galatea after another, with no awkward modesty but with the frank directness which becomes a king whose device is the sun. The austere Clio passes, or should pass, by such scenes with averted eyes; one she cannot overlook, for it occurs directly in her path. The Marquise de Montespan belongs to history.

Athenaïs de Mortemart came of one of the noblest families of Poitou. She was the wife of the Marquis de Montespan, twenty-six years of age, and in the full splendour of an ample and rather gorgeous beauty. She had the famous wit of her kindred, brilliant and hard as steel. When her chariot — heavy and spacious as a waggon — runs over and crushes a poor cripple on the Pont Neuf, she rallies with lively jocosity her companions who manifest distress and feeling at the accident. She came to Court with the avowed design of storming the not very strongly fortified fortress of Louis's heart. Her success was commensurate with her courage. He surrendered at discretion. But there was a third person who showed an eccentric dissatisfaction at these gallant achievements — M. de Montespan, her husband. When he discovered how matters really lay, he forgot himself so far as to slap his wife's face, put on mourning, and went about Paris in his coach with four horns stuck at the

* The unity and centralization of France, in the seventeenth century have often been supposed greater than they really were. The successful resistance made to Colbert's tariff of 1664 is one proof among many others. For a good account of the essential weakness of the French Monarchy see "Une Province sous Louis XIV.," par A. Thomas; and for all that concerns Colbert, the excellent work of M. Clement, "Histoire de Colbert."

Digitized by Google

corners. Such unseemly conduct was promptly punished, and he was banished to his lands in the Pyrenees. Then the Montespan expanded into a Sultana, to whom every knee was bowed. The ministers were summoned to council in her boudoir, and even the imperious Louvois was reduced to servitude. Once when seven marshals were created, she coolly took the list out of the King's pocket, and, after inspecting it, said, "Then my brother, Vivonne, is not amongst them?" The King and Louvois stammered, looked at each other, and finished by saying it was an oversight, and her brother Vivonne was nominated eighth marshal. So it went on for some years, till on a particular occasion Madame de Montespan was refused absolution by a priest of Versailles. We are not told why this mishap had not occurred before. But so it was; owing to the scruples of a subaltern priest the haughty favourite could not exhibit an edifying spectacle of devotion by communicating at Easter amid the splendid dames and cavaliers of Versailles. She complained to the King, who sent for the curé of the parish. The curé declared that the priest had only done his duty. The King was quite struck with such harmony of opinion, and announced with magnanimity he would condemn neither the curé nor the priest until he had consulted the Duc de Montausier and M. de Condom — that is to say, the great Bossuet. They both agreed with the curé that the priest had only done his duty, and the bishop spoke with such force and reasoned with such eloquence "of glory and religion," that the King rose, seized M. de Montausier's hand, and, squeezing it, with a sob of emotion said, "I will see her no more."

There was some rashness in this assertion, and besides Madame de Montespan had not been consulted. Bossuet was deputed to the ungrateful task of persuading the deposed mistress to accept her disgrace in a Christian spirit. Every night he travelled post from Versailles to Paris to have long interviews with her. She overwhelmed him with reproaches, told him it was through *his* pride that she was driven forth, and that he wished to make himself master of the King's mind for his own purposes. Finding anger unavailing she turned to caresses, tried to dazzle him with the glory of a cardinal's hat, and the prospect of the highest preferment in the Church. Poor Bossuet's nerves were sorely tried by the hard labour of his position. He had alternately to bear the assaults of a sharp-tongued woman, and to strengthen the unstable resolution of her not wholly penitent lover. Not that he was insensible to the grandeur of the part he was called upon to play. He confirmed himself by reflecting on the great example of St. Ambrose and Theodosius: begged his friends to pray for him that his faith might not falter, and rebuked the royal sinner (in letters he was commanded to write) with subtle flatteries and complimentary reproaches.

It may be imagined what interest the idle throng of courtiers, who had little to do but dress themselves and observe the King, took in this business. The softer souls with a turn for devotion believed, or pretended to believe, that a striking miracle of divine grace was about to be wrought. The more experienced shook their heads with smiling scepticism. Although Madame de Montespan seemed resigned to her fate, it certainly *was* a suspicious circumstance that in her near retreat at Clagny she was able to display a state and dispose of funds such as she had never done in the days of her highest favour. She had the King's taste for building, and laying out gardens, and she indulged it to an extent which exceeded even Louis's prodigality. Twelve hundred workmen were employed on her new château, and Le Nôtre, the landscape gardener, surpassed himself in ingenious novelties. Madame de Sévigné, writing to her daughter, could only compare the Montespan to Dido watching the rising walls of Carthage. Of course these things cost money, and money at the moment was being borrowed at ruinous interest, for the war with Holland was at its height. But what was Colbert there for, working sixteen hours a day, except for that very purpose of finding money? He received the repeated commands of the King to supply whatever the lady might ask for — also that Madame Colbert should do her best to amuse her. Colbert was used to these little services connected with the King's mistresses. He had been sent after the fugitive Lavallière when she fled to Chaillot, and he will be shortly requested to bring M. de Montespan to reason, when that crotchety and obstreperous husband comes to Paris and misbehaves himself as usual. "Monsieur Colbert," writes the King, "I am told that Montespan permits himself to use indiscreet language. He is a madman whom you will do me the pleasure to follow up

Digitized by Google

closely. . . . I know that Montespan has threatened to see his wife, and as he is quite capable of doing such a thing, and the results would be objectionable, I again trust to you that he does not speak. Don't forget this; and above all see that he leaves Paris as soon as possible." So he obeyed his master, and supplied Madame with money at her discretion. But Louis had now returned from one of his military promenades, which he seriously thought were campaigns. Was this cruel and absolute separation necessary as St. Ambrose had exacted? Far more humane was Père La Chaise (Chaise de Commodité, as Madame de Montespan ungratefully called him afterwards), who opined that they might surely meet and see each other, provided it were done in a Christian manner. Divine grace is so strong when it is present, as was indeed seen when, to avoid the faintest whisper of scandal, it was arranged that the King and the Montespan should meet in Madame's de Richelieu's salon, surrounded by the stateliest dames, perfect dragons of virtue. The King and the Marquise had naturally much to say after so long a separation, and a retired window was most convenient for intimate conversation. The talk was very intimate, and some persons noticed tears. When the dialogue was over, Louis and Madame de Montespan made a profound reverence to the venerable ladies, and passed into an adjoining apartment. The haughty mistress returned to power more insolent than ever for her temporary defeat; and Lully's music and Quinault's verse celebrated in the opera of *Theseus* the gratifying event. Venus and Mars declared Louis was equally precious to them both, and that

> Tout doit l'aimer,
> Tout doit le craindre.

Whatever doubt there might be as regarded his claims to universal love, he soon showed he could inspire something like universal fear. Just as he had seized the first opportunity at home to convince his people that he meant to be supreme, so in his dealings with foreign powers he at once adopted a tone of haughtiness which produced a marked effect; and it must be added, that impartial history will not condemn him as having in these early years exceeded the limits of an honourable jealousy for the dignity of his crown. He first came across Spain, whose ambassador had, in a disgraceful riot in the streets of London, shamefully maltreated his envoy. Louis exacted and obtained the amplest apologies from the King of Spain, who was his own father-in-law. He next refused, with great warmth and dignity, the insulting pretension of England to have her flag saluted (by the ships of other nations lowering their topsails to it), not only in British waters but on the ocean. Again, he compelled the Pope to offer the most submissive excuses for an indignity to which the French Ambassador had been subjected at Rome. If the peremptoriness with which he stood upon his rights in each of these cases might lead men to suspect that he nourished a pride but slightly removed from insolence, still he was not the aggressor. The contingent of six thousand men which he sent to assist the Emperor against the Turks, was again a step of some vigour, but in nowise overbearing. And his support of the Dutch against England in 1665 was an act of undoubtedly good policy, and consonant with the best traditions of Richelieu and Mazarin. But here his moderation comes to an end; for the rest of his reign he was as insolent as he could be, and as his neighbours would let him.

His first breach of public faith was his attack on the Spanish Netherlands, under colour of certain pretended rights of the Queen, his wife — the Infanta Marie Thérèse; although he had renounced all claims in her name at his marriage. This aggression was followed by his famous campaign in the Low Countries, when Franche Comté was overrun and conquered in fifteen days. He was stopped by the celebrated Triple Alliance in mid career. He had not yet been intoxicated by success and vanity; Colbert's influence, always exerted on the side of peace, was at its height; the menacing attitude of Holland, England, and Sweden awed him, and he drew back. His pride was deeply wounded, and he revolved deep and savage schemes of revenge. Not on England, whose abject sovereign he knew could be had whenever he chose to buy him, but on the heroic little Republic which had dared to cross his victorious path. His mingled contempt and rage against Holland were indeed instinctive, spontaneous, and in the nature of things. Holland was the living, triumphant incarnation of the two things he hated most — the principle of liberty in politics, and the principle of free inquiry in religion. With a passion too deep for hurry or carelessness, he made his preparations. The army was

Digitized by Google

submitted to a complete reorganization. A change in the weapons of the infantry was effected, which was as momentous in its day as the introduction of the breech-loading rifle in ours. The old inefficient firelock was replaced by the flint musket, and the rapidity and certainty of fire vastly increased. The undisciplined independence of the officers commanding regiments and companies was suppressed by the rigorous and methodical Colonel Martinet, whose name has remained in other armies besides that of France as a synonym of punctilious exactitude.* The means of offence being thus secured, the next step was to remove the political difficulties which stood in the way of Louis's schemes; that is to dissolve Sir W. Temple's diplomatic masterpiece, the Triple Alliance. The effeminate Charles II. was bought over by a large sum of money, and the present of a pretty French mistress. Sweden also received a subsidy, and her schemes of aggrandizement on the German continent were encouraged. Meanwhile, the illustrious man who ruled Holland showed that kind of weakness which good men often do in the presence of the unscrupulous and wicked. John de Witt could not be convinced of the reality of Louis's nefarious designs. France had ever been Holland's best friend, and he could not believe that the policy of Henry IV., of Richelieu, and Mazarin would be suddenly reversed by the young King of France. He tried negotiations in which he was amused by Louis so long as it suited the latter's purpose. At last, when the King's preparations were complete, he threw off the mask, and insultingly told the Dutch that it was not for hucksters like them, and usurpers of authority not theirs, to meddle with such high matters. Then commenced one of the brightest pages in the history of national heroism. At first the Dutch were overwhelmed; town after town capitulated without a blow. It seemed as if the United Provinces were going to be subdued, as Franche Comté had been five years before. But Louis XIV. had been too much intoxicated by that pride which goes before a fall, to retain any clearness of head, if indeed he ever had any in military matters. The great Condé, with his keen eye for attack, at once suggested one of those tiger springs for which he was unequalled among commanders. Seeing the dismay of the Dutch, he advised a rapid dash with six thousand horse on Amsterdam. It is nearly certain, if this advice had been followed, that the little commonwealth, so precious to Europe, would have been extinguished; and that that scheme, born of heroic despair, of transferring to Batavia, "under new stars and amid a strange vegetation," the treasure of freedom and valour ruined in its old home by the Sardanapalus of Versailles might have been put in execution. But it was not to be. Vigilant as Louis had been in preparation, he now seemed to be as careless or incompetent in execution. Not only he neglected the advice of his best general, and wasted time; but he did his best to drive his adversaries to despair, and the resistance which comes of despair. They were told by proclamation that "the towns which should try to resist the forces of his Majesty by opening the dykes, or by any other means, would be *punished* with the utmost rigour; and when the frost should have opened roads in all directions, his Majesty would give no sort of quarter to the inhabitants of the said towns, but would give orders that their goods should be plundered and their houses burnt." The Dutch envoys, headed by De Groot, son of the illustrious Grotius, came to the King's camp to know on what terms he would make peace. They were refused audience by the theatrical warrior, and told not to return except armed with full powers to make any concessions he might dictate. Then the "hucksters" of Amsterdam resolved on a deed of daring which is one of the most exalted among "the high traditions of the world." They opened the sluices and submerged the whole country under water. Still their position was almost desperate, as the winter frosts were nearly certain to restore a firm foothold to the invader. They came again suing for peace, offering Maëstricht, the Rhine fortresses, the whole of Brabant, the whole of Dutch Flanders, and an indemnity of ten millions. This was proffering more than Henry IV., Richelieu, or Mazarin, had ever hoped for. These terms were refused, and the refusal carried with it practically the rejection of Belgium, which could not fail to be soon absorbed when thus surrounded by French possessions.* But Louis met these offers with

* "Histoire de Louvois," par Camille Rousset, vol. i. p. 163.

* Louis XIV. became aware of the blunder he committed in not closing with the offers of the Dutch. The reasons he gives for his refusal are so confused that it is difficult to guess their meaning. They were probably

Digitized by Google

the spirit of an Attila. He insisted on the concession of Southern Gueldres and the island of Bommel, twenty-four millions of indemnity, the endowment of the Catholic religion, and an extraordinary annual embassy charged to present his Majesty with a gold medal which should set forth how the Dutch owed to him the conservation of their liberties. Such vindictive cruelty makes the mind run forward and dwell with a glow of satisfied justice on the bitter days of retaliation and revenge which in a future, still thirty years off, will humble the proud and pitiless oppressor in the dust; when he shall be a suppliant, and a suppliant in vain, at the feet of the haughty victors of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Oudenarde.

But Louis's mad career of triumph was gradually being brought to a close. He had before him not only the waste of waters, but the iron will and unconquerable tenacity of the young Prince of Orange, "who needed neither hope to make him dare, nor success to make him persevere." * Gradually the threatened neighbours of France gathered together and against her King. Charles II. was forced to recede from the French alliance by his Parliament in 1674. The military massacre went on, indeed, for some years longer in Germany and the Netherlands; but the Dutch Republic was saved, and peace ratified by the treaty of Nimeguen.

It may be doubted whether Europe has fully realized the greatness of the peril she so narrrowly escaped on this occasion. The extinction of political and mental freedom, which would have followed the extinction of the Dutch Republic, would have been one of the most disastrous defeats of the cause of liberty and enlightenment possible in the then condition of the world. To borrow an image from the savage criminal legislation of the time, it would have been the tearing out by the roots of the tongue of Europe and civilization. The free presses of Holland gave voice to the stifled thought and agony of mankind. And they were the only free presses in the world. But Holland was not only the greatest book mart of Europe, it was emphatically the home of thinkers and the birthplace of ideas. How precious it was to human welfare was shown by the hasty exultation of the Court of Rome over what seemed its approaching ruin. And, indeed, it suffices but to recall a few dates to realize what an eclipse would have darkened European thought had Louis's invasion of Holland left him master of the country. The two men then living to whose genius and courage the modern spirit of mental emancipation and toleration owes its first and most arduous victories were Pierre Bayle and John Locke. And it is beyond dispute, that if the French King had worked his will on Holland, neither of them would have been able to accomplish the task they did achieve under the protection of Dutch freedom. They both were forced to seek refuge in Holland from the bigotry which hunted them down in their respective countries. All the works of Bayle were published in Holland, and some of the earliest of Locke's writings appeared there also; and if the remainder saw the light afterwards in England, it is only because the Dutch, by saving their own freedom, were the means of saving that of England as well. Not one of the works of either Bayle or Locke, neither the "Pensées sur la Comète," nor the "Commentaire Philosophique," nor the immortal "Critical Dictionary," nor the letters on "Toleration," nor on "Civil Government," nor that creative impulse of speculative thought for a hundred years to come, the "Essay on the Human Understanding" would have appeared if Louis had established his proconsuls in the Dutch provinces, and garrisoned their towns with his musketeers and dragoons. There is a futile, almost an immortal saying, "Il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire," meaning, in some confused way, to say, that if one man is cut off and prevented from doing the work, another will forthwith appear capable and willing to do it. People who hold this view would most likely say in the present case that if Locke and Bayle been hindered from writing, even if the Dutch free press had been extinguished, still the "spirit of the age," the "march of intellect," or some other equally definite and scientific entity, would have made it all right, and the world would have been none the worse off. Such reflections imply but feeble gratitude to the noble organs of human progress. What is meant when it is said that humanity can spare, without missing them, its best

not meant to be intelligible, as they were certainly not sincere. He afterwards gave the real reason in this haughty fashion: "Posterity will believe me in these remarks or not as it likes, or ascribe my refusal to my ambition, and to my desire to revenge myself for the insults I had received from the Dutch. I will not justify myself before her. Ambition and glory are always excusable in a Prince, and especially in a young Prince, and one so well treated as I had been by Fortune." — Rousset, vol. i. p. 379.

* These words are M. Mignet's.

Digitized by Google

leaders? Is it meant that it is competent to any one to take their place at a moment's warning, and that if Bayle had not written his "Critical Dictionary," and if Locke had not written his Essay, somebody else would? Perhaps the believers in the march of intellect — for even a mob cannot march along a turnpike road without some leadership — are not prepared to go so far as that. Time, they will say, would have brought forth other minds of equal or similar quality, which, finding the same unresolved problems before them, would have attacked and resolved them; so that the same advance would have been made, only the names prominently connected with the advance would have been different, and progress would be equally certain in either case. The answer to this is, that it is simply untrue. For, granting for sake of argument — though in truth it is a most unwarrantable assumption — that Bayles and Lockes, or their equals, are fruits that come like pears and apples in due season, still the very fact that we have to wait for their successors to do the work they were prevented from doing, causes the loss of a stage, a delay, and who can tell how long a delay? And again the delay, has it had no influence; has it left the problem in the same position, or not rather greatly increased its difficulty? So that not equal but greater men are required to solve it; not men as courageous, but more courageous are required to face it. Those who say that Truth is great and will prevail, overlook the fact that Truth can only prevail if there are men forthcoming capable of finding it, and brave enough to assert it. Have they never heard of societies where, in consequence of steady unflinching repression of such men, the race has at last died out? Have they not heard of the history of Spain? The country which produced Ximenes, Cervantes, and Servetus cannot be denied intellectual ardour and initiative. Then how came it that Spanish intellect has not a single name to show on the muster-roll of human emancipators? It seems likely, to say the least, that a careful extirpation of seminal minds, a careful suppression, as soon as they appear, of seminal ideas, will have the effect of causing them to cease to exist: and that the march of intellect and progress of the species are not quite matters of course, whether interfered with or not. It is, perhaps, replied that France and Europe were in no dange of falling under the yoke of anything resembling the Spanish Inquisition. Who can say there was no danger of such a horror? A French Inquisition would have differed from the Spanish in detail; might have been at the service of the Crown rather than of the Church; might have condemned opinions tolerated at Rome, and *vice versâ*. But it would not, therefore, have been a less stifling oppressor of the human mind. Indeed, the severity of Louis's censorship did become an Inquisition. And why was it not permanently successful? Mainly, one can fearlessly answer, because Holland remained free, to assail the citadel of superstition and tyranny with a ceaseless storm of intellectual fire. Because Bayle, Basnage, Jurieu, Jaquelot, Leclerc, L'Enfant, and a host more, *did* publish their books, which penetrated into France and undermined the despot's power, do what he would. Because Locke found a refuge there from the fury of Tory and Jesuitical malignity. Again it must be repeated, that on the safety of Dutch liberty the future of English liberty was dependent. At least, no one can maintain that if Holland had been annihilated in 1672, the English revolution could have occurred in the form and at the time it did. It is far more probable it would never have occurred at all, and that Louis, who had invited Spain, in the early years of his reign, to a joint crusade against England, would, after the destruction of Dutch independence, have been able, in alliance with the malignant Stuart, to overcome the liberties of this country also. Then, we may ask, what would have become of the "Principia" of Isaac Newton? For although that book was published in 1687, just one year before James's expulsion, we may be quite certain that those two deadly enemies of reason, Louis and James, would have been much farther advanced in their campaign against the freedom of mankind had Holland disappeared fifteen years before. It can hardly be doubted that James II., who, even in that great crisis of his fortune, found time to quarrel with Cambridge, and to attempt to force a Benedictine monk on the University against the statutes, would have consulted many monks about the publication of such a book, and that the learned members of his Church would probably have had scruples with regard to an "hypothesis" which, three-quarters of a cen-

Digitized by Google

tury afterwards, they carefully abstained from declaring to be true.* The memorable expansion of thought which, in the reigns of Queen Anne and the first George, made England the wonder and model of the free spirits of other nations, and the high school in which Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Lessing learned to see the wide horizons of the future and the distant peaks of knowledge, radiant with inspiration to those who could think and dare — all this must have been lost to humanity but for the noble stand made by little Holland in 1672. The conditions of the time had made her a Thermopylæ of thought, and her fate was happier, but in no degree less glorious, than that of Leonidas and his band of Spartans.

With the Peace of Nimeguen the earlier and nobler portion of Louis XIV.'s reign came to a close. The remaining period of disaster and reaction will be treated of in the following number.

JAMES COTTER MORISON.

* The editors, Le Sueur and Jacquier, of the Order of Minims, declared, in their reprint of the "Principia," published in 1760, that they were playing a part which did not belong to them in admitting the motion of the earth. "Hinc alienam coacti sumus gerere personam." They add, "Cæterum, latis a summis Pontificibus contra telluris motum decretis nos obsequi profitemur!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER VII.

"RICHARD, there is one disagreeable subject which, as you said nothing about it, I have avoided as long as possible; but I must speak now, before you go."

Lady Eskside had led her son out upon the terrace the evening before he was to leave. She was dressed for dinner in her black satin gown, with a lace cap and stomacher, which even his fastidious eye approved. She had come to the age when little change of costume is possible. Sometimes she wore velvet instead of satin, but that was about all the variety she made, and her lace was her only vanity. She had a crimson Indian scarf thrown over her head and shoulders. Her erect old figure was still as trim, and her step as springy, as any girl's. She was the picture of an old lady, everybody allowed; — and it was true she was old — yet full of an unquenchable youth. She had taken her son by the arm in the interval before dinner, and led him out into the open air to speak to him. Perhaps it was an inopportune moment; but it was a subject for which she felt a few minutes were enough, as it could not but be painful to both.

"Well, mother," he said, with a tone of resignation. He was going next day, which gave him strength to bear this ordeal, whatever its *motif* might be.

"I have said nothing to you — indeed, indeed, I have wished to say nothing — about —— Richard, my dear boy, listen to me with patience — I will not keep you long —— about — Val's mother — your wife."

"What about her?" said Richard, with harsh brevity. He made a movement almost as if to throw off his mother's arm.

"My dear, you must not think this subject is less disagreeable to me than to you. Nothing has been said about her for a long time ——"

"And why should anything be said about her?" said Richard. "In such a hopeless business, what is the advantage of discussion? She has chosen her path in life, which is not the same as mine."

His soft and gentle face set into a harsh rigidity: it grew stern, almost severe. "Come indoors, mother — the evening gets cold," he added, after a pause.

"Just a word, Richard — just one word! Do you not see a trace of something different rising in her? She has brought back your boy: I suppose she thinks, poor thing, that it is just she should have one of them ——"

"Mother," said Richard, "I am astonished at your charity. You say, poor thing. Do you remember that she has ruined your son's life?"

Lady Eskside made no answer. She looked at him wistfully, with an evident repression of something that rose to her lips.

"She has been my curse," said Richard, vehemently. "For God's sake, if she will leave us alone, let us leave her alone. She has made my life a desert. Is it choice, do you think, that makes me an outcast from my own country? that shuts me out of everything your son and my father's son ought to have been? Why cannot I take my proper place in society — my natural place? You know well enough what the answer is — her, only her. She has been my ruin: she is the curse of my life."

He spoke almost with passion, growing not red but white in the intensity of his feelings. Lady Eskside looked at him, kept looking at him, with a face in which

Digitized by Google

sympathy shone — along with some other expression not so easy to be defined.

"Richard," she said, in a low voice, "all you say is true — who can know it better than I do? but oh, my dear, mind! she could have had no power on your life, if you had not given it to her — of your free will."

"So, then, it is I alone who am to blame?" said Richard, with a laugh, which was half rage and half scorn. "I might have known that was what you were sure to say."

"Yes, you might have known it," said Lady Eskside — "for nothing, I hope, will ever shut my mind to justice; but not because I am in the habit of reproaching you, Richard — for that I never did, even when you had made my heart sore; but we need not quarrel about it, you and me. What I want to know is, if you do not see now the still greater importance of getting some hold upon her; for Valentine's — for all our sakes?"

"You will never get a hold upon her; it is folly to dream of it. She is beyond your reach, or that of any reasonable creature. Mother, come in — the bell must have rung for dinner."

"I have written to the man we employed before," said Lady Eskside, hurriedly. "This was what I wanted to say. Do not stare at me, Richard! I will not put up with it. I must do my duty as I see it, and whatever comes of it. I have given him all the particulars I could, and told him to try every means, and lose no time. Her heart must be soft after giving up her child."

"So," said Richard, with a quivering pale smile, "you consult me what should be done after all the steps have been taken. This is kind! You have taken care to provide for my domestic comfort, mother ——"

"If we should find her — which God grant! — I will take charge of her," said Lady Eskside, with a flush of resentment. "Neither your comfort nor your pride shall be interfered with — never fear."

"You are most considerate, mother," said Richard. "Your house, then, is to be finally closed to me, after the effort I have made to revisit it? Well, after all, I suppose the Palazzo Graziani suits best."

"You are cruel to say so, Richard," said his mother. Tears came quickly to her bright old eyes; but at that moment Lord Eskside looked out from one of the drawing-room windows, and stayed the further progress of the quarrel.

"What are you two doing there, philandering like a lad and a lass?" said the old lord. "Richard, bring your mother in; she'll catch cold. There's a heavy dew falling, though it's a fine night."

"It is my mother who insists on staying out in the night air, which I disapprove of," said Richard. "The Italians have a prejudice on the subject of sunset. They think it the most dangerous hour of the day. I am so much of an Italian now — and likely to be more so — that I have taken up their ideas — at least so far as sunset is concerned."

"So much an Italian — and likely to be more so! — I hope not, I hope not, Richard," said his father. "After this good beginning you have made, it will be hard upon your poor mother and me if we cannot tempt you home."

"Or drive me away forever," said Richard, so low that his mother only heard him. She grasped his arm with a sudden vehemence of mingled love and anger, which for the moment startled him, and then dropped it, and stepped in through the window, letting the subject drop altogether. She was unusually bright at dinner, excited, as it seemed, by the sharp little encounter she had just had, which had stirred up all her powers. Lord Eskside, who was not of a fanciful nature, and whose moods did not change so quickly, regarded her with some suspicion. He was himself depressed by his son's approaching departure, and somewhat disposed to be angry, as he generally was when depressed.

"You must have been saying something to your mother to raise her spirits," he said, after one or two ineffectual attempts to subdue her — when Richard and he were left to their claret.

"Not I, sir," said Richard, "on the contrary; my mother has ideas with which I disagree entirely."

"Ay, boy, to be sure," said the old lord, "she was saying something to me. Then it was opposition, and not satisfaction as I thought? You see, Richard, women have their own ways of thinking. We cannot always follow their reasoning; but in the main your mother's perhaps right."

And having said this, in mild backing up of his wife's bolder suggestions, Lord Eskside changed the subject and spoke of the property, and of new leases he was granting, and the improvement of the estate.

"There is a great deal of land about Lasswade that might be feued very ad-

Digitized by Google

vantageously — but I would not do it without ascertaining your feeling on the subject, Richard. It can't make much difference in my time; but in the course of nature that time can't be very long."

"I wish it might be a hundred years," said Richard, with no false sentiment; for indeed, apart from natural affection, to be Lord Eskside and live up here in the paternal chateau among the woods did not charm his imagination much.

"That is all very pleasant for you to say," said his father, receiving and dismissing the compliment with a wave of his hand; "but, as I say, in the course of nature my time must be but short. There is just the question about the amenities upon which every man has his own opinion ——"

"The —— what did you say?" asked Richard, puzzled.

"The amenities of the place. It is true the village is not visible from the house, but if in the future you were to find the new houses that might be built an eyesore ——"

"That is entirely a British notion," Richard answered, with a smile; "I think great part of the beauty in Italy is from the universal life you see everywhere — villages climbing up every hillside. No; I have no English prejudices on that point."

"I don't know about it being an English prejudice," said Lord Eskside, who never forgot the distinction between English and Scotch, as his son invariably did. "Then you don't object to feuing? Willie Maitland will be a proud man. He has told me often I might add a thousand a-year to the income of the property by judicious feus. They will be taken up by all kind of shopkeeper bodies, retired tradesmen, and the like — a consideration which gives me little trouble, Richard, but may perhaps act upon you. No? Well, you're aphilosopher: they're bad at an election; they're totally beyond your control — unless, indeed, your mother and I were to put ourselves out of our way to visit and make of them; but we would want a strong inducement for that."

Here Lord Eskside looked at his son with a look of mild entreaty, not saying anything; and Richard knew his father well enough to comprehend.

"You must not think of that, sir,— indeed you must not. Am I in a position to be set up before the county, and have every fact of my life brought up against me? No, father, anything else you like — but let me stay among strangers, where the circumstances of my existence need not be inquired into."

"I don't know that you have anything to be ashamed of," said Lord Eskside, with a husky voice.

"Anyhow, I cannot offer myself as a subject to be discussed by all the world," said Richard. Courage, he said to himself — to-morrow and all this will be over! He made a strenuous effort to be patient, strengthened by this thought.

"Well, Richard, if you have made up your mind — but you know our wishes," said the old lord with a sigh. Little Val had been exercising his grandfather's temper by his excursions round the table a little while before. He had been obstinate and childishly disobedient till he was carried off by the ladies; and Lord Eskside, somewhat out of temper, as I have said, by reason of being depressed in spirits, had been ready to augur evil of the child's future career. But the contradiction of Val's father was more grave. When he resisted his parent's wishes it was of little use to be angry. The old lord sighed with a dreary sense that nothing was to be made by struggling. Of all hopeless endeavours that of attempting to make your child carry out the plans you have formed, is (he thought to himself) the most hopeless. Everything might favour the project which would make a man's friends happy, and satisfy all their aspirations for him; when, lo! a causeless caprice, a foolish dislike, would balk everything. It is true that he had for years resigned the hope of seeing Richard take his true place in the county, and show at once to the new men what the good old blood was worth, and to the old gentry that the Rosses were still their leaders, as they had been for generations; but this visit had brought a renewal of all the old visions. He had seen with a secret pride of which, even to his wife, he had not breathed a word, his son assume with ease a social position above his brightest hopes. The county had not only received him, but followed him, admired him, listened to his opinions as those of an oracle. To bring him in for the county after this, and to carry his election by acclamation, would be child's-play, his father thought. But Richard did not see it. He was, or assumed to be, indifferent to the applause of "the county." He cared nothing for his own country, or for that blessedness of dwelling among his own people which Scripture itself has celebrated.

Digitized by Google

No wonder that Lord Eskside should sigh. "I believe you think more of these fiddling play-acting foreigners," he said, after an interval of silence, during which his eyebrows and his under lip had been in full activity, "than for all our traditions, and all the duties of your condition in life."

"Every man has his taste, sir," Richard answered, with a shrug of his shoulders, which irritated his father still more deeply.

"Well, you are old enough to judge for yourself," he said, getting up abruptly from the table. A great many things to say to his son had been in the old lord's mind. He had meant to expound to him his own view of the politics of the day, at home, to which naturally Richard had not paid much attention. He had meant to impress upon him the line the Rosses had always taken in questions exclusively Scotch. But all this was cut short by Richard's refusal even to consider the question. Being sad beforehand by reason of his son's departure, I leave you to imagine how melancholy-cross and disappointed Lord Eskside was now.

"What! is that imp still up?" he said, as going into the drawing-room he stumbled over his own best-beloved stick, upon which Val had been riding races round the room. "How dared you take my stick, sir? If you do that again you shall be whipped."

"You daren't whip me," cried saucy Valentine. "Grandma says I am never to be frightened no more — I ain't; and I'm to have what I want. Grandma! he is taking my stick away!"

"*Your* stick, ye little whipper-snapper! No; one generation succeeds another soon enough, but not so soon as that. Send the boy to his bed, my lady. He ought to have been there an hour ago."

"Just for this night," said Lady Eskside, as she caught the little rebel, and, holding him close in her arms, smoothed the ruffled curls on his forehead, and whispered in his ear that he was to be good, and not to make grandpa angry. "Just for this night — as his father is going away."

"Oh, his father!" said her husband, with a slight snort of irritation which showed Lady Eskside that the last evening had been little more satisfactory to him than to herself. Her own voice had faltered a little as she spoke of Richard's departure, and she looked at him wistfully, with an incipient tear in the corner of her eye, hoping (though she might have known better) for some response; but Richard, as bland and gentle as ever, had seated himself by Mary, to whom he was talking, and altogether ignored his mother's furtive appeal. Valentine gave her enough to do just at that moment to hold him, which, perhaps, was well for her; and Lord Eskside walked away to the other end of the room, pretending to look at the books which were scattered about the tables, and whistling softly under his breath, which was one of his ways of showing irritation. Even Mary was agitated, she scarcely knew why; not on Richard's account, she said to herself, but as feeling the suppressed excitement in the house, the secret sense of disappointment and deep heart-dissatisfaction which was in those two old people, who had but little time before them to be happy in, and so wanted the sunshine of life all the more. Richard's visit had been a success in one sense. It had answered to their highest hopes, and more than answered; but yet in more intimate concerns, in a still closer point of view, it had been a failure; and of this the father and mother were all the more tremulously sensible that he showed so little consciousness of it — nay, no consciousness at all. He sat for a long time by Mary, talking to her of the most ordinary subjects, while his mother sat silent in her chair, and Lord Eskside, at the other end of the room, made-believe to look for something in the drawers of one of the great cabinets, opening and shutting them impatiently. Richard sat and talked quite calmly during these demonstrations, unaffected by them. He kissed his child coolly on the forehead, and bid him good-bye, with something like a sentiment of internal gratitude to be rid of the little plague, who rather repelled than attracted him. Mary went to her room shortly after Valentine's removal, which was effected with some difficulty, pleading headache, and in reality unable to bear longer the painful atmosphere of family constraint — Lady Eskside's half-appealing, half-affronted looks, and anxious consciousness of every movement her son made, and the old lord's irritation, which was more demonstrative. Then the three who were left gathered together round the fire, and some commonplace conversation — conversation studiously kept on the level of commonplace — ensued. Richard was to start early next morning, and proposed to take leave of his mother that night — "not to disturb

Digitized by Google

her at such an unearthly hour," he said. "Did you ever leave the house at any hour when I did not make you your breakfast and see you away?" Lady Eskside asked, with a thrill of pain in her voice. And as she left the room, she grasped his hand, and looked wistfully in his face, while he stooped to kiss her. "Richard," she said in a half whisper, as the two faces approached close to each other, "for myself I do not ask anything—but, oh, mind, your father is an old man! Please him if you can."

Lord Eskside was leaning upon the mantelpiece, gazing into the fire. He continued the same commonplace strain of talk when his son came back to him. How badly the trains corresponded; how hard it would be, without waiting at cross stations and losing much time, to accomplish the journey. "And as you have to make so early a start you should go to your bed soon, my boy," he said, and held out his hand; then grasping his son's, as his wife had done, added hastily, his eyebrows working up and down—"What I have been saying to you, Richard, may look less important to you than it does to me; but if you would make an effort to please your mother! She's been a good mother to you; and neither I nor anything in the world can give her the pleasure that you could. Good night. I shall see you in the morning;" and Lord Eskside took up his candle and hurried away.

The effect of this double appeal, so pathetically repeated, was not, I fear, all that it should have been. When he reached his own room, Richard yawned, and stretching his arms above his head—"Thank heaven! I shall be out of this to-morrow," he said.

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAVE now to change the scene and bring before the notice of the reader another group, representing another side of the picture, with interests still more opposite to those of Lord Eskside and his heir-apparent than were, even, the interests of that heir-apparent's mother. But to exhibit this other side, I have fortunately no need to descend to the lower levels of society, to Jean Macfarlane's disreputable tavern, or any haunt of doubful people. On the contrary, I know no region of more unblemished respectability or higher character than Moray Place in Edinburgh, which is the spot I wish to indicate. Strangers and tourists do not know much of Moray Place. To them—and great is their good-fortune—Edinburgh means the noble crowned ridge of the Old Town, fading off misty and mysterious into the wooded valley beneath; the great crags of the castle rising into mid-sky, and the beautiful background of hills. Upon this they gaze from the plateau of Princes Street; and far might they wander without seeing anything half so fine as that storied height, lying grey in sunshine, or twinkling with multitudinous lights, as the blue poetic twilight steals over the Old Town. But on the other side of that middle ground of Princes Street lies a New Town, over which our grandfathers rejoiced greatly as men rejoice over the works of their own hands, despite the fullest acknowledgment of the work of their ancestors. There lie crescents, squares, and places, following the downward sweep of the hill, with, it is true, no despicable landscape to survey (chiefly from the back windows), yet shutting themselves out with surprising complacency from all that distinguishes Edinburgh amid the other cities of the world. Nobody can say that we of the Scots nation are not proud of our metropolis; but this is how our fathers and grandfathers—acute humorous souls as most of them were, with a large spice of romance in them, and of much more distinctly marked individual character than we possess in our day—asserted the fundamental indifference of human nature, in the long-run, to natural beauty. How comfortable, how commodious are those huge solid houses!—houses built for men to be warm in, to feast in, and gather their friends about them, but not with any æsthetical meaning. Of all these streets, and squares, and crescents, Moray Place perhaps is the most "palatial," or was, at least, at the period of which I speak. Personally, I confess that it makes a very peculiar impression on me. Years ago, so many that I dare not count them, there appeared in the pages of this Magazine a weird and terrible story called the "Iron Shroud," in which the feelings of an unhappy criminal shut up in an iron cell (I think, to make the horror greater, of his own invention) which by some infernal contrivance diminished every day, window after window disappearing before the wretch's eyes, until at last the horrible prison fell upon him and became at once his grave and his shroud—were depicted with vivid power. This thrilling tale always returns to my mind when I stand within

Digitized by Google

the grand and gloomy enclosure of Moray Place. It seems to me that the walls quiver and draw closer even while I look at them; and if the circle were gradually to lessen, one window disappearing after another, and the whole approaching slowly, fatally towards the centre, I should not be surprised. But in Edinburgh, Moray Place is, or was, considered a noble circus of houses, and nobody feels afraid to live in it. I suppose as it has now stood so long, it will never crash together, and descend on the head of some breathless wretch in the garden which forms its centre; but a superstitious dread of this catastrophe, I own, would haunt me if I were rich enough to be able to live in Moray Place.

Mr. Alexander Pringle, however, never once thought of this when he established his tabernacle there. This gentleman was an advocate, to use the Scotch term — the cosmopolitan and universal term, instead of the utterly conventional and unmeaning appellation of barrister common to the English alone — at the Scotch bar. His father before him had been a W. S., or Writer to the Signet — a title of which I confess myself unable to explain the exact formal meaning. How these comparatively unimportant people came to be the heirs-at-law, failing the Rosses, of the barony of Eskside, I need not tell. Pringle is a name which bears no distinction in its mere sound like Howard or Seymour; but notwithstanding, it is what is called in Scotland "a good name;" and this branch of the Pringles were direct descendants from one of the Eskside barons. When Dick Ross's misfortunes happened, and his wife forsook him, Mr. Alexander Pringle, then himself recently married, producing heirs at a rate which would have frightened any political economist, and possessing a wife far too virtuous ever to think of running away from him, became all at once a person of consequence. He felt it himself more than any one, yet all society (in Moray Place) had felt it. By this time he had a very pretty little family, seven boys and one girl, all healthy, vigorous, and showing every appearance of long and prosperous life.

Fear not, dear reader! I do not mean to follow in this history the fortunes of Sandy, Willie, Jamie, Val, Bob, Tom, and Ben. They were excellent fellows, and eventually received an admirable education at the Edinburgh Academy; but I dare not enter upon the chronicle of such a race of giants. Val was born about the time that Richard Ross's children disappeared, and the Pringles christened the baby Valentine Ross, feeling that this might be a comfort to the old lord, whose "name-son" had thus mysteriously disappeared. Mr. Pringle spoke of this event as an "inscrutable dispensation," and lamented his cousin's strange misfortunes to everybody he encountered. But dreadful as the misfortune was, it made him several inches higher, and threw a wavering and uncertain glimmer of possible fortune to come over the unconscious heads of Sandy, Willie, Val, and the rest. They cared very little, but their father cared much, and was very wide awake, and constantly on the watch for every new event that might happen on Eskside. The seven years of quiet, during which nothing was heard of Richard's children, ripened his hopes to such an extent that he almost felt himself the next in succession; for a mild *dilettante* like Dick Ross, who always lived abroad, did not seem an obstacle worth counting. Perhaps he was in consequence a little less careful of his practice at the bar; for this tantalizing shadow of a coronet had an effect upon his being which was scarcely justified by the circumstances: anyhow, though they managed to keep up their establishment in Moray Place, and to give the boys a good education, the Pringles did not advance in prosperity and comfort as they ought to have done, considering how well-connected they were, and the "good abilities" of the head of the house. Though he would sometimes foolishly show a disregard for the punctilios of the law in his own person, and was now and then outwitted in an argument, yet Mr. Pringle was understood to be an excellent lawyer; and he had a certain gift of lucidity in stating an argument which found him favour alike in the eyes of clients and of judges. Had he been a little more energetic, probably he would have already begun to run the course of legal preferment in Scotland. He was sheriff of the county in which his little property lay; and at one time no man had a better chance of rising to the rank of Solicitor-General or even Lord Advocate, and of finally settling as Lord Pringle or Lord Dalruluzian (the name of his property) upon the judicial bench. But his progress was arrested by this shadow of a possible promotion with which his profession would have nothing to do. Lord Dalruluzian might be a sufficiently great title if no more substantial dignity was to be had,

Digitized by Google

but Lord Eskside was higher; and the man's imagination went off wildly after the hereditary barony, leaving the reward of legal eminence far in the background. Gradually he had built himself up with the thought of this advancement; and though they were by no means rich enough to afford it, nothing but his wife's persistent holding back would have kept him from sending Sandy, his eldest boy, to Eton, by way of preparing him for his possible dignity. For the days when boys were sent from far and near to the High School of Edinburgh are over; and it is now the Scottish parent's pride to make English schoolboys of his sons, and to eliminate from the speech of his daughters all trace of their native accent. Mrs. Pringle, however, was prudent enough to withstand her husband's desire. "What would he do at Eton?" she said. "Learn English? If he's not content with the English you and I speak, it's a pity; and as for manners, he behaves himself very well in company as it is, and you'll never convince me that ill-mannered louts will be made into gentlemen by a year or two at a public school. You may send him if you like, Alexander—you're the master—but you will get no countenance from me." When a well-conditioned husband is told that he is the master, there is an end of him. Mr. Pringle was not made of hard enough material to resist so strong an opposition; and then it would have cost a great deal of money. "Well, my dear, we'll talk it over another time," he said, and put off the final decision indefinitely; which was a virtual giving in without the necessity of acknowledging defeat.

After all this gradually growing satisfaction and confidence in his own prospects, it is almost impossible to describe the tremendous effect which the news of Richard's return, and of the strange events which had taken place at Rosscraig, had upon the presumptive heir. He spoke not a word to any one for the first two days, but went about his business moodily, like a man under the shadow of some deadly cloud. The first shock was terrible, and scarcely less terrible was the excitement with which he listened to any rumour that reached him piecing the bits of news together. For a week he neglected his business; forsook, except when his attendance was compulsory, the Parliament House; and, if he could have had his will, would have done nothing all day but discuss the astounding tale, which at first he declared to be entire fiction, a made-up story, and pretended to laugh at. He hung about his dressing-room door in the morning, while his wife finished her toilet, talking of it through the door-way; he hovered round the breakfast-table, after he had finished his meal, neglecting his "Scotsman;" he was continually appearing in the drawing-room when Mrs. Pringle did not want him, and "deaved her," as she said, with this eternal subject. To no one else could he speak with freedom; but this sweet privilege of wifehood, instead of being an unmingled good, often becomes, in the imperfection of all created things, a bore to the happy being who is thus elevated into the ideal position of her spouse's *alter ego*. Mrs. Pringle was not sentimental, and she soon got heartily sick of the subject. She would have cheerfully sold, at any time, for a new dinner dress—a thing she was pretty generally in want of—all her chances, which she had no faith in, of ever becoming Lady Eskside.

"Don't you think, Alexander," she said, having been driven beyond endurance by his rejection of a proposed match at golf on Musselburgh Links,—a thing which proved the profound gravity of the crisis,—"don't you think that the best thing you could do would be to take the coach and go out to Lasswade, and inquire for yourself? Take Violet with you—a little fresh air would do her good; and if you were to talk this over with somebody who knows about it, instead of with me, that knows nothing more than yourself——"

"Go—to Lasswade!" said Mr. Pringle—"that is a step that never occurred to me. No; I have not been invited to Rosscraig to meet Dick, and it would look very strange if I were to go where nobody is wanting me. If you think, indeed, that Vi would be better for a little change—— But no; Lord Eskside would not like it—there would be an undignified look about it—an underhand look; still, if you think an expedition would be good for Vi——"

It was thus that under pressure of a personal anxiety a man maundered and hesitated who could give very sound advice to his clients, and could speak very much to the purpose before the Lords of Session. Mrs. Pringle knew all this, and did not despise her husband. She felt that she herself was wiser in their own practical concerns than he was, but gave him full credit for all his other advantages, and for that ability in his

Digitized by Google

profession which did not always make itself apparent at home. And she had a great many things to do on this particular afternoon, and was driven nearly out of her senses, she allowed afterwards, by this eternal discussion about Dick Ross's children and the succession to Eskside.

"Do you remember," she said, exercising her ingenuity, with as little waste of words as possible — for the mother of seven sons, not to speak of one little daughter besides, who is not rich enough to keep a great many servants, has not much time to waste in talk — "that little cottage at the Hewan, which I was always so fond of? The children are fond of it too. As you are off your match, and have the afternoon to spare, go away down and see if the Hewan is let, and whether we can have it for the summer."

"But, my dear, it is not half big enough for us," Mr. Pringle began.

His wife turned upon him a momentary look of impatience. "What does it matter whether it's big or little, when you want to see what is going on?" she said. "Take the child with you, and ask about it. It would be fine to have such a place, to send Vi when the heat gets too much for her." These last words were spoken in perfect good faith, for people in Edinburgh keep up a fiction of believing that the heat is too much for them — as if they were in London or Paris, or anywhere else, where people love a yearly change.

"So it would," said Mr. Pringle; "and you could go out yourself sometimes and spend a long day. It would do you good, my dear. I think I will go."

"Run and tell nursie to put on your best hat, Violet," said her mother; "and you may have your kid gloves, if you will be sure not to lose them. You are going out to the country with papa."

Little Violet rose from where she had been sitting, with a family of dolls round her, on the carpet. She had been giving her family their daily lessons, and felt it a very important duty. She was but six years old — one of those fair-haired little maidens who abound in Scotland, with hair of two shades of colour, much brighter in the half-curled locks which lay about her shoulders than on her head. With these light locks she had dark eyes, an unusual combination, and pretty infant features, scarcely formed yet into anything which gave promise of beauty. She was so light that Sandy, her big brother, could hold her up in his hand, to the admiration of all beholders. One daughter in such a family holds an ideal position, such as few girls achieve otherwise at so early an age. Their little sister was the very princess of all these boys. The big ones petted and spoiled her, the little ones believed in and reverenced her. To the one she was something more dainty than any plaything — a living doll, the prettiest ornament in the house, and the only one which could be handled without breaking wantonly, on purpose to have them punished, in their hands; and to the others she was a small mother, quaintly unlike the big one, yet imposing upon them by her assumption of the maternal ways and authority. When she addressed the nursery audience with, "Now you 'ittle boys, mind what I say to you," the babies acknowledged the shadow of authority, and felt that Vi wielded a visionary sceptre. She was very serious in her views of life, and held what might appear to some people exaggerated ideas as to the guilt of spilling your tea upon your frock, or tearing your pinafore; and was apt to wonder where naughty little children who did such things expected to go to, with an unswerving and perfectly satisfied faith in everlasting retribution, such as would have edified the severest believer. Violet awarded these immense penalties to very trifling offences, not being as yet wise enough to discriminate or get her landscape into perspective. Her dolls were taught their duty in the most forcible way, and she herself carried out her tenets by punishing them severely when they displeased her. She got up from the midst of them now, and though she had been lecturing them solemnly a few minutes before, huddled them up, with legs and arms in every kind of contortion, into a corner which was appropriated to her. She walked up-stairs very gravely to be dressed, but made such a fuss about her kid gloves, that nurse, with two baby boys on her hands, was nearly driven to her wits' end. On ordinary occasions, Vi wore little cotton gloves, with the tops of the fingers sewed inside in a little lump, which made her small hands (as they used to make mine) extremely uncomfortable. When she was fully equipped, she was a very trim little woman — not fine, but as imposing and dignified in her appearance as a lady of six can manage to be; and when the anxious heir-at-law to the Eskside barony came down-stairs with her to start on this

Digitized by Google

mission of inquiry, she was very particular that he should have his umbrella nicely rolled, and that his hat should be brushed to perfection. She liked her papa to be neat, as she was, and took, in short, a general charge of him, as of all the house.

This, dear reader, is the villain of this history, who is bent on spoiling, if he can, the hero's prospects, and working confusion in all the arrangements of the Eskside family, for the advantage of himself and his Sandy, the next heir failing Richard Ross's problematical children. But on this particular day when he lifted his little girl into the coach, and made her comfortable and smiled at her as she chatted to him, notwithstanding all his preoccupations, he was not a very bad villain. He would have liked to turn out to the streets the little beggar's brat of whom he had heard such incredible stories, and who was supposed to be likely to supplant in his lawful inheritance himself and his handsome boys; but then he had never realized the individuality of this beggar's brat, while his heart was very much set upon his own children and their advantage — a state of mind not very uncommon. He was as good to little Violet as if he had been an example of all the virtues, and instead of feeling at all ashamed of so very small a companion, was as proud of her as if she had been a duchess. To see her brighten up as the coach rolled on through the green country roads distracted him for the first time from his all-absorbing anxiety; and as they came in sight of the village of Lasswade, and he pointed out the river and the woods and the village houses to little Vi, he almost forgot all about the barony of Eskside. You would say that evil intentions could scarcely take very deep root in a heart so occupied; but human nature is very subtle in its combinations, and it is curious how easily virtue can sometimes accommodate itself by the side of very ill neighbours. Mr. Pringle had no idea or intention of working mischief, though mischief might no doubt arise by chance in his path. All that he wanted was justice, and to make sure that there was no cuckoo's egg foisted into the nest at Eskside.

CHAPTER IX.

"Oh, sir, no, sir," said the smiling landlord at the Black Bull, where Mr. Pringle went to have some luncheon and to order "a machine," to take Vi and himself to the Hewan — the little cottage, which was the ostensible end of his mission — "there's different stories going about the country, but we must not believe all we hear. The real truth is, I'm assured by them that ought to know, that the little boy came over from foreign parts with his father, the Honourable Richard Ross, to be brought up as is befitting, in a decent-like house, and among folk that have some fear of God before their eyes, — which it's no easy to find, so far as I can hear, abroad."

"Came over with his father!" cried Mr. Pringle, through whose soul this information smote like a sword. If this was the case, farewell to the beggar's brat theory, and to all hope both for Sandy and himself.

"Well, that's the most reasonable story," said the landlord; "there's plenty of other nonsense flying about the country. What we a' heard at first was, that some gangrel body knockit loud and lang at the ha' door the night of that awfu' storm, and threw in a bundle, nigh knocking over auld Harding the butler; and when lights were got — for the lamp was blown out by the wind — it was found to be this boy. It's an awfu' age for sensation this, and that's the sensational story folk ca' it. But Mr. Richard, there can be nae doubt, has been home direct from Florence and Eitaly, and what so likely as that he should bring the bairn himsel'? So far as I can learn, a'body that is anybody, so to speak, the gentry and them that ought to ken, believes he came with his father. The servants and folk about the town uphold the other story; but you ken, sir, the kind of story that pleases common folk best? Aye something wonderful; fancy afore reason."

"But surely it is very easy to get to the bottom of it," said Mr. Pringle, with a beating heart. "Was the child with Mr. Ross, for instance, when he arrived?"

"Na, I never heard that," said the landlord, swaying over to the other side. "The carriage passed by our windows. So far as I could see, there was but himself inside, and his man on the box. We maunna inquire too close into details, sir — especially you that are a relation of the family."

"That is exactly why it is so important I should know."

"Well-a-well, sir! they do say, I allow," said the man, sinking his voice, "that the little laddie was here before his father; that's rather my own opinion — no that I ever saw him. They sent

Digitized by Google

down here to inquire about a woman and a wean; nae woman or wean had been here. There was one, I heard, at Jean Macfarlane's on the other side of the bridge, which is a place no decent person can be expected to ken about."

"And who was the woman?" said Mr. Pringle, with breathless interest.

"Na, that's mair than I can tell. Some say a randy wife that's been seen of late about the country-side; some says one thing and some another. Auld Simon the postman and Merran Miller were twa I'm told that saw her; but this is a' hearsay—a' hearsay; I ken naething of my own knowledge. I must say, however," added the landlord, seriously, "that I blame themselves up at the big house for most of the stir. They sent down inquiring and inquiring, putting things into folk's heads about this woman and the wean. My lord had a' them that saw her up to the house, and put them through an examination. It was not a prudent thing to do—it was that, more than anything else, that made folk begin to talk."

"And was that before Richard Ross came home?"

"Oh ay, sir—oh ay; a good week before."

"At the time, in short, that the child came?" said Mr. Pringle, with legal clearness.

"Well, Mr. Pringle—about the time the bairn was said to have come, I'll no deny; but a'body that's best able to judge has warned me no to build my faith on a coincidence like that. Maist likely it was nothing more than a co-inn-ci-dence. They're queer things, as you that are a lawyer must know."

"Yes, they are queer things," said Mr. Pringle, with a flicker of hope; and then he changed the conversation, and began to inquire about the Hewan, and whether it was let for the season, or if any one had been in treaty for it. "My wife has a fancy for the place. She was there when she was young," he said, half apologetically.

"But it's a wee bit box of a place—no fit for your fine family. It would bring the roses, though, into little Miss's cheeks, for the air's grand up on that braehead."

"It is just for her we want it," Mr. Pringle said, with an unusual openness of confidence. "She is rather pale. Come, Vi, there is the gig at the door."

Vi walked down-stairs very demurely and got into the gig, trying to look as if she mounted with some dignified difficulty, and not to clamber up with the speed and sureness which her breeding among so many boys had taught her. She had been listening, though she took no part in the talk. "Who is the little boy, papa?" she said, curiously, as they drove briskly along through the keen but sunshiny air.

"A little boy at Rosscraig up yonder among the trees. Do you see the turrets, Vi?"

"Yes, I see them: are they made of gold? and is he a bad little boy, papa?"

"No, Vi; I don't suppose he means it, and you don't understand, my pet; but it would be very bad for Sandy and the rest if he were to stay there."

"Then, papa, if it will be bad for Sandy, and the little boy is naughty, why not drive up the avenue and take him and carry him somewhere where he can do no harm?"

This was Violet's incisive way of dealing with difficulties. She had all the instincts of a grand inquisitor: and would have acted with the same benevolent absorption in the grand object of doing good to her patient whether he liked it or no. The pair drove at a spanking pace up the pretty road among the budding trees, through which at intervals there were glimpses of Esk brawling over his boulders, his brown impetuous stream all flecked with foam, like a horse in full career. A sensation of positive happiness was in Mr. Pringle's mind as he drove along the familiar road through the country which he hoped might yet acknowledge his influence and authority. He could not have kidnapped the little offender as Violet suggested; but he was glad to think that there was every chance he was an impostor, and the field clear for himself and his heir. A lawsuit rose up before him in fullest dramatic detail, a kind of thing very attractive to his professional imagination. He saw how much more difficult it would be on the other side to prove the right of this supposititious heir, than it would be on his to throw doubt upon him. I do not think the thought ever crossed his mind that the child might not be supposititious at all, but the real grandson of Lord Eskside. It is so much easier when you are deeply interested in a subject to see your own side of the question, and to believe that yours is the side of right. In his sense of the possibilities of the case his spirits rose, and he enjoyed his drive to the Hewan with his innocent little girl

Digitized by Google

beside him. Up they went, mounting the long slope, now letting the horse walk at the steep parts, now urging him to a momentary spurt, now rolling rapidly along on a shady level, with the branches almost meeting overhead. The day was warm for April, yet the wind was fresh and chilly, and blew in their faces with a keen and sweet freshness which brought the colour to little Violet's cheek. "Little Vi would change into little Rose up here on Eskside," said Violet's father — he had not felt so light of heart for many a day.

The Hewan is the tiniest of little cottages, perched high up on a bank of the Esk, and surveying for a mile or two the course of the picturesque little stream between its high wooded banks, with here and there a pretty house shining far off among the trees, on some little plateau of greensward, and the sound of the river filling the air with a soft rustling and tinkling. Alas! there are paper-mills now along the course of that romantic stream. I was but six years old, like Violet, when I first saw that wild little place, and ever since (how long a time!) it has remained in my mind, charming me with vague longings. Vi trotted to the grassy ridge and gazed down the course of the stream and said nothing; for what can a child say, who has no phrases about the beautiful at her tongue's end, and can only stare and wonder, and recollect, all her life after, that brawling, surging river, those high trees, inclining from either bank towards each other, and that ineffable roof of sky? The old woman who kept the cottage consented that it was still unlet, and threw no difficulties in the way; and Mr. Pringle secured it there and then for the summer. "I should like to buy it," he said to himself, "if it were not——" The idea of the great possibilities before him suddenly surged upwards, flooding his soul; and then a hunger seized him for the river, and the woods, and the fair country which they threaded through. He wanted to have them, to possess them — not the rent of them, or the wealth of them, but themselves — a passion of acquisition which is something like love, swelling suddenly in his heart. He forgot himself gazing at them, till Vi roused him, plucking at his coat, "Papa, it is bonnie; but why do you look and look, with your eyes so big and strange, like the wolf that ate little Red Riding Hood?"

"Am I like a wolf?" he said, half laughing, yet tremulous in his momentary passion, seizing the child in his arms, and lifting her up to share his view. "Look, Vi! perhaps some day all that may be yours and mine."

Violet looked gravely as a duty; but there was something in his strenuous grasp that frightened her, and she struggled to be put down. "I do not think," she said, with precocious philosophy, "that it would be any bonnier if it was yours, papa — or even mine."

Mr. Pringle was tremulous after this burst of unusual emotion, for what has a respectable middle-aged lawyer to do with passion either of one kind or another? The fit went off, and he felt slightly ashamed of himself; but the thrill and flutter of feeling did not go off for some time. He sent the gig and horse to meet him at the Eskside gates, and taking Vi's hand in his, went down by a pathway through the woods to a side entrance. "Perhaps we shall see this little boy we were talking of," he said; but he was far from having made up his mind to confront the two old people, my lord and my lady, who would see through his pretences, as people are clever to see through the guiles of their heirs. He was reluctant to face them boldly; but yet he was — how curious! — eager to look the present crisis in the face, and see for himself what he had to fear. After they had gone a little way along the woodland path, which was still high above the course of the stream, though accompanied all the way by the sound of its waters as by a song, Violet escaped from her father's hand, and ran on in advance, making excursions of her own, hither and thither, darting about in her brown coat and scarlet ribbons like a robin-redbreast under the budding branches. Mr. Pringle, lost in his own thoughts, let her stray before him, expecting no encounter. Presently, however, there came from Vi a little cry of surprise and excitement, which quickened his step. He hurried on after her, and came to an opening in the trees where the path widened out. It was a small circular platform open to the slope of the river-bank, and with a rustic seat placed in an excavation on the higher side of the way. Into this open space another little figure had rushed from the other side, panting and flushed, grasping a tall stick, and stood, suddenly arrested, in front of Violet, facing her, with an answering cry, with big blue eyes expanded to twice their natural size, and a face suddenly filled with curiosity and wonder. Mr. Pringle it may be supposed

Digitized by Google

was *blasé* in the matter of boys, and I do not think that the affectionate father of an honest plain family is ever a great amateur of childish beauty. This little figure, however, in his fantastic velvet dress, with his hat perched on the back of his head, and all his dark curls ruffled back from his bold brown forehead, struck him with a certain keen perception of beauty which was almost pain. Ah! and with a perception of something else which was still sharper pain. He fell back a step to recollect himself, staggered by the sudden impression. What made the child so like Richard Ross? What malignant freak of fortune had so amalgamated with the dark complexion and look which was not Richard's those family features? Mr. Pringle stood as if spell-bound, contemplating the child about whom he had been so curious, about whom his curiosity was so fatally satisfied now.

"You are the boy that lives at Rosscraig," said Violet, feeling the responsibility of a first address to lie with her, but somewhat frightened, with tremblings in her voice.

"Yes; and who are you?" cried the little fellow. Mr. Pringle behind noticed with a pang that he spoke with an "English accent," that advantage which the ambitious Scotch parent so highly estimates. This gave him a still deeper pang than the resemblance, for it seemed to give the final blow to the beggar's brat theory. Beggars' brats in Mr. Pringle's experience spoke Scotch.

"Who are you?" said Val. "I never saw you before. Will you come and play? It's dull here, with no one to play with. Do you hear any one coming? I've run away from grandpapa."

"But you oughtn't to run away from your grandpapa," said Violet. "It is very naughty to run away, especially when the other people can't run so fast as you."

"That's the fun," cried the other, with a laugh. "If you'll come and play, I'll show you squirrels and heaps of things. But help me first to hide this big stick. I think I hear him coming — quick, quick!"

"Would he beat you with it?" said Vi, growing pale with terror.

"Quick, quick!" cried the boy, seizing her by the wrist; but just then there was a rush of steps in the sloping path which wound down the brae to this centre, and Lord Eskside himself appeared, half angry, half laughing, pulling aside the branches to look through. "Give me back my stick, you rogue!" he cried, then paused, arrested, as Mr. Pringle had been, by that pretty woodland picture. It was something between a Watteau group, and the ruder common rendering of the "Babes in the Wood:" the girl in her scarlet ribbons, with liquid dark eyes uplifted, her face somewhat pale with mingled terror and self-control; the boy all flushed and beautiful in his cavalier dress, grasping her by the wrist; with the faintly green branches meeting over their heads, and the brown harmonious woods, all musical with evening notes of birds and echoes of the running water, for a background. The men on either side were so impressed by the picture that they paused mutually, in involuntary admiration. But they had both perceived each other, and though their sentiments were not very friendly, politeness commanded that they should speak.

"I hope you are well, Lord Eskside," said Mr. Pringle, stepping with an effort into the charmed circle. "I had just brought my little girl through the woods to see how beautiful they are. This is my Violet; and this fine little fellow is — a visitor, I suppose?"

"Is it you, Alexander Pringle?" said Lord Eskside. "I could not believe my eyes. It is a sight for sore een to see you here."

"Indeed it is chance,— mere chance," said Pringle, with a fulness of apology which he was himself uneasily conscious was quite uncalled for. "I have been up at the Hewan, which I have taken for the summer."

"The Hewan for the summer! why, man, it's a mere cottage; and what has become of your own place?"

"Oh, I retain my old place; but it is a long way off, and best for the autumn, when we can flit altogether. My wife is fond of the Hewan, though it is so small, and we thought it would be handy to run out for a day now and then. In short, it suits us. Does this little fellow, Lord Eskside, belong to the place? or is he a visitor? He seems to have struck up a sudden friendship with my girl."

"A visitor!" said Lord Eskside. "Do you mean to say you have not heard — do you see no likeness in him? This is my grandson, Pringle — my successor one day, I hope — Richard's eldest son."

"Richard's son! — you are joking," said Mr. Pringle, growing pale, but with a smile that hurt him,— "you are joking,

Digitized by Google

Lord Eskside; a child of that complexion Richard's son!"

Lord Eskside felt that his adversary had hit the blot—and, to tell the truth, he himself had never perceived Val's resemblance to Richard. "Colouring is not everything," he said; "I suppose he has his complexion from his mother:" then with a return blow, "but I can't expect you to be very much delighted with the sight of him, Pringle; he takes the wind out of your sails—yours and your boys'."

"I hope my boys will be able to manage for themselves," said Pringle, with a forced laugh. "If I say that I don't see the resemblance, it is for no such reason. I have never hungered for other folk's rights: but that is one thing and justice is another. Vi, my dear, we must go."

"What! won't you come and see my lady? She will be affronted if you pass so near without calling; and you see," said the old lord, with an effort at cordiality, "the children have made friends already. Come and have some dinner, man, before you go home. You know me of old. My bark is waur than my bite—I meant no harm."

"Oh, there is no offence," said the heir-at-law; "but it's getting late for a delicate child, and our gig is waiting at the wood-gate. Violet, you must bid the little man good-bye."

"He is not a naughty boy, papa, as you said—he is a nice boy," said Vi, looking up with an appeal in her eyes; "please, I should like to stay."

"And what made you think he was naughty, my bonnie girl?" said Lord Eskside, in insinuating tones.

"Come, come, Violet, you must be obedient," said her father, hastily, shaking hands with his kinsman, whose old face, half grim, half humorous, was lighted up with sudden and keen enjoyment of the situation. Mr. Pringle hurried his daughter on almost hastily in the confusion of his feelings. He had never been harsh to her before; and Violet, in her disappointment, took to crying quietly under her breath. "I should like to stay—I should like to stay," she murmured, till out of pure exasperation the kindest of fathers could have whipped her, and thought of that operation as an actual relief to his feelings. Lord Eskside, on his part, stood still in the clearing, holding back Val, who was more vehement. "I want her to play with me, and you said I was to have whatever I wanted," the boy cried, struggling with all his might to break away.

"You must know, my man, that there are many things which we all want and cannot get," cried the old lord, holding him fast; and then he burst into a low laugh. "Here's a bonnie state of affairs already," he said to himself: "Richard's son breaking bounds to be after Sandy Pringle's daughter! It's the best joke I've heard for many a day. Come, Val, come, like a good boy. We'll go and tell grandma. She may have a little girl in her pocket for anything you and I know."

"But I don't want any little girl; I want *that* little girl," cried Val, with precocious discrimination. The old lord chuckled more and more as he half led, half dragged him up the steep path towards the house.

"Why, man, if you're after them like this already, we'll have our hands full by the time you're of age." But when he had said this, Lord Eskside paused and contemplated his grandson, and shook his head. "Can he be Richard's son after all?" the old man asked himself.

Lord Eskside, however, looked grim enough before he went into the house, where he betook himself at once to the drawing-room, in which his wife sat alone, at a window overlooking the river. He went in to her moody, with the air of a man who has something to say.

"What is the matter?" said Lady Eskside.

"Oh, nothing's the matter. We're entering into the botherations I foresaw, that's all that's the matter. Who do you think I met in the woods but that lawyer-rascal Sandy Pringle, come to spy out the nakedness of the land!"

"And what nakedness is there to spy into? and what can Sandy Pringle do to you or me?" said the old lady, with a slight elevation of her head.

"Not much, perhaps, to you or me. He's taken the Hewan, Catherine, where he can lie in wait like an auld spider till he gets us into his net."

"I don't understand you," said the old lady, with the light of battle waking in her eyes. "What does it matter to us where Sandy Pringle lives? He has been out of the question, poor man, as everybody knows, since Providence sent to my son Richard his two bonnie boys."

"It's fine romancing," said Lord Eskside. "Where's the t'other of your bonnie boys, my lady? And where is your proof of this one that will satisfy a court

Digitized by Google

of law? Likeness is all very well, and natural instinct's all very well, but they make little impression on the Court of Session. And though he's a haverel in private life, Sandy Pringle was always a clever lawyer. If you do not find the woman there will be a lawsuit, that will leave Eskside but an empty title, and melt all the lands away."

"We'll find the woman," said the old lady, clasping her fine nervous hands. "I'll move earth and heaven before I'll let anything come in my boy's way."

At this moment Val burst in, rosy and excited, with his grandfather's stick, which in the vehemence of their new ideas both the child and the old man had forgotten. "Grandma, I want that little girl to play with. Send over directly," cried Val, in hot impatience, "to get me the little girl!"

"You have enough on your hands, my lady," said Lord Eskside.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

DR. JOHNSON'S WRITINGS.

A BOOK has recently appeared of which it is the professed object to give to the modern generation of lazy readers the pith of Boswell's immortal biography. I shall, for sufficient reasons, refrain from discussing the merits of the performance. One remark, indeed, may be made in passing. The circle of readers to whom such a book is welcome must, of necessity, be limited. To the true lovers of Boswell it is, to say the least, superfluous; the gentlest omissions will always mangle some people's favourite passages, and additions, whatever skill they may display, necessarily injure that dramatic vivacity which is one of the great charms of the original. The most discreet of cicerones is an intruder when we open our old favourite and, without further magic, retire into that delicious nook of eighteenth century society. Upon those, again, who cannot appreciate the infinite humour of the original, the mere excision of the less lively pages will be thrown away. There remains only that narrow margin of readers whose appetites, languid but not extinct, can be titillated by the promise that they shall not have the trouble of making their own selection. Let us wish them good digestions, and, in spite of modern changes of fashion, more robust taste for the future. I would still hope that to many readers Boswell has been what he has certainly been to some, the first writer who gave them a love of English literature, and the most charming of all companions long after the bloom of novelty has departed. I subscribe most cheerfully to Mr. Lewes's statement that he estimates his acquaintances according to their estimate of Boswell. A man, indeed, may be a good Christian, and an excellent father of a family, without loving Johnson or Boswell, for a sense of humour is not one of the primary virtues. But Boswell's is one of the very few books which, after many years of familiarity, will still provoke a hearty laugh even in the solitude of a study; and the laughter is of that kind which does one good.

I do not wish, however, to pronounce one more eulogy upon an old friend, but to say a few words on a question which he sometimes suggests. Macaulay's well-known but provoking essay is more than usually lavish in overstrained paradoxes. He has explicitly declared that Boswell wrote one of the most charming of books because he was one of the greatest of fools. And his remarks suggest, if they do not implicitly assert, that Johnson wrote some of the most unreadable of books, although, if not because, he possessed one of the most vigorous intellects of the time. Mr. Carlyle has given a sufficient explanation of the first paradox; but the second may justify a little further inquiry. As a general rule, the talk of a great man is the reflection of his books. Nothing is so false as the common saying that the presence of a distinguished writer is generally disappointing. It exemplifies a very common delusion. People are so impressed by the disparity which sometimes occurs, that they take the exception for the rule. It is, of course, true that a man's verbal utterances may differ materially from his written utterances. He may, like Addison, be shy in company; he may, like many retired students, be slow in collecting his thoughts; or he may, like Goldsmith, be over anxious to shine at all hazards. But a patient observer will even then detect the essential identity under superficial differences; and in the majority of cases, as in that of Macaulay himself, the talking and the writing are palpably and almost absurdly similar. The whole art of criticism consists in learning to know the human being who is partially revealed to us in his spoken or his written words. Whatever the means of communication, the problem is the same.

Digitized by Google

The two methods of inquiry may supplement each other; but their substantial agreement is the test of their accuracy. If Johnson, as a writer, appears to us to be a mere windbag and manufacturer of sesquipedalian verbiage, whilst, as a talker, he appears to be one of the most genuine and deeply feeling of men, we may be sure that our analysis has been somewhere defective. The discrepancy is, of course, partly explained by the faults of Johnson's style; but the explanation only removes the difficulty a degree further. "The style is the man" is a very excellent aphorism, though some eminent writers have lately pointed out that Buffon's original remark was *le style c'est de l'homme*. That only proves that, like many other good sayings, it has been polished and brought to perfection by the process of attrition in numerous minds, instead of being struck out at a blow by a solitary thinker. From a purely logical point of view, Buffon may be correct; but the very essence of an aphorism is that slight exaggeration which makes it more biting whilst less rigidly accurate. According to Buffon, the style might belong to a man as his coat or his hat belongs to him. There are parasitical writers who, in the old phrase, have "formed their style," by the imitation of accepted models, and who have, therefore, possessed it only by right of appropriation. Boswell has a discussion as to the writers who may have served Johnson in this capacity. But, in fact, Johnson, like all other men of strong idiosyncrasy, formed his style as he formed his legs. The peculiarities of his limbs were in some degree the result of conscious efforts in walking, swimming, and "buffeting with his books." This development was doubtless more determined by the constitution which he brought into the world, and the circumstances under which he was brought up. And even that queer Johnsonese, which Macaulay supposes him to have adopted in accordance with a more definite literary theory, will probably appear to be the natural expression of certain innate tendencies, and of the mental atmosphere which he breathed from youth. To appreciate fairly the strangely cumbrous form of his written speech, we must penetrate more deeply than may at first sight seem necessary beneath the outer rind of this literary Behemoth. The difficulty of such spiritual dissection is, indeed, very great; but some little light may be thrown upon the subject by following out such indications as we possess.

The talking Johnson is sufficiently familiar to us. So far as Boswell needs an interpreter, Mr. Carlyle has done all that can be done. He has concentrated and explained what is diffused, and often unconsciously indicated, in Boswell's pages. When reading Boswell, we are half ashamed of his power over our sympathies. It is like turning over a portfolio of sketches, caricatured, inadequate, and each giving only some imperfect aspect of the original. Macaulay's smart paradoxes only increase our perplexity by throwing the superficial contrasts into stronger relief. Mr. Carlyle, with true imaginative insight, gives us at once the essence of Johnson; he brings before our eyes the luminous body of which we had previously been conscious only by a series of imperfect images refracted through a number of distorted media. To render such a service effectually is the highest triumph of criticism; and it would be impertinent to say again in feebler language what Mr. Carlyle has expressed so forcibly. We may, however, recall certain general conclusions by way of preface to the problem which he has not expressly considered, how far Johnson succeeded in expressing himself through his writing.

The world, as Mr. Carlyle sees it, is composed, we all know, of two classes: there are "the dull millions, who, as a dull flock, roll hither and thither, whithersoever they are led," and there are a few superior natures who can see and can will. There are, in other words, the heroes, and those whose highest wisdom is to be hero-worshippers. Johnson's glory is that he belonged to the sacred band, though he could not claim within it the highest, or even a high, rank. In the current dialect, therefore, he was "nowise a clothes-horse or patent digester, but a genuine man." Whatever the accuracy of the general conception, or of certain corollaries which are drawn from it, the application to Johnson explains one main condition of his power. Persons of colourless imagination may hold — nor will we dispute their verdict — that Mr. Carlyle overcharges his lights and shades, and brings his heroes into too startling a contrast with the vulgar herd. Yet it is undeniable that the great bulk of mankind are transmitters rather than originators of spiritual force. Most of us are necessarily condemned to express our thoughts in formulas which we have

Digitized by Google

learnt from others and can but slightly tinge with our feeble personality. Nor, as a rule, are we even consistent disciples of any one school of thought. What we call our opinions are mere bundles of incoherent formulæ, arbitrarily stitched together because our reasoning faculties are too dull to make inconsistency painful. Of the vast piles of books which load our libraries, ninety-nine hundredths and more are but printed echoes: and it is the rarest of pleasures to say, here is a distinct record of impressions at first hand. We commonplace beings are hurried along in the crowd, living from hand to mouth on such slices of material and spiritual food as happen to drift in our direction, with little more power of taking an independent course, or of forming any general theory, than the polyps which are carried along by an oceanic current. Ask any man what he thinks of the world in which he is placed: whether, for example, it is on the whole a scene of happiness or misery, and he will either answer by some cut-and-dried fragments of what was once wisdom, or he will confine himself to a few incoherent details. He had a good dinner to-day and a bad toothache yesterday, and a family affliction or blessing the day before. But he is as incapable of summing up his impressions as an infant of performing an operation in the differential calculus. It is as rare as it is refreshing to find a man who can stand on his own legs and be conscious of his own feelings, who is sturdy enough to react as well as to transmit action, and lofty enough to raise himself above the hurrying crowd and have some distinct belief as to whence it is coming and whither it is going. Now Johnson, as one of the sturdiest of mankind, had the power due to a very distinct sentiment, if not to a very clear theory, about the world in which he lived. It had buffeted him severely enough, and he had formed a decisive estimate of its value. He was no man to be put off with mere phrases in place of opinions, or to accept doctrines which were not capable of expressing genuine emotion. To this it must be added, that his emotions were as deep and tender as they were genuine. How sacred was his love for his old and ugly wife; how warm his sympathy wherever it could be effective; how manly the self-respect with which he guarded his dignity through all the temptations of Grub Street, need not be once more pointed out. Perhaps, however, it is worth while to notice the extreme rarity of such qualities. Many people, we think, love their fathers. Fortunately, that is true; but in how many people is filial affection strong enough to overpower the dread of eccentricity? How many men would have been capable of doing penance in Uttoxeter market years after their father's death for a long-passed act of disobedience? Most of us, again, would have a temporary emotion of pity for an outcast lying helplessly in the street. We should call the police, or send her in a cab to the workhouse, or, at least, write to *The Times* to denounce the defective arrangements of public charity. But it is perhaps better not to ask how many good Samaritans would take her on their shoulders to their own homes, care for her wants, and put her into a better way of life.

In the lives of most eminent men we find much good feeling and honourable conduct; but it is an exception, even in the case of good men, when we find that a life has been shaped by other than the ordinary conventions, or that emotions have dared to overflow the well-worn channels of respectability. The love which we feel for Johnson is due to the fact that the pivots upon which his life turned are invariably noble motives, and not mere obedience to custom. More than one modern writer has expressed a fraternal affection for Addison, and it is justified by the kindly humour which breathes through his *Essays*. But what anecdote of that most decorous and successful person touches our hearts or has the heroic ring of Johnson's wrestlings with adverse fortune? Addison showed how a Christian could die — when his life has run smoothly through pleasant places, secretaryships of state, and marriages with countesses, and when nothing — except a few overdoses of port wine — has shaken his nerves or ruffled his temper. A far deeper emotion rises at the deathbed of the rugged old pilgrim, who has fought his way to peace in spite of troubles within and without, who has been jeered in Vanity Fair and descended into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and escaped with pain and difficulty from the clutches of Giant Despair. When the last feelings of such a man are tender, solemn, and simple, we feel ourselves in a higher presence than that of an amiable gentleman who simply died, as he lived, with consummate decorum.

On turning, however, from Johnson's life to his writings, from Boswell to the *Rambler*, it must be admitted that the

Digitized by Google

shock is trying to our nerves. The *Rambler* has, indeed, high merits. The impression which it made upon his own generation proves the fact; for the reputation, however temporary, was not won by a concession to the fashions of the day, but to the influence of a strong judgment uttering itself through uncouth forms. The melancholy which colours its pages is the melancholy of a noble nature. The tone of thought reminds us of Bishop Butler, whose writings, defaced by a style even more tiresome, though less pompous than Johnson's, have owed their enduring reputation to a philosophical acuteness in which Johnson was certainly very deficient. Both of these great men, however, impress us by their deep sense of the evils under which humanity suffers, and their rejection of the superficial optimism of the day. Butler's sadness, undoubtedly, is that of a recluse, and Johnson's that of a man of the world; but the sentiment is fundamentally the same. It may be added, too, that here, as elsewhere, Johnson speaks with the sincerity of a man drawing upon his own experience. He announces himself as a scholar thrust out upon the world rather by necessity than by choice; and a large proportion of the papers dwell upon the various sufferings of the literary class. Nobody could speak more feelingly of those sufferings, as no one had a closer personal acquaintance with them. But allowing to Johnson whatever credit is due to the man who performs one more variation on the old theme, *Vanitas vanitatum*, we must in candour admit that the *Rambler* has the one unpardonable fault: it is unreadable.

What an amazing turn he has for commonplace! That life is short, that marriages from mercenary motives produce unhappiness, that different men are virtuous in different degrees, that advice is generally ineffectual, that adversity has its uses, that fame is liable to suffer from detraction; — these and a host of other such maxims are of the kind upon which no genius and no depth of feeling can confer a momentary interest. Here and there indeed the pompous utterance invests them with an unlucky air of absurdity. "Let no man from this time," is the comment in one of his stories, "suffer his felicity to depend on the death of his aunt." Every actor, of course, uses the same dialect. A gay young gentleman tells us that he used to amuse his companions by giving them notice of his friends' oddities. "Every man," he says, "has some habitual contortion of body, or established mode of expression, which never fails to excite mirth if it be pointed out to notice. By premonition of these particularities, I secured our pleasantry." The feminine characters, Flirtillas, and Cleoras, and Euphelias, and Penthesileas, are, if possible, still more grotesque. Macaulay remarks that he wears the petticoat with as ill a grace as Falstaff himself. The reader, he thinks, will cry out with Sir Hugh, "I like not when a 'oman has a great peard! I spy a great peard under her muffler." Oddly enough Johnson gives the very same quotation; and goes on to warn his supposed correspondents that Phyllis must send no more letters from the Horse Guards; and that Belinda must "resign her pretensions to female elegance till she has lived three weeks without hearing the politics of Button's Coffee House." The Doctor was probably sensible enough of his own defects. And yet there is still a more wearisome set of articles. In accordance with the precedent set by Addison, Johnson indulges in the dreariest of allegories. Criticism, we are told, was the eldest daughter of Labour and Truth, but at last resigned in favour of Time, and left Prejudice and False Taste to reign in company with Fraud and Mischief. Then we have the genealogy of Wit and Learning, and of Satire, the son of Wit and Malice, and an account of their various quarrels, and the decision of Jupiter. Neither are the histories of such semi-allegorical personages as Almamoulin, the son of Nouradin, or of Anningait and Ayut, the Greenland lovers, much more refreshing to modern readers. That Johnson possessed humour of no mean order, we know from Boswell; but no critic could have divined his power from the clumsy gambols in which he occasionally recreates himself. Perhaps his happiest effort is a dissertation upon the advantage of living in garrets; but the humour struggles and gasps dreadfully under the weight of words. There are, he says, "some who would continue blockheads, even on the summit of the Andes or the Peak of Teneriffe. But let not any man be considered as unimprovable till this potent remedy has been tried; for perhaps he was found to be great only in a garret, as the joiner of Antæus was rational in no other place but his own shop."

How could a man of real power write such unendurable stuff? Or how, indeed,

Digitized by Google

could any man come to embody his thoughts in the style of which one other sentence will be a sufficient example? As it is afterwards nearly repeated, it may be supposed to have struck his fancy. The remarks of the philosophers who denounce temerity are, he says, "too just to be disputed and too salutary to be rejected; but there is likewise some danger lest timorous prudence should be inculcated till courage and enterprise are wholly repressed and the mind congested in perpetual inactivity by the fatal influence of frigorifick wisdom." Is there not some danger, we ask, that the mind will be benumbed into perpetual torpidity by the influence of this soporific sapience? It is still true, however, that this Johnsonese, so often burlesqued and ridiculed, was, as far as we can judge, a genuine product. Macaulay says that it is more offensive than the mannerism of Milton or Burke, because it is a mannerism adopted on principle and sustained by constant effort. Facts do not confirm the theory. Milton's prose style seems to be the result of a conscious effort to run English into classical moulds. Burke's mannerism does not appear in his early writings, and we can trace its development from the imitation of Bolingbroke to the last declamation against the Revolution. But Johnson seems to have written Johnsonese from his cradle. In his first original composition, the preface to Father Lobo's *Abyssinia*, the style is as distinctive as in the *Rambler*. The Parliamentary reports in the *Gentleman's Magazine* make Pitt and Fox * express sentiments which are probably their own in language which is as unmistakably Johnson's. It is clear that his style, good or bad, was the same from his earliest efforts. It is only in his last book, the *Lives of the Poets*, that the mannerism, though equally marked, is so far subdued as to be tolerable. What he himself called his habit of using "too big words and too many of them" was no affectation, but as much the result of his special idiosyncrasy as his queer gruntings and twitchings. Sir Joshua Reynolds indeed maintained, and we may believe so attentive an observer, that his strange physical contortions were the result of bad habit, not of actual disease. Johnson, he said, could sit as still as other people when his attention was called to it. And possibly, if he had tried, he might have avoided the fault of making "little fishes talk like whales." But how did the bad habits arise? According to Boswell, Johnson professed to have "formed his style" partly upon Sir W. Temple and on "Chambers's Proposal for his Dictionary." The statement was obviously misinterpreted: but there is a glimmering of truth in the theory that the "style was formed"—so far as those words have any meaning—on the "giants of the seventeenth century," and especially upon Sir Thomas Browne. Johnson's taste, in fact, had led him to the study of writers in many ways congenial to him. His favourite book, as we know, was Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. The pedantry did not repel him; the weighty thought rightly attracted him; and the more complex structure of sentence was perhaps a pleasant contrast to an ear saturated with the Gallicized neatness of Addison and Pope. Unluckily, the secret of the old majestic cadence was hopelessly lost. Johnson, though spiritually akin to the giants, was the firmest ally and subject of the diver-fish dynasty which supplanted them. The very faculty of hearing seems to change in obedience to some mysterious law at different stages of intellectual development; and that which to one generation is delicious music is to another a mere droning of bagpipes or the grinding of monotonous barrel-organs.

Assuming that a man can find perfect satisfaction in the versification of the *Essay on Man*, we can understand his saying of Lycidas, that "the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing." In one of the *Ramblers* we are informed that the accent in blank verse ought properly to rest upon every second syllable throughout the whole line. A little variety must, he admits, be allowed to avoid satiety; but all lines which do not go in the steady jogtrot of alternate beats, as regularly as the piston of a steam-engine, are more or less defective. This simple-minded system naturally makes wild work with the poetry of the "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies." Milton's harsh cadences are indeed excused on the odd ground, that he who was "vindicating the ways of God to man" might have been condemned for "lavishing much of his attention upon syllables and sounds." Moreover, the poor man did his best by introducing sounding proper names, even when they "added little music to his poem." An example

* See, for example, the great debate on February 13th, 1741.

Digitized by Google

of this feeble, though well-meant expedient, being the passage about the moon, which —

> the Tuscan artist views,
> At evening, from the top of Fiesole
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, &c.

This profanity passed at the time for orthodoxy. But the misfortune was, that Johnson, unhesitatingly subscribing to the rules of Queen Anne's critics, is always instinctively feeling after the grander effects of the old school. Nature prompts him to the stateliness of Milton, whilst Art orders him to deal out long and short syllables alternately, and to make them up in parcels of ten, and then tie these parcels together in pairs by the help of a rhyme. The natural utterance of a man of strong perceptions, but of unwieldy intellect, of a melancholy temperament, and capable of very deep, but not vivacious emotions, would be in stately and elaborate phrases. This style was not more distinctly a work of art than the style of Browne or Milton, but unluckily, it was a work of bad art. He had the misfortune, not so rare as it may sound, to be born in the wrong century; and is, therefore, a giant in fetters; the amplitude of stride is still there, but it is checked into mechanical regularity. A similar phenomenon is observable in other writers of the time. The blank verse of Young, for example, is generally set to Pope's tune with the omission of the rhymes; whilst Thomson, revolting more or less consciously against the canons of his time, too often falls into more pompous mouthing. Shaftesbury, in the previous generation, trying to write poetical prose, becomes as pedantic as Johnson, though in a different style; and Gibbon's mannerism is a familiar example of a similar escape from a monotonous simplicity into awkward complexity. Such writers are like men who have been chilled by what Johnson would call the "frigorifick" influence of the classicism of their fathers, and whose numbed limbs move stiffly and awkwardly in a first attempt to regain the old liberty. The form, too, of the *Rambler* is unfortunate. Johnson has always Addison before his eyes; to whom it was formerly the fashion to compare him for the same excellent reason which has recently suggested comparisons between Dickens and Thackeray, namely, that their works were published in the same external shape. Unluckily, Johnson gave too much excuse for the comparison by really imitating Addison. He has to make allegories, and to give lively sketches of feminine peculiarities, and to ridicule social foibles of which he was, at most, a distant observer. The inevitable consequence is, that though here and there we catch a glimpse of the genuine man, we are, generally, too much provoked by the awkwardness of his costume to be capable of enjoying or even reading him.

In some of his writings, however, Johnson manages, to a certain extent, to throw off these impediments. In his deep capacity for sympathy and reverence, we recognize some of the elements that go to the making of a poet. He is always a man of intuitions rather than of discursive intellect; often keen of vision, though wanting in analytical power. For poetry, indeed, as it is often understood now, or even as it was understood by Pope, he had little enough qualification. He had not the intellectual vivacity implied in the marvellously neat workmanship of Pope, and still less the delight in all natural and artistic beauty which we generally take to be essential to poetic excellence. His contempt for *Lycidas* is sufficiently significant upon that head. Still more characteristic is the incapacity to understand Spenser, which comes out incidentally in his remarks upon some of those imitations, which even in the middle of the eighteenth century showed that the sensibility to the purest form of poetry was not quite extinct amongst us. But there is a poetry, though we sometimes seem to forget it, which is the natural expression of deep moral sentiment, and of this Johnson has written enough to reveal very genuine power. The touching verses upon the death of Levett are almost as pathetic as Cowper; and fragments of the two imitations of Juvenal have struck deep enough to be not quite forgotten. We still quote the lines about pointing a moral and adorning a tale, which conclude a really noble passage. We are too often reminded of his melancholy musings over the

> Fears of the brave and follies of the wise,

and a few of the concluding lines of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, in which he answers the question whether man must of necessity

> Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate,

in helplessness and ignorance, may have something of a familiar ring. We are to give thanks, he says,

Digitized by Google

For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal for retreat;
These goods for man, the laws of heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain,
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

Some of these lines, if I am not mistaken, are noble in expression, as well as lofty and tender in feeling. Johnson, like Wordsworth, or even more deeply than Wordsworth, had felt all the "heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world;" and, though he stumbles a little in the narrow limits of his versification, he bears himself nobly, and manages to put his heart into his poetry. Coleridge's paraphrase of the well-known lines, "Let observation with extensive observation, observe mankind from China to Peru," would prevent us from saying that he had shaken off his verbiage. He has not the felicity of Goldsmith's *Traveller;* but his ponderous lines show genuine vigour, and can be excluded from poetry only by the help of an arbitrary classification.

The fullest expression, however, of Johnson's feeling is undoubtedly to be found in *Rasselas*. The inevitable comparison with Voltaire's *Candide*, which, by an odd coincidence, appeared almost simultaneously, suggests some curious reflections. The resemblance between the moral of the two books is so strong that, as Johnson remarked, it would have been difficult not to suppose that one had given a hint to the other but for the chronological difficulty. The contrast, indeed, is as marked as the likeness. *Candide* is not adapted for family reading, whereas *Rasselas* might be a textbook for young ladies studying English in a convent. *Candide*, whatever the disgust which it may cause, not only to the orthodox but to the reverent mind, is a marvel of clearness and vivacity; whereas to read *Rasselas* is about as exhilarating as to wade knee-deep through a sandy desert. Voltaire and Johnson, however, the great sceptic and the last of the true old Tories, coincide pretty well in their view of the world, and in the remedy which they suggest. The world is, they agree, full of misery, and the optimism which would deny the reality of the misery is childish. *Il faut cultiver notre jardin* is the last word of *Candide*, and Johnson's teaching, both here and elsewhere, may be summed up in the words "Work, and don't whine." It need not be considered here, nor, perhaps, is it quite plain, what speculative conclusions Voltaire meant to draw from his teaching. The peculiarity of Johnson is that he is apparently indifferent to any such conclusion. A dogmatic assertion that the world is on the whole a scene of misery, may be pressed into the service of different philosophies. Johnson asserted the opinion resolutely, both in writing and in conversation, but apparently never troubled himself with any inferences but such as have a directly practical tendency. He was no "speculatist" —a word which now strikes us as having an American twang, but which was familiar to the lexicographer. His only excursion to the borders of such regions was in the very forcible review of Soane Jenyns, who had made a jaunty attempt to explain the origin of evil by the help of a few of Pope's epigrams. Johnson's sledge-hammer smashes his flimsy platitudes to pieces with an energy too good for such a foe. For speculation, properly so called, there was no need. The review, like *Rasselas*, is simply a vigorous protest against the popular attempt to make things pleasant by a feeble dilution of the most watery kind of popular preaching. He has no trouble in remarking that the evils of poverty are not alleviated by calling it "want of riches," and that there is a poverty which involves want of necessaries. Such consolation, indeed, came rather awkwardly from the elegant country gentleman to the poor scholar who had just known by experience what it was to live upon fourpence-halfpenny a day. Johnson resolutely looks facts in the face, and calls ugly things by their right names. Men, he tells us over and over again, are wretched, and there is no use in denying it. This doctrine appears in his familiar talk, and even in the papers which he meant to be light reading. He begins the prologue to a comedy with the words:

Pressed with the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind.

In the *Life of Savage* he makes the common remark that the lives of many of the greatest teachers of mankind have been miserable. The explanation to which he inclines is that they have not been more miserable than their neighbours, but that their misery has been more conspicuous. His melancholy view of life may have been caused simply by his unfortunate constitution; for everybody sees in the disease of his own liver a disorder of the universe; but it was also intensified

Digitized by Google

by the natural reaction of a powerful nature against the fluent optimism of the time, which expressed itself in Pope's aphorism, Whatever is, is right. The strongest men of the time revolted against that attempt to cure a deep-seated disease by a few fine speeches. The form taken by Johnson's revolt is characteristic. His nature was too tender and too manly to incline to Swift's misanthropy. Men might be wretched, but he would not therefore revile them as filthy Yahoos. He was too reverent and cared too little for abstract thought to share the scepticism of Voltaire. In this miserable world the one worthy object of ambition is to do one's duty, and the one consolation deserving the name is to be found in religion. That Johnson's religious opinions sometimes took the form of rather grotesque superstition may be true; and it is easy enough to ridicule some of its manifestations. He took the creed of his day without much examination of the evidence upon which its dogmas rested; but a writer must be thoughtless indeed who was more inclined to laugh at his superficial oddities, than to admire the reverent spirit and the brave self-respect with which he struggled through a painful life. The protest of *Rasselas* against optimism is therefore radically different from the protest of Voltaire. The Frenchman is aiming, with an irritating flippancy, though not without quick feeling, at popular theology; the Englishman desires to impress upon us the futility of all human enjoyments, with a view to deepen the solemnity of our habitual tone of thought. It is true, indeed, that the evil is dwelt upon more forcibly than the remedy. The book is all the more impressive. We are almost appalled by the gloomy strength which sees so forcibly the misery of the world and rejects so unequivocally all the palliatives of sentiment and philosophy. The melancholy is intensified by the ponderous style, which suggests a man weary of a heavy burden. The air seems to be filled with what Johnson once called "inspissated gloom." *Rasselas*, one may say, has a narrow escape of being a great book, though it is ill calculated for the hasty readers of to-day. Indeed, the defects are serious enough. The class of writing to which it belongs demands a certain dramatic picturesqueness to point the moral effectively. Not only the long-winded sentences, but the slow evolution of thought and the deliberation with which he works out his pictures of misery, make the general effect dull beside such books as *Candide* or *Gulliver's Travels*. A touch of epigrammatic exaggeration is very much needed; and yet anybody who has the courage to read it through will admit that Johnson is not an unworthy guide into those gloomy regions of imagination, which we all visit sometimes, and which it is as well to visit in good company.

After his fashion, Johnson is a fair representative of Greatheart. His melancholy is distinguished from that of feebler men by the strength of the conviction that "it will do no good to whine." We know his view of the great prophet of the Revolutionary School. "Rousseau," he said, to Boswell's astonishment, "is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations." That is a fine specimen of the good Johnsonese prejudices of which we hear so much; and, of course, it is easy to infer that Johnson was an ignorant bigot, who had not in any degree taken the measure of the great moving forces of his time. Nothing, indeed, can be surer than that Johnson cared very little for the new gospel of the rights of man. His truly British contempt for all such fancies ("for anything I see," he once said, "foreigners are fools") is one of his strongest characteristics. Now, Rousseau and his like took a view of the world as it was quite as melancholy as Johnson's. They inferred that it ought to be turned upside down, assured that the millennium would begin as soon as a few revolutionary dogmas were accepted. All their remedies appeared to the excellent Doctor as so much of that cant of which it was a man's first duty to clear his mind. The evils of life were far too deeply seated to be caused or cured by kings or demagogues. One of the most popular commonplaces of the day was the mischief of luxury. That we were all on the high road to ruin on account of our wealth, our corruption, and the growth of the national debt, was the text of any number of political agitators. The whole of this talk was, to his mind, so much whining and cant. Luxury did no harm, and the mass of the people, as indeed was in one sense obvious enough, had only too little of it. The pet "state of nature" of theorists was a silly figment. The genuine savage was little better than an animal; and a savage woman, whose contempt for civil-

Digitized by Google

ized life had prompted her to escape to the forest, was simpl a "speaking cat." The natural equality of mankind was mere moonshine. So far is it from being true, he says, that no two people can be together for half an hour without one acquiring an evident superiority over the other. Subordination is an essential element of human happiness. A Whig stinks in his nostrils because to his eye modern Whiggism is "a negation of all principles." As he said of Priestley's writings, it unsettles everything and settles nothing. "He is a cursed Whig, a *bottomless* Whig as they all are now," was his description apparently of Burke. Order, in fact, is a vital necessity; what particular form it may take matters comparatively little; and therefore all revolutionary dogmas were chimerical as an attack upon the inevitable conditions of life and mischievous so far as productive of useless discontent. We need not ask what mixture of truth and falsehood there may be in these principles. Of couse, a Radical, or even a respectable Whig, like Macaulay, who believed in the magical efficacy of the British Constitution, might shriek or laugh at such doctrine. Johnson's political pamphlets, besides the defects natural to a writer who was only a politician by accident, advocate the most retrograde doctrines. Nobody at the present day thinks that the Stamp Act was an admirable or justifiable measure; or would approve of telling the Americans that they ought to have been grateful for their long exemption instead of indignant at the imposition. "We do not put a calf into the plough; we wait till he is an ox"—was not a judicious taunt. He was utterly wrong; and, if everybody who is utterly wrong in a political controversy deserves unmixed contempt, there is no more to be said for him. We might indeed argue that Johnson was in some ways entitled to the sympathy of enlightened people. His hatred of the Americans was complicated by his hatred of slave-owners. He anticipated Lincoln in proposing the emancipation of the negroes as a military measure. His uniform hatred for the slave trade scandalized poor Boswell, who held that its abolition would be equivalent to "shutting the gates of mercy on mankind." His language about the blundering tyranny of the English rule in Ireland would satisfy Mr. Froude, though he would hardly have loved a Home Ruler. He denounces the frequency of capital punishment and the harshness of imprisonment for debt, and he invokes a compassionate treatment of the outcasts of our streets as warmly as the more sentimental Goldsmith. His conservatism may be at times obtuse, but it is never of the cynical variety. He hates cruelty and injustice as righteously as he hates anarchy. Indeed, Johnson's contempt for mouthing agitators of the Wilkes and Junius variety is one which may be shared by most thinkers who would not accept his principles. There is a vigorous passage in the *False Alarm* which is scarcely unjust to the patriots of the day. He describes the mode in which petitions are generally got up. They are sent from town to town, and the people flock to see what is to be sent to the king. "One man signs because he hates the Papists; another because he has vowed destruction to the turnpikes; one because it will vex the parson; another because he owes his landlord nothing; one because he is rich; another because he is poor; one to show that he is not afraid, and another to show that he can write." The people, he thinks, are as well off as they are likely to be under any form of government; and grievances about general warrants or the rights of juries in libel cases are not really felt so long as they have enough to eat and drink and wear. The error, we may probably say, was less in the contempt for a very shallow agitation than in the want of perception that deeper causes of discontent were accumulating in the background. Wilkes in himself was a worthless demagogue; but Wilkes was the straw carried by the rising tide of revolutionary sentiment, to which Johnson was entirely blind. Yet whatever we may think of his political philosophy, the value of these solid sturdy prejudices is undeniable. To the fact that Johnson was the typical representative of a large class of Englishmen we owe it that the Society of Rights did not develope into a Jacobin Club. The fine phrases on which Frenchmen became intoxicated never turned the heads of men impervious to abstract theories and incapable of dropping substances for shadows. There are evils in each temperament; but it is as well that some men should carry into politics that rooted contempt for whining which lay so deep in Johnson's nature. He scorned the sickliness of the Rousseau school as, in spite of his constitutional melancholy, he scorned valetudinarianism whether of the bodily or the spiritual order. He saw evil enough in the world to be heartily,

Digitized by Google

at times too roughly, impatient of all fine ladies who made a luxury of grief or of demagogues who shrieked about theoretical grievances which did not sensibly affect the happiness of one man in a thousand. The lady would not have time to nurse her sorrows if she had been a washerwoman; the grievances with which the demagogues yelled themselves hoarse could hardly be distinguished amidst the sorrows of the vast majority condemned to keep starvation at bay by unceasing labour. His incapacity for speculation makes his pamphlets worthless beside Burke's philosophical discourses; but the treatment, if wrong and defective on the theoretical side, is never contemptible. Here, as elsewhere, he judges by his intuitive aversions. He rejects too hastily whatever seems insipid or ill-flavoured to his spiritual appetite. Like all the shrewd and sensible part of mankind, he condemns as mere moonshine what may be really the first faint dawn of a new daylight. But then his intuitions are noble, and his fundamental belief is the vital importance of order, of religion, and of morality, coupled with a profound conviction, surely not erroneous, that the chief sources of human suffering lie far deeper than any of the remedies proposed by constitution-mongers and fluent theorists. The literary version of these prejudices, or principles, is given most explicitly in the *Lives of the Poets*—the book which is now the most readable of Johnson's performances, and which most frequently recalls his conversational style. Indeed, it is an admirable book in its way, and but for one or two defects might enjoy a much more decided vitality. It is full of shrewd sense and righteous as well as keen estimates of men and things. The *Life of Savage*, written in earlier times, is the best existing portrait of that large class of authors who, in Johnson's phrase, "hung loose upon society" in the days of the Georges. The lives of Pope, Dryden, and others have scarcely been superseded, though much fuller information has since come to light; and they are all well worth reading. But the criticism, like the politics, is wofully out of date. Johnson's division between the shams and the realities deserves all respect in both cases, but in both cases he puts many things on the wrong side of the dividing line. His hearty contempt for sham pastorals and sham love-poetry will be probably shared by modern readers. "Who will hear of sheep and goats and myrtle bowers and purling rivulets through five acts? Such scenes please barbarians in the dawn of literature, and children in the dawn of life; but will be for the most part thrown away as men grow wise and nations grow learned." But elsewhere he blunders into terrible misapprehensions. Where he errs by simply repeating the accepted rules of the Pope school, he for once talks mere second-hand nonsense. But his independent judgments are interesting even when erroneous. His unlucky assault upon *Lycidas*, already noticed, is generally dismissed with a pitying shrug of the shoulders. "Among the flocks and copses and flowers appear the heathen deities; Jove and Phœbus, Neptune and Æolus, with a long train of mythological imagery, such as a college easily supplies. Nothing can less display knowledge, or less exercise invention, than to tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must now feed his flocks alone; how one god asks another god what has become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell. He who thus grieves can excite no sympathy, he who thus praises will confer no honour."

Of course every tyro in criticism has his answer ready; he can discourse about the æsthetic tendencies of the *Renaissance* period, and explain the necessity of placing oneself at a writer's point of view, and entering into the spirit of the time. He will add, perhaps, that *Lycidas* is a test of poetical feeling, and that he who does not appreciate its exquisite melody has no music in his soul. The same writer who will tell us all this, and doubtless with perfect truth, would probably have adopted Pope or Johnson's theory with equal confidence if he had lived in the last century. *Lycidas* repelled Johnson by incongruities, which from his point of view were certainly offensive. Most modern readers, I will venture to suggest, feel the same annoyances, though they have not the courage to avow them freely. If poetry is to be judged exclusively by the simplicity and force with which it expresses sincere emotion, *Lycidas* would hardly convince us of Milton's profound sorrow for the death of King, and must be condemned accordingly. To the purely pictorial or musical effects of a poem Johnson was nearly blind; but that need not suggest a doubt as to the sincerity of his love for the poetry which came within the range of his own sympathies. Every critic is in effect criticising himself as well as his author; and I confess that to my mind an obviously sincere

Digitized by Google

record of impressions, however onesided they may be, is infinitely refreshing, as revealing at least the honesty of the writer. The ordinary run of criticism generally implies nothing but the extreme desire of the author to show that he is open to the very last new literary fashion. I should welcome a good assault upon Shakespeare which was not prompted by a love of singularity; and there are half-a-dozen popular idols — I have not the courage to name them — upon whom I could witness a genuine attack with entire equanimity, not to say some complacency. If Johnson's blunder in this case implied sheer stupidity, one can only say that honest stupidity is a much better thing than clever insincerity or fluent repetition of second-hand dogmas. But in fact this dislike of *Lycidas*, and a good many instances of critical incapacity might be added, is merely a misapplication of a very sound principle. The hatred of cant and humbug and affectation of all vanity is a most salutary ingredient even in poetical criticism. Johnson, with his natural ignorance of that historical method, the exaltation of which threatens to become a part of our contemporary cant, made the pardonable blunder of supposing that what would have been gross affectation in Gray must have been affectation in Milton. His ear had been too much corrupted by the contemporary school to enable him to recognize beauties which would even have shone through some conscious affectation. He had the rare courage — for, even then, Milton was one of the tabooed poets — to say what he thought as forcibly as he could say it; and he has suffered the natural punishment of plain speaking. It must, of course, be admitted that a book embodying such principles is doomed to become more or less obsolete, like his political pamphlets. And yet, as significant of the writer's own character, as containing many passages of sound judgment, expressed in forcible language, it is still, though not a great book, really impressive within the limits of its capacity.

After this imperfect survey of Johnson's writings, it only remains to be noticed that all the most prominent peculiarities are the very same which give interest to his spoken utterances. The doctrine is the same, though the preacher's manner has changed. His melancholy is not so heavy-eyed and depressing in his talk, for we catch him at moments of excitement; but it is there, and sometimes bursts out emphatically and unexpectedly. The prospect of death often clouds his mind, and he bursts into tears when he thinks of his past sufferings. His sacred love of truth and uncompromising hatred of cant in all its innumerable transmutations, prompts half his most characteristic sayings. His queer prejudices take a humorous form and give a delightful zest to his conversation. His contempt for abstract speculation comes out when he vanquishes Berkeley, not with a grin, but by "striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone." His arguments, indeed, never seem to have owed much to what is generally meant by logic. He scarcely waits till his pistol misses fire to knock you down with the butt-end. The merit of his best sayings is not that they compress an argument into a phrase, but that they are vivid expressions of an intuitive judgment. In other words, they are always humorous rather than witty. He holds his own belief with so vigorous a grasp that all argumentative devices for loosening it seem to be thrown away. As Boswell says, he is through your body in an instant without any preliminary parade; he gives a deadly lunge, but cares little for skill of fence. "We know we are free and there's an end of it" is his characteristic summary of a perplexed bit of metaphysics; and he would evidently have no patience to wander through the labyrinths in which men like Jonathan Edwards delighted to perplex themselves. We should have been glad to see a fuller report of one of those conversations in which Burke "wound into a subject like a serpent," and contrast his method with Johnson's downright hitting. Boswell had not the power, even if he had the will, to give an adequate account of such a "wit combat."

That such a mind should express itself most forcibly in speech is intelligible enough. Conversation was to him not merely a contest, but a means of escape from himself. "I may be cracking my joke," he said to Boswell, "and cursing the sun: Sun, how I hate thy beams!" The phrase sounds exaggerated, but it was apparently his settled conviction that the only remedy for melancholy, except indeed the religious remedy, was in hard work or in the rapture of conversational strife. His little circle of friends called forth his humour as the House of Commons excited Chatham's eloquence; and both of them were inclined to mouth too much when deprived of the necessary

Digitized by Google

stimulus. Chatham's set speeches were as pompous as Johnson's deliberate writing. They resemble the chemical bodies which acquire entirely new properties when raised beyond a certain degree of temperature. Indeed, we frequently meet touches of the conversational Johnson in his controversial writing. *Taxation no Tyranny* is at moments almost as pithy as Swift, though the style is never so simple. The celebrated Letter to Chesterfield, and the letter in which he tells MacPherson that he will not be "deterred from detecting what he thinks a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian," are as good specimens of the smashing repartee as anything in Boswell's reports. Nor, indeed, does his pomposity sink to mere verbiage so often as might be supposed. It is by no means easy to translate his ponderous phrases into simple words without losing some of their meaning. The structure of the sentences is compact, though they are too elaborately balanced and stuffed with superfluous antitheses. The language might be simpler, but it is not a mere sham aggregation of words. His written style, however faulty in other respects, is neither slipshod nor ambiguous, and passes into his conversational style by imperceptible degrees. The radical identity is intelligible, though the superficial context is certainly curious. We may perhaps say that his century, unfavourable to him as a writer, gave just what he required for talking. If, as is sometimes said, the art of conversation is disappearing, it is because society has become too large and diffuse. The good talker, as, indeed, the good artist of every kind, depends upon the tacit co-operation of the social medium. The chorus, as, indeed, Johnson has shown very well in one of the *Ramblers*, is quite as essential as the main performer. Nobody talks well in London, because everybody has constantly to meet a fresh set of interlocutors, and is as much put out as a musician who has to be always learning a new instrument. A literary dictator has ceased to be a possibility, so far as direct personal influence is concerned. In the club Johnson knew how every blow would tell, and in the rapid thrust and parry dropped the heavy style which muffled his utterances in print. He had to deal with concrete illustrations, instead of expanding into platitudinous generalities. The obsolete theories which impair the value of his criticism and his politics, become amusing in the form of pithy sayings, though they weary us when asserted in new expositions. His greatest literary effort, the *Dictionary*, has of necessity become antiquated in use, and, in spite of the intellectual vigour indicated, can hardly be commended for popular reading. And thus but for the inimitable Boswell, it must be admitted that Johnson would probably have sunk very deeply into oblivion. A few good sayings would have been preserved by Mrs. Thrale and others, or have been handed down by tradition, and doubtless assigned in process of time to Sydney Smith and other conversational celebrities. A few couplets from the *Vanity of Human Wishes* would not yet have been submerged, and curious readers would have recognized the power of *Rasselas*, and been delighted with some shrewd touches in the *Lives of the Poets*. But with all desire to magnify critical insight, it must be admitted that that man would have shown singular penetration, and been regarded as an eccentric commentator, who had divined the humour and the fervour of mind which lay hid in the remains of the huge lexicographer. And yet when we have once recognized his power, we can see it everywhere indicated in his writings, though by an unfortunate fatality the style or the substance was always so deeply affected by the faults of the time, that the product is never thoroughly sound. His tenacious conservatism caused him to cling to decaying materials for the want of anything better, and he has suffered the natural penalty. He was a great force wasted, so far as literature was concerned, because the fashionable costume of the day hampered the free exercise of his powers, and because the only creeds to which he could attach himself were in the phase of decline and inanition. A century earlier or later he might have succeeded in expressing himself through books as well as through his talk; but it is not given to us to choose the time of our birth, and some very awkward consequences follow.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DISORDER IN DREAMLAND.

PART III.

"It must have been just an accidental meeting," said the curate. "They must have come up at the same moment to speak to Mr. Pound. People are always wanting something of him."

Digitized by Google

'No," said Lydia, "that wasn't it, I'm sure. I saw them ride into the town together, without doubt. What on earth can have brought them into company?"

"Oh, some odd chance or other. Is the thing worth noticing?"

"Not if Miss Fulford speaks of it herself. We shall see. Perhaps she will explain all about it. It *is* odd, isn't it?"

Miss Fulford, as we have seen, did not speak of the matter herself. She was annoyed at it having occurred, and she believed that nobody had noticed it; so she was glad to banish it from her thoughts. Mr. Saunders, on the contrary, saw in this incident his good fortune working its way to the fulfilment of his desires. "To think now," said he to himself, "of my actually riding alone with her for three or four miles, and attending of her to the little inn! This is getting on at a great pace: she'll get over her shyness after a bit; if I should have the luck to meet her once or twice more. I'm awake." And he was silly enough to talk to one or two of his associates about having ridden with Miss Fulford, suppressing the circumstances to which the ride was due, so as to make them open their eyes wide and say to one another after he left them, "My eye! Ben's a gettin' on, isn't he? he'll be to court next; clever chap, Ben."

It was about this time that I sat, one evening, at a meeting of the club, apart on a sofa with the curate, neither of us caring to play cards. We were talking of the strange coincidences that happen in this world, and then it was that Norcott confided to me that curious story of Lieutenant Hardinge's dream. I thought it one of the most remarkable things I had ever heard, and said I should like to make a note of the particulars to keep by me. I knew the Plymouth Hotel well, and asked whether the curate could give the number of the room, which he said was 26, Hardinge having once or twice named the number, as if impressing it on his own memory, and saying, "It's the number of the Cameronians: I shall recollect it by that." I observed that these foreshadowings, or warnings, or whatever they were, certainly passed our comprehension; when Saunders, who had been lounging opposite to us, apparently studying a sporting paper, jumped up at my words, and came across towards us, asking if we were talking about visions and prophecies, and what they were, as he took a deep interest in such matters. Of course we were not inclined to tell him of the story, to renew his grief, so the curate put him off by saying that we had been discussing a certain dream which had been remarkably and exactly fulfilled. "Fulfilled, eh?" answered he, little imagining what the subject of the dream was. "You know instances, then, of dreams having been exactly fulfilled: good. I have no doubt they come quite true sometimes. I could tell, if I liked, of a very odd dream that seems likely to come to pass, only they say you spoil all if you tell it." Of course I know now what was then in Mr. Benjamin's mind.

Admiral Tautbrace was very fond of his garden. He understood gardening, and worked himself at it a part of most days on which he was free of engagements. He employed as his assistant a queer old fellow, who was quite a character in the neighbourhood,—observant, shrewd, droll after his fashion, and quick at repartee. Uncle* Jack Varco—or old Plummybag, as he was profanely called, because "plum" means soft, as an air-cushion, risen-bread, &c., and Uncle Jack had been afflicted with dropsy soon after his conversion—rejoiced in the reputation of having been somewhat of a reprobate in time past; but in my recollection he had been a saint—a liberal saint, that is, for he still enjoyed his joke, did not pull long faces, and was not particularly hard on his neighbours save in the way of sarcasm, to which he had always been addicted, even in his carnal days. The religious denominations down there in the west might say, as the evil spirits did, that their name is legion, for they are many. Uncle Jack's persuasion called itself *Brienite*, after one O'Brien, its founder. Sailors when on shore, I have observed, dislike constrained intercourse with inferiors (of which they have more than enough, perhaps, on the quarter-deck), and take to these privileged oddities, with whom they can be familiar without loss of dignity. The two were very busy one day among the beds, and Uncle Jack, having made mention of "Thicky there, Saunders's boey," as he irreverently termed our friend Benjamin, said, "What do 'ee think I heard about en, then, sir?"

"Infernal young cub! how should I know? Well, what did you hear, Jack?"

* I have met many countrymen who supposed that to call elderly people *Uncle* and *Aunt* was an American invention. Those who are acquainted with the south-western peninsula of this island must know very well from whence the Americans derived the custom.

Digitized by Google

"I should say before telling of it, that it didn't come from no reliable witness, and if there was only Tommy Triggs's word for it, I shouldn't ha' believed it."

"Who the Hades (?) is Tommy Triggs?"

"My dear, I'm afeared you've a named the very place where they could tell 'ee most about en. He's a fine carriter that there Tommy. Whupped he've a been, and caged and ironed, to say nothin' of a short visit to Buttiney Bay along of a hoss job. There's little he dothn't knaw."

"Rascal! and there's something else about him, Jack, that I know without your telling me."

"What's that, my dear?"

"Why, I'll answer for it, that with all those accomplishments, the fellow's been a Brienite preacher."

"Can't say, my dear, whe'er a was or not, or whe'er a had any religion at all. What I do know of en is that a was once the Cap'n of a man-o'-war: easier to onderstand that than his bein' of a preacher."

"Easier to understand that, you old villain! What the devil do you mean?"

"My dear, I knaws nothin' of myself, how should I? but I've heerd say, perhaps ontruly, that some of 'em wull cuss and swear, and call names like troopers, and be guilty of much profaneness: now that's exacly Tom Triggs's carriter."

"Hark ye, Uncle Jack, you'll do well to keep those sentiments for the shore; for I'll be" (something) "if you wouldn't get your old back well scored afloat if you talked in that impudent way."

"Likely I might. I've a been a-shipboard, and knaw somethin' of the doings."

"Convict vessel?"

"No, measter, no. What I've a seed hev been in a very humble way. I never persoomed to make out that us had a sailed together — me and Tommy, I means, of kewse."

"I daresay, bless you. But now about this rascal, this Mr. Triggs."

"Well, this rascal, as you calls en — unfortinate sinner, as I calls en — was a drinkin' last Friday arternoon to Hannah Sibley's, dree mile out upon the Slushton road, and he saith he seed Miss Gartrude, you know, the young mistuss" (*winking and pointing his finger over his shoulder towards Colkatton*) ——

"*He* saw, and be dashed (?) to him! Well, yes, yes; what did the fellow see?"

"I was agwain to tell 'ee, onny you stopped me. The fella said that he seed the young lady (dear sweet maiden her is, tew, I vow to gewdness) ——"

"Get on, old man — go ahead, make sail, will you?"

"I wull, if you'll leave me to, except making sails, which I can't do; I wish I could. St. Paul, you knaw ——"

"Bless St. Paul! You're doing this on purpose, you old rascal!" (*Then, calming himself with a great effort*) — "Now, I say, Uncle Jack, let's have it; that's a good man."

"My, my! I hope you'll be forgove. Well, a said he seed Miss Gartrude out there a-ridin' with young Benny — onny they two."

"An infernal lying villain! How could you think of repeating such an infamous story?"

"Upon Tommy's word, sartainly, 'twasn't worthy to be tould again; but I onderstand the young sprig hisself hev a been sayin' somethin' of the same soart."

"He has, has he? Then he stands as good a chance of a rope's-ending as any man between the four seas. An impudent ——" (*a few choice imprecations, the details of which are not suited to these pages*).

Immediately after the above conversation, the flag-officer, firing minute oaths, retired into the house, while old Plummy-bag let his countenance relax into a grin that might have belonged to a hearty laugh, but was not attended by any sound whatever.

As he doffed his garden dress, and rigged himself, as he called it, for town, it occurred to Admiral Tautbrace that his position in entering into judgment with Mr. Saunders would be much strengthened if he had some accurate information as to the real facts. These could be ascertained nowhere so well as at Colkatton; and he was glad of an excuse for calling there. Thither, accordingly, he first took his way; and there he found the ladies much out of sorts, the younger one especially so, who had learned from Miss Tarraway's innuendos rather than her words that she was acquainted with the adventure, and who had been made aware of this annoying fact at a time and in a company when and where it was impossible to reply or explain. Indeed Gertrude was greatly mortified and very angry. There was no need for the Admiral to beat cautiously about, for the ladies were only too glad to unburden themselves of their grief, and to tell him the whole story of the affair as it really occurred. He had heard of Corder's accident, but not of the attendant circumstances: now he under-

Digitized by Google

stood the whole matter, and would take care that people whose opinion was worth anything should understand it too. Not knowing how Lydia had come by her imperfect information, he thought the whole gossip was owing to Mr. Saunders's indiscreet boasting. So he took his leave, saying that he would go now and take steps for having a proper version of the tale put in circulation, and quietly intending to go also and administer a caution to the offender. He called on the clergyman of the parish, on the curate, and on one or two other persons who possessed either local influence or long tongues, and gave the proper version of the story, not without inveighing against Mr. Benjamin Saunders's idiotic vanity, and hinting at the retribution which was probably in store for him. Some of the persons whom he went to enlighten had never heard the story at all; but among those who had heard it was Mr. Norcott, who felt himself guilty, not for having spoken of the subject, or having even imagined that there could be anything in it worth speaking about, but because he had too quietly permitted Miss Tarraway to deceive herself (so the honest fellow put it) as to its having been other than one of the most simple of accidents. He never thought of blaming Lydia, to whose weaknesses he was getting particularly blind. The Admiral then took his way towards the large gates, over which were written on a great wooden arch that spanned the entrance, *Saunders, Stone-Mason, Bricklayer, Builder, and Contractor*, and stepped into the little office adjacent thereto, where he saw Mr. Benjamin behind the desk, having some earnest business talk with a gentleman of the town who stood outside the same desk, and John Bray, the foreman, who was in attendance. On observing who it was that darkened the doorway, Ben came smirking forward, requested the Admiral to take a seat, and he would have the pleasure of taking his orders in a very few minutes: but the Admiral said there was no hurry; he had a short business to do elsewhere, and would return; so he went out again, rather to Ben's disappointment, who thought perhaps he might forget to call again, or be prevented from doing so. There was, however, no danger of his forgetting; only as he had now ascertained that Mr. Saunders was within his reach, which he had feared might not be the case, he thought he would take a turn or two outside, measure the young man's offence, and consider how he should be dealt with. Some people would have looked into these little matters before seeking the delinquent, but that was not the Admiral's way. A little reflection showed him that Ben had been guilty of only indiscretion, or at the worst of a suppression of the truth, and that he had been indulging his vanity without any bad intention. He therefore did the great violence to his feelings of putting aside the idea of rope's-ending. "No," said he to himself, enjoying the consciousness of his clemency, which he didn't think ten men in the whole service would have the magnanimity to imitate — "No, by George (?), I'll only give the whelp a little wholesome advice; speak to him like a father this time, and if that doesn't do ——" he didn't finish the sentence, but closed his fist upon his baton, and made it quiver a little in his grasp.

"Ah, are you desengaged now, youngster?" inquired he, as he entered the office the second time. Benjamin rubbed his hands, and said he was quite at the Admiral's orders, again offering a seat.

"Then just let your mate or whatever he may be go for'ard — get out of this, I mean — for I want to say a few words to you in private."

John Bray raised his eyebrows at this, and thought it looked mysterious; he took his departure, however. Ben began to experience a disagreeable sensation, as if this pointed to a different kind of business from what he had expected.

"Now look you, my friend," began the Admiral. "I understand that your good fortune — your *devilish* good fortune, mind you — caused you to render a small service the other day to a young lady whose groom met with an accident. *You* know."

Ben's apprehension turned suddenly to delight. Could the Admiral possibly have come as an ambassador to open negotiations that might lead to the fulfilment of the dream? This did indeed look promising. Ben simply bowed in acknowledgment that he had done his *devoir*, as imputed.

"Then don't interrupt me, sir. Zounds, I say sir, don't interrupt me. You've been lubber enough to speak of your ride home as if it hadn't been the result of an accident, but something in the way of your ordinary privilege, haven't you? (*faint effort on Mr. Saunders's part to say something in mitigation.*) Not a word, sir — not a word; you know you did. Now my first impression, when I heard of this, was that it was impertinence, and,

Digitized by Google

by George, sir, if — (*movement of dissent from Mr. Saunders*) — well, I am willing to believe that it was not impertinence, only folly, blest folly, which perhaps you were not aware of; I hope not. But now that I've made you understand what an ass you are, what an idiotical conceited puppy you are justly called, I trust it will operate as a caution to you as long as you live, not to speak of gentlewomen except with the profoundest respect — the profoundest respect, do you hear?"

"Really, Admiral Tautbrace," — Ben was beginning in an indignant strain.

"Silence, sir; don't attempt to answer. If I'd ordered you four dozen — that is, I mean, if you'd been severely trounced (you understand me), there might have been some reason for singing out, although men of any mettle are not much given to bleating under punishment; but I've chosen to deal with this case mildly — by yea and nay, mildly. Good day, sir; good day. I hope I shan't have to repent of my humanity. Don't drive me to be a savage against my nature."

As the Admiral strode out of the office, striking his stick upon the floor, uttering from his nostrils breath that was red-hot if it had not burst into flame, and looking the very picture of mild benevolence, he came against John Bray in the porch, who didn't appear to have withdrawn himself to any great distance. John sprang out of the path of the meek old sailor as if the latter had been a steam-engine at full speed, and presently re-entered the office, where he found his chief greatly disconcerted, and not a bit soothed by the suspicion that his foreman had overheard the — no, *not* the dialogue.

"That be a limb,* ben't a?" said John, as he came in. "Soart uv a chap now, that ef he wus upun the one side uv a hadge I wud sewnder be upun the tether; speak'th to we like as ef us was brewt beastisses, doan't a?"

"An old man, John," answered Ben. "People have spoiled him by humouring of him. I was half a mind to serve him properly, and let the daylight through him. Bless him, the old tyrant, but I don't think he meaned half that he said, you know. If I'd punished him for his hectoring, the old fool, I should have been sorry afterwards, perhaps."

"Es, I reckon yew wew'd," replied John.

Ben, be it remarked, was not thought to be deficient in courage; it was want of sense and judgment that put him wrong. His father, if the old Admiral had tried to bully him, would have met the assault quietly but firmly, and in the end got the better of the peppery old sailor. But Ben, although he may have been up to hitting out, had no other resource, and personal violence, he instinctively felt, was not the right thing in this place. It was an attack against which he was not prepared with any defence. He felt rather guilty, too, being aware that he had made his remarks in such a way as not to convey exactly the whole truth; and yet, indeed, nothing that he said would have been much noticed by any one if his words had not been so ably supported by those of Miss Tarraway. Well, here he was in another mess, and snubbed again. He couldn't think how it was, that while some influence or other seemed to be intent on forwarding the fulfilment of his dream, some other unlucky chance brought him, out of each opportunity, mortification and discouragement.

Many people may think that the Admiral had much better have omitted his interview with Mr. Saunders. Such, however, was by no means his own opinion. Satisfied that he had done his duty, and rather proud of the calm and temperate manner in which it had been done, he took his way homewards, and thought he would look in again at Colkatton to assure the fair inhabitants that everything had been put right. He felt himself now to be commissioned in some sort as Gertrude's champion, to be wearing her favour; "and, sink me," said he to himself, "I should like to see one of these waltzing, galloping young humbugs that could dispose of a bit of business of that kind like an oldster who has some comprehension of discipline, by George!" He reported in few words the outlines of his proceedings, more to let Gertrude observe his zeal than in the way of boasting; said that all annoyance about the matter might be suffered to die away now, as he was certain that he had quite put an end to misapprehensions; received his meed of thanks, and then, like a prudent mariner, thought he would clap on all sail while the wind was fair. Accordingly, he led the conversation to his own affairs, and, with subtilty adapting his remarks to Mrs. Fulford's tastes rather than her daughter's (as he who would be master of the body of the place knows that he must first win the outworks), mentioned an interview which he had had with the "sea lord" on his recent visit to the Admiralty.

* To wit, of Satan.

Digitized by Google

"Fine fellow, Tom Mainsplice, and, I may say, not ill disposed to your humble servant — sailed together you know; taking of Martinique — Tom's arm broke — I shot through calf of my leg; that sort of thing. He'll do me a good turn, rely upon it, if he can."

"Oho! you expect promotion, Admiral. Well, I hope with all my heart it will not be long delayed. What shall you be — a field-marshal?" said Mrs. Fulford.

"Promotion! not a bit of it. That's all right: goes by seniority, you see, now. I've been of the white two years and a half, and must be of the red soon, if the old ones go off as they are doing at present. Poor Sir Davy Dreadnought, only last week; good-service pension — one leg, and reef in right side from sabre-cut in boarding. Two or three just before him. No, I wasn't speaking of promotion; but Mainsplice gave me a whisper about the South American command being vacant shortly, and he hinted that possibly, he couldn't say for certain, mine might be one of the names submitted for it."

"Oh yes; and then, if your name were submitted?"

"If I were *selected*, you know, my flag would go up."

"Really, your flag would go up," repeated Mrs. Fulford, intensely interested, and understanding the matter of which she spoke as well as if it had been mentioned in Sanskrit. "Then you will have to get it down again!"

"No, Heaven forbid — no; if I get it up, I'll keep it flying, trust me. Sending up my flag, ma'am, means getting a command; taking my berth on board a *flagship* — d'ye understand?"

"Oh, I see; of course, of course." (The Misses Tautbrace were rather better up in this subject than Mrs. Fulford. The possible ascent of this flag was the constant topic of conversation when the family was alone, and came to them as regularly as their daily bread, though, I fancy they prayed less earnestly for it.)

"Well, don't you think it looks promising?" asked the Admiral.

"Oh, most hopeful — almost certain, I should say. Of course, you reminded your friend, Maysplice ——"

"Mainsplice, ma'am, Mainsplice. Name that was in everybody's mouth in Jervis's days. Commanded 'Untameable Hyæna' off Cape St. Vincent."

"Of course, I meant Mallspice; the king gave him a bath, or something, I remember. Well, you reminded your friend Mallspice, now, of that glorious, glorious conflict, of that dreadful wound in your arm?"

"Leg, ma'am, leg — and not so dreadful, neither; not even entered *severe* in doctor's report. No, Tom knows all about that, and the First Lord wouldn't know or care much about it if it was told to him. I'll tell you what I reminded him of, though; I said he must recollect that I had always voted straight since that little matter was put right about the Finisterre's prize-money; and that they'd have returned one of those confounded prying, grumbling, arithmetical rascals for Wetton last election, if I hadn't prevented it. I hinted, too, that if I was left too long ashore, I might, in a moment of forgetfulness, plump for the wrong man. *That* will give me a capital chance if Tom represents it properly."

"What! a better chance than the memory of your services and sufferings!"

"A blessed — (I beg your pardon, ladies) — a confounded sight better."

What occurred to poor Gertrude on this occasion was, that if Tom Mainsplice should only be duly impressed by his friend's merits, she might be delivered from the importunities of a suitor who was becoming troublesome, and was, in the present circumstances, particularly distasteful. But another thing had taken hold of Mrs. Fulford's mind, which had never before opened to the great possibilities of Admiral Tautbrace's position in the service — possibilities which, though they surrounded him now in only an uncorporeal and invisible state, might any day be clothed upon and take gorgeous shape. Once she conceived the new idea, she didn't do so in an imperfect way, but saw Tautbrace full-blown as Port-Admiral at Plymouth. She had been at the Admiralty House there, and seen the glories of the appointment; and to think that Admiral Tautbrace, her friend and neighbour, might be invested with these or similar glories if only Tom Mainsplice should prove an effectual advocate! She didn't know how Tom Mainsplice, and other Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, had been playing fast and loose with the Admiral for the last seven or eight years — always holding out hopes, and always finding some excuse for not realizing them!

"Jack," said the Admiral to old Plummybag next morning in the garden, "I gave a word of caution yesterday to that jackanapes, that young what's-his-name."

Digitized by Google

"Saunders's boey do 'ee mean?"

"Yes; the fellow's father was a respectable man, so I thought I wouldn't be so sharp as I intended, but speak to him mildly, as a parson or one of those people would."

"He isn't a used to sich tenderness as that. Should'n wonder now ef a never seed 'twas lovin'-kindness at all. Folks be so contrairy."

"That may be, Jack; I've often and often found that the case, but I've got used to it, and don't expect anything better. A man that expects to be appreciated will be disappointed. It's a bad world, old man—a dashed ungrateful world."

"All ignorance, my dear; they doesn't knaw when they'm a spoke to in that pleasant way that 'tis all for their own good."

After this occurrence the spring advanced at Wetton without incident worthy of special mention, although time was, of course, preparing events and surprises. As to the characters in this narrative, they were quietly working away, or being borne, towards their destinies. Lieutenant Hardinge was making the most of the days that remained of his country sojourn, sporting, visiting, but not making love, I am afraid. The young fellow went to Colkatton now and then with a mind perfectly easy as to the terms on which the acquaintance there was maintained, and never for an instant suspecting the flushes, tremors, palpitations, meditations, and tears to which his visits—nay, his looks, words, and gestures—gave rise. Although he had disappointed the matrimonial expectations of Wetton, he was there regarded as an unaffected, good-natured, rather pleasant fellow. His want of liveliness was set down to a reflecting mind and professional study. "A fine honourable young fellow, and a thorough soldier, I can assure you," was the testimony regarding him of the doctor of the militia, who, except for the three weeks during which the regiment was occasionally embodied, practised in the town as an ordinary surgeon, and assumed, and was allowed, to be the highest resident military authority. Hardinge had come short of the stereotyped country town idea of a young officer, all dash, brilliancy, and extravagance, and so rather disappointed the place at his advent; but when the time of his departure approached, Wetton found that it was sorry to lose him. Miss Tarraway, having obtained satisfactory testimonials of Mr. Norcott, and ascertained that two of his cousins were members of Parliament (one of them a small official), also that he had a bishop for his uncle by marriage, and that there was a living in the family, no longer confined herself to tentative operations, but formally invested that young man, and sat down before him, assailing him vigorously with all the weapons of which the attack was in that day cognisant. But some innocent objector may remark, "How could curates be attacked in those days? There was no confession, no decorating of churches at all seasons of the year, no working of altar-cloths, no embroidering of stoles, no prostrations, no choirs, no schools, even, calculated to aid such designs!" Thou fool; presumest thou in thy small scale of sense to weigh thy opinion, founded on the experience of a few years probably—of a generation at most—against the eternal instincts of spinsterhood expectant here on earth? Because the modern method of operating was not applicable to those days, is that a reason why there should have been no operation at all? If a modern curate in his raffish wideawake, his starched band, his bombasine waistcoat, and his straight-cut surtout, got up in imitation, as far as he dares, of a popish priest, be, in that he is a bachelor, an object of competition, why should not an ancient curate have been equally so, although *his* ambition was to form himself upon the model of a Methodist preacher? Know well, that this relation is not for an age but for all time, and that wheresoever a curate (unencumbered) is, there will gentlewomen of a certain type be gathered together. In the days of Miss Tarraway's youth, Dissent was prevalent in the West of England, and zealous young clergymen beholding this result supposed it to be produced by something effective in the snuffle, the whine, the uncompromising doctrine, the exceeding plainness of worship, of attire, and of speech; and they too, being ambitious of winning souls, governed themselves accordingly, as our officials have it. They probably were not aware that the popularity of the Dissenters was simply a measure of the unpopularity of the Church of England in those parts, as represented by its older and beneficed clergy. Those last-named public-spirited ministers had perceived that the people were in danger of becoming comparatively indifferent to field-sports, and of abandoning some flagrant vices, if by the in-

Digitized by Google

fluence of both precept and example such lapses were not prevented. To arrest the falling away, they, the clergymen, devoted themselves, hearts and souls, to following and recommending the sports, and practising the vices, so that men could see their works. The stiff-necked parishioners, instead of walking in the way of their pastors, ran after the Dissenters, rather to show how little feeling they had in common with their own clergy, than because ranting and howling and cushion-thumping were to their liking. But the rising generation of parsons naturally enough supposed that there was something positively attractive in the Dissenting style when so many seemed to approve it; and so they vied with each other in simplifying their churches, their services, and their attire, and in debasing their style of preaching. Lydia's leading move, which we may call the preparation for her attack, was a general intimation that she was "becoming serious." She adopted a bonnet which projected about three inches beyond the point of her nose, withdrew a good deal from carnal amusements, attended meetings of the Bible and other benevolent societies, took great interest in missions, and was deeply affected at some passages in Norcott's sermons, which forced her to raise her eyes to the preacher, unconscious of the fact that they were running over. She likewise discovered a great passion for art, especially for oil-paintings. But I wish it to be understood that Lydia did not start off suddenly from her old path to walk in wisdom's ways. It was done gradually and cleverly, so that by-and-by, when the time had come for her timidly to seek spiritual advice from the curate on one or two points, there was nothing in her doing so to excite suspicion. Lydia did, moreover, some noble deeds of charity; and although her right hand was profoundly ignorant of the benefactions of her left, and *vice versâ*, the secrets of both palms somehow were revealed to Norcott. When a young clergyman begins to think of matrimony, it is comfortable to know that the object of his regard is already very much what in his opinion a clergyman's wife ought to be! There was a nice docility, too, about Lydia; she was willing to be guided by the opinions of a person whom she respected. Her features were expressive certainly, and she managed their play with great judgment. It was only lately that Norcott had become alive to the fact that her eyes when lighted up by the soul within were perfectly splendid. But I am saying rather too much about this courtship. Poor Gertrude was decidedly out of health, lost her fresh look and her rounded form: the kind inquiries to which she was subjected vexed her, and struck a chill to her mother's heart. Pound had prescribed and supplied some abominable mixture which he called a tonic, also a box of pills. The two together were enough to produce serious disease in a healthy person, and to hurry a patient towards the grave. One or two friends, more clear-sighted than the apothecary, recommended an excursion, which he never would have suggested; but of this Gertrude wouldn't even hear at present, though she thought perhaps she might be more disposed to travel in the summer. I don't know what odd fancies didn't occur to her now. Protestant nunneries were beginning to be heard of; and she thought she would like to start a little society of *sisters of the broken heart*, or something of that sort, who would do an incalculable deal of good, and be a real blessing to mankind. She wasn't quite clear what their line would be, but she had nearly made up her mind about the bonnet of the order, a sketch of which lay for long between the leaves of her blotting-book. And even yet, that stupid fellow Hardinge would sometimes, by a thoughtless word or action, dispel for a time all the resignation, and renew the whispers of hope, even if the whispers were so low as to be almost inaudible. Admiral Tautbrace, having perceived that the mention of the flag had not been without its effects on Mrs. Fulford, took care to refer very frequently to that piece of bunting and its prospects. It had not "gone up" yet, and it had grieved Tom Mainsplice to the heart to say that the First Lord had been compelled (much against his private inclination) to bestow the South American command on another officer whose claim it was impossible to overlook. (Mainsplice did not mention that this deserving officer could influence three votes in the House of Commons; and that the last division, on a question of confidence, had been what he called a [something] near thing, by George!) Tautbrace, however, would be borne in mind, and something else would be sure to turn up before long. You couldn't call Tautbrace by any means an old man, Mrs. Fulford thought — he still possessed all the energy of youth; whatever his years were, was ready to take a command at a day's notice, was most distinguished in

Digitized by Google

his profession, and would certainly have a title some day. (This last idea the Admiral had cleverly insinuated.) Of course, Mrs. Fulford perceived that Tautbrace aspired to the honour of being her son-in-law; and although she rather hesitated about actively favouring his suit, she couldn't help reflecting sometimes that if things *should* take that turn, it might prove a tolerable dispensation.

Ben Saunders, more and more intent on effecting a rise in the world, and playing the great part assigned to him by fate, did not make himself more popular with people of his own class by his very openly exposed pretensions. He did not care much for that, though; for he found that fortune had been favouring him in more ways than he had till now been aware of—she had not only suggested a great ambition, but had bestowed some very important means of gratifying it. When the amount of the property left by his father came to be ascertained, it was found greatly to exceed the estimates of it made just after his death. The old builder had been industrious, shrewd, and frugal; his private expenditure had been a mere nothing in comparison of his income; consequently year by year he had been accumulating money, which he had put out to increase here and there, always discreetly. The deposits and investments coming to light week by week (for, as has been said, his accounts and memoranda were not of the most enlightening; moreover, his will disposed of his property in bulk almost) amounted to a handsome sum, the income derivable from which, added to the profits of the business, sufficed for a good deal of indulgence. Under pretence that his mother's spirits would never revive as long as memory should be kept awake by the daily sight of things connected with the past, Ben persuaded her to go for change of air and scene to a house situated some little way in the country, a very different residence from their old one. He announced it as a temporary arrangement, but they never returned to the old house near the building-yard. It need hardly be added, that with the new abode a new style of living was adopted, not in the best of taste, but comprehending indulgences never dreamt of in old days. Only under vehement protest did Mrs. Saunders consent to these revolutions: if she had found herself as rich as Crœsus, she would have considered it a presumption for "the likes of her" to be "eatin' with a silver fork, made for show, and quite useless for pickin' up one's fewd, besides woundin' of the gums and tongue; and trapesin' over rich carpets and amongst fine furnitur that a body dare not tech for fear of dirtyn' of 'em." This was very unlike the feeling of her son, who believed that nothing had been, or ever would be, so made as to be worthy of being used by him. He furthered his plans very much by giving expensive dinners to such young men as he could persuade to partake of them; and I think I recollect that many of those who declined his hospitality at first were wooed by the good report of the meat and drink, and by the advice that Ben lost money at cards like a lord at Crockford's. Like many another rising man, he became insultingly cool to some of his old friends. The distant and condescending salutation which he one day gave the militia sergeant-major, whose acquaintance he had in times past looked upon as his greatest social achievement, so wounded that gallant spirit, that he was fain to compose his mind by drinking steadily for three days and three nights, during which period he revealed to his familiars how "a dirty little puppy of a mechanic" ought to be treated.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

PREFACE.

THE famous Episode of the Shield of Achilles in Homer is in its conception alike daring and simple, in its execution alike complete and gorgeous, from the nature of the topics, and the telling sharpness of outline with which they are presented. The employment of a Divine personage as the artificer of the Shield seems to show that the design went far beyond anything which the eyes of his countrymen had been wont to view, and was in effect conceived in the mind of the Poet, not founded as a whole upon experience, and not representative of, but very much more advanced than, the Art of the period in which he lived.

This introduction of the god has the advantage, too, of enabling the Poet, without extravagance, to push to its furthest limit the *vis vivida*, the living and life-giving power, of his genius, and not only to introduce successions of events into one and the same scene, but to endow the things and persons represented with other incidents of vitality; as when

Digitized by Google

the upturned earth darkens behind the plough, and we are made to see the actual progress of the dragging of the slain out of the battle.

The Art of the Shield is in thorough consonance with the spirit of the Homeric Poems; that is to say, its basis is thoroughly human, thoroughly objective, and thoroughly realistic. It does not seek aid from the unseen; from the converse of man with his own spirit; from ideal conceptions; or even from history or legend. Human interest in the actual known human life, with its terrestrial abode, its pursuits, its simple institutions, its vicissitudes, is the keynote of the whole.

For us and for our time, it may seem that realistic means prosaic; and for corroborative emblems of this proposition may be chosen some of our statues in coat, waistcoat, and trowsers; some of our highly conventional painting; and the large measure in which our poetry, since the days of Scott and Crabbe, has quitted this field, like an animal flying from some recurrence of the glacial period in these latitudes to seek a more congenial clime. It is the voice of humanity, no longer young, which says to us,—

The things which I have seen I now can see
no more,

and,—

I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the
earth.*

But what is flat and stale to us was intensely poetical to the youth of our world. The cup which we have drunk was but just presented to its lips. The bloom was yet on the grape, the aroma yet in the draught. The first perception of the forms of beauty seems to have a life and force for the race, as well as for the individual, which is peculiar to itself, and which cannot be retained. We may be thankful that some of it, at least, has been precipitated into palpable and lasting forms for our behoof.

It appears to me, indeed, that the genuine realism of Homer not only is observable in this famous episode, but even reaches its climax here. Never was outward Fact so glorified by the Muse. Nowhere in poetry, to my knowledge, is there such an accumulation of incidents without crowding. The king is glad as he watches his reapers and his crop; but with this exception, there is hardly anywhere the description of a pure mental emotion. It is sometimes well to employ statistics in aid of criticism. Let us test the Shield by the number of its epithets. I have counted them, endeavouring to separate between those which belong to the *quid* from those which belong to the *quale*. The latter alone, I apprehend, are epithets proper: and I cannot reckon of these more than sixty-eight in one hundred and eighteen lines: a number surprisingly small, when it is remembered that the whole consists of strictly descriptive poetry.*

There is, however, one point in which, above all others, the Shield of Achilles is distinguished by its daring form from most, if not all, other poetical representations of a work of art. It is the degree in which it is charged with life and activity. Of the twelve pictures descriptive of scenes familiar to the eye, almost every one contains a narrative; and this narrative is made to pass before the eye with a vivid rapidity which is alike enchanting and impressive. There is but a single exception, and it is admirably chosen: the sheep at pasture give us a piece of still life, with a subject most appropriate to the mode of representation. Even the description of the heavens is animated with the spirit of movement. Orion is watched, or waited on, by the Bear. And the moon is a filling or waxing moon. So I have translated it, in opposition to Pope and to high lexicographical authorities, after consideration, and with confidence. The genius of the present participle (πλήθουσαν), to say the very least, seems to warrant that mode of rendering. But pictorially, I find it hard to believe that Homer meant to place a little round moon in competition with a large round sun. And, so far as poetry is concerned, it is surely in the spirit of this most animated episode to represent the moon as growing rather than as stationary in figure. We cannot fail to observe how much more this is in keeping with the Poet's treatment of the Sun. Here he has no change of shape to call in aid: so he touches him with the spark of life in another form, by calling him the unwearying Sun. This phrase at once brings before the mind his daily journey, how he climbs and then descends the heaven.

* Wordsworth, "Ode on the Recollections of Childhood."

* The epithets in the corresponding episode of the Æneid, compared with the number of lines, seem to be nearly twice as many.

Digitized by Google

Upon the whole, I would venture to submit it, for the consideration of those who have a more extensive and accurate command of poetical literature than myself, whether any poet of any age has been so hardy and so powerful as Homer in the imaginative handling of material objects of Art for the purposes of Poetry? This hardiness and power of Homer unquestionably reach their climax in the "Shield."

It has already been noticed that legend does not enter into the representations of the Shield. The short roll of nascent Greek history or tradition had already, at the epoch of the Trojan War, yielded at least two great enterprises of historical interest to posterity; the voyage of the ship *Argo*, and the War of the Seven against Thebes. But it was only thus making its beginning; it perhaps was neither rich and full enough, nor as yet familiar enough to the mass, to make it more suitable for representations like that on the Shield, than the purely unattached and impersonal representations with which it is filled.

It may be also that the Eastern character, still attaching to the god-artificer Hephaistos, would have presented an incongruity in the treatment of purely national legends, which is not felt where the delineation of life, though thoroughly Greek, is still general, and where much of the subject-matter presented was probably common to Greece and to the Syrian and Assyrian East.

Virgil, on the other hand, has with perfect propriety adopted the basis of history and legend for his otherwise derivative representation of the Shield of Æneas.

But perhaps we are warranted in saying that the entire absence of tradition from the Homeric Shield not only accords with the recency of Greek national or quasi-national existence, but also with the belief that Art had not yet become, so to speak, endemic in Greece; as we may feel certain that the intense patriotism, which pervades the Iliad, would at a very early stage of development have impressed upon Greek art a national character by the free use of legend for the purpose.*

The materials used in the composition of the Shield deserve notice. The metals cast into the furnace are copper, tin, gold, and silver; and in one passage we find what may be a reference to κύανος, or bronze, resulting from a mixture of tin and copper; but it is a question whether the mixed metal yielding the dark colour is intended, or the dark colour only. Nowhere else in Homer is there a reference to the making of a mixed metal. In general, to say the least, the workmanship of the Shield is employed upon the several metals, single and uncombined; and it is probable that the Poet meant, by their free intermixture, to aim at the effect of colour.* This likelihood is confirmed by his repeated use of the word ποικίλλω, to variegate, which seems to be taken from the sister art of embroidery, and which is applied with a peculiar propriety to the most brilliant of all the representations, that of the Dance at the close.

The reader, even in a translation, cannot fail to observe the highly archaic picture of life, presented by the scenes upon the Shield. The scene of the trial respecting the fine for homicide belongs to a stage of society anterior to law, though forms of polity have begun to exist; and when corruption, by the receipt of gifts other than the acknowledged public premium for superior judgment, (*dorodokia*,) had not yet come in. That of the harvest, where the master of the reapers is also the King, is yet nearer the patriarchal stage; but some difference is to be expected between the country and the town; which are distinct from one another in the Shield as they are also in the Iliad.† In no particular do the manners of the Shield appear to differ from those of the Poems generally: they are certainly not less primitive.

In the main it may be said, as to the subject-matter of the episode, that the Poet represents, upon the surface offered by the great defensive weapon of the Warrior, first, through its outline, a figure of the universe, such as he conceived it; secondly, a collection of all those scenes and events of human life, which were at once the most stirring, the most familiar, and the most important.

A question may be raised, whether we ought to conceive of the form of the Shield as oblong, or as round. This is not the place for a discussion on the subject: no epithet is used, in the description of the process of manufacture, which determines it; but I have taken the Shield to be oblong; and I may observe

* I may refer to Mr. A. S. Murray on the Homeric Question, CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, January, 1874, p. 239.

* See Pope's Observations on the Shield, following his 18th book. But he goes greatly beyond what I have stated.

† Il. xxiii. 835.

Digitized by Google

that Pope, who treats it as round, in reliance apparently upon an erroneous rendering of a word (ἰσοτυξ), assumes for it a diameter of no less than four feet.*

It is probable that the boss in the middle was meant, in the Poet's mind, to afford space and a suitable shape for the representation of the vault of heaven.

The scenes wrought upon the Shield are as follows: —

1. The Earth, Sea, and Heavenly bodies.
2. In a city at peace, we have
   a. Marriage processions and festivities:
   b. A judicial suit, tried by the people, under the presidency of the Elders.
3. In a city at war,—
   a. A scene before the ramparts:
   b. An ambush and surprise:
   c. A bloody fight.
4. The ploughing of a field.
5. The harvest, and the meal in preparation.
6. The vintage, with music, and march (or something more than march) to time of the vintagers.
7. A herd of cattle attacked by lions.
8. Sheep at pasture, and their folds.
9. The Dance.
10. The great Ocean River, encompassing the whole; as, in the mind of Homer, it encompassed the surface of the Earth.

The two grand over-ruling conditions of human life, and the prevailing and elementary pursuits of human industry, are thus placed before us with a remarkable comprehensiveness. We see Peril and Safety, Stir and Calm, Toil and Pleasure; the repast prepared to reward the one, music and movement enlivening the other.

The alternations of the scenes are both skilful and studied. From the bloody fight we pass to the activity of peaceful industry; from the furious assault of the lions to the deep repose of the pasturing flocks; and from these again to the rapid and sparkling animation of the dance.

We may however remark upon what the Shield does not contain as well as on what it does. We do not find on it any scene of

1. Navigation:
2. Hunting:
3. Any domestic art or trade:
4. Religious rite or observance.

As to the first, it is plain from the Poems generally, that Navigation had not yet become a characteristic or familiar feature of Greek life. We hear nowhere of a trading-ship, except in connection with the Phœnicians.

As to the second, we must bear in mind that the hunting of the Homeric times was not a pastime, but a pursuit of direct utility, intended to rid the land of a nuisance, and to provide for the safety of property. When it is thus viewed, we have the substance of hunting given us in the singularly animated scene of the lions and the bull.

With respect to the third head, we may bear in mind that the useful arts of the period were for the most part homely, sedentary, and single-handed. Even for his similes, Homer has but little employed them: much less could they come up to the dignity of these more stirring exhibitions of life. Even the combined labour of the damsels in the Palace of Alkinoos — the only instance given us in the Poem of such combination — would have supplied but a tame and poor picture for the Shield. Moreover it is rather a Phœnician, than a Greek picture.

The absence of any scene representing the rites and observances of religion, opens much wider questions.

The great and standing institution of ancient religion was sacrifice.

We have this in Homer as associated with particular places, like the grove and fountain of the Nymphs near the town of Ithaka;* or with rare and solemn occasions, like the hecatomb to Apollo in the First Iliad,† and the sacrifice of Agamemnon in the Third.‡ Lastly, it is an incident of the common meal, as we see both in other places, and in this very description, where the Heralds had "sacrificed," that is, had killed and cooked a great ox for the meal of the reapers. None of these three occasions of sacrifice were available for a prominent position on the surface of the Shield: the first and second, because they were occasional, not ordinary; the third, because it could not command the requisite breadth and liveliness of interest as a separate or special subject. In truth, the observances of religion filled no large place in the Greek mind, even in the Homeric times. And this leads to a wider form and scope of observation. We find here, in this extraordinary poetic achievement of Homer, an early indication, an embryo, so to

* Observations, &c.

* Od. xvii. 204–11.
† Il. i. 446.
‡ Il. iii. 264.

Digitized by Google

speak, of that principle which was to reach its fullest manifestation in the Greek of the classical period, the principle of the sufficiency of this, our human, earthly life; without any capital regard to what is before us in futurity, or what is above and around us in the unseen world. Hence the Shield contains no Birth, and no Funeral, of man. The beginning and the end of life are endowed for Christians with so intense an interest, that we are apt to forget how different an aspect they offered to those beyond the pale. Both of them are swathed in weakness or distress, and the Greek had no charm in his possession which could invest distress and weakness with beauty, or infuse into them the glow of life. Sorrow had not yet been glorified. Scenes like these, he would say, do not make up the completeness of life, but impair it: they are not to be acknowledged as legitimately belonging to it; we submit to them, for we cannot help submitting; but they form no portion of our glory, and we put them out of sight.

Fulness of energy in the powers of body and mind, and fulness of delight following their exercise; action rewarded in itself, and sustained by this reward; a sphere bright, brilliant, bounded, self-contained, self-supported, full of all things glorious, beautiful, and strong; such was the aim of life for the Greek, and all that tended to break and banish the illusion was carefully kept away from thought and view. The spirit which pervades the action of the Shield is therefore the spirit of joy: joy in movement, joy in repose; joy in peace, and joy in battle: anywhere and always joy, until the day that must come shall come, and the final plunge is made into the Darkness, where a Sceptre, ruling all the dead, is not worth as much as is the mess of a labourer for hire, though the master be poor, and can give but scanty cheer,* if only it be had beneath the cheerful sun and in the abode of the living.

In writing thus I am not unmindful of the Greek Tragedy. But I do not think it qualifies the general truth of my position; and I would recommend those who doubt, to consult the remarkable observations of Bishop Butler, in the *Analogy*, on passive habits.

Upon the Translation I have only to say that I have aimed at great fidelity — in a word, at the representation of Homer as he is; though well aware in how slight a measure this object can have been gained: for in the effort to hold firmly by the bone and sinew of the Poet, the ethereal parts escape.

I have given to the obscure word *eirai* the sense of ramparts, which the context seems almost to require: and I have not attempted to render by any exact equivalent the expression *periclntos Amphigueeis;* even Chapman in this place recoils from the letter, and translates the phrase "the famous Artsman."

* Od. xi. 489.

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES, WROUGHT BY HEPHAISTOS.

Il. xviii. 468–608.

I.

So He spake, and left the goddess;
  Straightway to the bellows drew,
Fixed them fireward, set them blowing;
  Mouths a score in all they blew,
Reddening, whitening, all the furnace
  With their timely various blast,
As the god and work required it,
  Slower now, and now more fast.
Precious gold, and stubborn copper,
  Silver store, and tin, he cast
In the flame. The ponderous anvil
  Next upon its block he tries;
One hand grasps the sturdy hammer,
  One the pincers firmly plies.

II.

First of all, the Shield he moulded
  Broad, and strong, and wrought throughout,
With a bright and starry border,
  Threefold thick, set round about.
Downward hung its belt of silver,
  Five the layers of the Shield,
And with skilful mind he sculptured
  Rare devices o'er its field.

III.

There he wrought Earth, Sea, and Heaven,
  There he set the unwearying Sun,
And the waxing Moon, and stars that
  Crown the blue vault every one;
Pleiads, Hyads, strong Orion,
  Arctos, hight to boot the Wain.
He upon Orion waiting,
  Only he of all the train
Shunning still the baths of Ocean,
  Wheels and wheels his round again.

IV.

There he carved two goodly Cities
  Thick with swarms of speaking men.

V.

Weddings were in one, and banquets,
  Torches blazing overhead,
Nuptial hymns, and from their chambers
  Brides about the city led.

Digitized by Google

Here to pipe and harp resounding
  Young men wildly whirling danced;
While the women, each one standing
  By their porches, gaze entranced.

VI.

But the townsmen all assembled
  In the forum thronging stood;
For a strife of twain had risen,
  Suing on a fine of blood.
All was paid, the first protested,
  Pleading well to move the crowd;
Nought was had, upheld the second;
  Each to obey an umpire vowed;
And the hearers, as they sided
  This or that way, cheered aloud.
And the heralds ordered silence;
  And, on chairs of polished stone,
Ranged in venerable circle
  Sate the Elders. One by one
Each the clear-toned herald's sceptre
  Took, and standing forth alone
Spake his mind. Two golden talents
  Lay before them, to requite
Only him, among the Judges,
  Straightliest who should judge the right.

VII.

But before the second City
  Bright in arms two Armies lay.
Evil choice one gave the other:
  Either half the goods to pay
In that smiling town, or see it
  Given to fire and slaughter. They
Brooked it not, but armed for ambush.
  Wives beloved, and stripling hands,
And with these the age-bound greybeards,
  Guard the wall. Off march the bands.

VIII.

Arès and Athenè lead them;
  Gold, and golden-clad, they gleam,
Fair, and large in aims, and towering
  Right and left, as gods beseem.
Dwindled either host beside them. —
  One to ambush held its way,
Where the folk was used to water,
  And along the river lay
Wrapt in swarthy armour. Yonder,
  Twain for scouts they set, to keep
Watch for the expected booty,
  Curly-hornèd beeves, and sheep.
Soon it comes in view. Two shepherds
  Mirthful music heedless play
On their pipes. Forewarned, the army
  Quick make havoc of the prey,
Snowy flocks, and droves of oxen,
  And the swains beside them slay.

IX.

When the host before the ramparts
  Heard the bellowing din from far,
Mounted each man on his chariot
  Drove the prancing steeds to war:
Quick they came. They closed in battle
  Ranged along the river's banks,
And they hurled the sharp-tipped * lances
  Each athwart the other's ranks.

* Literally, copper-tipped.

Strife and Tumult there were mingling,
  There destroying Fate he drew;
Some alive and still unwounded,
  Some she grasped, with gashes new;
Some, now corpses, through the turmoil
  Draggling by the feet she bore,
And her shoulders had a mantle
  Dabbled foul with human gore.
Like to living men they mingled,
  Fought alive with might and main,
And, alive, to either army
  Dragged the bodies of the slain.

X.

There he set a loamy fallow,
  Three times wrought, full soft, and wide:
Many a team, and many a ploughman
  Down and up the fallow plied.
And as each, the boundary reaching,
  Turned, would one that stood beside
Give into his hands the wine-cup
  Honey-sweet. So each more fain,
Wheeling down the deep soft furrow,
  Eager strove the bound to gain.
And the darkening glebe behind them,
  All along, albeit of gold,
New wrought earth in hue resembling,
  Gave a marvel to behold.

XI.

There he set a field corn-laden.
  In that field the shearers reap,
Grasping close their sharpened sickles.
  Down the furrows, heap on heap,
Falls the grain to ground. The binders
  Sheaves, in order following, bind;
Binders three: to whom unwearied
  Carrier-lads their armfuls bring.
Watching from beside the furrow,
  Silent near them stands the King,
Staff in hand, and glad in spirit.
  By an oak o'ershadowing,
Heralds, for the feast preparing,
  Slay a weighty ox, and dress;
And the women strew thick o'er it
  Barley-meal, the reaper's mess.

XII.

There he set a goodly vineyard,
  Laden with its grapes of gold:
Silver-pales the pendent clusters
  Glossy-black all through uphold.
Moat of bronze * around the border,
  Round the moat a hedge of tin;
One small path, at time of vintage,
  Lets the gatherers out and in.
And the train of youths and maidens
  In the wicker-baskets brings,
Blithe of thought, the luscious fruitage.
  Daintily a stripling sings
To his clear-toned lyre, amongst them,
  So as Linos sung of yore:
They too, frisking, shouting, singing,
  Stamp the time upon the floor.

* It is an unsolved question whether the word in the original (κυανεή) refers only to colour, or to a metallic substance. In my opinion, if it refers to a metallic substance, that substance is bronze.

Digitized by Google

XIII.

There a herd of kine he moulded,
Some in tin, and some in gold,
Lowing they, with horns uplifted,
Rushed afield from out the fold,
Where the wavy reed-bed quivered,
Where the sounding river rolled.
Golden herdsmen four attend them,
Nine swift dogs behind. When lo!
Dread to see, a pair of lions,
Mid the kine that foremost go
Seized a bellowing bull, and dragged him
Roaring. Dogs and men pursued.
They, the huge hide tearing open,
Lapped the bowels and the blood.
While the herdsmen, void of purpose,
Chid the swift hounds to the proof,
These, as loath to grip the lions,
Bayed at hand, yet held aloof.

XIV.

There a pasture, broad, and gleaming —
White with sheep, in beauteous glade,
And with hut, and roof-clad pen, and
Stall, the mighty Master made.

XV.

There a Dance the mighty Master
In the broidered metal wrought.
Such to rich-haired Ariadnè
Daidalos in Knossos brought,
Spacious Knossos. Youths and maidens,
Maidens grown of age to wed,
Hand on wrist, each one with other,
Through the mazes lightly sped.
These are robed in rarest muslin,
Those fine-woven tunics wear,
Soft with glaze of oil, and glistening.
These are crowned with garlands fair,
Those their golden poniards, hanging
From their belts of silver, bear.
Now with trainèd feet careering
All the troop in circle * flies,
Like the potter's wheel † and gearing,
Which for speed he sits and tries;
Now each rank in backward movement
On the rank behind them fall.
Charmed with those bewitching dancers,
Throngs a gazing crowd. Mid all
Harps and sings the sacred minstrel:
Ever, as his notes begin,
Tumblers twain are wildly whirling
Round the open ring within.

XVI.

Ocean's might, resistless River,
Last of all, his labour sealed,
Rolling round the outmost border
Of the deftly-fashioned Shield.

1867. W. E. GLADSTONE.

* The simile of the potter's wheel has led me to describe the dance in terms as circular; and I have been influenced in rendering this passage to a certain extent by dances as I have seen them practised by a Greek village population of this day.

† "My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel." — 1 Henry VI., 1, 5.

From The Contemporary Review.

LETTERS FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

TO THE AUTHOR OF "ORION" ON LITERARY AND GENERAL TOPICS.

III.

To English philologists, in general, but more especially all those who can take an interest in the early studies of lyrical poets, it would be both curious and interesting to discover the methods adopted by different poets towards attaining excellence in the verbal mastery of their Art: — how they obtained their skill in diction — in fact, a command of words. But they are all silent. In the first chirrups and snatches of song, they all begin alike, — *i.e.*, without thinking as to how they do it — very much after the manner of song-birds. "They lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," and of course the words came first. And this bird-like practice may continue during some years, and with admirable success, being the fresh breath of the morning, the thought of any special studies only occurring with the advance towards some maturity of purpose. The two greatest song-writers the world has ever known — Burns and Béranger — probably continued in the first youthful way longer than most other poets; yet Burns eventually took to study, after some fashion, which is not, I believe, very well known, except that he fancied a little Latin would materially help him, and, finding it did not, he exclaims with amusing indignation; —

What's a' your jargon o' your schools —
Your Latin names for horns and stools, —
If honest Nature made ye fools,
What sairs yer grammars?
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools,
Or knappin'-hammers!

In another poem he says, with a sort of humorous self-irony, not without sarcasm at scholastic exactions, "Ye ken nae Greek." The biographers of Béranger are anxious to show that he had studied the finest classical poets; and yet, at the age of thirty-seven — judging by the date of his birth and that of the poem — he wrote: —

C'est alors que Philomèle
M'enseignant ses plus doux sons,
J'irais de la pastourelle
Accompagner les chansons.
Puis j'irais charmer l'ermite,
Qui, sans vendre l'eau bénite,
Donne aux pauvres son manteau.

Digitized by Google

Je volerais vite, vite, vite,
Si j'étais petit oiseau!

That Béranger must have made special studies of various kinds, before he could have attained to that perfection of finished simplicity manifested in most of his songs and other poems, there can be no doubt; but what they were has never, I believe, been recorded. Wordsworth, in an elaborate Preface, unfolds his views of the high and sacred office of the Poet, and on more than one occasion boasts of the pains and labour he has bestowed upon the Art, as Milton had done, yet no hint of *how* they went to work is vouchsafed to us. Shelley wrote an Essay, entitled "A Defence of Poetry" (a most inadequate title), which I should like to get printed in letters of gold; but Shelley, like all the rest, down to Gerald Massey and Algernon Swinburne, is mute as to all the means he took for his marvellous command of words. Miss E. B. Barrett, while alluding to her arduous studies, leaves us in many respects quite in the dark as to the collection of materials, *modus operandi*, and speculative excursions. Nor could her Letters, which I am about to give (on English Rhymes and Versification), have been in all probability ever written but for a certain friendly provocation that will be narrated. The present paper, may, therefore, be regarded as a first glimpse of such secret work as we have alluded to — *notes pour servir à l'histoire*, &c.,— or how young poets (neglecting their future nests) feather their wings and arrows.

Miss Barrett had sent me the MS. of her beautiful poem entitled "The Dead Pan," asking my opinion about it, where it would be best to send it, or if it should be reserved for a special volume. Of course I admired its poetry and its versification, but concerning her view of perfect and imperfect, or *allowable* rhymes, in that poem, and several of her other productions, I wished, once for all, to object, and give full reasons for it. Still, as I had only published certain tragedies, and never any volume of lyrical, or so-called minor poems (nor have I done so up to this time), it seemed proper towards one who had long been secretly at work in that way, that I should give some rough sketch of my own studies of that kind, the substance of which may be condensed within a few pages, as it was in the first instance, in one or two notes. I am not aware of this sort of revealment having ever been hitherto made by any one.

It is related somewhere of Sir Walter Scott — and if the story is not true, it does not in the least signify — that at a Christmas merry-making, the genial border-minstrel proposed, among other round-games and puzzles, a prize to be given to whoever made a couplet, of any sort, with a *rhyme* to the first line which should end with the word "*silver*." There were to be no half-rhymes, or allowable rhymes, but a perfect rhyme. After young folks and old had thought, and frowned with comical mental struggles during some minutes, to no purpose, Sir Walter "put them out of their misery" by informing them, with a humorous smile, that there was *no* rhyme to "silver" in the English language! Hearing this "remarkable fact," when a boy — though I subsequently came to find it ridiculous enough — it made a considerable impression upon me, as a very strange thing in any copious language; but having commenced my first efforts in poetry by a sort of uncouth imitation of Milton's blank verse, and then abruptly ceasing (finding, no doubt, that I had got out of my depth) during six or eight years, the whole matter passed out of my thoughts. But not out of mind, because nothing seems ever to pass out of some minds — perhaps not quite out of any mind — and when it again occurred, I was commencing to write short lyrical poems, in the usual way — *i.e.*, upon poetical emotions without very well-defined subjects, or subjects worth defining. I naturally "fought shy" of ending a line with "silver," but having to forage my brain for rhymes to other words of two syllables, such as *shadow* — *planet* — *filbert* — *squirrel* — *beetle* — *statue* — *trellis* — *anchor* — *April* — *August* — *temple* — *virtue* — *forest* — *angel* — *poet* — *proper* — *budget* — *stranger* — *open* — *almond* — *bayonet blossom* — *something* — *nothing*, &c., — I found there was not a single perfect rhyme to any one of them! The above list is by no means exhaustive. It is to be understood that this is only a rough sketch of an Essay, and of one not likely ever to be written by me. This discovery, however, naturally led to further search, and I then made a list of the words of one syllable, and also of three syllables, to which there were no perfect rhymes in our language; also, a list of all those words to which there was only one rhyme, such as *people* and *steeple* — *anguish* and *languish* — *winter* and *printer* — *hornet* and *cornet* — *hatchet* and *latchet* — *mountain* and *fountain* — *darkness* and

Digitized by Google

starkness — *votive* and *motive* — *blackness* and *slackness*, &c., — and a list of the triplicates, or words that have only two rhymes to them, such as *billow*, *pillow*, *willow* — *iron*, *scion*, *lion*, — and those which are quadruple, these two latter lists being meagre enough. Seeing the conditions of lyrical composition in English to be subject to these limits, it became obvious that for any freedom in writing, a large admission must be made for what the practice of the greatest of our poets has established as imperfect but *allowable* rhymes. And we now come to the vexatious fact that, while the true and only real test of a rhyme is its sound to the ear, many persons, deficient in that organ, take refuge in the plausible pretext that words must be rhymes to the *eye* — *i.e.*, the letters must be in accord. How short-sighted and inconsiderate this is, can be shown in a moment. A learned member of the Spanish Academy once undertook to show us that we had twenty different sounds to the very first letter of our alphabet. Evading that elaborate examination, we will content ourselves with directing attention to the fact of the positive exchange of sounds which some of our vowels undergo in different words. Thus, *have* and *cave*, where the first sound is *h'av'* and the second is *ayve*; *watch* and *match*, the first sound being *wot'ch*, and the second *atch*; — the same with *wand* and *hand* — *was* and *has*; — *wonder* and *thunder*, the first word having the *o* sounded as *u*; — *head* and *mead*, the first sounding *ed* and the second *eed*; — *caught* and *draught*, the first having the terminal sound of *ort*, and the second *aft*; — *do* and *go*, the first sounding *oo*, and the second *o*; — *plough* and *tough*, the first sounding *ow*, and the second *uff*; — *wounds* and *sounds*, the first having the vowel sound of *oo*, and the second of *ow'n*, &c. The non-recognition of these numerous changes of sound in the same vowels in different words (causing so many words which are perfect rhymes to the eye to be in reality far more imperfect to the ear than many words which are of quite a different spelling) has been the cause of frequent critical censures when the defect was rather in the critic than the poet, and sometimes entirely in the critic. Thus the very same critic who has unhesitatingly accepted the words *scarce* and *farce*, *hood* and *flood*, or *charm* and *warm*, as perfect rhymes, when they are most palpably of different vowel-sounds, would actually object to *dawn* and *morn*, because *morn* was not spelt *mawn*; and, indeed, I have heard men of similar bad or cavilling ear endeavour to prove such objection by adopting a provincial accent, or screwing their mouths in order to make "dawn" and "dawning" partially take the sound of *dar'n* and *darn'ing*, so that they should not rhyme with "morn" and "morning;" — and, in like manner, to give "morn" a provincial twang of "mour'rn," in order to prove that it did not rhyme with *dar'n* or *daw'n*. The Scotch have their peculiarities, so have the Irish, so have Yorkshire and Somersetshire — Londoners no less — and they should all "mind what they are about."

While some readers will be much interested in this question of English pronunciation, others will regard it, I fear, as supererogatory, so that at this stage of our introductory comments the wish arises that it were possible to ask if we were fatiguing our audience; but as this cannot be done, it will now be the safest plan to bring this matter "home" as briefly as possible.

From what has been already shown and suggested, it will follow that for due freedom of lyrical poetry due allowance should be made for the perverse and exceptional peculiarities of the genius of the English language. Rhymes to the *ear* are to be regarded as the true criterion, and never to be sacrificed to rhymes however perfect to the eye. Finding there are so many words of one, two, and three syllables (*i.e.*, the vast majority of our words) which have no rhymes at all to them, a reasonable number of allowable rhymes should be recognized, — that is to say, rhymes of consonants, where the actual vowels differ, or have different sounds, and other words which do not assume to be rhymes, but which rank with the Spanish *rima asonante* and have a pleasing effect when judiciously and sparsely mingled with perfect rhymes. I even consider that lyrical verse of the heroic measure would have a richer effect if some imperfect rhymes were purposely introduced, and this on the principle of *harmonious* discords in music which render the effect so much more grand, — in fact, while the genius of music depends upon original melody, the science is based upon harmony, which disallows all monotonies unless for isolated special effects.

Having gone to such "lengths" in my liberalities and allowances for our lyrical poetry, I am still ready to admit that

Digitized by Google

some line of demarcation should be drawn. And this line, I think, has been passed more boldly, defiantly, and persistently by Miss E. B. Barrett than by any other English poet. Strange to say, while various unfortunate men have received the severest censure for trifling and trumpery licences (often quite fair and really allowable), my admired correspondent has but seldom been called to account for her numerous violations of all received principles of English rhyme. But what a compliment to her genius, the brightness and fertility of her intellect, and to the energy and euphony of her verse, that critics were carried away by the stream, and rarely had time to take heed of the sticks and straws they were passing! This fact also implies a compliment to the critics.

The poem of "The Dead Pan," opens with this verse,—

> Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,
> Can ye listen in your silence?
> Can your mystic voices tell us
> Where ye hide? In floating islands
> With a wind that evermore
> Keeps you out of sight of shore?
> Pan, Pan is dead.

I am requested to make my comments on the MS. of this then unpublished poem; — and I fear it will be thought that I did not do my "spiriting" as gently as the poetess expected.

June 17, 1842.

Certainly: — mark as much as you please. They will all be marks of kindness, coming from you, whether depreciative or otherwise.

. . . . .

What if certain passages in "Dead Pan" should be in suspense, critically; voices crying to me, "Alter this" — "Alter *that!*" — whereas I may not have made up my mind, and my rhymes, as to alterations anywhere? For the rest, there will be some fifteen or sixteen pages of print. But it is in stanzas. You shall have it in MS., and also in proof, and then I shall be sure to do my best — or worst for you.

I commenced with a due appreciation of the poetry — its subject, treatment, and the euphonious flow of the versification; but took objection to many of the rhymes. I did not like "tell us" as a rhyme for Hellas; and still less, *islands* as a rhyme for *silence*. The only excuse for them, was the difficulty with regard to the first, and the impossibility of the second, as there was no perfect rhyme for *either* of them in the English language. I suggested that perhaps they were not intended as absolute rhymes at all, but euphonious quantities of the *rima assonante* class? — or was it considered that the rhymes being on the first syllables (*Hell* and *tell*, *si* and *I*) instead of the last, they were to be regarded as fair exchanges? In verse IV., I accepted "rolls on" and "the sun" and "altars" and "welters" on the principle of *allowable* rhymes, as they were quite as good as "corses" and "forces" where the letters were all right, and recognized as true rhymes — which they really are *not*. In verse VI., I objected to "flowing" and "slow in," (the rhyme being only on the first syllable), and in verse XII. to "golden" and "enfolding," for the same reason. In verse XIII. "iron" was very badly rhymed by "inspiring," being only a rhyme on *ir*. "Panther" and "saunter" in the next verse were bad. In verse XVI., "driven" and "heaving" were not admissible. In verse XIX. "turret" and "chariot" could only be excusable on the equivocal grounds that there was *no* rhyme to *either* of them in the language, and it might seem generous to wed them for that reason, if not quite justifiable. The words "o'er her" and "horror," — "angels" and "candles," — "nothing" and "truth in," could only be excused on the same grounds, as there were *no* rhymes in the language to "nothing," "angels," or "horror." There were several more of these anomalies in the same poem, but I felt I had said quite enough. I was very curious to know how all this would be received. The following will show to what purpose I had preached and prayed: —

(No date, but apparently written in London.)

Oh — you are a gnasher of teeth in criticism, I see! — you are a lion and a tiger in one, and in a most carnivorous mood, over and above. My dear Mr. Horne, — do you know, I could not help, in the midst of my horror and Pan-ic terror, smiling outright at the naïveté of your doubt as to whether my rhymes were really meant for rhymes at all? That is the naïveté of a right savage nature — of an Indian playing with a tomahawk, and speculating as to whether the white faces had any feeling in their skulls, "*quand même!*" Know then, that my rhymes *are* really meant for rhymes — and that I take them to be actual rhymes — as good rhymes as any used by rhymer — and that in no spirit of carelessness or easy writing, or desire to escape difficulties, have I run into them, — but chosen them, selected them, on principle, and with the determinate purpose of doing my best, in and out of this poem, to have them received! What you say of a "poet's duty," no one in the world can feel more deeply in the verity of it, than myself. If I fail ultimately before the public — that is, before the people — for an ephemeral popu-

Digitized by Google

larity does not appear to me worth trying for — it will not be because I have shrunk from any amount of labour — where labour could do anything. I have *worked* at poetry — it has not been with me reverie, but Art. As the physician and lawyer work at their several professions, so have I, and so do I, apply to mine. And this I say, only to put by any charge of carelessness which may rise up to the verge of your lips or thoughts.

With reference to the double rhyming, it has appeared to me employed with far less variety in our *serious* poetry than our language would admit of genially, — and that the various employment of it would add another string to the lyre of our Terpander.* It has appeared to me that the single rhymes as usually employed, are scarcely as various as they might be — [Perfectly true, and also what follows.] — but that of the double rhymes, the observation is still truer. A great deal of attention — far more than it would take to rhyme with conventional accuracy — have I given to the subject of rhymes, and have determined in cold blood, to hazard some experiments. At the same time, I should tell you, that scarcely one of the Pan rhymes might not separately be justified *by the analogy of received rhymes*, although they have not themselves been received. Perhaps (also) there is not so irregular a rhyme throughout the poem of Pan as the "fel*low*" and "prunel*la*" of Pope the infallible. [Bad as this may be — and *every* poet of any vigour, has abundance of bad as well as half rhymes — there is a marked difference between that sort of badness and what was pointed out in the "Dead Pan."] I maintain that my "islands" and "silence" is a regular rhyme in comparison. Tennyson's "tendons" and "attendance" is more objectionable to my mind than either. You, who are a reader of Spanish poetry, must be aware how soon the ear may be satisfied, even by a recurring vowel. I mean to try it. At any rate, there are so few regular double rhymes in the English language, that we must either admit some such trial, or eschew the double rhymes generally; and I, for one, am very fond of them, and believe them to have a power not yet drawn out to its length and capable development, in our lyrical poetry especially.

And now — upon all this — to prove to you that I do not set out on this question with a minority of one — I take the courage and vanity to send you a note which a poet whom we both admire, wrote to a friend of mine who lent him the MS. of this very "Pan." Mark! — no opinion was asked about the rhymes, — the satisfaction was altogether impulsive — from within. Send me the note back, and never tell anybody that I showed it to you — it would appear too vain. Also, I have no right to show it. It was sent to me as likely to please me, — and pleased me so much, and naturally on various accounts, and not least from the beauty of the figure used to illustrate my *rhymatology*, that I begged to be allowed to keep it. So, send it back, after reading it confidentially, and pardon me as much as you can of the self-will fostered by it.

Perhaps, under all present circumstances, I might now have considered myself exonerated as to the secret of this praise, in the spirit of which I should have most heartily joined (while objecting to some of the *letters*), but of course I took no copy of the note, and returned it as requested. I even forgot who the poet was that wrote it, but fancy it must have been Landor. An allusion is next made to some critic in the *Quarterly Review*, always so fond of "doing a mischief" where poets and poetry are concerned, who carped and cavilled at several paltry and insignificant matters, such as the use of the word "very," and sounding the *ed* at the close of certain words.

Why shouldn't I (also) say "very pale," if I please, for all Mr. Lockhart? It is very ludicrous, if I may not! I say no more "verys" than other people — and defy all the critics in the world to prove it. Let them count, and see. As to Tennyson, his admirer I am, and his imitator I am *not*, as certainly. Nearly everything in the "Seraphim" was written before I ever read *one* of his then published volumes: and even the "instructing the reader to say *ed*," was done on the pattern of Campbell's "Theodoric," and not from a later example. In these last volumes of mine I have eschewed all signs whatever of a diæresis pronouncëd or unpronounc'd, — so as to give no offence either to myself or other people. But it would be sheer weakness to throw out a word from your vocabulary because somebody is pleased to hang his own foolscap on it. Let it hang there! It is not mine, — and I need not fear the disgrace of it.

About the "Pans" [the too frequent repetitions] you are right, and I shall thin them as much as I can. For all your kindness about the poem I am also grateful — "very" grateful, if you will let me be so insolent to Mr. Lockhart.

You are a bloody critic, nevertheless. I am glad to hear of B——, and agree with you on the point of Patmore.

Ever and truly yours,
E. B. B.

The bravely humorous use of the epithet that has made the reader start with incredulous and comical dismay (having a back reference to the lady's graphic allusion to lions and tigers) in defiance of all its ordinary objectionableness, and outrage on "ears polite," I could not make up my mind to omit, but "after a struggle" have left it to the generous and

* The masterly use of double, treble, and all sorts of rhymes in *comic* verse — such as in "Hudibras," "Don Juan," "Tom Hood's Poems," and others, is some proof of this argument.

Digitized by Google

right appreciation of those readers who are not unlikely to be excessively amused, even if not quite approving of it. The letter concludes with some genial criticism on the poetry of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Rogers, Patmore, and some others, which must be reserved for a future opportunity.

Greatly admiring and respecting the breadth of intention and principle, as well as the moral courage of Miss Barrett, it will readily be supposed that I did not think it right to persevere with any further comments on this question. Besides, it is best, even with far inferior persons, to avoid a sore subject. The next time, however, that I went down on my usual visit to Miss Mitford, at Three Mile Cross, during "the strawberry season," as she called it, I determined to have the matter fully out with her in her garden summer-house in face of all the geraniums. As she was a lady of the "old school," I was prepared for resistance when I unfolded my views as to the large number of allowable rhymes it seemed important, and indeed necessary, to admit in English lyrical verse. She broke in upon me at the outset, with — "Oh, pray do not teach or promulgate anything to make the Art of Poetry easier and more open to all-comers. Do everything you can to throw all sorts of difficulties in the way. The world is overstocked already with minor and minnikin poets, and the crop multiplies every year. One of the very best things I have ever done in my life is to have nipped in the bud half-a-dozen young poetesses. Elegant girls have come to me, declaring they had been visited by poetical impulses, and begging me to read what they had written. A very little was enough, and I assured them that such things had all been done over and over again." Admitting the good service thus rendered, not only to the young ladies themselves, but to their future husbands and children, I still requested to be heard, and told her of the recent correspondence with Miss Barrett. Then she listened very attentively. Repeating the broad views I entertained as to allowable rhymes, both single and double, I also spoke of the freedom as well as the harmonious variety to be attained by adopting, occasionally, the Spanish *asonante* verse, of which our language was highly capable, though it had so very seldom been used. Thus the *Magico Prodigioso* of Calderon opens with this sort of verse: —

En la amena soledad
De aquesta apacible estancia
Bellísimo laberinto
De árboles, flores y plantas,
Podeis dejarme, dejando
Conmigo, que ellos me bastan
Por compañia, los libros
Que os mandé sacar de casa.

. . . . .

Idos los dos à Antioquia,
Gozad de sus fiestas varias,
Y volved por me á este sitio,
Quando et sol cayendo vaya
A sepultarse en las ondas,
Que entre obscuras nubes pardas
Al gran cadáver de oro
Son monumentos de plata.
Aqui me hallareis.

The foregoing lines have been so admirably translated by Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy, that although they were only recently published, I feel sure the anachronism of transcribing them here will be readily forgiven: —

In the pleasant solitude
Of this tranquil spot, this thicket
Formed of interlacing boughs,
Buds, and flowers, and shrubs commingled,
You may leave me, leaving also
As my best companions, with me,
(For I need none else) those books
Which I bade you to bring hither.

. . . . .

Go to Antioch and mingle
In its various sports, returning
When the sun descending sinketh
To be buried in the waves,
Which beneath the dark clouds' fringes
Round the royal corse of gold,
Shine like sepulchres of silver.
Here you'll find me.*

Could these English lines have been read to Miss Mitford, it is probable that she would have admitted their euphonious flow, and that one might soon come not to feel the loss of the rhymes. But in the absence of such an example, Miss Mitford simply agreed that it was "all very well for the Spanish, but thought it would not do in English verse." I then told her of the battle over the "Dead Pan" manuscript, adding my objections to certain rhymes in another of our friend's poems — such as "children," and "bewildering," and "stilled in;" — "resounding" and "round him," — "Heaven" and "unbelieving;" — the

* Southey and Shelley were very harmonious in the use of the short lines of an irregular blank verse; but their rhythmic quantities were as usual, and not like the above. Mr. Robert Buchanan, in his "*Book of Orm*," has adopted this *asonante* verse very successfully.

Digitized by Google

fact being, whether the poetess intended it or not, that she was for introducing a system of placing rhymes on the first half of the word, and leaving the closing syllable to a question of euphonious quantity. Now, I frankly admitted that she had effected this so well that it did not hurt my ear, and I had mainly protested against it as contrary to all received usage, and to save her from critical onslaught, especially of those who could not appreciate her genius and her excellence in other respects. In like manner, "Bion" and "undying," — "Bacchantes" and "grant us," — "deep in" and "leaping," were all rhymes on the first or second syllable. I had, moreover, discovered that it had so happened, when there was *no* rhyme to a word, the lady was inspired, probably without being clearly aware of the fact, to unite another word in the same condition of single life; thus, among other instances, —

> But natural Beauty shuts her bosom
> To what the natural feelings tell!
> Albeit I sigh'd, the trees would blossom —
> Albeit I smiled, the blossoms fell.

Who can say such a euphonious verse hurts the ear? — and who can fail to admire it as poetry? One felt ashamed of having foraged out the fact that there was no rhyme in the English language either to "bosom" or to "blossom." There seemed, indeed, an *et tu Brute* look through the air on the whole of these objections — particularly as many of the foregoing examples are taken, not from the "Dead Pan," but from a poem in a foot-note of which she makes such handsome allusion to myself. If I felt this at that period, I feel it the more now she is gone. And, after all, she may be right, to a considerable extent, in her struggle to enlarge the boundaries of lyrical poetry.

Miss Mitford smiled like a summer morning, but shook her head. Early training and fixed associations made her unable to look at the question in any new light. But it was the same with Leigh Hunt, and others. The delightful authoress of "Our Village," at the time we are writing about, was a bright silvery sixty, and her face always shone as brightly as her hair. I never saw a blooming girl of sixteen with a more fruity hopefulness in her countenance. Yet she clung to the past, not because she would not go on with the stream of things, but because from early training and habits of mind she *could* not. These new theories of rhymes outraged her notions of propriety, and, much as she loved and admired the poetess, she refused to entertain them, and more than hinted reproof to me for my large allowances in such matters. The special examples I had given she met with the following anecdote of another person, which, had it been narrated with any humorous or graphic art of the ordinary sort, would have had a rather ludicrous effect. As it is, I have some "compunctious visitings" in giving it. But Miss Mitford's humour was of a peculiar kind. She never adorned or "embellished," or used any mimetic art — if she really possessed any — but just placed the facts in a simple and prominent position, and slowly and drily delivered them with all the gravity of a chronicle. Strongly objecting to the rhyming licences adopted by the poetess, she thus proceeded to account for, and in part excuse them. "Our dear friend, you are aware, never sees anybody but the members of her own family, and one or two others. She has a high opinion of the skill in *reading*, as well as the fine taste of Mr. ——, and she gets him to read her new poems aloud to her, and so tries them upon him (as well as herself), something after the manner of Voltaire with regard to a far less elegant authority. So Mr. —— stands upon the hearth-rug, and uplifts the MS., and his voice, while our dear friend lies folded up in Indian shawls upon her sofa, with her long black tresses streaming over her bent-down head, all attention. Now, dear Mr. —— has lost a front tooth — not quite a front one, but a side-front one — and this, you see, causes a defective utterance. It does not induce a lisp, or a hissing kind of whistle, as with low people similarly circumstanced, but an amiable indistinctness, a vague softening of syllables into each other, — so that *silance* and *ilance*, would really sound very like one another, — and so would *childrin* and *bewildrin* — *bacchantes* and *grant-es*, don't you see?"

On the other hand, while really perfect rhymes to "*daisy*" — "*tongue*" — and "*busy*" are found in "*crazy*" — "*young*" and "*dizzy*;" — there are no English rhymes, to the *eye*, for any of the first three. It will be obvious that all the foregoing examples are outside and far beyond the little commonplace objections to words, which a better knowledge of the condition of the language, and an examination of the practice of all standard poets (who are full of licences) would put

Digitized by Google

clean out of court. Yet so strong is the force of habit, that Leigh Hunt — a poet of a life-long experience — upon coming to a couplet where the words *arch* and *porch* were given as allowable rhymes — as they are and *must* be, with all of similar family,— wrote in the margin that they were "most impossible," and proposed to substitute the following,—

A Serjeant of the Law, wary and wise,
Whose robes had often brushed Paul's Paradise, &c.

Passing over the glaring paraphrase, as there is not one word of the second line in Chaucer (neither do I consider the meaning at all the right one, and I may frankly admit not feeling quite sure that my own version is accurate), the ear that would not admit *arch* and *porch*, can yet give *paradise* and *wise*, not perceiving that the *s* in the latter word is pronounced as *z* — not *wice*, but *wize* — and takes rank with the allowable rhymes, like all of that, as well as the "arch" and "porch," class. The late Lord Lytton also, not very long ago, made an objection of a similar kind to a passage in something I had sent him; and then courteously added some words of the usual kind about spots in the sun, and that he supposed his "training had led him to regard certain rules as necessary," &c. It seems clear that those who emancipate themselves from the old system, in special respects, and examine our language for justification, will gradually become latitudinarians. Thus, while objecting to some of Miss Barrett's rhymes as inadmissible, I yet consider there is some truth and foundation in her defence of her theory. Many of her half-rhymes — either as consonant rhymes with different vowels (like *march*, *lurch*, *torch*, &c., which are all allowable) or having the rhymes on the first syllable, and leaving only a euphonious ending, do not really hurt the ear, the positive proof of which is, that the great majority of her readers and admirers have probably never noticed them. And be it *ever borne in mind*, that here, and elsewhere, in all critical strictures, whenever there is a doubt or difficulty with regard to the propriety of a rhyme, and its effect upon the ear, it is a most unjust and erroneous proceeding in estimating the *poetry*, to detach the rhymes from the context. I only do so on this occasion from necessity, since the discussion is not of poetry, but of first principles as matter of language and pronunciation. As a marked instance of effects on the ear, the delight which children take in the old Nursery Songs is on account of their rhythmic harmonies; yet, in the very great majority of them, the music is of the kind of the old-fashioned child-song of —

Goosey, goosey, Gander!
Where shall I wander?
Upstairs?
Downstairs? —
In my Lady's chamber?

In chanting the foregoing, nobody, child, mother, or teacher — has ever been troubled with the *dawning* and *mawning* nonsense, and instructed the child to say *Gander* and *wann-der*, but has accepted the sound of *o* for a good rhyme to the *a* (in gander, as it is, and must be), and also the euphonious *asonante* of "chamber" as a third sort of rhyme. (In the verb to *wonder*, the *o* becomes *u* in pronunciation.) This early illustration of our ear's education is given to show that such things do not really hurt the ear then, or afterwards, and it is only when they are closely examined (as we have now been obliged to do) that the objection arises. In like manner, we may refer to the favourite old sea-song, by Dibdin, of "Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowlin!" It is quite too late for anybody to pretend that he has ever been troubled by the "bowlin" and "howling," or "the crew" and "him to!" No doubt all this looks very like coming over to the lady's side,— and so let it look, for to that side who knows but future poets may possibly be drawn, with more or less variation of experiment and practice?

The only systematic rhyming authority in the language is *Walker's Rhyming Dictionary*, and very laboriously, and very well, it is done. As examples of the licences of standard poets he gives the following,—

Draw next the patron of that *tree;*
Draw Bacchus and soft Cupid *by*. — OLDHAM.

Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward *form*
And empty noise, and loves itself in *man*. — DRYDEN.

My parents are propitious to my *wish*,
And she herself consenting to the *bliss*. — DRYDEN.

One sees her thighs transformed; another *views*
Her arms shoot out, and branching into *boughs*. — ADDISON.

This last I thoroughly justify, and do not object to the next: —

Digitized by Google

Wit, kindled by the sulph'rous breath of *vice*,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines *destroys*. — POPE.

While considering the last example rather bold, it is nevertheless admissible. In short, the list of *allowable* rhymes given by Walker is of an extent to surprise all those who have not gone much into this question; and there is no doubt but the liberality becomes extended with one's experience. Yet, as before said, some kind of line should be drawn, however oscillating; — and however wide my notion of licence may have been thought, I am unable to go quite to the same lengths as the lexicographer. He quotes the following bit of Scriptural doggerel, referring to one of the Plagues of Egypt, frankly intimating that it does not offend his ear,—

And how did he commit their fruits
Unto the *caterpillar*, —
And eke the labour of their hands
He gave to the *grasshopper*.

Anybody who can stand that, can stand anything. Walker's words are,— "I have purposely omitted many licences I might have produced, as judging them in reality too licentious. Among these, however, I do *not* reckon this of Sternhold and Hopkins, of Gothic memory." He then gives the verse just quoted. Our old Nursery Rhymes, with all their (unobserved) licences, never go to such a length. It is simply ludicrous, and the more so from its biblical gravity.

We now come to the very intricate, many-sided, opalescent question of *Versification* — metres, quantities, rhythm — and we shall be obliged to go back to Chaucer, the first great master in our heroic couplets. As all that has been done, in that way, since his time (A.D. 1400) by the Elizabethan poets and dramatists, — then by Milton, the first great master of our blank verse,— then by Pope, and his very different school, — then by Coleridge, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt (Cowper, Wordsworth, Moore, and others keeping in the regular metrical, and almost metallic, grooves), down to the present day of Tennyson, and his peers,— the mere opening of the subject could not possibly be rendered lucid and acceptable without extending this paper to a greater length than I think it would be right to intrude upon the courtesy of the Editor and Readers of the *Contemporary Review*. I therefore reserve a remarkable Letter from Miss Barrett, and another from Leigh Hunt, together with such connecting observations as may seem necessary, for the next instalment of the present series.

R. H. HORNE.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

CHINAMEN OUT OF CHINA.

OF late years we have heard so much of "Chinese cheap labour" from various parts of the world that it is somewhat difficult to realize the fact that not more than 200,000 Chinamen are working in foreign countries at the present time. Even this number is quite an outside estimate. America and Australia have so far been the favourite resorts for Chinese emigrants. Allowing 130,000 for the former country and 30,000 for the latter, 40,000 are left for Peru, the Sandwich Islands, and other places; evidently a more than sufficient margin. Yet the anxiety and alarm shown have been altogether out of proportion to these figures. We cannot help thinking that this is one of those cases — more common perhaps than is readily admitted — in which imagination plays a considerable part. Irishmen have emigrated and are still emigrating in far larger numbers than the Chinese, and they are more troublesome to deal with in the countries in which they settle. Nevertheless the Irishman is looked upon as a necessary evil in new lands, and tolerated accordingly. The Chinaman, however, is always regarded as an intruder. They are the only Asiatic race which, if they were secure from ill-treatment, would without special urging leave their native country freely. And even the most ignorant of those among whom they come have a hazy notion that there are 400,000,000 or more similar strange-looking people tightly packed at home and ready enough to seek their fortune elsewhere. The storehouse of labour seems practically inexhaustible. A dread of what might happen if capitalists could command and control these vast hordes of workmen as against men of their own race has made the labouring class, at any rate, blind to their good qualities. The Americans, for instance, were fain to admit that the Chinese came out grandly in the construction of the Pacific Railway. But that has nowise abated the sullen hostility with which they are regarded in California, and it needs but little to stir up this enmity to take a much more active shape than that of mere petitions

Digitized by Google

to Congress. We, too, insist upon forcing ourselves and our commerce upon the Chinese, but the most peaceful invasion on their side would, we take it, be resented by our trade unionists in very practical fashion. It is well enough that we should balance our Indian budget by debauching them with opium, and if need be we must support our position in that respect by war as before. They had better not emigrate to England none the less.

We have been led to make these remarks by the news of a little misunderstanding which has arisen recently in Victoria. The miners at the Lothair Mine struck for an increase of their already high wages. Other miners in the neighbourhood who at first were ready to take the wages then paid were persuaded to stand aloof. As a last resort, the owners engaged a body of Chinamen who were brought into the place accompanied by police. The colonial miners were in no mood to put up with this. They attacked police and Chinamen together, and worsted them, inflicting serious injuries on many. Eventually the Chinamen were obliged to give way, the original miners remained masters of the field, and the mine stands idle. The Victorian Government, afraid to lose the mining vote in the colony, behaved in a most cowardly manner and took no active proceedings against the rioters. Clearly, therefore, the line of democratic freedom in Victoria is drawn at industrious Asiatics, and if they seek work on equal terms with European colonists they do so at the risk of their lives. This, taken in conjunction with the harshness shown towards them in California and the massacre reported from South America, ought to keep the Chinese at home for the present.

And yet it seems a pity that this emigration, small as it is, should be checked. A Chinaman is qualified to do much that cannot be so well or so cheaply done by the white man. He can work, and work well, in a great variety of climates. A German, so the saying runs, will dine off a bone which an Englishman has picked. A Chinaman will fare sumptuously after both the Europeans have done their worst. It may perhaps be an exaggeration to couple the Chinese with the French as the best cooks in the world. But those who have most experience of their powers rate them highly, and in the capacity for making much out of little they are in no way inferior to the great leaders of European gastronomy. In many a bush township a Chinaman is the only human being who has the sense to devote his spare time to the cultivation and irrigation of vegetables. Who would not have charitable feelings towards the man who in a dry and thirsty land can for a consideration furnish you with the crispest of lettuces on a hot summer's day? Give a Chinaman a bit of land, and if anything can be done with it at all he will turn it into a market-garden. His capacity for getting to places where his labour may be wanted, when once he has begun to roam, is remarkable. In 1869, when Fiji was not so well known as it is now, a labour vessel chanced to call at one of the remotest plantations. A Chinaman at once stepped ashore, and, walking to the planter's house, inquired if any hands would be needed next season, as by that time he and 300 more then at work in Taheiti (!) would be ready to take a fresh engagement. He had come to Fiji, so both he and the skipper averred, for that particular purpose. Most of them have a "dead horse" to work off on first landing in the shape of their passage-money and advances paid by some great Chinese house. They are, therefore, let out into a sort of mitigated slavery until they have cleared this. Nothing but the most unremitting industry enables them to become fairly their own masters. And when once they have got a little money they quickly go out of the mere labouring class. In this respect they resemble the Jews and genuine Americans. All of them being educated to a fair point, there is nothing to keep them back. And it is noteworthy that, passionately addicted as they are to opium — and one of the best freights for the up-country coaches is the opium case — they rarely take to it abroad to excess until they have made their "pile." Some of the richest and most influential importers in Melbourne, San Francisco, and Honolulu came out as common labourers, with their great round hats and coarse clothing. On the gold fields, of course, they are familiar figures, and many claims which have been abandoned as too poor have afforded them the means of returning to China with a comparative fortune. In short, for steady, dogged, persistent labour, under proper direction Chinamen are almost unequalled. To counterbalance their frugality, their industry, and, as a rule, their quiet peaceful behaviour, they certainly have drawbacks that, apart from the cheapness of their labour, account for the enmity felt towards them by

Digitized by Google

the rest of the population. In the first place, they have until recently brought with them no women. This has often given rise to serious troubles. A white woman who has once taken up with a Chinaman rarely leaves him. A famous and dramatic trial which took place some years ago at Melbourne threw some light upon this. Next they have a knack of carrying out their own peculiar system of law and equity quite regardless of the customs of the country in which they may be temporarily resident. Some singular instances of the secret and relentless way in which they enforce their rules among themselves have been discovered in California. In Victoria it is believed that in one case at least an innocent Chinaman has been hanged for murder by arrangement, his own confession confirming the evidence of his fellows and exonerating the guilty party. One Chinaman is so uncommonly like another to the eye of an unpracticed European that it is almost impossible to get valuable outside evidence on such a matter. Then, again, their districts in the cities are generally most abominably dirty and overcrowded. The Chinese quarter of San Francisco is one of the shows of the place. Little Bourke-street, which runs parallel to the principal business-street in Melbourne, is, too, beyond all question a most filthy hole. Still we could point to courts and alleys within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament, to say nothing of the waterside dens near the docks, which are worse even than these in way of dirt and unwholesomeness. Remissness on the part of the municipal authorities and greed on the part of the landlords are the causes in each case. Lastly, in the matter of gambling Chinamen are quite unmanageable. Gamble they will, though raid after raid be made upon their gaming-tables. And the extent to which they carry the practice is barely conceivable. Chinamen have been known to gamble themselves away when they had nothing else to play for. Their passion for gambling and their indifference to life were both curiously shown on Mr. Stuart's plantation at Taheiti — a plantation, by the way, which by means of the *Moaroa* and other vessels was responsible for much of what is called the South Sea Slave Trade — where at one time more than 400 Chinaman were employed. A complete epidemic of suicide broke out among them. They were not ill-used, nor were they ill-paid, nor was the labour painful and distressing, like that on the ill-famed Guano Islands. Still the mania for self-destruction spread. This was a serious matter for the owners of the plantation, inasmuch as each Chinaman who thus put himself out of the world had, counting his passage, outfit, &c., cost a good round sum, and was bound over to work for a certain number of years at a fixed rate of wages. It was found upon examination that the suicides took place because the Chinamen, who had gambled away all their money in hand and to come as well as their persons, thought existence a burden. All sorts of devices were tried to stop the gambling, but to no purpose. At last the manager hit upon the bright idea of making the survivors of each gang of twenty men pay the full value of the one who made away with himself. After this there were no more suicides. It may be observed that one of the difficulties in dealing with Chinamen both in Taheiti and in the Sandwich Islands, where they are much employed, arises from the fact that some of those who emigrate are skilled workmen, and are consequently much disinclined to devote their time to field labour unless they are offered special inducements. This the planter too often does not understand, and attributes their hesitation to laziness or determination to break their contract.

There are such vast tracts distributed over the earth's surface which the Chinese could and would cultivate to advantage, but which are now quite useless, that it is impossible not to hope that ere long arrangements will be made to afford the security to their emigrants which is now lacking. If their numbers were increased a hundredfold, they would not suffice for the development of the idle wealth of South America, Jamaica, and the Southern States. And so far as can be seen, they are the only people who could be induced to undertake the work on a large scale. At present, however, all the steps which are being taken tend to their discouragement.

From All The Year Round.

CHILDHOOD IN JAPAN.

THE Japanese, as a race, are gradually attracting more and more attention all over the world, for, notwithstanding their former rigid exclusiveness, not only are they now admitting much of our western civilization into their own country, but numbers of their youth are constantly

Digitized by Google

being sent to Europe and the United States of America for educational purposes. Under these circumstances, and because for many centuries the character and habits of the nation have been to the outer world as a sealed book, we venture to hope that a brief account of some of their customs and usages, with respect to children, may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

A Japanese baby need be constitutionally strong, for it is by no means over-delicately nurtured; its mother frequently carries it out in the open-air in a state of complete nudity and with its head shaven. Amongst the lower orders, the women, when at work in the fields and on other occasions, may be seen with their infants fastened, almost like bundles, between their shoulders, so that they may be as little as possible in their way. In the houses they are left to their own devices much more than with us, and there is no need to be alarmed about their tumbling down-stairs, and eternally coming to grief against fenders, coal-boxes, mantelpieces, and similar objects of terror to a fond English mother, for such things do not exist in Japan. The thick mats, which constitute almost the only furniture of a Japanese house, are a splendid playground for the small atoms of humanity, for there they can roll and sprawl about to their hearts' delight, without any risk or fear of injury. There they play about with the fat pug dogs and tailless cats, without any restraint and to the great benefit of their tiny frames. They are freely supplied with toys and other infantine amusements, as Japanese parents have the reputation of being very kind to their offspring.

One curious custom in connection with a Japanese baby is that some of the clothes that it first wears are made from a girdle which its mother has worn previous to its birth, the material being dyed sky blue for the purpose. The Record of Ceremonies * says that "twenty-four baby robes, twelve of silk and twelve of cotton, must be prepared (for the new comer); the hems must be dyed saffron colour;" and that when the child has been washed, "its body must be dried with a kerchief of fine cotton unhemmed." For the peace of mind of parents of moderate means, it is devoutly to be hoped that baby robes are less expensive in Japan than in England!

* See Mitford's Tales of Old Japan. Vol. 2. Appendix.

Accounts differ slightly as to when the Japanese baby receives its first name. Some say that it is on the seventh, while Humbert asserts that it is on the thirtieth day after its birth. According to the latter authority, there is no baptism of the child, properly so called; it is simply, in certain cases, presented in the temple, which its parents affect, and without any ceremony of purification. The father gives three names to the priest, and he writes them on separate pieces of paper, which are mixed together, and then, with certain incantatory forms, thrown up in the air. The first that falls is the chosen name. This is written out by the priest on consecrated paper and given to the child's parents to preserve. The priests, at these times, are usually very liberally dealt with by parents in the matter of presents, and they are expected to keep accurate registers of all the children who are thus presented in the temple. This is the only approach to a religious ceremony, in connection with the naming of a child. The occasion is celebrated by family visits and feasts, and the child receives certain presents, "among which," says Humbert, "two fans figure, in the case of a male, and a pot of pomade in that of a female child. The fans are precursors of swords, and the pomade is the presage of feminine charms. In both cases a packet of flax thread is added, signifying good wishes for a long life."

Mr. Mitford supplies a somewhat different version of the ceremony of naming a child; for he quotes a translation of a Japanese MS., which says that "on the seventh day after its birth, the child receives its name; the ceremony is called the congratulations of the seventh night. On this day some one of the relations of the family, who holds an exalted position, either from his rank or virtues, selects a name for the child, which name he keeps until the time of the cutting of the forelock, when he takes the name which he is to bear as a man. The second name is called the 'cap-name,' which is compounded of syllables taken from an old name of the family, and from the name of the sponsor. If the sponsor afterwards change his name, his name-child must also change his name."

According to ancient custom, baby clothes ought to be left off on the seventy-fifth or the hundred-and-twentieth day after birth, and at the latter date the child (in theory, though not in practice) is weaned. At the ceremony which takes place on this day, "if the child be a boy,

Digitized by Google

it is fed by a gentleman of the family; if a girl, by a lady." The account of the proceedings on this occasion, as given by the Japanese Record of Ceremonies, is decidedly amusing to the European mind, but is somewhat too long for quotation here.

When he is three years old, the Japanese infant is invested with a sword belt, and four years later with two diminutive swords, if he belong to the privileged class. The child's head is completely shaved until he is close upon four years old, and then three patches are grown, one at the back and one at each side. On this occasion the Record of Ceremonies ordains that "a large tray, on which are a comb, scissors, paper-string, a piece of string for tying the hair in a knot, cotton wool, and the bit of dried fish or seaweed which accompanies presents, one of each, and seven rice straws — these seven articles must be prepared." In another year's time the child is put into the loose trousers peculiar to the privileged class, and he is then presented with "a dress of ceremony, on which are embroidered storks and tortoises (emblems of longevity; the stork is said to live a thousand years, the tortoise ten thousand), fir-trees (which being evergreen, and not changing their colour, are emblematic of an unchangingly virtuous heart), and bamboos (emblematic of an upright and straight mind.)" Soon after the child has reached his fifteenth year, a fortunate day is chosen on which the forelock is cut off, and at this period, being considered a man, he is entrusted with swords of ordinary size; and on this occasion in particular great family festivities and rejoicings take place in honour of the auspicious event. The lad then comes of age, and, casting away childish things, adopts the dress of a grown-up man in every particular. Japanese youths are said to be quite equal to the occasion, and, even at this early age, to adapt themselves most readily to the habits of manhood.

At the stages in his life which we have alluded to, the child has a sponsor, and certain wine-drinking customs and prescribed festivities have to be carefully attended to.

Some Japanese must have a string of names, awful to contemplate, if strict custom be always adhered to; for, besides the name which he receives shortly after his birth, Humbert tells us that "he will take a second on attaining his majority, a third at his marriage, a fourth when he shall be appointed to any public function, a fifth when he shall ascend in rank or in dignity, and so on until the last, the name which shall be given him after his death, and inscribed upon his tomb — that by which his memory shall be held sacred from generation to generation."

SOMEBODY has been writing in one of the papers about the base sovereigns that are current — composed of platinum, and very hard to detect; and he goes on to say: — "At present, if a man offers a false coin, having a similar false coin in his possession, the statute throws upon him the onus of satisfactorily proving his own innocence. But, if many of these false sovereigns are about, it is quite possible that an innocent man should have two of them in his possession at once. Indeed, the only practical advice of which the position admits is that we should never accept a sovereign in change, except from our bankers." What practical advice! and what rich people we must all be! Pray, how many per cent. of our respectable population have banking accounts? We are reminded of the man in one of Mr. Gaskell's novels, who, out at dinner, was perfectly astounded that his hosts did not grow their own pineapples. "No pinery!" he said, in accents of condolence. Let us all join in pitying the man without a banker; and yet two or three do manage to live — and die — without his taking charge of their little all.

AFFECTIVE FACULTIES. — Having much of one of the affective faculties, we do not like to be exposed to the acute exercise of the same faculty in others. A person with large veneration shrinks from being an object of veneration to others. (To one with large self-esteem, the veneration of others is, on the contrary, agreeable.) One with large acquisitiveness detests being subjected to the action of powerful acquisitiveness in his neighbours. It has often been observed that individuals who are much given to jesting at the expense of their fellow-creatures cannot endure to be the subject of other people's jokes, and that great censurers and reprovers hate to be in the least rebuked or found fault with.

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. } No. 1558.—April 18, 1874. { From Beginning, Vol. CXXI.

CONTENTS.

I. PROSPER MERIMEE: HIS LETTERS AND WORKS, ... *Quarterly Review*, ... 131
II. THE COURTIER OF MISFORTUNE: A BONAPARTIST STORY. Part I., ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 150
III. THE TWO SPERANSKY. A Page of Russian Official Life. Conclusion, ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 160
IV. A ROSE IN JUNE. Part I., ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 168
V. RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN KEATS. By Charles Cowden Clarke, ... *Gentleman's Magazine*, . . . 174
VI. EXPLORATIONS OF A NATURALIST, . . . *Chambers' Journal*, ... 188

POETRY.

HORATIAN LYRICS, ... 130

MISCELLANY, ... 192

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Digitized by Google

HORATIAN LYRICS.

HORACE TO VIRGIL.

ODE III. OF BOOK I. — AD VIRGILIUM.

"Sic te Diva, potens Cypri."

MAY that lovable Goddess, the Cyprian Queen,
And the brothers of Helen, that bright constellation;
And from every foul wind may old Æolus screen
Thy bark, for he rules all the winds in creation.

And O ship — that art trusted e'en now to convey
My Virgil to Athens, the land of the stranger —
Bring thy passenger home in all safety, I pray,
And save the best half of my Being from danger.

That man must have had a thrice-fortified heart
Of oak or of brass, who first tried navigation;
From the shelter of port who had courage to part,
And to face a sou'-wester without consternation.

A wind that, when met by his foe the nor'-east,
Lays about in a way that is perfectly frantic;
Lashes Adria's waves till they're foaming like yeast,
And rouses or soothes the uncertain Atlantic.

What manner of death could that mariner dread,
Who could look the sea-snake in the face without winking;
Who could gaze on the breakers, with foam-shivered head,
As they rose all around him, and dreamt not of shrinking?

In vain a wise Providence severed the lands,
And girdled them round with the streams of old Ocean;
Since to shipbuilding men turned their impious hands,
And would find, if they could, the Perpetual Motion.

Mankind are in mischief a go-ahead race,
Forever inventing and hunting for evil;
Prometheus — I cite him in proof of my case —
Brought fire down to mortals, in league with the Devil.

And ever since fire was brought down from the skies,
Consumption and fevers have worried the nations;
Man's life has grown short since the baking of pies, —
He has ruined his stomach by cooking his rations.

Then Dædalus tried to make way through the air
Upon wings — a device not conceded to mortals;
There is nothing too hard for a bold man to dare,
Since Hercules burst e'en through Acheron's portals.

In our folly we try feats of daring and dread,
In aerial cars through the firmament driven;
We call down the lightnings of Jove on our head,
For our crimes try too sorely the patience of Heaven.

ODE III. OF BOOK II.

IN WHICH THE POET SUGGESTS A PICNIC.

"Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem."

KEEP a stout heart when times are bad, my boy,
And don't forget when things are looking better,
To guard against extravagance in joy,
For Death *will* come — a foe no man can fetter —

Whether your life has passed in cheerless gloom,
Or 'midst the song and dance and mirth and revel;
Unmindful that forever gapes the tomb,
Where every man at last will find his level.

Then — to a nook where aged trees entwine
Their mingling arms, and cast a grateful shadow;
And crystal streams leap forth to cool your wine,
Then run, exulting, towards the sunny meadow —

Bring wine and olives, and too short-lived flowers,
And every choice invention of kind pleasure;
While young and rich, and while the Sister-powers
Leave still unclipped your life's uncertain measure.

For you must quit your country-house and club,
River and park, and well-beloved plantations;
And all you die possessed of — there's the rub —
When you are gone, must go to your relations.

Art thou a millionnaire? Canst trace thy blood
Right upwards to the Conquest? — 'tis no matter;
Still you must die and cross death's sable flood,
Just like a pauper, or a common "hatter."

Our lines in one great Central Station meet;
From out the dread urn each one's ticket's shaken
Sooner or later; and our final seat
In the Down Train must certainly be taken
When the bell tolls.

Blackwood's Magazine. KNAPDALE.

Digitized by Google

From The Quarterly Review.

PROSPER MERIMEE: HIS LETTERS AND WORKS.*

No literary event since the war has excited anything like such a sensation in Paris as the publication of the *Lettres à une Inconnue.* Even politics became a secondary consideration for the hour, and academicians or deputies of opposite parties might be seen eagerly accosting each other in the Chamber or the street to inquire who this fascinating and perplexing "unknown" could be. The statement in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" that she was an Englishwoman, moving in brilliant society, was not supported by evidence; and M. Blanchard, the painter, from whom the publisher received the manuscripts, died most provokingly at the very commencement of the inquiry and made no sign. Some intimate friends of Mérimée, rendered incredulous by wounded self-love at not having been admitted to his confidence, insisted that there was no secret to tell; their hypothesis being that the *Inconnue* was a myth, and the letters a romance, with which some petty details of actual life had been interwoven (as in "Gulliver's Travels" or "Robinson Crusoe") to keep up the mystification. But an artist like Mérimée would not have left his work in so unformed a state, so defaced by repetitions, or with such a want of proportion between the parts. With the evidence before us as we write, we incline to the belief that the lady was French by birth, and during the early years of the correspondence in the position of *dame de compagnie* or travelling companion to a Madame M—— de B——, who passes in the letters under the pseudonym of Lady M——. It appears from one of them that she inherited a fortune in 1843; and she has been confidently identified with a respectable single lady residing in Paris, with two nieces, and a character for pedantry fastened on her (perhaps unjustly) on the strength of the Greek which (as we shall see) she learned from Mérimée.

* *Lettres à une Inconnue.* Par Prosper Mérimée, de l'Académie Française. Précédées d'une Etude sur Mérimée, par H. Taine. Paris, 1874.

The extraordinary amount of interest taken in her is owing to something more than the Parisian love of scandal, gossip, or mystery. Prosper Mérimée belonged to that brilliant generation of which MM. Thiers and Guizot are the last, and he will be remembered longer than many of those by whom he was temporarily outshone. His character was no less remarkable than his genius; and the strangely contrasted qualities that formed it will be found almost as well worth studying as his works. It was because he was an enigma when living that people are so eager to know everything concerning him when dead. Was his cynicism real or affected? Had he, or had he not, a heart? Did he, or could he, love anything or anybody at any time? Was he a good or bad man? a happy or unhappy one? These are among the problems raised by the letters, and which M. Taine proposes to solve, or assist in solving, by his acute and discriminating "Etude."

I have often [he commenced] met Mérimée in society. He was tall, upright, pale, and, with the exception of the smile, he had the look of an Englishman; at least, he had that cold, distant air which checks all familiarity from the first. To see him was enough to feel in him the phlegm natural or acquired, the self-command, the will and the habit of being on his guard. In ceremony above all, his physiognomy was impassible. Even in intimacy, and when he related a droll anecdote, his voice remained unbroken and calm: no *éclat* or *élan;* he told the raciest details, in appropriate terms, in the tone of a man who was asking for a cup of tea. Sensibility in him was toned down to the point of appearing absent: not that it was; quite the contrary; but there are thoroughbred horses so well broken by their master that, once well in hand, they no longer venture on a gambol.

This closely corresponds with the character of Saint-Clair in his novel of the "Vase Etrusque," evidently intended for his own:—

He (Saint-Clair) was born with a tender and loving heart; but at an age when we too easily receive impressions which last through life, his too expansive sensibility had provoked the raillery of his comrades. Thenceforward he studied to conceal the outward and visible signs of what he regarded as a dishonouring

Digitized by Google

weakness. . . . In the world, he obtained the melancholy reputation of insensible and indifferent. . . . He had travelled a great deal, read a great deal, and only spoke of his travels and his readings when it was exacted of him.

We have our doubts whether the original inborn bent of a character was ever changed in this manner: whether a warm, loving nature, with sympathetic yearnings, was ever effaced or kept under so as to impress a general conviction of insensibility. Nor do we think that any man can adopt a bad habit like that of habitually suppressing his most generous and ennobling impulses, without damming up or vitiating their source. He will end by at least partially becoming in sad earnest what he began by simulating. We have recently seen in the "Autobiography of Stuart Mill" to what extent both head and heart may be impaired by the abuse of the analytical process; and Mérimée, although he suffered less from it, practised it to the extent of rendering anything like a sustained illusion an impossibility. He constantly recalls the scene in "L'Homme Blasé" (or Used-up), when the hero, about to strike, suspends the blow to feel by how many beats per minute the rising emotion has accelerated his pulse. "He passed through life (says M. Taine) *en amateur:* one can hardly do otherwise when one has the critical disposition: by dint of reversing the tapestry, one ends by seeing it habitually on the wrong side. In this case, instead of handsome, well-placed figures, we see fag-ends of thread: it is then difficult to engage, with abnegation and as a workman, in a common work — to belong even to the party which we serve, even to the school which we prefer, even to the science which we cultivate, even to the art in which we excel; if at times we descend into the *mêlée* as volunteers, we more frequently hold aloof."

Fortunately for the indulgence of his humour, unfortunately perhaps for the development of his powers, Mérimée had a small independent fortune and a place which exactly suited him — the inspectorship of historic monuments. He was elected a member of the Academy in 1843, and of the imperial Senate (with a salary of 30,000 francs) in 1853. When he first formed the acquaintance of his *Inconnue* he was thirty-seven years of age, and a recognized celebrity, if not quite in the fulness of his fame. The precise period is fixed by a letter, dated Paris, February, 1842, in which, apologizing for not sending her some Turkish slippers, he sends a Turkish looking-glass instead. "Perhaps you will like it best; for you strike me as having become still more *coquette* than in the year of grace 1840. It was in the month of December, and you had on stockings of ribbed silk: that is all I remember." It was quite in his way to be thinking, when he wrote this, of Charlotte first seen by Werther when she was cutting bread and butter for the children, or the image of Matilda Pottingen associated by Rogero with the —

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sate knotting in.

It appears from frequent allusions that the lady had pretty feet and ankles, and prided herself on her *bottines*. He is also enthusiastic in his praise of her hands, her hair, and her "splendid black eyes."

M. Taine has culled some of the most illustrative passages for the purposes of his "Etude;" but we think it best to take the letters as they come, and leave them to tell their own story. The first of the collection, written in Paris and received in England, begins with a reproach: —

All is mysterious in you, and the same causes make you act in the diametrically opposite manner to that in which other mortals would conduct themselves. You are going into the country; well — this is as much as to say that you will have plenty of time; for there the days are long, and the want of something to do leads to the writing of letters. At the same time, the watchfulness and restlessness of your dragon being less checked by the regular occupations of the town, you will have more questions to undergo when letters are brought to you. Moreover, in a country house the arrival of a letter is an event. — Not at all: you cannot write, but, on the other hand, you can receive no end of letters. I begin to adapt myself to your ways, and I am now hardly surprised at anything. For all that, spare me, I pray, and do not put to too hard a

Digitized by Google

trial that unhappy disposition which I have contracted, I know not how, to approve of everything you do.

This commencement is the keynote of the correspondence for many years; indeed, until all uncertainty as to the mutual feelings of the pair is at an end, and Mérimée is content to regard his fair correspondent as one who can never, under any circumstances, be to him more than a devoted and sympathizing friend. The letter continues:

I remember having been perhaps a little too frank in my last letter, in speaking to you of my character. A friend of mine, an old diplomate, a man of great sagacity, has often told me; "Never speak evil of yourself; your friends will speak enough." I begin to fear that you take literally all the evil I have said of myself. Understand that my great virtue is modesty: I carry it to excess, and I fear that this will injure me in your opinion. Another time, when I feel better inspired, I will draw up for you the nomenclature of all my qualities. The list will be long.

Johnson gave Boswell the same advice which Mérimée received from his old diplomate, but based it on sounder grounds. Never speak ill of yourself, because, besides being exaggerated in repetition, it will probably be repeated as the result of detection or discovery by others, and not even your indiscreet frankness will be credited to you.

I give you a hundred guesses to say where I was Saturday evening, what I was doing at midnight. I was on the platform of one of the towers of Notre Dame, and I was drinking orangeade and eating ices in the company of four friends and an admirable moon, the whole attended by a big owl who flapped his wings round us. Paris is really a very fine spectacle by moonlight. It resembles those cities in the "Arabian Nights," where the inhabitants had been enchanted during their sleep. The Parisians in general go to bed at midnight, fools as they are in this respect. Our party was strange enough: four nations were represented, each with a different manner of thinking. The tiresome part of it was that there were some of us who, in the presence of the moon and the owl, thought themselves obliged to affect the poetic tone and talk commonplaces. In fact, little by little everybody set to talking nonsense.

I do not know how and by what connection of ideas this semi-poetic evening makes me think of another which was by no means poetic. I went to a ball given by some young men of my acquaintance, to which all the *figurantes* of the opera were invited. These women are mostly stupid (*bêtes*); but I have remarked how superior they are in moral delicacy to the men of their class. There is only a single vice which separates them from other women — poverty.

A man must be far gone in cynicism to hazard such a paradox, and the "unknown" must have been singularly destitute of feminine dignity and self-respect could she have endured to be told that she was only separated from a class of women, whom he pronounced *bêtes*, by poverty; she herself being little, if at all, elevated above them in that respect. She might have replied in the words of Dickens's stage-coach driver ruined by railroads: "Poverty, sir, is no disgrace to a man, but it's devilish inconvenient." She obviously administered a sharp rebuke, although it failed to convince him of his want of tact and taste, for in his next letter he resumes the topic unabashed.

Frankness and truth rarely succeed with women: they almost always fail. Here are you looking on me as a Sardanapalus, because I have been to a ball of opera dancers. You reproach me this as a crime, and you reproach me as a still greater crime the singing the praises of the poor girls. Make them rich, I repeat, and they will retain only their good qualities. But the aristocracy have raised insurmountable barriers between the different classes of society to let us see how much what goes on without the barrier resembles what goes on within. I will tell you an opera story I heard in this so perverse society.

In a house of the Rue St. Honoré there was a poor woman who never quitted a small room in the garret, which she rented at three francs a month. She had a daughter twelve years old, very neatly dressed, very reserved, who never spoke to anybody. This little girl went out three times a week in the afternoon, and returned by herself at midnight. She was known to be an opera figurante. One day she comes down to the porter and asks for a lighted candle, which is given her. The portress, surprised at not seeing her come down again, repairs to her garret, finds the woman dead on her mattrass, and the little girl busied in burning an enormous quantity of letters which she was taking from a very large trunk. She said:

Digitized by Google

"My mother died last night, and charged me to burn all her letters without reading them." This child never knew the real name of her mother: she is now absolutely alone in the world, and without any other resource than playing the vultures, the monkeys, and the devils at the opera.

The dying advice of her mother was to be virtuous and remain a figurante. She is, moreover, very virtuous, very devout, and not fond of telling her story. Have the goodness to say if this little girl has not infinitely more merit in leading the life she leads, than you have; you who enjoy the singular happiness of irreproachable *entourage*, and of so refined a nature that, to a certain degree for *me*, an entire civilization is resumed in it.

Gracefully told as is the story, and prettily turned the compliment, the moral is dubious and the reasoning obviously at fault. The poverty of this little girl was rather her virtue than her vice. It perfected and brought out her best qualities: her patience, prudence, filial duty, fortitude and faith. Nor is it by any means clear that, when the trying time of temptation arrived with advancing womanhood, she was not better fitted for resistance than she would have been, had her childhood been surrounded with all the luxuries, vanities, and frivolities of wealth.

He goes on to say that he can only endure bad company at rare intervals, and from an inexhaustible curiosity for all the varieties of the human race.

I never venture to try bad company in men. There is something too repugnant, especially in this country; for in Spain I have often had muleteers and bull-fighters for friends. I have eaten more than once out of a wooden bowl with people that an Englishman would not look at for fear of losing the respect he has for his own eyes. I have even drunk out of the same skin with a convict. It should be added, however, that there was no other skin, and one must drink when one is thirsty.

They were in the habit of interchanging presents. After saying that the water-colour drawing he had promised her was not worthy of her acceptance, and expressing a hope that this would not prevent her from sending him the tapestry destined for him, he adds:

Try to choose a safe messenger. Rule general: Never choose a woman for confidant: sooner or later, you would repent of it. Know also that there is nothing more common than to do evil for the pleasure of doing it. Get rid of your ideas of optimism, and be thoroughly convinced that we are placed in this world to fight against everybody. As to this, I may tell you that a *savant* of my acquaintance, who reads hieroglyphics, has told me that on the Egyptian coffins these two words were often found: *Vie, guerre;* which proves that I did not invent the maxim I have just given you.

His reflections on her sex, or on human nature in general, excited her indignation, and he rejoins:

Your reproaches delight me. In truth, I am the elect of the fairies. I often ask what I am for you, and what you are for me. To the first question I can get no answer: as for the second, I conceive that I love you like a niece of fourteen whom I am bringing up. As to your very moral relative, who says so much evil of me, he makes me think of Thwackum (spelt *Twachum*), who is always saying: "Can any virtue exist without religion?"* Have you read "Tom Jones," a book as immoral as all mine put together? If you were forbidden it, you will certainly have read it. What a ridiculous education is received in England! What is the use of it? You are out of breath with lecturing a young girl ever so long, and the result is that this girl is longing to become acquainted with the immoral being towards whom you have done your best to inspire her with aversion. What an admirable history is that of the serpent!

We once heard him enforce this (his favourite) theory by an ingenious story, borrowed from a contemporary. A Comte de ——, with or without reason dissatisfied with the attention of a neighbouring Vicomte to his wife, was leaving home for an absence of some days, and had proceeded a short distance from the chateau, when a thought struck him, and he sent back his groom with a message to madame to the effect that something had taken place which compelled him to request that she would on no account admit the Vicomte while he was away. On his return he heard that the Comtesse was confined to her bed, and on hurrying to her heard with surprise that she had been bitten by the great dog in the yard. "But why did you go near the great dog?" "Why did you send back to desire me not to go near it?" Completely mystified, he proceeded to catechise the groom, who avowed and justified what he had done. "I told madame you desired her not to go near the dog, and you see what came of it. If I had told her not to receive the Vicomte, she certainly would have received him, and he would have done her more harm than the dog."

Mérimée's speculations on female dress are more fanciful than sound.

* Thwackum says: "Can any honour exist independent of religion?"

Digitized by Google

I study you with lively curiosity. I have theories on the smallest things, on gloves, *bottines*, buckles, &c., and I attach much importance to them, because I have discovered that there is a certain relation between the character of women and the caprice (or, more properly speaking, the *liaison d'idées* and the ratiocination) which makes them choose such or such a stuff. Thus, for example, people are indebted to me for the discovery that a woman who wears blue is coquette and affects sentiment. The demonstration is easy, but it would be too long.

No coquettish Frenchwoman who understood dress ever wore blue, unless it suited her complexion; never, if she chanced to be a brunette.

Where Mérimée shines in his letters as in his books, is in telling a story in the fewest possible words, or sketching a scene by a few rapid strokes, and then pointing the moral or drawing the conclusion in a sentence or two, *e.g.*:—

I went boating the other day. There were a number of little sailing boats on the river carrying all sorts of people. There was one very large in which were many women (of doubtful character). All these boats had come on shore, and out of the large one came a man of forty, who had a tambourine and was playing on it for his amusement. Whilst I was admiring the musical organization of this animal, a woman of about twenty-three approached him, called him monster, told him she had followed him from Paris, and that if he refused to take her with him, he would repent of it. All this took place on the bank from which our boat was about twenty paces distant. The man of the tambourine went on playing during the discourse of the deserted woman, and replied with the utmost coolness that he would have none of her in his boat. Thereupon, she runs to the boat which was moored the farthest from the bank, and throws herself into the river, splashing us most ignobly. Although she had extinguished my cigar, indignation did not prevent me any more than my friends from pulling her out before she could swallow two glasses of water. The fine object of so much despair had not stirred, and muttered between his teeth: "Why pull her out, if she was so eager to drown herself?" We placed the woman in a cabaret, and as it was getting late and the dinner hour was near, we left her to the care of the landlady."

How happens it that the most indifferent men are the most loved? This is what I asked myself, all the time we were descending the Seine: this is what I still ask myself, and what I beg you to tell me if you know.

The solution of the phenomenon, when it occurs, is to be found in that very perversity of human nature on which he is so fond of expatiating. Thus, when the Unknown tells him that her affections are engaged, he runs on:—

You say that you are engaged for life, as if you were saying, I am engaged for the contredance. So far, so good: my time, it seems, has been well employed in disputing with you about love, marriage, and the rest! You have not got beyond believing or saying that when you are told *Aimez Monsieur*, you love. Have you promised by a contract signed before a notary as on *papier à vignettes?* When I was a schoolboy, I received a love-letter, surmounted with two burning hearts strung on an arrow, from a milliner. My school-master began by taking away my love-letter and locked me up. Then the object of this rising passion consoled herself with the cruel schoolmaster. There is nothing more fatal to those in whose favour they are subscribed than engagements. Every obligation is naturally tiresome. In a word, from all this, if I had less modesty, I should draw this final consequence, that if you had promised your love to any one, you would bestow it on me; me to whom you have promised nothing.

Resolved not to be the heroine of an adventure like that in *La Double Méprise*, Mérimée's Unknown was constantly on her guard. She makes appointments to meet him at public places; they take long walks together; she accepts him as her cicerone through museums and picture galleries; and once or twice (never without a chaperon) occupies a box of his providing at the opera, but takes especial care never to be alone with him in a carriage or a room. In vain does he labour to inspire her with confidence by language that sounds like a prose version of Moore's Ode to Nea:—

Nay, tempt me not to love again!
There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear Nea, had I known thee then
Our souls had not been slow to meet.
But, oh! this weary heart hath run
So many a time the rounds of pain,
Not e'en for thee, thou lovely one,
Would I endure such pangs again.

He tells her that he has not only outgrown the capacity for being in love, but can be on occasions as prudent and self-denying as she could desire:—

Don't be afraid, I shall never fall in love with you. Some years ago, it might have come to pass. I am too old and have been too unhappy. I could not be in love again, because my illusions have procured me many *desganas* in love. I was on the point of falling in love when I started for Spain. It is one of the finest actions of my life. The person who caused my journey has never known anything about it. If I had remained, I should haply have committed a great folly: that of offering to a wo-

Digitized by Google

man worthy of all the happiness that can be enjoyed on earth, of offering her, I say, in exchange for everything dearest to her, a tenderness that I myself felt to be very inferior to the sacrifice that she would perhaps have made. You remember my moral: "Love excuses all, but we must be quite sure that it is love." Take my word for it, this precept is more rigorous than those of your Methodist friends. Conclusion: "I shall be charmed to see you. Perhaps you will make the acquisition of a true friend, and I perhaps shall find in you what I have long been looking for; a woman with whom I am not in love, in whom I can put my trust. Both of us shall probably gain by being more thoroughly acquainted with each other. Do, however, what your exalted prudence may dictate."

Here he is unconsciously echoing the Byronic apophthegm: —

No friend like to a woman man discovers,
So that they have not been, nor may be, lovers.

He invariably speaks of marriage in a manner to inspire feminine distrust: —

To say the truth, I am terribly out of humour, in thinking of that ceremony which you are going to attend. Nothing makes me more melancholy than a marriage. The Turks, who buy a woman after examining her like a fat sheep, are better than we, who have put a varnish of hypocrisy, alas! too transparent, on this vile bargain. I have often asked myself what I could say to a woman on my wedding-day, and I have found nothing possible, except a compliment on her night-cap.

The devil fortunately must be very cunning to catch me at such a *fête*. The part of the woman is easier than that of the man. On a day like that, she models herself after the Iphigenia of Racine; but if she has any observation, what strange things she must see! You will tell me if the *fête* has passed off well. You will be courted and regaled with allusions to domestic happiness.

He is thrown into despair on hearing directly afterwards that she is about to undertake in a similar ceremony the part he thinks so much easier than the man's: —

Lady M. announced to me yesterday evening that you were going to be married. This being so, burn my letters: I shall burn yours, and adieu. I have already spoken to you of my principles. They do not admit of my remaining on the same terms of intimacy with a married woman whom I have known as demoiselle, with a widow whom I have known as wife. I have remarked that, the civil *status* of a woman being changed, the ties change too, and always for the worse. In a word, I cannot bear my female friends marrying. If, then, you marry, let us forget one another. Do not, I entreat, have recourse to one of your ordinary evasions, but answer me frankly.

She does answer him frankly and satisfactorily. His next letter begins, "We are growing very tender. You call me *Amigo de mi alma*, which is very pretty in a friend's mouth." Then referring to the essential point: —

I need not say that I am pleased with your answer. You have even told me, and perhaps involuntarily, many things that have given me pleasure, and especially that the husband of a woman who should resemble you, would inspire you with real compassion. I can easily believe it, and I add that no one would be more unhappy, unless it were the man who should be in love with you. You must be cold and mocking in your fits of crossness, with an invincible haughtiness which prevents you from saying, "I am in the wrong." Add to this the energy of your character, which must make you despise tears and complaints. When, by the lapse of time and the force of events, we shall be friends, then we shall see which of us two knows best how to torment the other. My hair stands on end at the bare thought of it.

She must have been young when they first met, for in the third year of their acquaintance he tells her that she is not old enough to have a heart: —

What is your disease? Are you suffering from any pang or disappointment of the heart? There are some phrases in your last note, mysterious like the rest, which seem to say as much. But, *entre nous*, I do not believe that you have yet the enjoyment of that intestine (*viscère*) called heart. You have pains of the head, pleasures of the head; but the intestine named heart is not developed till towards twenty-five years of age in the 46th degree of latitude. You will contract your black and beautiful eyebrows, and you will say: "The insolent fellow doubts whether I have a heart!" for it is the grand pretension now-a-days. Since so many passionate or so-called passionate romances and poems have been concocted, all women pretend to have hearts. Wait a little. When you have a heart in right earnest, you will give me news of it. You will regret that good old time when you only lived by the head, and you will find that the evils you are now suffering are but pricks of the pin in comparison with the stabs of the dagger which will rain upon you when the time of the passions has arrived.

The hard, cold materialism which abounds in these letters grows tiresome or repulsive when the novelty has worn off and we have got accustomed to the peculiar kind of wit of which it is the seasoning or the source. *On ne plaît pas long-temps si l'on n'a qu'une sorte*

Digitized by Google

d'esprit. Neither do we regret the change when the tone of gallantry cools down to the conventional temperature, and the letters assume more of the character of a journal recording the writer's impressions of things and people as they pass.

In March, 1842, after congratulating her on her recent accession of fortune, he writes: —

My Minister has given me leave of absence for three months, and I have passed five in travelling between Malta, Athens, Ephesus, and Constantinople. During these five months, I have not felt bored for five minutes. You to whom I gave such a fright long ago, what would have become of you had you seen me during my expedition in Asia, with a belt of pistols, a big sabre, and — would you believe it? — moustaches reaching beyond my ears? Vanity apart, I should have frightened the boldest brigand of melodrama. At Constantinople I saw the Sultan in polished leather boots and black frock coat, all covered with diamonds, at the procession of the Bairam. There, a fine lady, on whose slipper I had trodden by accident, gave me the grandest of fisticuffs, calling me *giaour*. This was my nearest approach to intimacy with the Turkish beauties. At Athens, and in Asia, I saw the finest monuments in the world, and the most beautiful (if possible) landscapes. The drawback consisted in fleas and gnats as big as larks; so that I never slept. In the middle of all this, I have grown quite old. My firman gives me hair colour of turtle dove: a pretty oriental metaphor to say ugly things. Picture your friend quite grey.

They manage a meeting on his return, and he writes: —

If I must be frank, and you know that this defect in me is incorrigible, I will own that you struck me as much improved physically, not at all morally; you have a very fine complexion, and admirable hair, which I looked at more than your cap, which probably was worth looking at, since you seemed angry at my inability to appreciate it. But I could never distinguish lace from calico. You have always the figure of a sylph, and, *blasé* as I am with black eyes, I never saw finer at Constantinople, nor at Smyrna.

Now, for the reverse of the medal. You have continued a child in many things, and you have become hypocritical into the bargain. You do not know how to conceal your first impulses; but you think to mend matters by a host of petty expedients. What do you gain by them? Remember this great and fine maxim of Jonathan Swift: "*That a lie is too good a thing to be wasted.*" This magnanimous sin of being hard to yourself will certainly carry you a long way, and a few years hence you will find yourself as happy as the Trappist, who, after having scourged himself time out of mind, should discover some fine morning that there is no such thing as Paradise.

It is a problem *à la Mérimée* why women will forgive any but really compromising reflections on their morals, sooner than the slightest depreciatory allusion to their looks. Sir Robert Walpole used to say that he could always make up a quarrel between two women if neither had called the other ugly or old. It would seem that Mérimée's charmer was rather pleased than the contrary with his ringing the changes on her falsehood, hypocrisy, and infernal coquetry (his favourite phrase), so long as he is as warm and eloquent as ever on the subject of the hair, the figure, and the eyes. In this same letter he traces her a route for a meditated tour in Italy: —

It is possible that we may meet at the corner of a temple or a circus. I advise you to go straight to Naples. M. Buonnici will take you to Pompeii. You will go to Pæstum, and you will think of me: in the temple of Neptune, you may say to yourself that you have seen Greece. From Naples you will go to Rome, where you will pass a month in saying to yourself that it is useless to see everything because you will return. Then you will go to Florence, where you will remain ten days. Then you will do what you like. . . . Probably I shall then be at Arles or Orange. If you stop there you will ask for me, and I will explain a Greek theatre to you, which will not interest you much.

You have promised me something in return for my Turkish looking-glass. I rely religiously on your recollection. Ah! great news! The first Academician who dies out of forty will be the casue of my paying thirty-nine visits: I shall pay them as awkwardly as possible, and I shall doubtless gain thirty-nine enemies. It would be tedious to explain to you the *pourquoi* of this fit of ambition. Suffice it that the Academy is now my blue cachemire.

The allusion to the blue cachemire is explained in the next letter: "*A propos* of your blue cachemire, I suspected you of devotion, because devotion in 1842 is a fashion like the blue cachemires. This is the analogy which you did not catch: it is clear enough, however." His instructions for reading Homer are more serious and detailed than his outline of the Italian tour; and the mocking tone is kept under, if not entirely subdued, by the enthusiasm of the scholar for Greek: —

I am very sorry that you read Homer in Pope. Read the translation of Dugas-Montbel: it is the only readable one. If you had the courage to brave the ridicule, and the time to spare, you would take the Greek grammar of Planche and the dictionary of the same. You would read the grammar for a month to

Digitized by Google

make you sleep. It would not fail in this effect. At the end of two months you would amuse yourself by looking out in the Greek the word translated (in general) literally enough by M. Montbel: two months afterwards you would easily perceive from the embarrassment of his phrase, that the Greek says something different from what the translator makes it say. At the end of a year, you would read an air; the air and the accompaniment: the air is the Greek, the accompaniment the translation. It is possible that this would give you the wish to study Greek seriously, and you would have admirable things to read. But I suppose you with neither dresses to occupy you nor people to show them to.

Everything in Homer is remarkable. The epithets, so strange in French, are admirably appropriate. I remember his calling the sea "purple," and I never understood this word. Last year I was in a little caique on the Gulf of Lepanto, going to Delphi. The sun was setting. As soon as it had disappeared, the sea took for ten minutes a magnificent tint of dark violet. This requires the air, the sea, the sun, of Greece. I hope that you will never become artist enough to enjoy the discovery that Homer was a great painter.

A little farther on he writes out for her a regular course of Greek reading:

If you have the courage to read history, you will be charmed with Herodotus, Polybius, and Xenophon. Herodotus enchants me. I know nothing more amusing. Begin with the "Anabasis," or "The Retreat of the Ten Thousand": take a map of Asia and follow these ten thousand rogues in their journey: it is Froissart gigantesque. Then you will read Herodotus: then Polybius and Thucydides: the two last are very serious. Next get Theocritus and read "The Syracusans." I would also fain recommend Lucian, who is the Greek with most wit (*esprit*), or rather most of *our* wit; but he is a sad rake, and I dare not. As to the pronunciation, if you wish I will send you a page that I had written out for your use, which will teach you the best, that is, the pronunciation of the modern Greeks. That of the schools is easier, but absurd. We began writing to each other *en faisant l'esprit;* then we have done, what? I will not remind you. We are now at work on erudition.

Whilst playing tutor he affects towards his pupil the same tone in which Cadenus speaks of Vanessa:

He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
Her conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.

It would seem that the Roman classics divided her attention with the Greek:

You have done well not to speak of Catullus. He is not an author to be read during the holy week, and there is more than one passage in his writings which it is impossible to translate into French. We see plainly enough what love was at Rome about the year 50 before J. C. It was, however, a little better than love at Athens in the time of Pericles. The woman were already something. They made men commit follies. Their power has come, not, as is commonly said, from Christianity, but I think through the influence which the barbarians of the North exercised over Roman society. The Germans had exaltation. They loved the soul. The Romans loved little but the body. It is true that for a long time women had no souls. They still have none in the East, and it is a great pity. You know how two souls speak to one another. But yours hardly listens to mine. I am glad you value the verses of Musset, and you are right in comparing him to Catullus. Catullus wrote his native tongue better, and Musset has the fault of not believing in the soul more than Catullus, whom his time excused. . . .

Would you believe that a Roman could say pretty things, and could be tender? I will show you on Monday some Latin verses, which you will translate yourself, and which fit in like wax *à propos* of our ordinary disputes. You will see that antiquity is better than your Wilhelm Meister.

He falls ill, and asks her what she would say if he became (in Homeric phrase) the guest of the gloomy Proserpine:

I should be delighted if you were saddened by it for a fortnight. Do you think this an extravagant pretension? I pass a part of my nights in writing, or in tearing up what I have written the night before, so that I make small progress. What I am doing amuses me, but will it amuse others? I believe that the ancients were more amusing than we: they had not such mean ends: they were not preoccupied by a mass of silliness (*niaiseries*) like us. I find that my hero, Julius Cæsar, was guilty of follies (*bêtises*) for Cleopatra at fifty-three, and forgot all for her, so that he was within an ace of drowning himself actually and figuratively. What man of our generation, I mean amongst the statesmen, is not completely case-hardened, completely insensible, at the age (forty) at which he can aspire to be a deputy? I should like to show the difference of that world from ours, but how to set about it?

He must have set about it by a different line of argument and illustration, if he wished to produce conviction. There have been modern Mark Antonys, if not Cæsars, who would have deemed the world well lost for Cleopatra's eyes. Mérimée must have known an eminent French statesman, with a character for austerity, who when long past forty could hardly meet a very celebrated lady in a room without betraying his feelings by a

Digitized by Google

flutter or a flush; and it is clear from Gentz's "Diary" that the select few who had undertaken the settlement of Europe at the Congress of Vienna, were quite as much occupied with their own love affairs as with the destinies of nations.*

Mérimée tries in vain to pass off his candidature for the Academy with an air of unconcern. He is deeply interested in the result, and submits, with a grimace, to the (to him) especially repugnant ceremonies imposed by it. It is the inexorable rule for the candidate to call on each academician for the personal solicitation of his vote; and some of these compulsory visits have given rise to amusing and characteristic scenes.

When Victor Hugo called on Royer-Collard, he was received with a bow and a stare. "Je me nomme Victor Hugo." "Connois pas." "L'auteur de Notre Dame de Paris, &c. &c." "Je ne les ai jamais lu." "Permettez moi de vous en offrir des exemplaires." "Je ne lis plus les livres nouveaux." *Exit* Hugo in a rage. Mérimée had no reason to complain of his reception.

I find people very polite, quite accustomed to their parts, acting them very seriously. Does it not strike you as ridiculous to say to a man: "Monsieur, I believe myself one of the forty cleverest men of France; I am as good as you," and other drolleries? It is necessary to translate this into polite and varied language, according to the persons.

He was elected on the 14th March, 1843, and on the 17th he writes: —

Why do you weep? The forty chairs (*fauteuils*) were not worth one little tear, I am worn out, broken-down, demoralized, and completely "out of my wits." Then, *Arsène Guillot* (his novel) makes a palpable *fiasco*, and excites the indignation of all the so-called virtuous people, and particularly the women of fashion who dance the polka and listen to the sermons of the Père Ravignan; they go so far as to say that I act like the monkeys who climb to the top of the trees, and having reached the topmost branch make grimaces at the world. I believe I have lost votes by this (so-called) scandalous story: on the other side, I have gained some.

Her tears prove the warm interest he had inspired in her, despite her assumed coldness.

> Give smiles to those who love you less,
> But keep your tears for me.

There was a crisis towards the end of the year: —

It is evident that we can no longer meet without quarrelling horribly. We both of us desire the impossible: you — that I should be a statue; I — that you should cease to be one. Every fresh proof of this impossibility (of which at bottom we have never doubted) is cruel for both. For my part, I regret all the pain I have caused you. I give way too often to impulses of absurd anger: as well get angry with ice for being cold.

He had obtained a high reputation as an archæologist by his "Notes of Travel" in the South and West of France, which contain the pith of his official Reports, and towards the end of 1843, he was a successful candidate for admission to the Academy of Inscriptions. This second candidature seems to have been more annoying than the first:

You are wrong to be jealous of Inscriptions. My self-love is to a certain extent engaged, as in a game of chess with a skilful adversary; but I do not believe that the loss or gain will affect me a quarter as much as one of our quarrels. But what a wretched calling is this of solicitor! Did you ever see dogs enter the hole of a badger? When they have any experience, they have an appalling look on entering, and they often come out faster than they went in, for he is a most disagreeable brute to visit, is your badger. I always think of the badger when about to ring the bell of an academician, and, as seen "in the mind's eye," I present an exact likeness of the dog.

Early in 1843 he formed one of a dinner party, given by an academician to introduce Rachel to Béranger. After dinner Béranger told her that she was wrong to waste her talent in *salons*, that there was for her only one veritable public, that of the Théâtre Français. She listened with an assenting air, and to show how much she had benefited by the advice, played the first act of "Esther."

Some one was required to give her the *réplique*, and she caused a Racine to be formally presented to me by an academician who was doing the duties of *cicisbeo*. I rudely replied that I knew nothing about verses, and that there were people in the room who, being in that line, would scan them much better. Hugo excused himself on account of his eyes; another for some reason or other. The mas-

* *Sept.* 12, 1814. — "Went to Prince Metternich; long conversation with him not (unhappily) on public affairs, but on his and my relations with Madame (the Duchess) de Sagan."

Sunday, Nov. 6. — "Went out at ten. Conversations of different kinds with Metternich. Returned at mid-day. Count Clam: long talk with him on his new passion for Dorothée (Madame de Périgord)."

Friday, 11th. — "Visit to the King of Denmark — talked an hour with him. Then Metternich: long conversation, constantly turning more on the confounded women than on business."

Digitized by Google

ter of the house devoted himself. Imagine Rachel in black, between a piano and a tea-table, with a door behind her, preparing a theatrical effect! This preparation before our eyes was very amusing and very fine: it lasted about two minutes, then she began:—

"Est-ce toi, chère Elise?" . . .

The confidant, in the middle of his reply, lets fall his spectacles and his book: it takes him ten minutes to recover his page and his eyes. The audience see that Esther is getting angry. She resumes. The door behind opens: it is a servant coming in. He is signed to withdraw. He makes a hurried retreat, and cannot manage to shut the door. The said door keeps swinging backwards and forwards, accompanying Rachel with a melodious and very diverting creak. As there seemed no end to this, Mademoiselle placed her hand on her heart and grew faint, but, like a person accustomed to die on the stage, giving time for people to come to the rescue.

During the interlude, Hugo (Victor) and M. Thiers came to words on the subject of Racine. Hugo said that Racine was *un petit esprit* and Corneille *un grand.* "You say that," replied Thiers, "because you are *un grand esprit:* you are the Corneille—here Hugo looked the picture of modesty—of an epoch of which Casimir Delavigne is the Racine." You may guess what became of the modesty. However, the faint passes off and the act is finished, but *fiascheggiando.* One who knows Mademoiselle well, remarked: "How she must have sworn this evening on going away." The remark set me thinking.

A still more mortifying mishap once befell Mrs. Siddons in a drawing-room, where she was acting Constance in "King John."

"Here I and sorrow sit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

Through some untoward accident in suiting the action to the word, instead of sinking gracefully to the ground, she lost her balance, and came to the sitting posture with a bump that shook the floor and fairly put tragedy to flight.

In November, 1845, he is at Madrid, which he finds changed for the worse since his last visit in 1840. "The bulls have no longer any heart, and the men are not much better than the bulls." Writing again from Madrid in October, 1853, he says:—

No one reads at Madrid. I have asked myself how the women pass their time when they are not making love, and I find no plausible reply. They are all thinking of being empresses. A demoiselle of Granada was at the play when she heard in her box that the Comtesse of Téba was to marry the Emperor. She rose with impetuosity, exclaiming: *En ese pueblo, no hay porvenir* (In this country there is no chance of rising). . . .

The marriage of the Countess de Téba was the turning-point in his life. He was an old and attached friend of her mother, Madame de Montijo, through whom he was named senator, and became an habitual guest of their Imperial Majesties at the Tuileries, Biarritz, Compiègne, and Fontainebleau. Although there is no allusion to the fact in these letters, there is no doubt that he was a valuable assistant to the Emperor in the composition of the "Vie de César." The drawback to the advantages of his new position was the estrangement from many old friends: the majority of the French men of letters, and especially the academicians, having proudly held aloof from the dynasty to the last. The consciousness that he was regarded with suspicion and distrust will go far to account for the increasing cynicism with which his letters are seasoned as we proceed. He literally spares nobody. From Madrid again:—

It is the custom here to offer everything that is praised. The fair friend of the Prime Minister sat next me at dinner the other day. She is *bête comme un choux*, and very fat. She displayed tolerably fine shoulders, on which rested a garland with beads of metal or glass. Not knowing what to say, I praised both shoulders and beads, and she replied: *Todo ese á la disposicion de V.*

He is almost always in his caustic mood during his visits to England. Admitting that there was something grand and simple in the invention and execution of the Crystal Palace, he terms it perfectly ridiculous as regards art and taste: "a plaything which costs twenty-five millions, and a cage in which several great churches might waltz."

The last days I passed in London (July, 1854) have amused and interested me. I have seen and associated with (*vu et pratiqué*) all the political men. I have attended the debates on the Supplies in the Houses of Lords and Commons, and all the renowned orators have spoken, but very badly, as I thought. Lastly, I have eaten an excellent dinner. They give excellent dinners at the Crystal Palace, and I recommend them to you—you who are *gourmande.* I have brought from London a pair of garters, which come, I am assured, from Borrin (of Paris). I do not know with what Englishwomen keep up their stockings, nor how they procure this indispensable article, but I believe it to be a very difficult affair, and very trying to their virtue. *The shopman who gave me these garters blushed up to the eyes.*

Digitized by Google

Mérimée has here fairly outdone the German traveller who, describing the Boyle Farm *fête*, stated that only the wings of the chicken were placed upon the refreshment-tables, because the English ladies could not bear to hear of the leg or *cuisse*. The fact is, Mérimée saw and knew little of English society. He did not lay himself out for it. His manners were reserved, and his name was not one of those which create a sensation in a *salon*. But he had good introductions, and was taken to a few of the best houses by his friends; who will hardly be pleased at the use he made of his opportunities: —

Edinburgh, Douglas Hotel,
26 juillet 1856.

I am going with a Scotchman* to see his chateau, but I cannot tell you where we shall stop on the route, which he promises me with abundance of castles, ruins, landscape, &c. I have passed three days at the Duke of Hamilton's in an immense chateau and a very fine country. . . . All over this chateau are pictures by great masters, magnificent Greek and Chinese vases, and books with bindings of the greatest amateurs of the last century. All this is arranged without taste, and one sees that the proprietor derives small enjoyment from it.

I now understand why the French are so much in request in foreign countries. They take pains to be amused, and, in doing so, amuse others. I found myself the most amusing of the very numerous society where we were, and I had at the same time the consciousness of hardly being so.

We never heard before that the French are or were so much in request. A cultivated and agreeable Frenchman, like any other cultivated and agreeable foreigner, would be in high request; but unless he spoke English fluently (which is rarely the case with Frenchmen), there are very few English country houses in which, except from motives of politeness, he would be pressed to prolong his stay. Mérimée could be a most pleasing companion when he thought fit; and he does himself great injustice in supposing that he owed his English welcome to an all-pervading sense of wearisomeness or vacuity: —

London, 20th July, 1856.

I have found people here so amiable, so pressing, so overwhelming, that they are evidently much bored. Yesterday I saw two of my former beauties; the one has become asthmatic, and the other methodist: then I made the acquaintance of eight or ten poets, who struck me as a little more ridiculous even than ours.

* The Right Hon. Edward Ellice: printed twice over "Ellné."

Speaking of Edinburgh, he says: —

The accent of all the natives is odious to me. The women are in general very ugly. The country demands short petticoats, and they conform to the fashion, and to the exigencies of the climate, by holding up their gowns, with both hands, a foot from their petticoats, showing sinewy legs and half-boots of rhinoceros leather, with feet to match. I am shocked at the proportion of red-haired women whom I meet. The site is charming, and the weather has been warm and clear for two days.

In a letter dated from a country house, near Glasgow, August 3, 1856, after bearing testimony to the hospitality with which he is everywhere received, he says: —

I am contracting bad tastes. Arriving here the guest of poor people who have hardly more than thirty thousand pounds a year, I thought myself neglected on finding that they gave me a dinner without wind instruments and a piper in grand costume.*

I passed three days at the Marquis of Breadalbane's, in driving about in a carriage in his park. There are about two thousand deer, besides eight or ten thousand others in his forests not adjacent to the chateau. There are also, for singularity's sake, at which every one aims here, a herd of American bisons, very fierce, which were inclosed in a peninsula, and one goes to see through the clefts of their palisades.† *All the world there, marquis and bisons, had the air of being bored.* I believe that their pleasure (bisons included?) consists in making people envious, and I doubt whether this makes up for the flurry they are in to be hotel-keepers to gentle and simple. Among all this luxury, I observe from time to time little instances of stinginess which amuse me.

We should not have thought it possible for even a cynical Frenchman to carry away such an impression from Taymouth Castle in 1856. There could hardly be more magnificent hospitality, or a grand seigneur more free from pretension, assumption, or the littleness of wishing to excite envy, than the host. He had a keen sense of humour, with a blunt rough way of giving expression to it, not much unlike Lord Melbourne's; and the fre-

* At Taymouth Castle, in the time of the late Marquis of Breadalbane, a piper, placed behind a recess, played during the first course, and a complete band of wind instruments during the second; the programme of the music being placed by the side of each plate with the *menu*. A Frenchwoman who heard the bagpipe for the first time at Taymouth, turned to her neighbour with a cry: "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, est-ce que cela s'appelle musique?" The domain of Taymouth is so large that it would require seven-league boots to walk over it in three days.

† There were three or four in an inclosure, bounded on one side by a river.

Digitized by Google

quency of his hearty laugh was alone enough to refute the notion of his being an habitual sufferer from *ennui*.

That Mérimée should see little beauty in Highland scenery might have been anticipated from a principle of æsthetics incidentally laid down in a letter from Paris in 1843:—

What did you think of the fireworks? I was at an ambassador's who has a fine garden, from which we had a good view. The bouquet was fine. It must be very superior to a volcano; for art is always much finer (*plus beau*) than nature.

The man who thinks a bouquet of fireworks superior to an eruption of Ætna or Vesuvius might, with equal plausibility, maintain that the Grandes Eaux of Versailles are finer than the falls of Niagara.

Turning back a little, we find him recording a rather remarkable dinner in May, 1850:—

I dined yesterday with a bishop and a dean, who have made me more and more socialist. The bishop is of what the Germans call the rationalist school: he does not even believe what he preaches, and, on the strength of his black silk apron, pockets his five or six thousand a year, and passes his time reading Greek.

Salisbury Cathedral is more than lost upon him:—

Salisbury, Saturday 15th June, 1850.

I begin to have enough of this country. I am tired to death of the Perpendicular architecture and the manners, equally perpendicular, of the natives. I have passed two days at Cambridge and Oxford with the reverends, and, all things considered, I prefer the capucins. A Fellow had the *insolence* to ask me to dinner. There was a fish, four inches long, in a great silver dish, with a lamb cutlet in another. All this served in magnificent style, with potatoes in a dish of sculptured wood. But never was I so hungry. This is the result of the hypocrisy of these people. They like showing foreigners that they are abstinent (*sobres*), and, eating luncheon, they do not dine.

I have just committed a blunder. I gave half-a-crown to a man in black who showed me over the cathedral, and then I asksd him the address of a gentleman for whom I had a letter from the Dean. It turned out that the letter was addressed to himself. He looked foolish, and so did I: *but he kept the money*.

The man was obviously the beadle or verger to whom the letter was addressed, with directions to show the foreign gentleman over the cathedral.

Although he always speaks well of the Emperor and Empress, he is no sooner settled in an Imperial residence than he wishes to get away. In November, 1858—

We shall be detained another day at Compiègne. Instead of Thursday it is Friday that we return, on account of a comedy of Octave Feuillot that is to be acted on Thursday. I hope this will be the last delay. I am, moreover, ill. One cannot sleep in this place. One passes the time in freezing or roasting, and this has given me an irritation of the chest, which exhausts me. But it is impossible to imagine a more amiable host or a more gracious hostess. Most of the guests took their departure yesterday, and we are left *en petit comité*, that is to say, we are but thirty or forty at table.

Besides giving his Imperial host the aid of his classic lore, his varied talents, especially as a writer of fiction, were frequently laid under contribution for the amusement of the company.

We have here (Compiègne) Mademoiselle ——, a fine sprig of a girl, five feet six high, with all the pretty manner of a grisette, and a mixture of ease and unaffected timidity, sometimes very amusing. Fears were entertained lest the second part of a charade should not correspond with the beginning (a beginning of which I was the author). "It will go off very well," said she: "we shall show our legs in the ballet, and that will make up for all."—N. B., her legs are like two flageolets, and her feet are far from aristocratic.

More than one of his short novels arose out of discussions in the Imperial circle, and was read over to them by way of testing its probable success with the public.

Being at Biarritz (in 1866), a discussion one day arose as to the difficult situations in which one might be placed, as, for example, Rodrigo (in the *Cid*), between his papa and Chimène, or Mademoiselle Camille between her brother and her Curiatius. The same night, having drunk some over-strong tea, I wrote fifteen pages on a situation of this kind. The thing is perfectly moral *au fond*, but there are details which might be disapproved by Monseigneur Dupanloup. There is also a necessary begging of principle from the commencement of the narrative: two persons of different sexes go together to an hotel; this was never seen, but this was necessary to me; and, in their vicinity, something very strange occurs. It is not, I think, the worst thing I ever wrote, although it was written very hastily. I read it to the lady of the house (the Empress). There was then at Biarritz the Grand-Duchess Marie, the daughter of Nicholas, to whom I had been presented some years since. We have renewed our acquaintance. Shortly after my reading, I received a visit from a policeman, professing to be sent by the Grand-Duchess. "What do you want?" "I come on the part of her Im-

Digitized by Google

perial Highness to beg you to wait on her this evening with your romance." "What romance?" "That which you read the other evening to the Empress."

I replied that I had the honour to be the jester of Her Majesty, and that I could not work abroad without her leave; and I hurried to tell her what had passed. I expected that the least result would be a war with Russia, and I was not a little mortified that not only was I authorized but entreated to wait on the Grand-Duchess, to whom the policeman had been assigned as factotum. However, to comfort myself, I wrote the Duchess a letter in a sufficiently becoming tone, and announced my visit. I was on my way to carry my letter to her hotel: the wind was high, and in a little side street I met a woman who was in danger of being blown into the sea by her petticoats (the wind having got under them), and who was in the greatest embarrassment, blinded and confused by the noise of the crinoline and—the consequences. I ran to her assistance; I had much difficulty in aiding her effectually, and then only did I recognize the Grand-Duchess. The wind spared her some little epigrams. Besides, she played the good princess with me, and gave me excellent tea and cigarettes, for, like almost all the Russian ladies, she smokes.

The romance he read to these august ladies, was "La Chambre Bleue," afterwards published in a Review, and included in his "Dernières Nouvelles." A young couple, just arrived from Paris, occupy the apartment of honour, called La Chambre Bleue, in an hotel. In the next room, separated only by a wooden partition with folding-doors, is an Englishman, their fellow-traveller on the railway, who had been exhibiting a roll of bank-notes and had quarrelled in their hearing with an ill-looking nephew, after threatening to cut him off with a shilling. The Englishman calls for a bottle of port. "I told him we had none," says the maid. "You are a fool," says the landlord. "We have every sort of wine. I will soon find some port for him! Bring me the bottle of ratafia, a bottle of fifteen sous wine, and a carafe of brandy." This composition was so successful, that the last articulate sound heard in the hotel before the couple retired to rest, was the Englishman exclaiming: "Waiter, bring me another bottle of the same port."

The night-candle burning on the chimney-piece in the blue chamber was more than half consumed, when, in the apartment of the Englishman hitherto silent, a strange sound was heard, such as a heavy body might produce in falling. To this noise was added a sort of crack no less strange, followed by a stifled cry and some indistinct words, resembling an imprecation. The two young occupants of the blue chamber started. They had probably been suddenly awakened. This noise, for which they were unable to account, had made a sinister impression upon both.

"It is our Englishman dreaming," said Léon, with a forced smile.

Two or three minutes afterwards a door was opened in the corridor, cautiously as it seemed: then it was shut very gently. They heard slow and unsteady steps, which, according to all appearance, sought to escape notice.

"Confounded inn!" exclaimed Léon. "Ah, it is a paradise," replied the young woman, letting her head drop on Léon's shoulder: "I am *so* sleepy:" she sighed, and fell asleep again immediately. Not so Léon, who could not help thinking of the uncle with the bank-notes, the nephew coveting them, and that dead-sounding blow, like the blow of a club on a bald skull, that stifled cry, that frightful oath, and the muffled steps afterwards. That nephew had the look of the assassin.

While these things were passing through his mind, Léon had his eyes mechanically fixed on the door of communication between the blue room and the Englishman's. There was an intervening space of half-an-inch between the door and the floor. All at once, in this space, appeared something like a dark shining line, moving slowly in the direction of a little blue satin slipper, thrown carelessly near this door. Was it some insect like a centipede? No, it is not an insect. It has no determinate form. Two or three similar lines have penetrated into the room, with an accelerated movement owing to the slope of the floor. They advance rapidly; they come in contact with the little slipper. No more room for doubt! It is a liquid, and this liquid—the colour was now distinctly visible by the light of the candle—it was blood.

What was Léon to do under these circumstances? His obvious duty was to rush to the aid of the Englishman, who might be yet living, or, at all events, to ring the bell and call up the people of the hotel.

To this I reply, first, that in French hotels the bell-handles are there for the sake of ornament, and the ropes are not in correspondence with any metallic apparatus. I will add firmly, but respectfully, that if it be wrong to let an Englishman die close to you, it is not praiseworthy to sacrifice to him a woman who is sleeping with her head upon your shoulder. What would have happened if Léon had given the alarm? The gendarmes, the procureur-impérial and his clerk, would have arrived forthwith. Before asking what he had seen or heard, these gentlemen are by profession so curious that they would have begun by saying to him: "What is your name? Your papers? And the lady? How came you to be together in the blue-room? You will have to appear at the assizes to say that on such a day of the

Digitized by Google

month, or such an hour of the night, you were witnesses of such a fact," &c. &c.

What appeared to him the most prudent, if the most selfish, course under the circumstances, was to lie still till daybreak, then frankly explain to his fair friend the compromising nature of their position, and leave for Paris by the first train before the discovery of the catastrophe. It has been guessed long since by the practised novel-reader. The couple are hurrying away without their breakfast, when the chambermaid is heard calling to the waiter: "Make haste with the hot water for milord's tea. And bring a sponge; he has broken the bottle, and his whole room is flooded with his port."

Several of the letters relate the conception, progress and completion of another romance, originating much in the same manner and similarly composed as an experiment. On the 5th of August, 1869, he writes:

At Saint-Cloud, I have read *Lokys* * before a very select audience, comprising several demoiselles, who have seen no wrong so far as I could discover. This has encouraged me to make a present of it to the *Revue*, since it causes no scandal.

Either *dame* or *demoiselle* must be gifted with a very lively imagination to be scandalized by this story in the polished and corrected shape in which it eventually appeared in print. The story is supposed to be told by a *savant*, to whom the doctor, in attendance on an insane Lithuanian lady of rank, relates the cause of her insanity: —

She has been insane for more than twenty-seven years, having gone mad from fear. Two or three days after her marriage with the deceased count, the father of our host, she goes with him to the *chasse*. She remains behind or outstrips the sportsmen — I do not know which. Never mind! all of a sudden the countess's little Cossack, a boy of fourteen, gallops up to the count. "Master, a bear is carrying off my mistress." "Where?" "This way." They all hurry to the place indicated: no countess. On one side her strangled horse: on the other, her pelisse in shreds. They search, they beat the cover in all directions. At last, a sportsman exclaims: "There is the bear!" In fact, the bear was seen traversing a glade, still dragging the countess, no doubt to devour her at his leisure in his den, for these animals are epicures in their way. They like, like the monks, to dine quietly. Having been married but two days, the count was very chivalrous: he wanted to throw himself on the bear, hunting-knife in hand, but, my dear sir, a Lithuanian bear does not let his throat be cut like a deer. Fortunately, the gun-bearer of the count, an idle vagabond, too drunk that day to distinguish a rabbit from a stag, fires his rifle a hundred paces off, without caring whether he hit the beast or the woman.

"And he killed the bear?"

Dead upon the spot. It is only drunkards who make such shots as that. The countess was badly scratched, without consciousness, as you may suppose, and with a leg broken. She comes to herself; but her reason was gone. She is taken to St. Petersburg. Grand consultation: four doctors covered with orders. They declare: "The countess is with child; it is probable that her delivery will bring about a favourable crisis." Nine months afterwards, the countess is brought to bed of a well-formed boy: but the favourable crisis? Nothing of the kind. The count shows her her son. That never fails — in romances. "Kill him! kill the monster!" was her exclamation: it was as much as they could do to prevent her from twisting his neck. From that time to this, alternations of stupid and raving insanity.

The young count, when we are introduced to him, is a handsome and highly accomplished man of twenty-six, but he has odd, eccentric habits, and no dog or horse sees him for the first time without showing symptoms of fear. He has also a curious hunting adventure, which ends very differently from his mother's. This also is related by the doctor: —

"Not a year ago he found himself exactly in the same position, and, thanks to his *sang-froid*, had a wonderful escape." "From the claws of a bear?" "Of a she bear, and the largest that had been a long time. The count attacked her spear in hand. But, with a backhand blow of her paw, she turned aside the spear, then seized the count and threw him on the ground as easily as I could upset this bottle. He cunningly pretended to be dead. The bear smelt him all over, and instead of tearing him to pieces licked his face. He had the presence of mind not to stir, and she went her way. The bear believed him to be dead. Indeed, I have heard say that these animals never eat dead bodies. We must believe it, and abstain from trying the experiment in our own persons."

We pass over the details to arrive at the *dénouement*. The count is about to be married to a beautiful girl, whom, according to the custom of the country, he brings on the day fixed for the ceremony from her own house to his chateau, where a distinguished company are assembled. As the carriage and four dashes up to the door the horses take fright; the bride utters a cry; when the bridegroom, who has sprung out, seizes

* The Lithuanian word for "bear."

Digitized by Google

her in his arms, and carries her up the steps. All of a sudden a woman, of tall stature, pale, worn, her dress in disorder, her hair dishevelled, and all her features contracted by fear, appeared at the top of the steps, without any one knowing where she came from. "The bear," she cried, in the most piercing tones, "the bear! Bring guns. He is carrying off a woman. Kill him. Fire! fire!" It was the countess, who had escaped in the confusion from the persons who had charge of her.

It was a very painful scene. It was necessary to take her away despite her cries and her resistance. Many of the guests were not aware of her malady. Explanations were required. They conversed for some time in whispers. Every face was saddened. "Bad omen," said the superstitious; and they are very numerous in Lithuania.

They gradually recovered their spirits; the wedding banquet was in the first style of Lithuanian hospitality; and the relator was one of the very few who went sober to bed, and fell asleep. He awoke as the castle clock was striking three, and was looking about for his matchbox, when an opaque body, very large, passes before his window, and falls with a dead thump into the garden. His first impression was that it was a man, a drunkard who had fallen from an upper window. He opened his own, and looked out, but saw nothing. On his coming down rather late next morning to the *salon*, he found that neither the count nor countess had appeared. The assembled guests, who began by making jokes on their laziness, at length became seriously alarmed. The *valet de chambre* of the count had knocked several times at the door of his room without any notice being taken.

We consulted together, Madame Dowghiello (the bride's aunt), the doctor and myself. The alarm of the valet had proved catching. We all three went up with him. Before the door we found the *femme de chambre* of the young countess in a fright, vowing that some misfortune must have happened, for the window of madame was wide open. I remembered with alarm this heavy body falling before my window. We knocked loudly. No reply. At last, the valet brought a bar of iron, and we broke open the door. No! I have not the courage to describe the spectacle that met our view. The young countess was stretched dead upon the bed, the face horribly lacerated, the throat open, inundated with blood. The count had disappeared, and no one has since heard of him.

The doctor examined the horrible wound of the young woman.

"It is not a steel blade," he exclaimed, "that has made this wound. It is a *bite!*"

It should be remembered that the charm of Mérimée's stories consists in the style, the idiomatic language, the latent humour, the playful fancy, and the fine, hardly perceptible, touches of irony interspersed. It is therefore quite impossible to do justice to them in abridgement or translation.

On the 24th October, 1860, he writes from Paris: —

I went to St. Cloud yesterday, where I dined almost tête-à-tête with the Emperor, the Empress, and "Monsieur fils," as they say at Lyon: all in excellent health, and good humour. I talked a long time with the Emperor, especially on ancient history and Cæsar. He astonishes me by the ease with which he comprehends things of erudition, for which he has recently enough contracted the taste.*

The Empress told me some curious anecdotes of her journey to Corsica. The bishop spoke to her of a bandit named Bosio, whose story has the air of having been copied from *Colomba*. He is a thoroughly honest youth, whom the counsels of a woman have driven to commit two or three little murders. He is pursued for several months, but uselessly. Women and children suspected of carrying him food are thrown into prison, but impossible to lay hands on him. *No one knows where he is.* Her majesty, who has read the romance you wot of, felt interested in this man, and said she should be very glad if he could be induced to leave the island and go to Africa or elsewhere, where he might become a good soldier and an honest man. "Ah, Madame," said the bishop, "will you allow me to tell him this?" "How, Monseigneur, you know where he is?"

Rule general: the veriest rogue in Corsica is always related to the honestest man. What greatly surprised them is that they (the Imperial party) were asked a prodigious number of *grâces* but not a sou: so that the Empress returned full of enthusiasm.

In his charming novel, "Colomba," much of the plot turns on the secret understanding that is kept up between the bandits and their hereditary chief: —

The meeting at Warsaw (he continues) is a failure. The Emperor of Austria invited himself, and was received with the politeness observed towards the indiscreet. Nothing serious was done there. The pretension of the Emperor of Austria was to establish that if Austria had the incubus of Hungary, Russia had Poland, to which Gortschakoff replied: "You have eleven millions of Hungarians, and you are three millions of Germans. We are forty millions of Russians, and have no

* "La Vie de Jules César" was published in 1865.

Digitized by Google

cause he did not choose to make them live.... He might easily have done so: but it was contrary to his system to set them visibly before us: admitting in history only proved details, refusing to give us his own guesses for authentic facts, critical to the detriment of his work, rigorous to the point of retrenching the best part of himself, and putting an interdict on his imagination.

The facility with which he had mystified the critics had confirmed him in a mistaken estimate of art. "About the year 1827," he writes, "I was a romanticist. We told the classicists, 'Point de salut sans la *couleur locale*.' We understood by *couleur locale* what in the seventeenth century was called *les mœurs*, but we were very proud of our word, and we fancied we had invented both the word and the thing. But the process was so simple, so easy, that I came to doubt of the merit of the *couleur locale* itself, and I forgave Racine for having civilized (*policé*) the savage heroes of Sophocles and Euripides."

If we may trust the author, the receipt for the local colour in "La Guzla," was this: "Procure a statistical work on Illyria, with the 'Travels of the Abbé Fortis,' and learn five or six words of Sclavonic." This is a palpable exaggeration as regards "Guzla," and pure affectation so far as his best works of fiction are concerned. In "Carmen," for example, of which the scene is laid in Spain, the local colour is so complete that the best scenes read like extracts from "Don Quixote" or "Gil Blas." In "Colomba," again, the Corsican manners, habits, and modes of thinking are depicted to the life. He had paid frequent visits to the countries in which his plots are laid; mixed with the people, and conversed with them in their own language, including (if necessary) their *patois*. One of the places in which he was most at home was a Spanish hostelry, with Andalusian muleteers and peasants. He spoke "Calo" with a facility that astonished the Spanish gypsies;—and Carmen was a Spanish gypsy. He must also have been perfectly at home in Russian to enable him to write "Le Faux Demetrius," in which free use is made of popular legends and traditions.

The true Demetrius was the Tsarevitch supposed to have been murdered in 1591 in his tenth or eleventh year, at the instigation of Boris, a sort of mayor of the palace, who soon afterwards usurped the imperial throne, and was firmly seated on it when, about 1603, a claimant started up. This was a young man of twenty-two, who told a plausible story of his escape from the assassins, and produced, in default of witnesses, a seal bearing the arms and the name of the Tsarevitch, and a golden cross ornamented with precious stones, which he pretended to have received, according to usage, from his godfather, Prince Ivan Mstislovski, on the day of his baptism. He was red-haired, with blue eyes, a broad face, large nose, thick lips, and low in stature. The mother of the true Demetrius was very dark, and his father, the Tsar Fedor, tall and handsome. Yet, somehow, people managed to discover a strong resemblance to both. We give as a specimen of Mérimée's strict adherence to details, what he deems the best accredited version of the first appearance of this personage upon the stage:—

One day, at Brahin (in Lithuania), Prince Adam Wisniowiecki being in his bath, a young *valet de chambre*, who had been some time in his service, forgot to bring him something he had called for. Irritated at this want of attention, the Prince gave him a box on the ear, and called him a son of ——. The young man, much moved, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: "Ah, Prince Adam, if you knew who I am, you would not treat me in this manner. But never mind, I must endure everything, since I myself have taken the place of a domestic." "And who are you then, and where do you come from?" "I am the Tsarevitch Demetrius, son of Ivan Vassilievitch."

Then he narrated the story of his miraculous escape, and showed his baptismal cross. The Prince, at his wits' end, believed all this modest and good-looking young man told him. He began by begging pardon for the box on the ear and the injurious epithet he had applied. Then begging the youth to remain in the bath-room, the Prince hurried to his wife, and ordered her to prepare a magnificent repast; since that very evening the Tsar of Muscovy was to be their guest. While the Princess knows not what to make of this sudden journey of the Tsar, her husband orders six of his finest saddle-horses, dapple greys, to be caparisoned, and has each led by a skilful groom habited with all possible magnificence. A travelling carriage is then got ready and amply supplied with cushions and rich carpets.* Then the Prince enters the bath-room followed by twelve servants carrying kaftans of brocade, pelisses of sable, and arms incrusted with gold. He respectfully assists his ex-valet to put on the richest dress, and places horses, carriage, &c. &c., at his disposal. "Let your Majesty deign to accept this trifle: all I have is at your service."

* "There were then no seats in the carriages. The persons using them sat on cushions, and covered their legs with rich Persian carpets; as still or recently in Turkey."

Digitized by Google

All the ordinary forms of the Sclavonic legend will be found in this recital. It forgets nothing, neither the housings of the horses, nor the colour of the stuffs, nor the price of the furs. It repeats in the Homeric manner the dialogue of its heroes. But why, under these details embellished by an Oriental imagination, might there not be a genuine historical tradition?

Introduced under such auspices, the claimant was everywhere received with acclamations; he is proclaimed Tsar; and then, to put the copestone to popular credulity, an interview is arranged for a formal recognition by the mother, whom he was to see for the first time since his resurrection:—

A rich tent had been erected near the village of Toürnisk: it was there that Demetrius received the widow of Ivan: they remained in it for some instants hidden from all eyes: what they said to each other was known to none:* then they came out of the tent and fell into each other's arms with all the marks of the most lively tenderness. At this spectacle, the acclamations of the multitude rang out on all sides: all doubt had disappeared in the general sympathy, so easy and so catching for the masses. The respect of the son, the emotion of the mother, drew tears from the assembled crowds: not a person could have been found in it who was not ready to swear that the Tsar was verily the son of the widow of Ivan. . . . She had revenues and an establishment befitting the mother of a sovereign assigned to her. He visited her daily, and always with demonstrations of the most profound respect and the most sincere affection. The incredulous were reduced to silence. Who would have dared to deny the evidence of the religious Tsarine? A few days afterwards, Demetrius was crowned with great pomp in the cathedral, and with the ceremonial already consecrated by Fedor and Boris.

The career of the false Demetrius was cut short precisely as that of the true Demetrius might have been—by assassination; and immediately a fresh one sprang up, to announce that he had never been assassinated at all. He, too, though a bad copy—with different features, coarse manners, and gross ignorance—was recognized by the flower of the Lithuanian and Polish nobility, with the identical Prince Adam, the patron of the original claimant, at their head.

To the same fastidiousness which (except, perhaps, in "The False Demetrius") led Mérimée to strip history of everything melodramatic or meretricious, may be traced his practice of pruning and polishing his novels, especially the shorter ones, till they might be compared to rare gems in choice settings, or to cabinet pictures by Meissonnier or Gerome. Moreover, we agree, with M. Taine, that if they do not always point a moral, they are eminently suggestive, and afford ample food for speculators who like to "expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man." It is hardly going too far to say, that "the hundred pages of 'Carmen' are worth more than many dissertations on the primitive and savage instinct; that the tale of 'Arsène Guillot' contains the pith of many volumes on popular religion and on the true feelings of courtesans: that there is no severer sermon against the errors of credulity, or of the imagination, than 'La Double Méprise' and "Le Vase Etrusque;' that the 'Partie de Trictrac' may be reperused in the year 2000 to learn what a single departure from honour may cost."

A few kind actions go far to redeem an infinity of unkind or cynical words; and not a few kind actions of Mérimée's are remembered by his friends. Those who knew him best believed him when he wrote: "It rarely happens to me to sacrifice others to myself, and when this does happen, the utmost possible remorse is the result." He gave signal proof of both courage and generosity when he came forward as the defender of Libri in 1852. In support of the theory that an affectionate disposition lay hidden under his cold, calm demeanour, they may confidently point to his thirty years' warm, unbroken, confiding attachment to his "Inconnue." All things considered, therefore, we are content to accept and conclude with M. Taine's summary of his character: "It will be found, I think, that, born with a thoroughly good heart, endowed with a superior mind, having led an honourable life, worked hard, and produced some first-rate works, he has, notwithstanding, not drawn from himself all the service he might have rendered, nor attained to all the happiness to which he might have aspired. Through fear of being a dupe, he distrusted himself in life, in love, in science, in art; and he was the dupe of his distrust. We are always the dupe of something, and perhaps it is best to resign ourselves from the first to being so."

* She subsequently confessed that she was influenced by threats and promises to recognize the impostor.

Digitized by Google

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE COURTIER OF MISFORTUNE: A BONAPARTIST STORY.

I.

CAPTAIN JEAN CŒURPREUX, of the 5th Algerian Spahis, having been sent to Paris with despatches from Marshal M'Mahon to Marshal Lebœuf, was invited to the last ball given at the Tuileries by Napoleon III.

He was a man of about thirty, with a complexion the colour of leather, clipped hair that stood on end like bristles, and a full brown beard. His uniform was a light-blue loose-fitting jacket called a *dolman*, braided across the front with black silk frogs, and embroidered from the cuffs to within an inch of the shoulders with gold lace of three rows interwoven. His baggy trowsers were scarlet; and he held in his hand a red kepi with the three rows of gold braid which marked his grade, the Spahis having no other head-dress than a kepi even for gala occasions. On Cœurpreux's breast glittered the ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honour, the yellow ribbon and pendant of the *médaille militaire*, which proved he had risen from the ranks, and the three campaigning medals of the Italian, Cochin-China, and Mexican expeditions. Below these hung the white and blue ribbon and silver cross of Pius IX. and the medal of Mentana; also three other medals, two of silver and one of gold, attached to tricoloured ribbons, and showing that the Captain had three times in the course of his career saved human lives. His muscular frame and smileless mien, the large size of the white gloves he wore, and the beard, which is the distinctive token of African service, all helped to mark a man who was no carpet soldier; and he looked embarrassed enough in the palace saloons, where he appeared to know not a soul, and where flitted before him, alert as dragon-flies, all the dandy officers of the crack corps — the Cent-Gardes in their azure tunics and gold aiglets, the Lancers of the Guard in Austrian white, the Guides in emerald and gold, the Artillery of the Guard, the colour of whose uniforms was invisible for the mass of braiding that adorned them, and the whole host of State dignitaries, from diplomatists and senators in blue and gilding to the prefects and deputies in black and silver. Pushed into a corner by this glittering throng, fearful of treading on the skirts of the ladies who streamed by him in a sea of silk and diamonds that made his head whirl, the Captain would evidently have felt much more at home in his saddle, hunting rebel Arabs, than in this place, to which the War Minister had procured him an invitation as a conspicuous, though well-deserved, honour.*

Yet leaning in a corner of the noble Salle des Maréchaux, where he had been hemmed in, the Captain cast his serious blue eyes about him as if he were in search of somebody. Twelve years before this ball, and when he was but a quick-hearted boy of eighteen, he had fallen in love with a girl as beautiful as sunlight and a year less than his own age. He was thought too young to marry then; besides which, though a gentleman, he had no money to expect; so the girl's parents and his own had cut the courtship short, and told him to dismiss all ideas of it and forever. He protested at first, but finding resistance vain, had enlisted to try and banish a passion which could lead to nothing. Soon after, he heard that Mdlle. Violette Desprès, the young lady in question, had been married to a sub-prefect, who subsequently became a full prefect — one M. de Cri, twenty years older than herself, an active placeman and a loyal. Cœurpreux had never seen her since, for most of his time had been spent in warfare; and when he

* The *Spahis* are the native cavalry of Algeria, as the *Turcos* are the native infantry: both are mainly officered by Frenchmen; natives being restricted from rising above the rank of lieutenant. The *dolman* is the summer-jacket as distinguished from the *pelisse*, which is worn in winter, and has Astrakan fur round the collar and cuffs. Some of the Spahi regiments used to wear scarlet jackets and light blue trowsers and caps, but this has been recently altered, and the whole of the French light cavalry now wear the light blue jacket and scarlet trowsers. The yellow-ribboned *médaille militaire* was instituted by Napoleon III. as a minor decoration to the Legion of Honour. It is conferred on privates and non-commissioned officers as a first step towards the other order, and carries with it a pension of 5*l.* a year, just as the lowest grade in the Legion of Honour carries (in the army, not for civilians) 10*l.* The *médaille militaire* is sometimes conferred on field-marshals and generals when they have attained to the highest rank, that of Grand' Croix, in the Legion of Honour; but in this case it is a manner of proclaiming that their cup of military distinction is full to the brim, and that the State can do nothing more for them. General de Cissey, War Minister under M. Thiers, was presented with the military medal by Marshal M'Mahon, when the latter became President. The medals with tricoloured ribbons are called *médailles de sauvetage*, and are bestowed for acts of bravery in saving life. The first two are of silver; if a third be won, it is of gold. There are five grades in the Legion of Honour. When in mufti, the chevaliers (companions as we should call them) wear a slip or small bow of red ribbon in their button-holes; and the members of the four superior degrees — officers, commanders, grand officers, and grand-crosses — rosettes. In evening dress or uniform the commanders wear collar-ribbons; the grand officers and grand-crosses broad ribbons *under* the waistcoat and just peeping over the edge of it, not *across* the waistcoat, as knights in England. The grand-crosses also wear a star on the breast and a jewel-cross pendant.

Digitized by Google

came to France on furlough, it was only for a few occasional weeks, which he dutifully devoted to his family. But now, having no one to speak to him, he glanced at every face that passed, half-dreading, yet moved by a curious anxiety, to see the woman whom he had never forgotten nor could forget; the loves of some soldiers being strangely deep and constant. It had reached him that day that M. de Cri was in Paris, angling for promotion after his wont, and he thought it probable that his wife might be at this court ball. Had a surgeon laid his stethoscope on Captain Cœurpreux's heart, he would have heard it beat like a boy's. So much for the man who had stared death a hundred times out of countenance, and was called the lion of his regiment!

The rooms continued to fill. Officers and dignitaries poured in faster and faster; the press of ladies became a crush; and presently, the Empress, seated under a canopy at the further end of the room, observed this officer standing by himself, so grave and unnoticed. No sovereign ever better discharged her duties of hostess than this august lady, as gentle as she was amiable, as queenly as she was fair; so she turned to the Emperor, and inquired who was yonder Spahi, so medalled and decorated. Napoleon, perhaps dreaming of the recent plebiscite, about which he had just been conversing with M. Emile Ollivier, sedate in his sheen spectacles and black whiskers, referred the question to the Duke de Bassano, the Grand Chamberlain, who, of course, knowing nothing of the matter, asked Marshal Lebœuf, then standing by his side. The War Minister came forward, and in that well-modulated voice which made him the first of courtier soldiers, summed up the Captain's history in twenty words. Wounded in Italy, wounded in Mexico, Cœurpreux had conquered every step in his rise at the sword's point. His last achievement was the capture of two Arab chiefs and three villages with a troop of fifty horse — that is at odds of something like ten to one. The Governor General of Algeria had sent him to Paris, that he might himself bear the tidings of the action in which he was the hero, "and with your Majesty's leave," added the Marshal, "I intended submitting Captain Cœurpreux's name for promotion to the rank of *chef d'escadron*, and for advancement in the Legion of Honour." The Emperor thanked him, and the Marshal retreated.

Thereon the observant Duke de Bassano whispered to Viscount Laferrière; and this courtly Vice-Chamberlain, having a key embroidered on his coat, glided through the crowds with the expertness of a well-bred eel, and, smiling as he bowed, asked Captain Cœurpreux whether he should find him a partner. The Captain would much rather not have danced, for he had grown rusty in this science, and the offer made him redden. But he regarded a vice-chamberlain somewhat as a superior officer, and further reflected that if people were invited to balls, it was presumably to the end that they might disport themselves. Accordingly he drew up his collar, cleared his throat, and followed M. de Laferrière with an erect stride, as if he were being told off for outpost duty. The Viscount did not take him far. He hesitated a single moment which side he should turn, then made straight for a lady dressed in lilac silk and surrounded by a circle of admirers two deep. She seemed used to be worshipped, and, flirting her fan, warded off with short laughs, glances, and tosses of her pretty head, the ready compliments of her bevy, composed of attachés, subalterns of the Guard, and budding Councillors of State. But at sight of the bronzed soldier this young troop fell back, and M. de Laferrière, always smiling, said: —

"Madame, allow me to introduce to you an officer who respectfully begs the honour of your acquaintance: Mdme. de Cri, Captain Cœurpreux."

It was singular that the chamberlain should have led him direct like that to the woman whom his own keen eyes had been unable to discern — the woman whose image had shone upon him from many a beacon-fire, lit up many a cloudy night, nerved him to more brave deeds than might ever have been reckoned to his glory had he not been animated during every day and hour of twelve long years with the thoughts of his first and only love. But perhaps the image he had enshrined in his heart was that of the young girl as he had first known her, with her virginal face and simple attire, and it was this that had prevented him from recognizing her as she was then — not less fair, but of completer beauty. At all events, the recognition was prompt enough now; and there was not a lineament in those features, so often seen in dreams, awake or sleeping, but seemed to him embellished by time. He faltered out a request for the next waltz, in a thick voice that struggled vainly to be distinct,

Digitized by Google

and he found himself trembling as he had never done in danger or trouble since the day they had last parted.

Madame de Cri blushed, though very slightly, and remarked that it was a long time since they had met. But this was all, for Strauss's band suddenly struck up Metra's *Valse des Roses*, that delicious melody which may be said to have lulled the second Empire to its death; and Mdme. de Cri, forgetting or unheeding a promise made to another partner, stood up with Cœurpreux. He encircled her waist with his arm, she rested one of her small hands on his shoulder, casting a wondering look the while at the rows of medals on his breast, and they whirled together into the maze. But why should the bravest of men have been so poor a dancer? There is not much waltzing in Algeria, nor, had there been, was Cœurpreux the man to care for it. He had held his own once in ball-rooms along with the best; but this was when Violette Desprès used to be his partner, and he had had none since. His arm tightened round her lithe form; he felt her soft breath on his face, and his honest brain spun round like a wheel. The polished habituates of the Tuileries, accustomed to gyrate gracefully on a few yards of space, had never seen a man spin about in this fashion, and several couples skipped out of his way with alacrity. It was the best thing they could do, for the Captain crashed through the rest as if they were paper hoops, though he took care somehow that his own shoulders should be the rams and that his partner should turn unharmed. Characteristically he had omitted to take off his sword, and ignored the drawing-room art of balancing himself in such wise that it should hang perpendicular. It was no toy either, this weapon, but a huge cavalry sabre, which knew the taste of blood, and clanked noisily as if excited, sweeping round at right angles with its owner, entangling itself in *crêpe de Chine* skirts, and ripping therein gaps a foot wide. Desolate wails sprang up on the headlong Spahi's path, and Mdme. de Cri felt that he had lost all control over his pace. "I — I think we had better stop," she murmured, growing afraid. But Cœurpreux could not have halted had he wished it. He had scattered most of the other dancers as effectually as a runaway charger might a flock of sheep; and he only kept his balance by the force of motion as a teetotum does. Unluckily, too, there was one waltzer who had not noticed him. A Carabinier captain, six feet high and a centaur in breadth of limb, came revolving in an opposite direction. "Take care!" cried the Carabinier's partner — a countess, frail as a feather, who perceived the danger; but Cœurpreux was already upon them. He bumped like a shell full upon the Carabinier, and the two couples reeled asunder from the shock. The Carabinier righted himself instantly, being adept; but Cœurpreux had only just time to disengage himself from his partner, so as not to involve her in his fall, and floundered heavily to the ground, making an unholy clatter with his scabbard, and imprinting his two spurs into the slippery flooring clean as gimlets.

Despite the Imperial presence, a titter broke out amid the muttered imprecations of those who had had their toes trodden on, and the Captain bade fair to be branded to all time as the lout who had made such a figure of himself at the Tuileries. But quick as kindness, a hand was extended to the fallen man, who grasped it not knowing whose it was, scrambled to his feet by its means, and stood crestfallen and giddy before the Emperor. It was at the Emperor's feet he had rolled; it was the Emperor who raised him.

"Commandant," said Napoleon, in the tones which those who once heard him speak, could never remember without emotion, "this is the second time I have seen you fall — the first was by my side on the field of Magenta." Then turning to Madame de Cri, while the laughers around lapsed silent and converged their gaze with surprise on the quivering soldier: "Madame, a man may be pardoned for missing his footing in a ball-room, who has kept it so often and so well in posts of danger. But Commandant Cœurpreux will owe you a *revanche*, and as he belongs from this day to my regiment of Guides, he will have many opportunities of proving to you in this very room that a gallant heart can always retrieve ill-fortune."

A general picked up and restored to the new Commandant* a medal of his that he had dropped; and Cœurpreux bent low without a word before his Sovereign. What indeed could he have said? To save a man from ridicule and exalt

* Commandant is the colloquial appellation of French brigade-majors, whose title is *chefs d'escadron*, or *chefs de bataillon*, according as they are in the cavalry or infantry. *Major* is in France an administrative and depôt title. The French *major* keeps the regimental records and does some of the work of English quartermasters. He does not command in the field.

Digitized by Google

him to be the admiration of a thousand people who were disposed to laugh him to scorn, is not a service to be repaid by words; and Cœurpreux felt simply too much moved to speak. The crowds parted in two respectful lanes to right and left of him, as he gave his arm to Madame de Cri and flattering murmurs buzzed their music in his ears, making his progress a triumphal march. The ladies forgave him for their torn skirts, and eyed him with complacency; the men bore no rancour for their grazed elbows or bruised feet; and the Carabinier captain, who had been inclined to resent his clumsiness with a scowl, offered him a smirking apology, now that Cœurpreux was promoted over his head and was a man to be courted among men. And Madame de Cri, what did she say or do? As her partner conducted her to her place, he was aware of an arm trembling upon his; and when she was seated and he ventured a few words, not very firm or coherent, in apology for his mishap, it did not escape him that her agitation exceeded his own. It is perhaps not a bad world where the trials of twelve years can be effaced by a moment's joy: for Cœurpreux felt he would have suffered twelve years more to be repaid at the end with another such glance as Violette cast upon him when she muttered: "I had not heard of your dangers and triumphs; I hope you will come and tell me about them yourself."

"Yes, we most sincerely hope Commandant Cœurpreux will do us the pleasure to call," intervened a personage who hurried up, looking like a yellow grasshopper. He had not much hair, but a riband round his neck, and an open mouth that seemed to dribble words as if it had a leak in it. "We shall always be delighted to see you, Commandant. We are staying at the Grand Hôtel pending my transfer to a livelier prefecture, I trust, than that which I now hold. But I am come with orders from her Majesty. The Empress desires that you shall be a guest at her supper-table, in order that she may pin the officer cross of our Order to your coat with her own hand."

The glow had faded from Violette's cheek and she had turned slightly pale at the arrival of this intruder.

"Commandant," she said in an abashed voice, "my husband — M. de Cri."

II.

M. DE CRI belonged to a family who had housed and fed themselves out of the public taxes ever since the great Revolution, and perhaps before it, which proves once again that revolutions and reforms are synonymous. Whatever befel kings, the family of De Cri remained where they were, and they were always in first-rate places; so that now and then, when a Frenchman who had helped to overturn a throne came to a public office and found a De Cri there as if nothing had happened, he was inclined to marvel whether his revolution had been of much use, which marvel was well grounded. The Cris were of course cousins by marriage and sworn brothers in all else to the great house of Jobus, who also clung to their posts through all wind and weather. If it had been computed what sums in gold these two valuable tribes had sucked out of the Treasury since they had first put their lips to the national udder, one would have reached a total which could have amply sufficed to gild every house-top, window-sill, and rain-pipe in France, to say nothing of all the mile-stones from Havre to Marseilles; and if it had been reckoned what they had done for their country in return for these payments, a mass of written paper might have been accumulated sufficient to light the kitchen-fires of Europe for a score of years and the cigars of Christendom to all eternity. As it was, the buttermen, tobacconists, and grocers of France wrapped all their wares in printed forms filled up by members of the Cri and Jobus connections, so that it cannot be contended these families were either useless or unprofitable in their generation. They fared plenteously, and, when their individual constitutions would admit of it, were sleek. It did not do to offend them, for they were naturally convinced that all things in France were theirs, and they could make their displeasure felt as effectively as a swarm of drones can. As there was not a coat upon a Cri or Jobus' back but had been paid for by the public, they missed no occasion of declaring how greatly the public were beholden to them. And it is fair to add that if the public occasionally evinced a different opinion, there was no want of moralists who asserted that we live in a thankless age.*

M. Nepos Lémargeux Desfonds de Cri, Violette Desprès' husband, had been allotted his share in the budget at an early age. His father holding a post of emolu-

* For additional particulars as to the Jobus influence, see *Le Ministre malgré lui*, CORNHILL MAGAZINE, April, 1872.

Digitized by Google

ment, it had been frankly conceded that his son was entitled to do the same, and, further, that this post ought to be a lucrative one, for, as we all know, the great Revolution abolished hereditary privileges. So young De Cri got a sub-prefectship, just as his father before him had obtained one because his father had enjoyed such a sinecure when sub-prefectships were first invented. Young De Cri was not pleased with his first appointment, because there was not enough pay to it, and, as a general rule, M. de Cri never was pleased, nor, at heart, were the different Ministers who promoted him, for there was not one of them but felt that, if half the Mint should be poured into M. de Cri's cash-bag, such a reward would not be in excess of that faithful servant's deserts. Whenever a Home Minister came to grief, one of the first trains following the catastrophe brought M. de Cri into Paris; and another train soon after bore him out of the capital, with a patent of promotion signed and sealed in his coat-pocket. He visited the metropolis as ordinary folk do a kitchen-garden — to pick fruit there; and, in the course of his official changes, had been moved about the land like a chessman, displacing in his onward march many a humble pawn, who, being either inoffensive, or hard-working, or content with his lot, was naturally deprived of his emoluments on the first convenient opportunity. M. de Cri was honoured with the esteem and confidence of all out of whom he had ever cozened favour, from the Emperor in person down to the lowest clerk in the Home Office, presumably some relative of his own. M. Rouher knew him, so did M. de Persigny; M. de Lavalette accounted him a blameless functionary, and M. Chevandier de Valdrôme was full of his praises. If M. Conti, his Majesty's Secretary, had been asked to mention an indispensable official, he would have named M. de Cri; and if M. Emile Ollivier had been sounded as to who was the fitting man to be entrusted with a post involving a substantial receipt of public monies, he would have pronounced M. de Cri to be that fitting man beyond all doubt. Nor was the reason of this far to seek, for M. de Cri had followed throughout his life a rule which cannot be too universally commended: — he had never left to another the task of blowing his own trumpet. His own trumpet was an instrument he carried about with him, always ready for use, and he never allowed it to grow rusty. If men would but bugle their merits as M. de Cri did, pitching his notes now loud, now with soft melodiousness, according to the mood of his listener, this earth would offer a concert of sweet sounds, to make the very angels hang their heads.

Now a fortnight or so after the ball at the Tuileries, M. de Cri returned to his lodgings at the Grand Hôtel, elate at having obtained his promotion from a second to a first class prefectship, but pensive in another respect — which other respect was Commandant Cœurpreux. The fact is, when a man like Cœurpreux, having neither kith nor kin in a Government office, or indeed anything at all to recommend him, save his own bravery, is suddenly raised to a brilliant post by an act of sovereign prerogative, he upsets a whole series of thoughtful plans, devised for the good of the world by the real masters of the State, who are the Government underlings, and he jostles out of the way Jobuses, Cris, and their hangers-on without number. It is true that by popular fiction an Emperor is supposed to rule and dispense honours; but this is purely a fiction, for it is the Cris and Jobuses who rule; it is they who dispense honours, and they render unto each man according to his deserts, after laws of their own as immutable as those that went to work on Daniel. Thus, for a man like Cœurpreux, there is no stint of dignities, but they must be of the proper sort that fit him. Let him be advanced, by all means, and sent into marching regiments to fight Arabs, and, if heaven so wills it, be knocked on the head. But the leading commands in crack regiments like the Guides, and, indeed, all snug military, as all civil berths generally, where there is no work to be done and plenty of plums to be gathered, these are the rightful appendages of the Cris and Jobuses, and ought on no account to be interfered with. Captain de Cri-Hurlant had been confidently awaiting the commandantship which Cœurpreux had got, a Lieutenant Jobus had been expecting Cri-Hurlant's vacancy, and a Sub-Lieutenant Jobus-Cri had made perfectly sure of stepping into the shoes which Lieutenant Jobus abandoned. These were combinations which ought not to have been roughly set aside, the less so, as this new commandant was not one of your decent speakers, who keep a civil tongue between their teeth, and have the grace to attribute to the Jobuses and Cris what-

Digitized by Google

ever good-luck may befall them with or without the assistance of these worthies. He was a grumbler, after the manner of the Algerian officers, whose allowance is that which the monkey got. He thought there were abuses at the War Office, and used to say so in Africa; he would probably discover there were abuses in the Guides, and bawl the fact in the Emperor's hearing. This was altogether undesirable — in fact, quite obnoxious to contemplate, and when M. Nepos Lémargeux Desfonds de Cri went to get his letter of appointment at the Home Office, he was told by his relatives there how greatly agitated and ruffled were the feelings of the War-Office Jobuses and Cris. They had deferred making out Cœurpreux's commission, in the hope that his Majesty might reconsider his promise, and post the Commandant to active service again; and to this end they had spared no pains to impress upon his Majesty that Cœurpreux was a disaffected sort of subject, a reformer, a man who disapproved of guard regiments, and who had even at sundry times expressed himself in no becoming terms of the Imperial dynasty. Unfortunately, Napoleon had a weakness for keeping the promises he made; and as the Jobuses and Cris were aware (they are somehow aware of everything) that Mdme de Cri, *née* Desprès, had been formerly acquainted with Cœurpreux, they besought Prefect de Cri that Madame might use her influence on the Commandant, so that he might voluntarily forego his squadron in the Guides, and petition of his own accord to be sent warring again. In this case there would be a commandantship in Cochin-China that would suit him admirably. The Cochin-Chinese were not yet subdued, and if Cœurpreux survived marsh fevers, dysentery, and poisoned arrows, he might get his colonelcy almost as soon as by staying in Europe.

So when M. de Cri entered his drawing-room, which was a smart one on the first floor, looking out on to the Place de l'Opéra, he said to his wife, who had been dividing her forenoon equally between a novel of M. Arsène Houssaye and a fashion-book from Worth's: —

"My dear, has that Commandant Cœurpreux called since the other night?"

"Yes, twice;" and Violette bent over one of Mr. Worth's notions of a plain morning dress — fifty guineas without the trimming.

"Were you alone with him?"

Violette cast a terrified look at her husband, and slightly blanched — "No; there were several visitors on both occasions."

M. de Cri seemed disappointed, and took up his position next the mantelshelf, with his coat-tails lifted under his arms, and his hands in his trowsers'-pockets — a graceful and well-known attitude.

"My dear, I have the utmost confidence in your diplomatic powers, and I want you to try them on this kind of petted savage, who I believe was attached to you in bygone times. In a moment of heedless generosity, the Emperor conferred on him a post far too good for such a man as he. It leads to equerryships and all sorts of things. We must get him to drop it." And M. de Cri explained to his wife the little machination on which all the Jobuses and Cris had set their patriotic wits and their hopes.

Violette listened in silence at first, whilst she was recovering from the start which her husband's question had caused her; but when she perceived the drift of M. de Cri's request, an indignant flush mounted to her face. She was a frivolous lady, as a woman cannot well help being who is mated to a gentleman like M. de Cri. Her married life had been made up of dressing and amusement, chastened by a little fashionable devotion in Passion Week, and what hours she could spare between the calls of society and those of her toilet-table she mostly passed in blushing over the novels of M. Houssaye, or in shedding a few refreshing tears over those of M. Octave Feuillet. But at sight of Jean Cœurpreux's honest features, she had felt all that was good in her young life revive, as flowers shrunk by rain may do at the first return of sun-warmth. He had breathed to her not a word that her husband might not have heard; but who is the woman that needs to be told of what is in a man's heart? Since she had seen Cœurpreux come back to her after twelve years' absence, with the unalterable look he had worn in bidding her good-by, she had thought of him alone, more perhaps than was quite safe.

"Do you mean to say," she exclaimed slowly, but with a hot flush, "that you wish M. Cœurpreux to renounce his post, in order that the Emperor may suspect him of ingratitude, and let him be sent out of France again?"

"Yes; that is exactly it," answered M. de Cri briskly, and quite unobservant of the flush. "If this Spahi seems to make

Digitized by Google

light of his appointment to the Guides, the Emperor will think the man has some crotchet about household brigades, and offer no impediment to his being posted elsewhere. Then Cri-Hurlant will get the squadron."

"I never heard such an odious thing in my life," ejaculated Violette, almost crying from humiliation. "Why, M. Cœurpreux is the soul of courage and loyalty, and you wish to damage him in favour of a man who has never done anything but lead quadrilles at court balls — a puppy whom I can never look at with common patience."

M. de Cri opened his mouth, and stared with a panic of astonishment.

"You appear to forget Cri-Hurlant is my cousin!"

"And what of that?" retorted Violette, flashing scorn from her eyes; "he is not worthy to be the groom of the man to whom you grudge this poor little piece of Imperial bounty, because he appears to be friendless! Oh, it is cruel and shameful, and I should esteem myself the lowest of women if I were to do what you have asked me."

M. de Cri's physiognomy changed to an ashen colour that was by no means picturesque. He let fall his coat-tails, drew his hands from his pockets, and rubbed his fingers together quietly.

"I beg to observe that I was this morning appointed Prefect of the Haute-Seine, and there is no reason whatever, why, if I play my cards well, I should not soon be in the Senate, and perhaps the Cabinet. My relations have always been kind to me, and I am bound to stand by them, especially as in this instance Cri-Hurlant is only waiting for his squadron in the Guides to make a rich marriage. Besides" (and here M. de Cri drew himself up with a pompousness that was pretty droll) "I believe this man Cœurpreux would be dangerous to the Emperor's service. He is an innovator, perhaps a republican in disguise. He carps at the Government — such persons have been known to desert to the rabble in times of rebellion."

"Ah! this is too much!" cried Violette, trembling from head to foot, and with one of those stinging laughs with which women can goad a husband to fury. "Why, I have been informed you were a republican yourself when you wished to retain a post under the republic, and a royalist when you were first made a sub-prefect by Louis-Philippe."

M. de Cri broke out with something very like an oath, and turned a flaming visage upon his wife.

"I am not here to be taunted by you as to any passage in my life, nor to hear your judgment on it. You will do as I tell you, or else," added he with significant emphasis, "I shall conclude you have reasons for shielding this soldier which no honest woman would care to avow."

What answer M. de Cri might have received to this unmanly thrust, there is no saying, but perhaps it was well for him that at this juncture a waiter knocked at the door and came in announcing, "Commandant Cœurpreux."

The prefect's countenance underwent a rapid transformation, and he rushed forward to receive his visitor with his usual gush of affability and garrulousness. "How do you do, my dear Commandant? delighted to see you! What a difference you must find between our climate and the delicious summers of Africa! I declare it looks as if it were going to rain again. But I am afraid I must leave you, having an appointment at the Home Office. Mdme. de Masseline is going to call for Mdme. de Cri by-and-by, to take her to the Picture Exhibition, and I daresay you will fill my place, and act as their cavalier. The ladies could not be in better hands." He wrung Cœurpreux's fingers with most affectionate cordiality, sketched a smile to his wife, and was gone. Cœurpreux and Violette were alone.

The Commandant was changed in appearance since the ball. He shone in civilian's dress and had shaved off his beard, wearing now only the waxed moustache and *impériale* of the Guard. In his button-hole was a rosette instead of a plain ribbon, and, though it would have been impossible not to recognize him for a soldier by his drilled gait and the military cut of his clothes, he was got up with that careful neatness and good taste which marks a French gentleman of the best school.

He took a seat beside the sofa on which Violette sat, and noticed that she was nearly overcome with emotion. A burning flush overspread her features, and her manners were almost hysterical.

"Tell me, Commandant," she said, beginning the conversation feverishly, "are you gazetted yet?"

"No, I am still waiting."

"And why, since the Emperor promised you your appointment before the whole court?"

Digitized by Google

Cœurpreux smiled gently and gave a true French shrug.

"The Emperor reigns, but does not rule. There are formalities to be accomplished, papers to be signed, and I believe there are moments when a signature costs a War-Office clerk as much as if it were wrung from him with a thumbscrew. I am not a favourite with those gentlemen; and if they could find some impediment to my getting on in the world, they would sleep a happy night all round."

Violette put her lace handkerchief to her mouth and bit it distractedly in a torment of hesitation.

"Do not be offended at what I am going to ask you," she faltered. "Is it true that you are a republican?"

The officer recoiled and turned red as if he had been accused of a dishonourable action.

"Since I enlisted to drive away a sorrow which I then thought curable," he said, in a grave tone of pain, "I have had one benefactor, whose name has been connected with every rise that has made me what I am. When my first epaulette was given me, it was in the Emperor's name; when I received the cross of honour for services far too slight to deserve such a dignity, I was told that the Emperor had with his own hand written my nomination on the margin of the despatch in which my unworthy claims were submitted to him. The other night, when my awkwardness was nearly covering me with well-merited ridicule, you saw how he saved me, and you heard what he said. It would be trivial to declare I would die for the Emperor — that is no more than my duty; but if by going barefooted and hungry I could save him a pang, if by sacrificing all I have now and all my prospects to come, I could relieve him from an annoyance, however slight, I would do it and deem myself happy at being able to acknowledge a debt which is more than I can ever pay."

Violette was crying.

"Then you have enemies," she sobbed — "false and heartless enemies, who are maligning you." She gave way during a few minutes to a paroxysm of grief, which shook her whole frame, and which she was utterly unable to repress. Cœurpreux sat by, pale and silent, whilst beads of perspiration pearled on his forehead, and his eyes fastened, with an expression of anxiety impossible to render, on the woman who was all in all to him, and whose uncontrollable anguish was occasioned solely by fears for his sake. He rose noiselessly, sank on one knee, and drew one of her hands within his.

"Violette, thank you for these tears," he murmured, with deep feeling. "Do you not think I bless my enemies with all my might for this unexpected happiness they have given me?"

Violette disengaged her hand from his, and struggled pitifully with herself for a moment.

"You must go, Jean," she wailed in alarm, and shutting out the sight of him with her hands. "I thought you would forget me — and oh! if I could have foreseen this day! but it is too late — misfortune hangs over us, and you must go away. Do not face the malice of these men; they would find means to break your heart, for I know of what things they are capable; and besides, if you remained near the court, we might see each other, and this cannot — this must not be. No, you must go away far — not abroad, where you would be in battles and danger again; but there must be regiments in France, to which you might be sent without exciting any one's jealousy. But you must leave me, for you see I am weak, and . . ." Sobs choked her utterance again, and she averted her head from him, burying it on a pillow and convulsed in her agony.

"I ask you so little, Violette, and to see you occasionally would be such a gladness," muttered Cœurpreux, in a broken voice, standing over her.

"No, no!" and here she rose with an effort, clasped her hands, and with streaming eyes implored him: "Save me from myself, Jean, I entreat you — on your honour."

"Good-by, then," he faltered with a great throb at his heart, and he drew her to him rapidly, kissed her and fled.

But he did not go to the War Office to renounce his commission to the 2nd Guides, for that afternoon it was too late, and by the time he went next day some kind friends had saved him all trouble on that head. The court were at St. Cloud, and in the evening one of those beings whose privilege it is to come quite near to the ear of royalty — and what a noble use they make of that privilege! — remarked that his Majesty was never tired of combating his detractors with good gifts. Napoleon inquired what detractors; and the Empress, who was examining with Princess Metternich an album of which the Prince Imperial turned the leaves, raised her soft eyes anxiously, wondering, maybe, when the tongues of

Digitized by Google

detractors would tire. The Being then explained that M. *de* Cœurpreux, who would soon have the honour of commanding three troops of their Majesties' body-guards, was a curious sort of man, most brave, and all that, but wrong-headed, a *grognard* of the politico-military species — rather perilous, and with acid enough in him to turn the whole 2nd Regiment of Guides sour. For instance, whilst quartered at Constantine two years ago, he used to take in the *Lanterne*, and read it aloud after dinner to his brother officers, dilating much as he went on the humour of M. Rochefort; whereat Napoleon frowned, for M. Rochefort was just then cooling his humour in prison, and was no very welcome topic at court evenings. The Being proceeded to state that the projected appointment of M. *de* Cœurpreux had excited great admiration on all sides, as illustrating once again the inexhaustible benevolence of his Majesty, but that, singularly enough, the Commandant himself was the only man who seemed nowise enchanted by it. He had a mean opinion of Guard regiments, laughed at them, and thought the Spahis much better. He had said, sneering, that with a troop of mounted negroes he would put the entire Cavalry of the Guard to flight, and dispose of the Infantry afterwards. There was no question, however, that he was brave to rashness, that is, to a fault.

Now a sovereign may well like to reward valour, and yet be excused for not desiring to have about him a man who would turn his pet regiment sour: so the Emperor said calmly —

"I thought to do Commandant Cœurpreux a kindness by putting him in the Guides; but if he prefer some other corps, let him have his way." And at this the Empress, who had lost interest in the album, heaved a little sigh of relief, as though to say, "Only fancy, if this wrong-headed Commandant had come and arrested us all at early morning, like the officer on guard did poor Prince Couza at Bucharest!" or as a lady of humble sphere might have expressed it, "What an escape we have had of all being murdered in our beds!"

However, the Emperor, who perhaps recalled Cœurpreux's manly face, and the warm things that had been written of him by Marshal M'Mahon, expressed the wish that the Commandant should be well provided for, and took the same occasion to ask who would get this post in the Guides which M. Cœurpreux disdained? The Being deferentially submitted that Captain de Cri-Hurlant was a chivalrous warrior, and deeply devoted to their Imperial Majesties, and he indicated by a glance the warrior in question, who was courageously revolving a stereoscope for the two Mesdemoiselles d'Albe, the Empress's graceful nieces. The Emperor said nothing, but before another day had passed there was balm for the whole tribe of the Jobuses and the Cris: Captain de Cri-Hurlant had the squadron, Lieutenant Jobus got the captaincy, Sub-Lieutenant Jobus-Cri walked into the lieutenantship, and a Jobus-Hurlant, just out of St. Cyr, gained possession of the cornetcy — whereupon the world set to going round again, as if it had not been temporarily, and most infelicitously, put out of course.

As for Cœurpreux, he presented himself at the War Office in uniform on the day following his visit to Violette, and after waiting no more than an hour and a quarter in an ante-room, was admitted to the presence of a Jobus clerk, permanent, of course, and irresponsible. There he learned all that was good for him to know, namely, that he was not to have the commission he had been promised; but the Jobus clerk added blandly, that he would get something else some day or other, when his Excellency the Minister should have time to think about him. This high and mighty clerk, who may have stood five feet three allowing his boots to count, was condescending enough to patronize such poor folk as this Cœurpreux, who had done nothing but help win half-a-hundred battles or so, and he loftily waved his paw to him in token that he might depart.

But Cœurpreux, who had come to forego the Imperial favour *motu proprio*, felt not a little hurt that it should be withdrawn from him in this unceremonious style, and so exclaimed dryly enough:

"I should like to know whether the Emperor gave you orders to break his word for him in that fashion. However, I don't lay on the Emperor's shoulders the dirty tricks that are done in his name, for if I did, there might come from this office alone mud enough to choke the Seine up."

"Sir!" gasped the little Jobus-clerk, rising to his full height and frowning at his insulter with all the dignity of a flea on a perch browbeating a lion with muzzle on — "Sir!" but he could find nothing else to say, for Cœurpreux eyed him coolly, and as duelling is not extinct in France, the small Jobus doubtless re-

Digitized by Google

flected that if he were tweaked by the nose, he might get run through next daybreak into the bargain. Yet it was very monstrous to this clerk that a miserable officer should dare to bandy words with him thus shamelessly.

"I was going to say," continued Cœurpreux, drawing a large envelope from the breast of his jacket, "that I intended declining the honour which his Majesty wished to bestow, and here is a letter which I had written to beg the Emperor to employ me on active service again. I have got my promotion, for his Majesty called me Commandant, and not all the clerks in Paris can take that from me, or shall. But I only ask to go back to my regiment, even if I take simple brevet rank of commandant, and I daresay you gentlemen will not object to that much. Please see that my letter reaches the Emperor, or else there'll be a row. Good-morning."

The Jobus-clerk grumbled something and thanked heaven he was well rid of such a brute. Cœurpreux went and lunched at the general rendezvous of officers, the Café du Helder on the Boulevard des Italiens, and as, by sitting at one of the tables outside, he could descry the Grand Hôtel some hundred yards to the left, he did so when his frugal lunch was over, and remained smoking all the afternoon, watching if haply Violette might pass by in her barouche and afford him one passing glimpse of her. But she did not pass, either that day or the next, or on any of the twenty days more during which the War-Office clerks kept Cœurpreux rapping his heels on the asphalte of Paris. Cœurpreux chafed and growled and vented his fury in much imprudent talk among brother officers at the Helder, vowing that the administration of the army had grown rotten up to the hilt, as France would find if she ever ran tilt against a less Jobus-ridden Power. As armies are never quite devoid of high-souled officers anxious to curry favour with the Jobus-clerks, these sayings were faithfully reported to the War Office, and did Cœurpreux all the good one may imagine. It became an urgent question of consigning him to Cochin-China without delay, of treating him to the governorship of that delightful settlement of convicts and *vomito negro*, Cayenne, "where," remarked the clerks humorously, "he would find himself in congenial company." But Violette, who watched over Cœurpreux in secret, frustrated these designs, and accosted Marshal Lebœuf, at a party one night, with a tale so worded as to touch him. Marshal Lebœuf, who has borne and will bear to all time the burden of the sins which his underlings committed — and of which they of course promptly washed their hands — was no fool, but a gallant soldier, as can witness his management of the artillery at Solferino. His fault was excessive good nature, which made him loth to tackle the Jobuses and Cris, as peremptorily as his predecessor Marshal Niel had done; he had let them get the upper hand of him, and walked in dread of them. Wherefore, hearing the wife of M. de Cri denounce the doings of the potent league of which her husband was so honoured a member, he marvelled slightly, but ended by smiling, as a Frenchman will do when a pretty woman pleads the cause of a soldier at once brave and handsome. He promised to see into the matter, and next day to the disgust of the Jobuses, who had not been so much as consulted, Cœurpreux received his commission to a full commandantship in that doughty regiment the 25th Cuirassiers, with orders to join as soon as he should have gone to Algeria to fetch his traps and carry despatches to Marshal M'Mahon. The Duke of Magenta laughed in his quiet way when he heard from Cœurpreux, at a private dinner, what things this worthy fellow had endured at the hands of the clerks. He for his own part knew the Jobuses well. Had they not poisoned the Emperor's mind against him by reminding his Majesty on every occasion that Marshal M'Mahon had voted against the Government Bill of Public Safety in the Senate, was a suspicious subject, and enjoyed a dangerous ascendancy over the army? This had prevented the victor of Magenta from ever becoming War Minister, and his viceroyalty in Algeria was virtually an exile. "My poor Cœurpreux," said he smiling, "you do not understand the secret of getting on in life. Here is Marshal Lebœuf, who writes to me privately that you have been wagging that honest tongue of yours too freely, and he tells me to give you a friendly hint that it won't do." "But, Marshal, I have never breathed a word against the Emperor," protested Cœurpreux. "No," said the Duke, "though perhaps it would have been safer if you had, for the Emperor forgives; but the clerks are more powerful than the Emperor, and they don't forgive. You had best make your peace with them, believe me, Cœurpreux, for

Digitized by Google

they are stronger than all of us put together;" and the Marshal, who liked soldiers of Cœurpreux's mould, gave him a cigar and went out on the balcony of the Government House to smoke with him and talk about Paris.

Exactly a month after this dialogue, Commandant Cœurpreux, who was installed in his new garrison, received orders along with the rest of the 25th Cuirassiers to go and join Marshal M'Mahon's army on the Rhine, for war had been declared by France against Germany.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE TWO SPERANSKY.

CONCLUSION. — ELIZABETH.

ELIZAVETA MICHAILOVNA SPERANSKY was now a wife; in 1824 she also became a mother, and we put the fact down here at once, because it is one which coloured her whole future personal life, and one which, long after her father had gone to his rest, must have explained to her the full sanctity of the tie which had existed between him and herself. We have seen that their intercourse, tender and united as it was, had not been positively without a cloud. But Elizabeth had married to please him, and after the birth of her son, Count Michael Speransky paid her his first visit in her home in the provinces. Much was said, but much more must have then been left unsaid between them, while both hearts ached, and while Speransky saw with pain that the presentiment was justified which had once made him say that "no one who had loved him had ever remained happy." It is curious that the reason should have escaped his perspicacity when he first urged on this marriage. M. Bagréeff's solemn pretentions, his vacuity of mind, and his general nullity as a companion, had an effect on Elizabeth's happiness which endless games of cards could not be supposed to counteract! and it was now Speransky's business to try to ameliorate her lot. M. Bagréeff was, through his interest, elevated to the dignity of senator, then called to St. Petersburg, and made Governor of the Bank. It was a bad appointment for the Bank, which, owing to his stupidity, was presently robbed of many millions of roubles by some light-fingered subordinates; but it was good for Elizabeth, as her home was now fixed in the capital.

She was again her father's companion; their house was open to men of letters, and a brilliant society soon grouped itself around them. The historian Karamsine was there, a man fitted by his cultivation, his humanity, and his *quasi*-liberal ideas, to be the historiographer of Alexander the Blessed; Pouchkine came there also with his beautiful wife, and Adam Michievicz the Pole, whose muse was made vocal by the long sorrows of his country. There was also Bruloff the painter; Gogol the satirist, whose comedies rendered him the Kotzebue of Russian official life; and Zoukovsky the poet. The general circle was lettered, elegant, and *decorated*. The peace of Vienna had restored its principal members to affluence — laurels had been reaped; and if some years ago Count Rostopchine had been constrained to set fire to their "*Mother Moscow*," she, like the rest of the country, had proved herself able to rise, phœnix-like, from her ashes.

But the Great War had had another effect upon society, and its smooth-flowing waters covered some very ugly political secrets. The young men who had been to France had imbibed with enthusiasm the new ideas. The leaven of romanticism and of liberalism was at work in them; and when their term of residence in France was past, many officers of the noble guard returned to Russia, only too full of the new ideas, determined to introduce a constitution, and to give to Russia the benefits (albeit questionable enough in some respects) of their own French experience. Secret societies had sprung up, Freemasons' lodges, unions of the "Public Weal," of "National Prosperity," of the "United Sclavonians," with others rejoicing in such ominous names as the "Polish Patriots," and the "Reapers." In November 1825, the Emperor Alexander died at Taganrog, and an oath of allegiance was then taken all over the kingdom to his eldest brother Constantine Pavlovitch. It was not the less well known in St. Petersburg that the sceptre of empire was not destined for this, the eldest of the Grand Dukes, but for Nicholas, the greatest and ablest prince of the Romanoff dynasty. Constantine had abdicated, and though the use made of his name by these conspirators may have made him later an object of suspicion to his brother, Nicholas, in November 1825, had no reason to doubt the good faith in which the formal abdication had been made. The eccentric Grand Duke had

Digitized by Google

been wont to say that the crown would never suit him; that, as the nation had only allowed his father to live for three years, they would certainly not endure his rule for three months; and that, as he preferred to preserve his life, he meant to abide by his resolution of never reigning in Russia. That he was now put forword by the Dekabrists was owing to his peculiar incapacity only: it was such that they hoped to have him first as the tool and afterwards as the victim of their projects: and moreover, his seniority was a powerful engine in their hands for preventing the accession of the too capable Nicholas. On the morning of the 14th December, Madame Speransky-Bagréeff drove out in her sledge, but on reaching the Admiralty Square, she found a great crowd assembled there; her horses' heads were turned by two friends; and by the time that she reached her house a rattle of musketry was audible, and the rebellion had become an undeniable fact. The army had revolted. The ringleaders were leavened through with the liberal ideas of which we have spoken; but they had appealed to the soldiers in the name of legitimacy; and persuaded as these were that Constantine was being robbed of his birthright, regiment after regiment had refused to take the oaths to Nicholas. While Elizabeth hurried home, her father had to gallop to the scene of action, where, confronting his revolted legions, stood their new, terrible, and Jove-like Tzar.

By three o'clock that short December day was drawing to its close — the darkness was approaching; still in the great Square, and on the Isaac Bridge, the insurgents made good their stand. Not that they were undismayed. Prince Serge Troubetzkoi, who was to have headed them, was absent; and Obolensky, who replaced him, was neither a warrior nor a strategist. Two Metropolitans in full canonicals had already implored them to lay down their arms; shots had been fired, and Miloradovich and Stürler had fallen on the one side and on the other. At this moment Count Toll* galloped up to the Emperor, and said to him, "Sire, command that the place be swept by cannon, or resign your throne." The guns were fired; and when the day was done, Nicholas returned to his palace, and to a trembling wife, and to a boy of seven years old, whom he could now first greet as the Tzarévitch of all the Russias. The revolt was quelled; — then came the trial, the sentence, and the execution of the conspirators.

At the head of the list was the name of Prince Serge Troubetzkoi, of the Preobrashensky regiment of Body-Guards; but it included other officers of the Guards, privy councillors, secretaries, and members of nearly all the noblest families of Russia and Lithuania. Now comes the question, What knowledge, if any, had Speransky of all this mischief? On the night of the 13th December, through what one of his biographers calls a "*fatalité déplorable*," several of the conspirators were dining in his daughter's house. But it is still more remarkable that in the original plan drawn up by the conspirators in Prince Obolensky's house, and on no more remote a day than the 12th December, Speransky was named by them as a member of the provisional government which they intended to establish. Admiral Mordvinof was to have been associated with him.

This fact rests on the evidence of a military man present at the arrangement.*

Now we may imagine, and it is possible to do so, that Speransky knew nothing of this flattering but highly dangerous preference for himself, and that he was ignorant of the honour in store for him: still it inflicts a shock on the mind when one finds him taking up a high moral and political attitude, and sitting on the tribunal before which these Dekabrist conspirators, young and old, were arraigned. Nicholas Tourgenieff, Confidential Secretary to the Imperial Council, and one of the first batch of thirty-one victims sentenced to be beheaded, thus comments on the fact: "One of the members of the supreme tribunal was Speransky, said to be the cleverest of them all. This is the same man of whom I have spoken in another place. He became, so to speak, the *factotum* of the trial; and he it was who presented the final report to the Emperor, in which his Majesty was begged not to pardon the condemned. . . . Speransky, to whom no one can deny many other qualities, did not possess that of courage: in defending me he feared to seem to defend some Liberal principles; and what frightened him most was the fact that, in the eyes of many persons, he was already suspected of entertaining them."

* Afterwards head of the police.

* Russian Conspirators in Siberia. By Baron R——. Translated by Evelyn St. John Mildmay.

Digitized by Google

After reading the above, it is difficult not to say to one's self, that if Mademoiselle Speransky had once been ready to act the pretty part of "Elizabeth, the exile of Siberia." her father showed on this occasion his fitness for the less elevated *rôle* of the celebrated "Vicar of Bray." The explanation of the situation seems to be this: Speransky, the priest's son, had started in life as a theoretical but ambitious Liberal. Between such theories, fostered by the philanthropy of a Tzar, and the secret practices of a conspiracy, whose ends were clearly revolutionary, he became aware of a great and judicious difference; and, moreover, the liberal Tzar, who was wont to say of himself that he "was a happy accident" in Russian history, was dead. The Dekabrists, on their side, had heard of the fame of Speransky's early theories, of his disgrace, and of his banishment. Nay, more — they may have picked up in his daughter's *salon* some of his latest sentiments, such as "my real friends are the poor and lowly, prisoners and exiles;" and they may have been led to reckon on his help in opposing the reactionary rule of Nicholas.

Of course it is understood that the conspirators had cherished no abstract feeling of devotion to Constantine, but were simply determined to oppose the accession of the younger man, who would have but one remedy for Liberal sentiments, and who would set himself once and for all above all laws ancient or recent. But Speransky, whatever sympathy he might have had with exiles, had had too much personal experience of Siberia ever to put himself again *dans cette galère*. Accordingly he sat on the supreme tribunal, saw five young lives pay the penalty of rebellion, and a long train of political criminals, one hundred and sixteen in all, wend their way to the snowy prison which he knew only too well. Among them was his own secretary, a lad whom the Governor had brought from Siberia with him, and whom he had since treated almost as a son, Madame Speransky-Bagréeff petitioning in vain for his pardon.

In the eyes of the new Tzar, M. Speransky at any rate happily contrived to appear perfectly innocent; and being a very valuable public servant, he continued in harness till his death — one asks one's self, at what sacrifice to self-respect or to principle? since the policy of Nicholas was eminently antipathetic to the ideas he had once entertained. "No dreams, gentlemen, no dreams," the new Tzar had said to the Polish nobles whose heads Alexander had filled with the semblance of a constitution, and with visions of indulgence for their national spirit. If the same words were not precisely addressed to the Russian Liberals, the same idea was often conveyed to them in very cogent methods; and such dangerous topics as the emancipation of the serfs had to be dropped *sine die*.

The old Russian party was now flattered by a Tzar who desired his nobility to speak Russian, who patronized the national dress, and who encouraged a good deal of Philo-Sclavonic literature and fashion, provided always these were kept free of Neology and of Liberalism.

Nicholas loved Russia: he believed in himself as her visible head, as the fountain of honour, and as the dispenser, not of justice, but of favour. He was the very embodiment of autocracy, for he had its majesty, its grace, its charms, and its caprices. There have been many more tyrannical sovereigns in Russia than Nicholas Pavlovitch, but there never has been a Tzar so perfectly arbitrary. Like his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, he had a passion for soldiering in all its details, and he was a martinet in discipline; but he sometimes showed mercy, and he took pleasure in doing so, because such clemency is but another kind of power. He acted and looked his part as no crowned monarch ever has done before or since; and he did it consciously, enjoying the effect which he produced on the mind of the spectator. "Have you no fear?" he once asked a very young maid of honour, whom he found, on the first morning after her introduction to her duties at the palace, perched upon a window-sill, and reading a novel of Mrs. Gaskell's aloud to a laughing companion, who seemed to enjoy the jokes in "Cranford" as much as herself. The great Tzar expected to have made more impression even on two young girls! Some such jealous vanity made him very harsh even with women, when they had displeased him. For example, he abhorred Madame Swetchine, on account of her wandering tastes and generally Western habits of thought. A still more serious crime was her apostasy to the Church of Rome, when she became the leader of a faction which sent more than one Russian nobleman into the ranks of the Order of Jesus. Madame Speransky-Bagréeff found him also eminently unfriendly through all the vicissitudes of

Digitized by Google

her career; and in all probability the *fatalité déplorable* of her ill-selected dinner-party of the 13th December was never forgiven by him.

Once that period of intrigue, disorder, and anxiety was outlived, the literary circle which surrounded the Minister's daughter was ready to become as brilliant as before; but Madame Speransky-Bagréeff's biography now becomes in great part that of a landowner and of a mother. Of a landowner, because her father had bought for her an estate called Bowromka; and because the welfare of Bowromka and its peasants, the rise and fall of prices, the sale of wood, and the erection of model farms, dispensaries, and schools, occupied her time and emptied her purse. M. Bagréeff was as unfortunate as a landlord as he had been as a governor of the Bank; and in all these capacities he had the misfortune to sink more and more in his wife's esteem. But she had become the mother of three children. Of these the youngest, who was a boy, only lived two years; but Michael, her first-born, fulfilled all the promise of his youth; and the education of her only daughter already caused her many hopes and fears, while it occupied her days. For them she wrote her first books, tales for children and short plays; while the *farouche* temper of Mademoiselle Bagréeff, afterwards Princess Cantacuzene, is probably reflected in "Irène," a novel on the benefits of education, which only saw the light in 1857, and which is perhaps the most *Edgeworthian* of all the mother's works.

Of M. Bagréeff all this time she saw but little: very possibly this arrangement may have been one which had met with the consent of both parties: but none the less it probably had its share in intensifying the peculiarities of Mademoiselle Bagréeff's character. Whether caused by quarrels about money, by incompatibility of tastes and tempers, or by still graver wrongs, the mother's estrangement from the father of her children was now complete — so complete that when M. Bagréeff for the last time announced a visit to her, that visit was not accepted; and when he died rather suddenly, their daughter only was with him — no reconciliation between her parents having been procured or attempted.

One of the causes which in the beginning may have helped to disunite the couple, and to keep them separate, had been Madame Elizabeth's health. Always delicate, child-bearing and household worries had told greatly upon her strength; and in 1833, and again in 1834, she had gone to the sea-baths of Skeveningen to recruit. The first of these trips had been the first occasion on which Speransky's daughter crossed the boundaries of "Holy Russia," or trod the soil of one of those Western kingdoms with whose histories and institutions her father had made her acquainted. Did she, like Madame Swetchine, feel that she then breathed a freer air? She does not say so, but she became a great traveller.

With her as with many of her countrymen, travel grew at once into a habit and a passion. The already encumbered estate of Bowromka was left to the tender mercies of *intendants*, of whom Madame Speransky-Bagréeff had six in seven years; and like most of the landowners of her day, she soon found herself deeply in debt to the Government, which is always happy to assist a Russian noble to mortgage his lands and villages.

What, under these adverse circumstances, became of the schools, dispensaries, sugar-factories, and model farms, the biographer of Madame Speransky-Bagréeff, M. Victor Duret, does not say. What it is impossible to conceal is, that her daughter, and her daughter's Greek husband took her financial measures in quite as bad part as she had ever done the meddling and muddling of her late husband, and that something very like a quarrel was the consequence. None the less, and perhaps all the more for this very reason, she travelled to Egypt, to the Holy Land — whither she had vowed to make a pilgrimage — to England, to Vienna, to Paris, to Brussels, and to Hungary.

These travels form the ground-plan of many of her novels, and supply much of the local colouring of her works. Take, for example, "Les Pélerins Russes, à Jerusalem," published at Brussels in 1854. Here Speransky's daughter puts out a great deal of her strength, and in her sketch of the deacon, in "Une nuit au Golgotha," she has left a touching portrait of the priest's son, Michael Gramatine, who, in the seminary of Vladimir, had once formed ambitious hopes, and who had lived to realize many of them for, and with, and in herself. The book is written in French. Prosper Mérimée writes to her to congratulate her, and to praise its careful and vigorous idioms. It has added, he says, to his wish to know Russia and the Russians; but he has one reproach to make to her, one fault to

Digitized by Google

find,—it is all too sad; and "life is such a sad thing, that clever people ought to be compelled always to write gay things, so as to divert one a little from things as they are."

But Madame Elizabeth was sad; and she had good cause to be so. Something not quite unlike fame was now coming to her from her writings; but then fame is, as Madame de Staël, who was a good judge, averred, "a royal mourning, in purple, for happiness." Furthermore, the authoress was poor, and she had a thousand troubles at home which, had she been on the spot, would have been vexatious enough to arrange, and which at a distance were hopeless. She was on bad terms with her daughter, as she had been with her husband; she had frequent attacks of rheumatic gout, an enemy which is apt to hang upon the flanks of all brain-workers; she was in no favour at Court, and that in a country where Court favour is the all in all: she might, if she liked, change her skies, but she could not change her mind; publishers worried her, and editors occasionally mangled and dismembered her pieces; and by her fireside, in two empty chairs—those of her father and of her son—there sat the shadow feared by man.

Count Michael Speransky's death, in 1839, had been at least a natural one; but young Michael Bagréeff had been killed in the Caucasus by a comrade who was maddened with drink, and who, in the dark, drew his sword upon the boy who had tried to prevent a drunken riot and a scandalous fight. His mother never recovered from this shock. Her intelligence survived it, and her energy remained, along with the necessities for work, for money, and for intercourse with her fellow-workers; but her heart was broken. It may not have shown much in her novels; but there is a little book which has only been published since her death, and which, as the "Livre d'une Femme," lets one into many secrets of the woman's life. We see its loneliness. Then, after some sharp struggles to forgive the enemies of her father, and the murderer of her son, comes a gentler sense of pity and of humility—some dust to put on her own head—many tears to give to past errors, and a lingering passionate return to that great and tender love which had subsisted between her father and herself. One says a return, because at the time of Count Michael Speransky's death many circumstances must have conspired to divert her sense of pain into other channels than the purely filial one. He had died full of years, with his "Swod" or code a completed monument for his renown; full, we may say, too, of honour—that is, of such honour as despotism has to bestow on a man who has been, through two reigns, at once its good angel and its tool, its favourite, its adviser, and its victim. Full, certainly, of experience and of labour. Both health and strength for some months gave signs of distress; but his august master would not allow him to interpret these as a warning to cease from all literary and responsible work. And so the Minister died in harness, after an apoplectic stroke, on the 23d of February 1839. The Tzar, who grieved for him, or who at least missed him, would not, however, befriend his daughter. Elizabeth was poor, but the Emperor Nicholas gave her no pension; and M. Bagréeff, who had accumulated some capital, and who had built expectations upon the position of his father-in-law, now took arbitrary possession of any fortune which could be said to belong to his wife. He was dissatisfied with its amount, and Elizabeth was displeased with the uses to which he appropriated it. High words ensued, and the separation which we know of followed as a consequence. Thus it had happened that in its first years Elizabeth's filial sorrow was greatly turned to bitterness, and deformed by anger both against her husband and against the Government of the Tzar, which had possessed itself of all her father's papers and literary remains. It was only in later years and when this soreness had ceased to be felt, that her filial feelings were able to reassert themselves in all their simplicity. Certainly Madame Speransky-Bagréeff is never so much a woman, and never more truly attractive, than in those passages where her grief as a daughter and as a mother finds vent. Many of the pages of the "Livre d'une Femme" are devoted to these themes, and many more to meditations on the Scriptures—a study which she had always shared, as a girl, with M. Speransky, and which now occupied many of the saddened years of her declining life.

M. Speransky had interested himself greatly in the translation of the Bible into Russ; but in one of his Siberian letters he begs his daughter not to read the Word of God except in Sclavonic—that is, in the time-honoured language and idioms appropriated to the service of

Digitized by Google

the "*Orthodox*" Church. The vulgar tongue, he says, deprives the sacred writings of their majestic beauty, and lays them open to the jarring of vulgar and trivial associations.

His own commentary on the Gospel of St. John, Elizabeth was wont to render into German; and many a long winter's day had the father and daughter spent over the MSS., which the latter was afterwards to preserve with pious care. The work was probably intended for publication — at least, M. Speransky seems to hint at this when he says, "Your thoughts about inspiration are so attractive that I am tempted to write an essay upon them, and to demonstrate that inspiration is not an illusion, but in truth a very real and substantial property of the Spirit. We can speak of this when we meet, and when I am able to write the book which I have been thinking of for years." The book never saw the light; but 200 *folio* sheets of commentary remained in his daughter's care, and often afforded texts for the remarks and notes which abound in the "Livre d'une Femme." But the daughter is less "orthodox" than the father. For example, we find Speransky dwelling with pleasure on the belief in the Guardian Angel; and though he has been accused of holding Protestant ideas, he often speaks of Protestants with great reprobation, as persons who, "under the pretence of a greater spirituality, have refined their faith into mere abstract propositions, banished gentle and devout feelings from religion, and left it blunt, coarse, and spiritless." Elizabeth has a good deal of this same mysticism; but she often differs freely from the teaching of her own Church, though she was never tempted to do like Madame Swetchine, and to abjure it for that of any other communion. It is doubtful, however, whether the "Livre d'une Femme" would be considered as an altogether orthodox work in any Church. It is full of curious speculations, especially on the subject of the transmigration of souls; yet when read in the light of the events of Elizabeth's life and of her mistakes, some of its confessions are very pathetic.

It is difficult through the medium of a translation to convey any idea of the excellence of style or of the grace which distinguishes some of Madame Speransky-Bagréeff's sayings. She is a less powerful and a less eloquent writer than Madame Swetchine; and her writings, with the exception of one novel, of which we propose to give a sketch, are less likely to live than are the letters of her friend,— letters all alive with those strong sympathies, and with that ardent love of God and of her neighbour, which made Madame Swetchine a real power in the society of her day. Elizabeth's style is more studied, and throughout her whole career her paragraphs sound as if they had been composed with a view to her father's praise or blame. Both women were very sensitive to the approach of old age. Madame Swetchine's remarks on it have the sustained dignity of a mind determined to rise above that last weakness, and to see always more of heaven through "chinks that time has made;" but Elizabeth lets a cry escape from her now and then, — "See," she exclaims, "what generally fills up a woman's life once youth is past; sicknesses of the body, sorrows of the soul, regrets for the past, and fears for the future! But let women resign themselves; let them crown themselves with thorns, and walk without murmuring in the austere way of the Cross."

Against her own share of these haunting fears and regrets Madame Speransky-Bagréeff was still also able to defend herself by work, and by the friendships which her works had helped to gather round her.

Of all her novels, the one which is most likely to live is "Une famille Tongouse." It is thoroughly original, and written with great spirit; while the scenes, the characters, and the treatment of them all carry her readers into a new country, and give us the pleasure of new associations, — and yet the simple plot is founded on those feelings which, as Lamartine says, "keep the heart of humanity ever young." Its Siberian details have evidently been elaborated by Madame Speransky-Bagréeff as a labour of love, and many of them are very curious.

She begins by telling us that on the very confines of civilization, and on the borders of the Lake Baikal, which the Cossacks and Siberians dignify with the name of the Holy Sea, there dwelt in a small *Stanitza*, or commune, two families distinguished by their labours and virtues. The first was that of the village priest, the *père* Jossiff, with his gentle wife; the other was that of the Cossack, Wassili-Ivanoff, with a helpmate who might have sat for one of the Biblical portraits, so virtuous, hard-working, and devoted was she. Wassili (Basil) was a mighty hunter, a faithful subject of the

Digitized by Google

distant Tzar, an orthodox believer, a successful fisher and fowler, and a good judge of furs. His days and nights spent in the forest or on the borders of the lake, had brought him often in contact with the stray Tongouses who ventured near the Christian *Stanitzas*, and exchanges of furs and of good offices had passed between him and these nomads. The Tongouses, like the Bouriates, occupy a good deal of the country between China and the Lake Baikal. They are now diminishing in numbers and courage; but their numbers, as far as they could be ascertained, were, in 1857, somewhere about 50,000 males. They wander from frontier to frontier, and sometimes pay *tessak*, or tribute of furs, to both emperors, of Russia and of China. Some of the tribes are more warlike than others; but the neighbours of the Cossack Wassili belonged principally to the less noteworthy *Kellems*, or solitary Tongouses, whom the Siberians both hated as pagans, and despised because they were so little formidable. Jossiff, the priest, often preached toleration and kindliness to his flock; but it was in vain that he told them that example was the best way of making proselytes. Except Wassili-Ivanoff, no one had any charity for the stealthy wandering Tongouses who trapped the game of the forest, caught the fish of the Holy Sea, worshipped *Shaitans*, or devils, and were led by *Shamans*, necromantic priests, half soothsayers, half impostors, and whole rogues. Unlike the Bouriates, the Tongouses have not been elevated to Bouddhism, and their superstitions are as debased as they are cruel.

Wassili the Cossack died, and his widow Salomèa and his son Alexei were left to mourn his loss by an accident in hunting. But it soon seemed that they and their Christian neighbours in the *Stanitza* were not alone in their grief. The good deeds of Wassili still followed him. Some grateful Tongouse brought offerings by night to his grave — fossil ivory, and furs and fruits; and at last, most embarrassing of all, a basket was found on the tomb, containing an infant — a little girl. The fashion of adopting children is not uncommon in Russia — so little so, that their service-book contains a liturgical office for the ceremony of adoption: and Salomèa was rich; but then to adopt a child of the devil, a little heretic! was that to be thought of? The whole commune was in an uproar; and public opinion, which was represented in it by the Attaman Stéphan-Grègorieff, and still more by his talkative spouse, was set against the little girl, called alternately "pig," and heretic, and changeling! However, the foundling, baptized Marie, continued to live in Salomèa's house, where, though she certainly exhibited no signs of vice, or of anything but previous starvation, her gestures and looks were all considered unearthly; "and," quoth Salomèa, her unwilling mother, "your Reverence must admit, that for a widow who fears God, such a visitation is not agreeable."

The worst part of it was that the little Tongouse was a girl. Even his Reverence felt that to be a trial. Public opinion in the mouth of the Attaman again observed, that had it been a boy they might have made a good Cossack out of a bad heathen, and had a good soldier for their father the Tzar; but this was only a poor soul, of the female sex, and the most they could do for it was to deliver it from Satan and his *Shamans*. "Souls are of no gender," replied the *père* Jossiff, who accordingly made the education of little Marie his especial care. Salomèa had to resign herself; and Marie grew up, a child of the Church, but also a child of the forest, where it was thought she had rendezvous with more than with its birds and berries. That was hard on Salomèa; but what was more serious was, that Alexei in process of time loved the meek little foundling, and that she loved him in return with the passion of her lonely life and fantastic nature. He knew that her Tongouse family still lived near them; he had already had to defend the girl from the machinations of her tribe and of its *Shaman;* but he asked her not the less to be his wife. They married, after some unwillingness on the part of the girl, lest she should bring more trouble on his house,— and then Marie's sorrows began. She felt all the stain of her strange heathen parentage, and got to dread the same blot on her child when she should become a mother. Alexei stood by her; but she saw that she had not brought him happiness, and sorrow ate away day by day the Tongouse's sleep, her strength, and her beauty; — for in spite of her Mongolian descent, Marie was very pretty, and was as gentle as she was pretty. Then Alexei also began to pine. The *Shaman* had laid spells on him, his mother said — on her "red sun, her little soul!" — and darker and darker grew the horizon of Marie's life. Then her heathen kinsfolk dogged her, and the

Digitized by Google

Shaman cursed her, and tried to terrify her; but Marie was a Christian, and would never cast in her lot with his cruel and filthy rites. Then, to make the matter worse, it seemed that among the *Yourts* of the Tongouses she had a brother, and that they had long known and met each other in the forest. Hassourdai feared the *Shaman* more than Marie did; and though, in the fulness of time, he too joined the Christian community, he was anything but an acceptable addition to Salomèa's family. Alexei was constantly in trouble on his wife's account; and his mother was so embittered by all the results of his marriage, that he hardly knew whether to grieve or not when Marie's child died. "Sleep, my child," she sang to its little corpse; "thou shalt sleep quietly under the damp sod. Thy mother does not weep. An orphan in a strange place, she would not wish thee the same fate; sown with sorrows, watered with tears, and surrounded with griefs as with a wall, we do not belong to this place." Finally, Marie died, leaning on the arms of the priest and of her faithful Alexei. "Do not mourn for me, Alexei Wassiliwich; I belong to a frail race, and have little life in me. The little joy I have ever had has come from your love, as well as from those hopes which make my passage to another world easy." "Mother," she added, turning to Salomèa, who was weeping in a corner, "grant me your prayers. I leave you your son. He is quite young; he will bring you from beyond the seas a daughter whom you can love, and then you will be able to remember without bitterness your kindness in adopting a poor Tongouse orphan. Put my brother's arrow into my grave. I am the last of my family — of that silent and solitary race which the world holds so cheap. *Père* Jossiff, pray for your spiritual child."

Alexei, adds Madame Speransky-Bagréeff, enlisted, and went to the war in the Crimea. "This is a sad story," she concludes, "but wild life is on this wise; and the strange fusion of races which has been going on for centuries in Siberia (about which Europe troubles itself not at all), does give rise to such episodes." Of the story which we have so rapidly sketched here, some of the pages are written with as much power as pathos.

Written in French, and published in Paris or Brussels, as Madame Speransky-Bagréeff's books were, their subjects were generally Russian. Her "Vie de Château dans l'Ukraine" is a picture of domestic life in the provinces, such as she had lived it; and her "Iles de la Neva" is a description of some of the environs of St. Petersburg, familiar enough to herself, if new to her readers. It was not published till after the death of the Emperor Nicholas, and it contains a notice of him. Describing the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, under whose walls the traveller is supposed to be floating, she recapitulates its great dead — Peter and Catharine, and the Emperor Alexander. "But," she adds, "he who was last laid there was the greatest of all. He has beaten even his ancestor, for he has conquered for himself a place in the hearts of his people. His private virtues, his ardent faith and piety, his love of his country, his zeal for her interests, his incessant efforts for her glory and prosperity," all these things, she says, "will secure him an imperishable memory." If these were Madame Bagréeff's sentiments towards the great Tzar, they were by no means reciprocated; and her loyalty made her forget that when Nicholas died, the country was suffering cruelly, both in men and money, from a war into which his ambitious temper had hurried her, and which had not even been successful. However, Madame Speransky-Bagréeff did not spare her praise. Almost immediately after the death of the Emperor she published an account of his last hours, of the funeral, and of the demonstrations of feeling made by the populace of St. Petersburg. The paper had a certain popularity; but, read some years after the event, it fails to please. It is too much written to order — it exaggerates; and then again, perhaps because it was written to be read in high places, it naturally misses many of the striking and almost terrible details of that august death-bed and funeral. Many of these details are now woven in with the legends of a people peculiarly impressionable to signs and tokens; many more have become matter of history; while some remain engraven only in the memories of those who looked for the last time on that colossal corpse before it was consigned to the fortress of Peter and Paul.

In 1856, Madame Speransky-Bagréeff travelled, and visited many of her literary friends in Paris and in Germany. It is pleasant to think that in the last year of her life she saw grouped around her women like Madame Swetchine and Madame Soldan, and men like M. de Falloux, Fallmerayer, Grillparzer, and Werner. From Vienna she made another attempt

Digitized by Google

to win the favour or notice of her own Court. She offered to the Emperor Alexander II. the whole of the political papers and MSS. of the late Count Speransky. The offer was graciously received; and a pension was at last granted to the daughter of one of the best public servants Russia has ever possessed. A return to St. Petersburg was then planned for the spring of 1857; but Elizabeth's health was beginning, like her father's, to suffer from the effects of constant mental exertion. Inflammation of the brain proved fatal to her at Vienna on the 3rd of April, and put an end to the separation which had so long existed between her and her father, and the son she had so bitterly mourned. At last, as the Russian proverb expresses it, "with two hands crossed on the breast, labour was done."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER I.

"MARTHA, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. Let the child alone — she will never be young again if she should live a hundred years!"

These words were spoken in the garden of Dinglefield Rectory on a very fine summer day a few years ago. The speaker was Mr. Damerel, the Rector, a middle-aged man with very fine, somewhat worn features, a soft benignant smile, and, as everybody said who knew him, the most charming manners in the world. He was a man of very elegant mind as well as manners. He did not preach often, but when he did preach all the educated persons in his congregation felt that they had very choice fare indeed set before them. I am afraid the poor folk liked the Curate best, but then the Curate liked them best, and it mattered very little to any man or woman of refinement what sentiment existed between the cottagers and the Curate. Mr. Damerel was perfectly kind and courteous to everybody, gentle and simple, who came in his way, but he was not fond of poor people in the abstract. He disliked everything that was unlovely, and alas! there are a great many unlovely things in poverty. The Rectory garden at Dinglefield is a delightful place. The house is on the summit of a little hill, or rather table-land, for in the front, towards the Green, all is level and soft as becomes an English village; but on the other side the descent begins towards the lower country, and from the drawing-room windows and the lawn, where Mr. Damerel now sat, the view extended over a great plain, lighted up with links of the river, and fading into unspeakable hazes of distance, such as were the despair of every artist, and the delight of the fortunate people who lived there, and were entertained day by day with the sight of all the sunsets, the midday splendours, the flying shadows, and soft prolonged twilights. Mr. Damerel was fond of saying that no place he knew so lent itself to idleness as this. "Idleness! I speak as the foolish ones speak," he would say, "for what occupation could be more ennobling than to watch those gleams and shadows — all nature spread out before you, and demanding attention, though so softly that only they who have ears hear? I allow, my gentle Nature here does not shout at you, and compel your regard, like her who dwells among the Alps, for instance. My dear, you are always practical — but so long as you leave me my landscape I want little more."

Thus the Rector would discourse. It was very little more he wanted — only to have his garden and lawn in perfect order, swept and trimmed every morning like a lady's boudoir, and refreshed with every variety of flower: to have his table not heavily loaded with vulgar English joints, but daintily covered, and oh! so daintily served; the linen always fresh, the crystal always fine, the ladies dressed as ladies should be: to have his wine, of which he said he took very little, always fine, of choice vintage, and with a bouquet which rejoiced the heart: to have plenty of new books: to have quiet, undisturbed by the noise of the children, or any other troublesome noise such as broke the harmony of nature: and especially undisturbed by bills and cares, such as, he declared, at once shorten the life and take all pleasure out of it. This was all he required; and surely never man had tastes more moderate, more innocent, more virtuous and refined.

The little scene to which I have thus abruptly introduced the reader took place in the most delicious part of the garden. The deep stillness of noon was over the sunshiny world; part of the lawn was brilliant in light; the very insects were subdued out of their buzz of activity by the spell of the sunshine; but here, under the lime-tree, there was grateful shade, where everything took breath. Mr. Damerel was seated in a chair which

Digitized by Google

had been made expressly for him, and which combined the comfort of soft cushions with such a rustic appearance as became its habitation out of doors; under his feet was a soft Persian rug in colours blended with all the harmony which belongs to the Eastern loom; at his side a pretty carved table, with a raised rim, with books upon it, and a thin Venice glass containing a rose. Another Rose, the Rose of my story, was half-sitting half-reclining on the grass at his feet — a pretty light figure in a soft muslin dress, almost white, with bits of soft rose-coloured ribbon here and there. She was the eldest child of the house. Her features I do not think were at all remarkable, but she had a bloom so soft, so delicate, so sweet, that her father's fond title for her, "a Rose in June," was everywhere acknowledged as appropriate. A rose of the very season of roses was this Rose. Her very smile, which came and went like breath, never away for two minutes together, yet never lasting beyond the time you took to look at her, was flowery too, I can scarcely tell why. For my own part, she always reminded me not so much of a garden-rose in its glory, as of a branch of wild roses all blooming and smiling from the bough, here pink, here white, here with a dozen ineffable tints. Her hair was light-brown with the least little curl in the world just about her forehead, but shining like satin on her pretty head; her eyes too were brown, with a dancing gleam of light in each; the delicate eyebrows curved, the eyelashes curved, the lips curved, all wavy and rounded. Life and light shone out of the girl, and sweet unconscious happiness. In all her life she had never had any occasion to ask herself was she happy. Of course she was happy! did not she live, and was not that enough? Rose Damerel was the last dainty ornament of his house in which her father delighted most. He had spoiled her lessons when she was younger because of his pleasure in her and her pretty looks, and he interfered now almost altogether with that usefulness in a house which is demanded by every principle of duty from the eldest daughter of a large family; for alas! there was a large family, a thing which was the cause of all trouble to the Damerels. Had there been only Rose, and perhaps one brother, how much more pleasantly would everything have gone! In that case there might have been fewer lines in the brow of the third person whom Mr. Damerel spoke to, but whom the reader has not yet seen.

What Mrs. Damerel was like in her June of life, when she married her husband and was a Rose too, like her daughter, it is difficult to tell. Life, which often makes so little real change, brings out much that is latent both of good and evil. I have said she was a Rose, like her daughter — and so, indeed, she was still, so far as formal documents went; but, somehow or other, the name had gone from her. She had acquired from her husband, at first in joke and loving banter of her early cares of housekeeping, while they were still no more than married lovers, the name of Martha, and by degrees that name had so fastened to her that no one recognized her by any other. Nobody out of her own family knew that it was not her name, and of course the children, some of whom were indignant at the change, could not set it right. In her letters she signed herself "R. M. Damerel" — never Rose; and her correspondents took it for granted that the "M" stood for Martha. That she was careful and troubled about many things was the Rector's favourite joke. "My careful wife — my anxious wife," he called her, and, poor soul, not without a cause. For it stands to reason that when a man must not be disturbed about bills, for example, his wife must be, and doubly; when a man cannot bear the noise of children, his wife must and doubly; and even when a clergyman dislikes poverty, and unlovely cottages, and poor rooms, which are less sweet than the lawn and the roses, why his wife must, and make up for his fastidiousness. She had eight children, and a husband of the most refined tastes of any clergyman in England, and an income — not so much as might have been desired. Alas! how few of us have so much as might be desired! Good rich people, you who have more money than you want, how good you ought to be to us, out of pure gratitude to heaven for the fact that you can pay your bills when you like, and never need to draw lines on your forehead with thinking which is imperative and which will wait! Mrs. Damerel was well-dressed — she could not help it — for that was one of the Rector's simple luxuries. Fortunately, in summer it is not so difficult to be well-dressed at a small cost. She had on (if any one cares to know) a dress of that light brown linen which everybody has taken to wearing of

Digitized by Google

late, over an old black silk petticoat, which, having been good once, looked good even when tottering on the brink of the grave. She was no more than forty, and but for her cares, would have looked younger; but June was long over for this Rose, and the lines in her forehead contradicted the softness of the natural curves in her features. Those lines were well ruled in, with rigid straightening, by an artist who is very indifferent to curves and prettiness, and had given a certain closeness, and almost sternness, to the firm-shutting of her mouth. I am afraid, though she had great command of herself, that Mr. Damerel's delightful and unbroken serenity had an irritating effect on his wife, in addition to the effects produced by her burden of care; and irritation works with a finer and more delicate pencil than even anxiety. She had come out this morning to ask Rose's help with the children, to whom, among her other fatigues, she had lately begun to give lessons, finding the daily governess from the village impracticable. She had been called away to other duties, and the children were alone in the schoolroom. She had just asked her daughter to go in and take charge of them, and I scarcely think — let alone the answer she had just received from her husband — that the sight of this cool, fresh, delightful leisure in direct contrast with the hot house, and the schoolroom, where all the children were more tiresome than usual by reason of the heat, had any agreeable effect upon Mrs. Damerel's nerves. Such a contrast to one's frets and annoyances seldom is deeply consolatory.

"Martha, Martha, you are careful and troubled about many things — let the child alone!"

The Rector smiled, yet his tone was one of playful reproof. His was the superior position. With the soft air fanning him, and the shade refreshing him, and the beautiful landscape displaying itself for him, and all the flowers blooming, the leaves waving, the butterflies fluttering, the pretty daughter prattling, all for his pleasure, master of the creation as he was, he was in a position to reprove any harsh and hasty intruder who brought into this Paradise a discordant note.

"I do not want to burden her youth," said Mrs. Damerel, with a resolute quiet in her voice, which her children knew the sound of, and which they all learned to recognize as the tone of suppressed irritation, "but I think it would do Rose no harm, Herbert, to make herself useful a little and help me."

"Useful!" he said, with a half-pitying smile, "the other roses are still less useful. What would you have the child do? Let her get the good of this beautiful morning. Besides, she is useful to me."

"Ah," said Mrs. Damerel, faltering slightly, "if she is doing anything for you, Herbert!"

"My dear," said the Rector, with a gentle elevation of his eyebrows. "don't confound things which are different. Doing something is your sole idea of human use, I know. No, Rose is doing nothing — it helps me to have her there. She is part of the landscape; suppose you sit down yourself, instead of fretting, and enjoy it."

"Enjoy it!" Mrs. Damerel echoed, with faint irony. She heard already the noise of the schoolroom growing louder and louder, and Mary, the housemaid, stood at the door, looking out anxiously, shading her eyes from the sun, for the mistress. Some one was waiting, she knew, in the hall, to see her; pray heaven not some one with a bill! "I am afraid I must go back to my work," she said, "and I hope you will come to me, Rose, as soon as your papa can spare you. I have no more time now."

Rose stirred uneasily, half-rising, and, with a prick of conscience, made a feeble attempt to detain her. "But mamma —" she began, as her mother moved away, crossing the broad sunshine of the lawn with hasty steps. Mrs. Damerel did not or would not hear, but went swiftly into the house as they watched her, meeting Mary, who was coming with a message. Her light dress shone out for a moment in the fierce blaze of the sunshine, and then disappeared. When she was out of sight the Rector said softly, changing his position with the leisureliness of extreme comfort, putting undermost the leg which had been uppermost, "What a pity that your mother does not see the beauty of repose more than she does! If I had not learnt long ago to take no notice, I don't know what I might not have been worried into by now."

"Mamma never worries any one," said Rose flushing at once with instantaneous opposition. The more she felt guilty towards her mother, the less she would hear a word to her discredit. She blazed up quite hot and fiery, with a loyalty which was a very good quality in its way, though not so good as helping in the schoolroom. The father put forth his

Digitized by Google

fine ivory hand, and patted her pretty head.

"Quite right, dear, quite right," he said; "always stand up for your mother. And it is true, she never worries anybody; but I wish she had more perception of the excellence of repose."

"Perhaps if she had we should not be able to enjoy it so much," said the girl, still giving expression to a slight compunction.

"Very well said, Rose; and it is quite possible you are right again. We should not be so comfortable, and the house would not go on wheels as it does, if she thought more of her own ease. One star differeth from another star in glory," said Mr. Damerel who was fond of quoting Scripture, almost the only point in him which savoured slightly of the Church. "At the same time, my Rose in June, when you marry yourself — as I suppose you will one day — remember that there is nothing that worries a man like being too constantly reminded of the struggle and wear and tear that life demands. He has enough of that outside in the world," said the Rector, gazing out over the fair prospect before him, and again changing the position of his legs, "without having it thrust upon him in what ought to be the sanctity of his home."

Rose looked at her father with a little dawning wonder mingled with the admiration she felt for him. As a picture, Mr. Damerel was perfect. He had a fine head, with beautiful and refined features, and that paleness which has always been found to be so much more interesting than brighter colouring. He lay half-reclined in his easy chair, with his eyes dreamily regarding the landscape, and the book he had been reading closed over his hand. That hand was in itself a patent of gentility, and his whole appearance confirmed the title. Somewhat fragile — a piece of delicate porcelain among the rough delf of this world — not able to endure much knocking about; fastidious, loving everything that was beautiful, and supporting with difficulty that which was not, the Rector looked like a choice example of the very height of civilization and refinement. And everything around him was in harmony. The velvet lawn, on which no fallen leaf was allowed to lie for an hour; the pretty house behind, perfection of English comfort and daintiness; the loose morning clothes, not more than half clerical, and perfectly unpretending, yet somehow more fine, better cut and better fitting than other people's clothes. Rose had for him that enthusiasm of admiration which a girl often entertains for a handsome and gentle-minded father, who takes the trouble to enter into her feelings, and make her his companion. I do not know any more exquisite sentiment in humanity. She loved him entirely, and he was to her a very model of everything that was most delightful, kind, tender, and beautiful. But as she looked at this model of man, his words somehow struck and vibrated upon a new chord in the girl's mind. "The struggle and wear and tear that life demands." Did Mr. Damerel have much of that "outside," as he said? He resumed his reading, but his daughter did not look again at the book of poetry which lay open on her knee. Somehow a reflection of the pucker on her mother's brow had got into her heart — her mother, whom Rose loved, but who was not an idol and model of excellence, like the gentle and graceful being at her side. The contrast struck her for perhaps the first time in her life. What was the meaning of it? Was it because Mrs. Damerel did not understand the beauty of repose, or because a woman's business in this world is more detailed and engrossing than a man's? "Fancy mamma spending the whole morning out of doors, reading poetry!" Rose said to herself, with an involuntary silent laugh over the absurdity of the notion. No doubt it was because of the difference between man and woman; one of those disabilities which people talked about; and perhaps (Rose went on philosophizing) women are wrong to absorb themselves in this way in the management of their houses, and ought to rule their domestic affairs with a lighter hand, not interfering with all the little minutiæ, and making slaves of themselves. She looked towards the house as she mused, and the vague compunction which had been in her mind sharpened into something like a prick of conscience. It was delightful being out here, in the soft shade of the lime-trees, watching when she liked the flitting shadows over the plain below, and the gleam of the river here and there among the trees — reading when she liked *Balaustion's Adventure*, which was the book on her knee. The significance of the old story embedded in that book did not for the moment strike her. I think she was, on the whole, rather annoyed with Mr. Browning for having brought down the story of a woman's sacrifice, all for love, into the

Digitized by Google

region of even poetic reason. To Rose, at that period of her development, it seemed the most ideal climax of life to die for the man she loved. What could be more beautiful, more satisfactory? Such an ending would reconcile one, she thought, to any suffering; it gave her heart a thrill of high sensation indescribable in words. How sweet the air was, how lovely all the lights! Rose was just enough of an artist to be able to talk about "the lights" with some faint understanding of what she meant. She was in a kind of soft Elysium, penetrated by the thousand sensations of the morning, the quiet, the flattering soft air that caressed her, the poetry, the society, the beauty all around. But then there came that sharp little prick of conscience. Perhaps she ought to go in and offer the help her mother wanted. Rose did not jump up to do this, as she would have done at once (she felt sure) had she been required to die, like Iphigenia, for her country, or, like Alcestis, for her husband. The smaller sacrifice somehow was less easy; but it disturbed her a little in the perfection of her gentle enjoyment, and dictated a few restless movements which caught her father's eye. He turned and looked at her, asking fretfully, with a look, what was the matter, for he did not like to be disturbed.

"Perhaps," said Rose, inquiringly, and appealing to him with another look, "I ought to go in and see what is wanted. Perhaps I could be of some use to mamma."

Mr. Damerel smiled. "Use?" he said. "Has your mother bitten you with her passion for use? You are not of the useful kind, take my word for it; and make yourself happy, like your namesakes, who toil not, neither do they spin."

"But perhaps—" said Rose softly to herself—her father gave her a friendly little nod and returned to his book—and she had to solve her problem without his assistance. She tried to do it, sitting on the grass, and it was a long and rather troublesome process. It would have been much more easily and briefly settled, had she gone into the schoolroom; but then I am afraid Rose did not wish it to be solved that way.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Damerel went back into the house with a countenance much less placid than that of her husband. I scarcely know why it is that the contrast of perfect repose and enjoyment with anxiety, work, and care should irritate the worker as it invariably does; but here indeed there was reason enough; for Mrs. Damerel felt that the two people luxuriating in total absence of care on this delightful morning ought to have taken a considerable share with her in her labours and lightened the burden she was now obliged to bear alone. This mingled a sharpness of feeling with her toils. People who interpret human nature coarsely—and they are, perhaps, the majority—would have said that Mrs. Damerel was jealous of her husband's preference for Rose's society, and this would have been a total and vulgar mistake; but she had in her mind a feeling which it is difficult to explain, which for the moment made her irritation with Rose more strong than her irritation with Rose's father. He was, in the first place, a man—grand distinction, half contemptuous, half respectful, with which women of Mrs. Damerel's age (I don't say young women often do it, at least consciously—except in the case of their fathers and brothers) account for and make up their minds to so many things. I am not attempting to account for this sentiment, which is so similar to that with which men in their turn regard women; I only acknowledge its existence. He was a man, brought up as all men are (I still quote Mrs. Damerel's thoughts, to which she seldom or never gave expression), to think of themselves first, and expect everything to give in to them. But Rose had none of these privileges. What her mother as a woman had to take upon her, Rose had an equal right to take too. Mrs. Damerel herself could not forget, though everybody else did, that she had been a Rose too, in her proper person; the time even since that miraculous period was not so far off to her as to the others; but before she was Rose's age she had been married, and had already become, to some extent, Mr. Damerel's shield and buckler against the world and its annoyances. And here was Rose growing up as if she, instead of being a woman as nature made her, was herself one of the privileged class, to whom women are the ministers. This annoyed Mrs. Damerel more, perhaps, than the facts justified; it gave her a sense of injured virtue as well as feeling. It would be the ruin of the girl—it was wrong to let her get into such ways. The mother was angry, which is always painful and aggravates everything. She was too proud to struggle with her daughter, or to exact help which was

Digitized by Google

not freely given; for Rose was no longer a child to be sent hither and thither and directed what to do. And Mrs. Damerel was no more perfect than Rose was—she had her own difficulties of temper like other people. This was one of them—that she drew back within herself when she felt her appeal refused or even left without response. She went in with a little scorn, a little pride, a good deal of anger and more of mortification. "I must do everything myself, it appears," she said, with a swelling of the heart which was very natural, I think. After the sun on the lawn, it was very warm indoors and the schoolroom was very noisy indeed by the time she had got rid of the applicants in the hall, one of whom (most respectful and indeed obsequious, and perfectly willing to accept her excuses, but yet a dun notwithstanding) had come to say that he had many heavy payments to make up, &c.—and if Mrs. Damerel could oblige him—? Mrs. Damerel could not oblige him, but he was very civil and full of apologies for troubling her. I do not, by any means, intend to say that the Rector's wife was tortured by perpetual struggling with her creditors. It was not so bad as that. The difficulty was rather to keep going, to be not too much in debt to any one, to pay soon enough to preserve her credit, and yet get as long a day as possible. Mrs. Damerel had come by long practice to have the finest intuition in such matters. She knew exactly how long a tailor or a wine merchant would wait for his money without acerbation of temper, and would seize that crowning moment to have him paid by hook or by crook. But by thus making a fine art of her bills, she added infinitely to her mental burdens—for a woman must never forget anything or neglect anything when she holds her tradespeople so very delicately in hand.

The schoolroom, as I have just said, was very noisy, not to say, uproarious, when she got back to it, and it was hard not to remember that Rose ought to have been there. There were five children in it, of various ages and sizes. The two big boys were both at Eton. The eldest, Bertie, who was bright and clever, was "on the foundation," and therefore did not cost his parents much; the second had his expenses paid by a relation—thus these two were off their mother's hands. The eldest in the schoolroom was Agatha, aged fourteen, who taught the two little ones; but who, during her mother's absence, ought to have been playing "her scales," and had conscientiously tried to do so for ten minutes, at the end of which time she had been obliged to resign the music in order to rescue these same two little ones, her special charge, from the hands of Dick, aged ten, who was subjecting them to unknown tortures, which caused the babes to howl unmercifully. Patty, the next girl to Agatha, aided and abetted Dick; and what with the laughter of these two pickles, and the screams of the small ones, and poor Agatha's remonstrances, the scene was Pandemonium itself, and almost as hot; for the room was on the sunny side of the house, and blazing, notwithstanding the drawn blinds. The children were all languid and irritable with the heat, hating their confinement indoors; and, indeed, if Rose had come, she would have made a very poor exchange. Agatha's music had tumbled down from the piano, the old red cover was half drawn off the table, and threatened at any moment a clean sweep of copybooks, ink-bottles, and slates. Dick stood among his books, all tumbled on the floor, his heels crushing the cover of one, while Patty sat upon the open dictionary, doubling down half the leaves with her weight. Such a scene for a bothered mother to come into! Mr. Damerel himself heard some faint rumour of the noise, and his fine brow had begun to draw itself into lines, and a resolution to "speak to their mother" formed itself within his mind. Poor mother! She could have cried when she went in out of all her other troubles; but that was a mere momentary weakness, and the rebels were soon reduced to order, Agatha sent back to her scales, and Dick and Patty to their copybooks. "You two little ones may go," Mrs. Damerel said, and with a shriek of delight the babies toddled out and made their way to the hayfield behind the house, where they were perfectly happy, and liable to no more danger than that of being carried off in a load of fragrant hay. When Mr. Nolan, the Curate, came in to talk about parish business, Agatha's "scales," not badly played, were trilling through the place, and Patty and Dick, very deep in ink, and leaning all their weight upon their respective pens, were busy with their writing; and calm, the calm of deep awe, prevailed.

"Shall I disturb you if I come in here?" asked the Curate, with a mellow sound in his voice which was not brogue—or at least he thought it was not, and

Digitized by Google

was ingenuously surprised when he was recognized as an Irishman. ("It will be my name, to be sure," he would say on such occasions, somewhat puzzled.) He was a bony man, loosely put together, in a long coat, with rather a wisp of a white tie; for, indeed, it was very hot and dusty on the roads, and where the rector is an elegant man of very refined mind, the curate, like the wife, has generally a good deal to do.

"Indeed the lessons have been so much disturbed as it is, that it does not much matter," said Mrs. Damerel. "On Monday morning there are so many things to call me away."

"How selfish of me!" said the Curate. "Monday morning is just the time I've little or nothing to do, except when there's sickness. What a brute I was not to offer meself,—and, indeed, that's just what I've come to speak about."

"No, no, you are too kind, and do too much already," said Mrs. Damerel, looking at him with a grateful smile, but shaking her head. "And, indeed," she added, the cloud coming over her face again, "Rose ought to come and relieve me; but her father has to be attended to, and that takes up so much of her time."

"To be sure," said the Curate cheerily, "and reason good. Besides, it would be wearing work for one like her—whereas the like o' me is made for it. Look here, Dick, my boy, will you promise to learn your lessons like a brick to-morrow if I ask the mother for a holiday to-day?"

"Oh, hurrah!" cried Dick, delighted.

"Oh, mamma, like twenty bricks," cried Patty, "though how a brick can learn lessons——. It's so hot, and one keeps thinking of the hayfield."

"Then be off wi' you all," cried the Curate. "Don't you see the mother smile? and Agatha too. I'm going to talk business. Sure you don't mind for one day?"

"Oh, mind!" said poor Mrs. Damerel, with a half smile; then waiting till they were all out of hearing, an exit speedily accomplished, "if it were not for duty, how glad I should be to give it up altogether!—but they could not go on with Miss Hunt," she added, with a quick glance at the Curate to see whether by chance he understood her. Good Curate, he could be very stolid on occasion, though I hope he was not fool enough to be taken in by Mrs. Damerel's pretences; though it was true enough that Miss Hunt was impracticable. She could not afford a better; this was what she really meant.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN KEATS.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

In the village of Enfield, in Middlesex, ten miles on the North road from London, my father, John Clarke, kept a school. The house had been built by a West India merchant in the latter end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century. It was of the better character of the domestic architecture of that period, the whole front being of the purest red brick, wrought by means of moulds into rich designs of flowers and pomegranates, with heads of cherubim over niches in the centre of the building. The elegance of the design and the perfect finish of the structure were such as to secure its protection when a branch railway was brought from the Ware and Cambridge line to Enfield. The old school-house was converted into the station-house, and the railway company had the good taste to leave intact one of the few remaining specimens of the graceful English architecture of long-gone days.

Here it was that John Keats all but commenced, and did complete his school education. He was born on the 29th of October, 1795; and he was one of the little fellows who had not wholly emerged from the child's costume upon being placed under my father's care. It will be readily conceived that it is difficult to recall from the "dark backward and abysm" of seventy-odd years the general acts of perhaps the youngest individual in a corporation of between seventy and eighty youngsters; and very little more of Keats's child-life can I remember than that he had a brisk, winning face, and was a favourite with all, particularly my mother. His maternal grandfather, Jennings, was proprietor of a large livery-stable, called the "Swan and Hoop," on the pavement in Moorfields, opposite the entrance into Finsbury Circus. He had two sons at my father's school: the elder was an officer in Duncan's ship off Camperdown. After the battle, the Dutch Admiral, De Winter, pointing to young Jennings, told Duncan that he had fired several shots at that young man, and always missed his mark;—no credit to his steadiness of aim, for Jennings, like his own admiral, was con-

Digitized by Google

siderably above the ordinary dimensions of stature.

Keats's father was the principal servant at the Swan and Hoop stables — a man of so remarkably fine a common-sense, and native respectability, that I perfectly remember the warm terms in which his demeanour used to be canvassed by my parents after he had been to visit his boys. John was the only one resembling him in person and feature, with brown hair and dark hazel eyes. The father was killed by a fall from his horse in returning from a visit to the school. This detail may be deemed requisite when we see in the last memoir of the poet the statement that "John Keats was born on the 29th of October, 1795, in the upper rank of the middle class." His two brothers — George, older, and Thomas, younger than himself — were like the mother, who was tall, of good figure, with large oval face, and sensible deportment. The last of the family was a sister — Fanny, I think, much younger than all, — and I hope still living — of whom I remember, when once walking in the garden with her brothers, my mother speaking of her with much fondness for her pretty and simple manners. She married Mr. Llanos, a Spanish refugee, the author of "Don Esteban," and "Sandoval, the Freemason." He was a man of liberal principles, very attractive bearing, and of more than ordinary accomplishments.

In the early part of his school-life John gave no extraordinary indications of intellectual character; but it was remembered of him afterwards, that there was ever present a determined and steady spirit in all his undertakings: I never knew it misdirected in his required pursuit of study. He was a most orderly scholar. The future ramifications of that noble genius were then closely shut in the seed, which was greedily drinking in the moisture which made it afterwards burst forth so kindly into luxuriance and beauty.

My father was in the habit, at each half-year's vacation, of bestowing prizes upon those pupils who had performed the greatest quantity of voluntary work; and such was Keats's indefatigable energy for the last two or three successive half-years of his remaining at school, that, upon each occasion, he took the first prize by a considerable distance. He was at work before the first school-hour began, and that was at seven o'clock; almost all the intervening times of recreation were so devoted; and during the afternoon holidays, when all were at play, he would be in the school — almost the only one — at his Latin or French translation; and so unconscious and regardless was he of the consequences of so close and persevering an application, that he never would have taken the necessary exercise had he not been sometimes driven out for the purpose by one of the masters.

It has just been said that he was a favourite with all. Not the less beloved was he for having a highly pugnacious spirit, which, when roused, was one of the most picturesque exhibitions — off the stage — I ever saw. One of the transports of that marvellous actor, Edmund Kean — whom, by the way, he idolized — was its nearest resemblance; and the two were not very dissimilar in face and figure. Upon one occasion, when an usher, on account of some impertinent behaviour, had boxed his brother Tom's ears, John rushed up, put himself in the received posture of offence, and, it was said, struck the usher — who could, so to say, have put him into his pocket. His passion at times was almost ungovernable; and his brother George, being considerably the taller and stronger, used frequently to hold him down by main force, laughing when John was in "one of his moods," and was endeavouring to beat him. It was all, however, a wisp-of-straw conflagration; for he had an intensely tender affection for his brothers, and proved it upon the most trying occasions. He was not merely the "favourite of all," like a pet prize-fighter, for his terrier courage; but his highmindedness, his utter unconsciousness of a mean motive, his placability, his generosity, wrought so general a feeling in his behalf, that I never heard a word of disapproval from any one, superior or equal, who had known him.

In the latter part of the time — perhaps eighteen months — that he remained at school, he occupied the hours during meals in reading. Thus, his *whole* time was engrossed. He had a tolerably retentive memory, and the quantity that he read was surprising. He must in those last months have exhausted the school library, which consisted principally of abridgments of all the voyages and travels of any note; Mavor's collection, also his "Universal History;" Robertson's histories of Scotland, America, and Charles the Fifth; all Miss Edgeworth's productions, together with many other works equally well calculated for youth. The books, however, that were his constantly recurring sources of attraction

Digitized by Google

were Tooke's "Pantheon," Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary," which he appeared to *learn*, and Spence's "Polymetis." This was the store whence he acquired his intimacy with the Greek mythology; here was he "suckled in that creed outworn;" for his amount of classical attainment extended no farther than the "Æneid;" with which epic, indeed, he was so fascinated that before leaving school he had *voluntarily* translated in writing a considerable portion. And yet I remember that at that early age — mayhap under fourteen — notwithstanding, and through all its incidental attractiveness, he hazarded the opinion to me (and the expression riveted my surprise), that there was feebleness in the structure of the work. He must have gone through all the better publications in the school library, for he asked me to lend him some of my own books; and, in my "mind's eye," I now see him at supper (we had our meals in the schoolroom), sitting back on the form, from the table, holding the folio volume of Burnet's "History of his Own Time" between himself and the table, eating his meal from beyond it. This work, and Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* — which my father took in, and I used to lend to Keats — no doubt laid the foundation of his love of civil and religious liberty. He once told me, smiling, that one of his guardians, being informed what books I had lent him to read, declared that if he had fifty children he would not send one of them to that school. Bless his patriot head!

When he left Enfield, at fourteen years of age, he was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Hammond, a medical man, residing in Church Street, Edmonton, and exactly two miles from Enfield. This arrangement evidently gave him satisfaction, and I fear that it was the most placid period of his painful life; for now, with the exception of the duty he had to perform in the surgery — by no means an onerous one — his whole leisure hours were employed in indulging his passion for reading and translating. During his apprenticeship he finished the "Æneid."

The distance between our residences being so short, I gladly encouraged his inclination to come over when he could claim a leisure hour; and in consequence I saw him about five or six times a month on my own leisure afternoons. He rarely came empty-handed; either he had a book to read, or brought one to be exchanged. When the weather permitted, we always sat in an arbour at the end of a spacious garden, and — in Boswellian dialect — "we had a good talk."

It were difficult, at this lapse of time, to note the spark that fired the train of his poetical tendencies; but he must have given unmistakable tokens of his mental bent; otherwise, at that early stage of his career, I never could have read to him the "Epithalamion" of Spenser; and this I remember having done, and in that hallowed old arbour, the scene of many bland and graceful associations — the substances having passed away. At that time he may have been sixteen years old; and at that period of life he certainly appreciated the general beauty of the composition, and felt the more passionate passages; for his features and exclamations were ecstatic. How often, in after times, have I heard him quote these lines: —

Behold, while she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up to her cheeks!
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain,
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare;
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.

That night he took away with him the first volume of the "Faerie Queene," and he went through it, as I formerly told his noble biographer, "as a young horse would through a spring meadow — ramping!" Like a true poet too — a poet "born, not manufactured," a poet in grain, he especially singled out epithets, for that felicity and power in which Spenser is so eminent. He *hoisted* himself up, and looked burly and dominant, as he said, "What an image that is — '*sea-shouldering whales!*'" It was a treat to see as well as hear him read a pathetic passage. Once when reading the "Cymbeline" aloud, I saw his eyes fill with tears, and his voice faltered when he came to the departure of Posthumus, and Imogen saying she would have watched him —

'Till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him till he had *melted from*
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept.

I cannot reconcile the precise time of our separating at this stage of Keats's

Digitized by Google

career — who first went to London; but it was upon an occasion, that walking thither to see Leigh Hunt, who had just fulfilled his penalty of confinement in Horsemonger Lane Prison for the unwise libel upon the Prince Regent, that Keats met me; and, turning, accompanied me back part of the way. At the last field-gate, when taking leave, he gave me the sonnet entitled, "Written on the Day that Mr. Leigh Hunt left Prison." This I feel to be the first proof I had received of his having committed himself in verse; and how clearly do I recall the conscious look and hesitation with which he offered it! There are some momentary glances by beloved friends that fade only with life. His biographer has stated that "The Lines in Imitation of Spencer" —

Now Morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill,
&c.,

are the earliest known verses of his composition; a probable circumstance, from their subject being the inspiration of his first love, in poetry — and such a love! — but Keats's first *published* poem was the sonnet: —

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings; climb with me the steep —
Nature's observatory — whence the dell,
In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

This sonnet appeared in the *Examiner* some time, I think, in 1816.

When we both had come to London — Keats to enter as a student of St. Thomas's Hospital — he was not long in discovering my abode, which was with a brother-in-law in Clerkenwell; and at that time being house-keeper, and solitary, he would come and renew his loved gossip; till, as the author of the "Urn Burial" says, "we were acting our antipodes — the huntsmen were up in America, and they already were past their first sleep in Persia." At the close of a letter which preceded my appointing him to come and lighten my darkness in Clerkenwell, is his first address upon coming to London. He says: — "Although the Borough is a beastly place in dirt, turnings, and windings, yet No. 8, Dean Street, is not difficult to find; and if you would run the gauntlet over London Bridge, take the first turning to the right, and, moreover, knock at my door, which is nearly opposite a meeting, you would do me a charity, which, as St. Paul saith, is the father of all the virtues. At all events, let me hear from you soon: I say, at all events, not excepting the gout in your fingers." This letter, having no date but the week's day, and no postmark, preceded our first symposium; and a memmorable night it was in my life's career.

A beautiful copy of the folio edition of Chapman's translation of Homer had been lent me. It was the property of Mr. Alsager, the gentleman who for years had contributed no small share of celebrity to the great reputation of the *Times* newspaper by the masterly manner in which he conducted the money market department of that journal. Upon my first introduction to Mr. Alsager he lived opposite to Horsemonger Lane Prison, and upon Mr. Leigh Hunt's being sentenced for the libel, his first day's dinner was sent over by Mr. Alsager.

Well, then, we were put in possession of the Homer of Chapman, and to work we went, turning to some of the "famousest" passages, as we had scrappily known them in Pope's version. There was, for instance, that perfect scene of the conversation on Troy wall of the old Senators with Helen, who is pointing out to them the several Greek captains; with the Senator Antenor's vivid portrait of an orator in Ulysses, beginning at the 237th line of the third book: —

But when the prudent Ithacus did to his counsels rise,
He stood a little still, and fix'd upon the earth his eyes,
His sceptre moving neither way, but held it formally,
Like one that vainly doth affect. Of wrathful quality,
And frantic (rashly judging), you would have said he was;
But when out of his ample breast he gave his great voice pass,
And words that flew about our ears like drifts of winter's snow,
None thenceforth might contend with him, though naught admir'd for show.

The shield and helmet of Diomed, with the accompanying simile, in the opening of the third book; and the prodigious

Digitized by Google

description of Neptune's passage to the Achive ships, in the thirteenth book: —

The woods and all the great hills near trembled beneath the weight
Of his immortal-moving feet. Three steps he only took,
Before he far-off Ægas reach'd, but with the fourth, it shook
With his dread entry.

One scene I could not fail to introduce to him — the shipwreck of Ulysses, in the fifth book of the "Odysseis," and I had the reward of one of his delighted stares, upon reading the following lines:

Then forth he came, his both knees falt'ring, both
His strong hands hanging down, and all with froth
His cheeks and nostrils flowing, voice and breath
Spent to all use, and down he sank to death.
The sea had soak'd his heart through; all his veins
His toils had rack'd t' a labouring woman's pains.
Dead-weary was he.

On an after occasion I showed him the couplet, in Pope's translation, upon the same passage: —

From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran,
And *lost in lassitude lay all the man.* [!!!]

Chapman* supplied us with many an after-treat; but it was in the teeming wonderment of this his first introduction, that, when I came down to breakfast the next morning, I found upon my table a letter with no other enclosure than his famous sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." We had parted, as I have already said, at day-spring, yet he contrived that I should receive the poem from a distance of, may be, two miles, by ten o'clock. In the published copy of this sonnet he made an alteration in the seventh line: —

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene.

The original which he sent me had the phrase —

Yet could I never tell what men could mean;

which he said was bald, and too simply wondering. No one could more earnestly chastise his thoughts than Keats. His favourite among Chapman's "Hymns of Homer" was the one to Pan, which he himself rivalled in the "Endymion": —

O thou whose mighty palace-roof doth hang, &c.

* With what joy would Keats have welcomed Mr. Richard Hooper's admirable edition of our old version!

It appears early in the first book of the poem; the first line in which has passed into a proverb, and become a motto to Exhibition catalogues of Fine Art: —

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, &c.

The "Hymn to Pan" alone should have rescued this young and vigorous poem — this youngest epic — from the savage injustice with which it was assailed.

In one of our conversations, about this period, I alluded to his position at St. Thomas's Hospital, coasting and reconnoitring, as it were, for the purpose of discovering what progress he was making in his profession; which I had taken for granted had been his own selection, and not one chosen for him. The total absorption, therefore, of every other mood of his mind than that of imaginative composition, which had now evidently encompassed him, induced me, from a kind motive, to inquire what was his bias of action for the future; and with that transparent candour which formed the mainspring of his rule of conduct, he at once made no secret of his inability to sympathize with the science of anatomy, as a main pursuit in life; for one of the expressions that he used, in describing his unfitness for its mastery, was perfectly characteristic. He said, in illustration of his argument, "The other day, for instance, during the lecture, there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland." And yet, with all his self-styled unfitness for the pursuit, I was afterwards informed that at his subsequent examination he displayed an amount of acquirement which surprised his fellow students, who had scarcely any other association with him than that of a cheerful, crotchety rhymester. He once talked with me, upon my complaining of stomachic derangement, with a remarkable decision of opinion, describing the functions and actions of the organ with the clearness and, as I presume, technical precision of an adult practitioner; casually illustrating the comment, in his characteristic way, with poetical imagery: the stomach, he said, being like a brood of callow nestlings (opening his capacious mouth) yearning and gaping for sustenance; and, indeed, he merely exempli-

Digitized by Google

fied what should be, if possible, the "stock in trade" of every poet, viz., to *know* all that is to be known, "in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

It was about this period that, going to call upon Mr. Leigh Hunt, who then occupied a pretty cottage in the Vale of Health, on Hampstead Heath, I took with me two or three of the poems I had received from Keats. I could not but anticipate that Hunt would speak encouragingly, and indeed approvingly, of the compositions — written, too, by a youth under age; but my partial spirit was not prepared for the unhesitating and prompt admiration which broke forth before he had read twenty lines of the first poem. Horace Smith happened to be there on the occasion, and he was not less demonstrative in his appreciation of their merits. The piece which he read out was the sonnet, "How many Bards gild the Lapses of Time!" marking with particular emphasis and approval the last six lines: —

So the unnumber'd sounds that evening store,
  The songs of birds, the whisp'ring of the leaves,
  The voice of waters, the great bell that heaves
With solemn sound, and thousand others more,
  That distance of recognisance bereaves,
Make pleasing music, and not wild uproar.

Smith repeated with applause the line in italics, saying, "What a well-condensed expression for a youth so young!" After making numerous and eager inquiries about him, personally, and with reference to any peculiarities of mind and manner, the visit ended in my being requested to bring him over to the Vale of Health.

That was a "red-letter day" in the young poet's life, and one which will never fade with me while memory lasts.

The character and expression of Keats's features would arrest even the casual passenger in the street; and now they were wrought to a tone of animation that I could not but watch with interest, knowing what was in store for him from the bland encouragement, and Spartan deference in attention, with fascinating conversational eloquence, that he was to encounter and receive. As we approached the Heath, there was the rising and accelerated step, with the gradual subsidence of all talk. The interview, which stretched into three "morning calls," was the prelude to many after-scenes and saunterings about Caen Wood and its neighbourhood; for Keats was suddenly made a familiar of the household, and was always welcomed.

It was in the library at Hunt's cottage, where an extemporary bed had been made up for him on the sofa, that he composed the frame-work and many lines of the poem on "Sleep and Poetry" — the last sixty or seventy being an inventory of the art garniture of the room, commencing: —

It was a poet's house who keeps the keys
Of Pleasure's temple. . . .

In this composition is the lovely and favourite little cluster of images upon the fleeting transit of life — a pathetic anticipation of his own brief career: —

Stop and consider! Life is but a day;
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan?
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever-changing tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;
A pigeon tumbling in the summer air;
A laughing schoolboy, without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.

Very shortly after his installation at the cottage, and on the day after one of our visits, he gave in the following sonnet, a characteristic appreciation of the spirit in which he had been received: —

Keen fitful gusts are whispering here and there
  Among the bushes half leafless and dry;
  The stars look very cold about the sky,
And I have many miles on foot to fare;
Yet I feel little of the cool bleak air,
  Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
  Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,
Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair:
For I am brimful of the friendliness
  That in a little cottage I have found;
Of fair-hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,
  And all his love for gentle Lycid' drown'd;
Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
  And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown'd.

The glowing sonnet upon being compelled to "Leave Friends at an Early Hour" —

Give me a golden pen and let me lean, &c.,

followed shortly after the former. But the occasion that recurs with the liveliest interest was one evening when — some observations having been made upon the character, habits, and pleasant associations with that reverend denizen of the hearth, the cheeful little grasshopper of the fireside — Hunt proposed to Keats the challenge of writing then, there, and

Digitized by Google

to time, a sonnet "On the Grasshopper and Cricket." No one was present but myself, and they accordingly set to. I, apart, with a book at the end of the sofa, could not avoid furtive glances every now and then at the emulants. I cannot say how long the trial lasted. I was not proposed umpire; and had no stop-watch for the occasion. The time, however, was short for such a performance, and Keats won as to time. But the event of the after scrutiny was one of many such occurrences which have riveted the memory of Leigh Hunt in my affectionate regard and admiration for unaffected generosity and perfectly unpretentious encouragement. His sincere look of pleasure at the first line —

The poetry of earth is never dead.

"Such a prosperous opening!" he said; and when he came to the tenth and eleventh lines: —

On a lone winter evening, *when the frost*
Has wrought a silence —

"Ah! that's perfect! Bravo Keats!" And then he went on in a dilation upon the dumbness of Nature during the season's suspension and torpidity. With all the kind and gratifying things that were said to him, Keats protested to me, as we were afterwards walking home, that he preferred Hunt's treatment of the subject to his own. As neighbour Dogberry would have rejoined: "'Fore God, they are both in a tale!" It has occurred to me, upon so remarkable an occasion as the one here recorded, that a reunion of the two sonnets will be gladly hailed by the reader.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's, — he takes the lead
In summer luxury, — he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never;
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence; from the stove there thrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

Dec. 30, 1816. JOHN KEATS.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass
Catching your heart up at the feel of June
Sole voice that's heard amidst the ha noon,
When ev'n the bees lag at the summoni brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come t soon,
Loving the fire, and with your trickson tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both though sma are strong
At your clear hearts; and both were sent o earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song, —
In doors and out, Summer and Winter, Mirth

Dec. 30, 1816. LEIGH HUNT.

Keats had left the neighbourhood o the Borough, and was now living wit his brothers in apartments on the secon floor of a house in the Poultry, over th passage leading to the Queen's Hea Tavern, and opposite to one of the Cit Companies' halls — the Ironmongers', i I mistake not. I have the associating reminiscence of many happy hours spent in this abode. Here was determined upon, in great part written, and sent forth to the world, the first little, but vigorous offspring of his brain: —

POEMS
By
JOHN KEATS.
"What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty!"
Fate of the Butterfly. — Spenser.
London:
Printed for C. and J. Ollier,
3, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.
1817.

And here, on the evening when the last proof-sheet was brought from the printer, it was accompanied by the information that if a "dedication to the book was intended it must be sent forthwith." Whereupon he withdrew to a side table, and in the buzz of a mixed conversation (for there were several friends in the room) he composed and brought to Charles Ollier, the publisher, the Dedication Sonnet to Leigh Hunt. If the original manuscript of that poem — a legitimate sonnet, with every restriction of rhyme and metre — could now be produced, and the time recorded in which it was written, it would be pronounced an extraordinary performance: added to which the non-alteration

Digitized by Google

of a single word in the poem (a circumstance that was noted at the time) claims for it a merit with a very rare parallel. The remark may be here subjoined that, had the composition been previously prepared for the occasion, the mere writing it out would have occupied fourteen minutes; and lastly, when I refer to the time occupied in composing the sonnet on "The Grasshopper and the Cricket," I can have no hesitation in believing the one in question to have been extempore.

"The poem which commences the volume," says Lord Houghton in his first memoir of the poet, "was suggested to Keats by a delightful summer's day, as he stood beside the gate that leads from the battery on Hampstead Heath into a field by Caen Wood;" and the following lovely passage he himself told me was the recollection of our having frequently loitered over the rail of a foot-bridge that spanned (probably still spans, notwithstanding the intrusive and shouldering railroad) a little brook in the last field upon entering Edmonton: —

Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings;
They will be found softer than ring-dove's cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'er-hanging sallows; blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Temper'd with coolness. *How they wrestle*
With their own delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand!
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;
But turn your eye and they are there again.

He himself thought the picture correct, and acknowledged to a partiality for it.

Another example of his promptly suggestive imagination, and uncommon facility in giving it utterance, occurred one day upon returning home and finding me asleep on the sofa, with a volume of Chaucer open at the "Flower and the Leaf." After expressing to me his admiration of the poem, which he had been reading, he gave me the fine testimony of that opinion in pointing to the sonnet he had written at the close of it, which was an extempore effusion, and without the alteration of a single word. It lies before me now, signed "J. K., Feb., 1817." If my memory do not betray me, this charming out-door fancy-scene was Keats's first introduction to Chaucer. The "Troilus and Cresseide" was certainly an after-acquaintance with him; and clearly do I recall his approbation of the favourite passages that had been marked in my own copy. Upon being requested, he re-traced the poem, and with his pen confirmed and denoted those which were congenial with his own feeling and judgment. These two circumstances, associated with the literary career of this cherished object of his friends' esteem and love, have stamped a priceless value upon that friend's miniature 18mo copy of Chaucer.

The first volume of Keats's minor muse was launched amid the cheers and fond anticipations of all his circle. Every one of us expected (and not unreasonably) that it would create a sensation in the literary world; for such a first production (and a considerable portion of it from a minor) has rarely occurred. The three Epistles and the seventeen sonnets (that upon "first looking into Chapman's Homer" one of them) would have ensured a rousing welcome from our modern-day reviewers. Alas! the book might have emerged in Timbuctoo with far stronger chance of fame and approbation. It never passed to a second edition; the first was but a small one, and that was never sold off. The whole community, as if by compact, seemed determined to know nothing about it. The word had been passed that its author was a Radical; and in those days of "Bible-Crown-and-Constitution" supremacy, he might have had better chance of success had he been an Anti-Jacobin. Keats had not made the slightest demonstration of political opinions; but with a conscious feeling of gratitude for kindly encouragement, he had dedicated his book to Leigh Hunt, Editor of the *Examiner*, a Radical and a dubbed partisan of the first Napoleon; because, when alluding to him, Hunt did not always subjoin the fashionable cognomen of "Corsican Monster." Such an association was motive enough with the dictators of that day to thwart the endeavours of a young aspirant who should presume to assert for himself an unrestricted course of opinion. Verily, "the former times were *not* better than these." Men may now utter a word in favour of "civil liberty" without being chalked on the back and hounded out.

Digitized by Google

Poor Keats! he little anticipated, and as little merited, the cowardly treatment that was in store for him upon the publishing of his second composition — the "Endymion." It was in the interval of the two productions that he had moved from the Poultry, and had taken a lodging in Well Walk, Hampstead — in the first or second house on the right hand, going up to the Heath. I have an impression that he had been some weeks absent at the seaside before settling in this district; for the "Endymion" had been begun, and he had made considerable advances in his plan. He came to me one Sunday, and we passed the greater part of the day walking in the neighbourhood. His constant and enviable friend, Severn, I remember, was present upon the occasion, by a little circumstance of our exchanging looks upon Keats reading to us portions of his new poem with which he himself had been pleased; and never will his expression of face depart from me; if I were a Reynolds or a Gainsborough I could now stamp it forever. One of his selections was the *now* celebrated "Hymn to Pan" in the first book: —

O thou whose mighty palace-roof doth hang
From jagged roofs;

which alone ought to have preserved the poem from unkindness; and which would have received an awarding smile from the "deep-brow'd" himself. And the other selections were the descriptions in the second book of the "bower of Adonis," and the ascent and descent of the silver car of Venus, air-borne: —

Whose silent wheels, fresh wet from clouds of morn,
Spun off a drizzling dew.

Keats was indebted for his introduction to Mr. Severn to his schoolfellow Edward Holmes, who also had been one of the child-scholars at Enfield; for he came there in the frock-dress.

Holmes ought to have been an educated musician from his first childhood, for the passion was in him. I used to amuse myself with the pianoforte after supper, when all had gone to bed. Upon some sudden occasion, leaving the parlour, I heard a scuffle on the stairs, and discovered that my young gentleman had left his bed to hear the music. At other times, during the day, in the intervals of school-hours, he would stand under the window listening. At length he entrusted to me his heart's secret, that he should like to learn music; when I taught him his tonic alphabet, and he soon knew and could do as much as his tutor. Upon leaving school, he was apprenticed to the elder Seeley, the bookseller; but, disliking his occupation, he left it, I think, before he was of age. He did not lose sight of his old master, and I introduced him to Mr. Vincent Novello, who had made himself a friend to me; and who, not merely with rare profusion of bounty gave Holmes instruction, but received him into his house and made him one of his family. With them he resided some years. I was also the fortunate means of recommending him to the chief proprietor of the *Atlas* newspaper; and to that journal, during a long period, he contributed a series of essays and critiques upon the science and practice of music, which raised the journal into a reference and an authority in the art. He wrote for the proprietors of the *Atlas* an elegant little book of dilettante criticism, "A Ramble among the Musicians in Germany." And in the latter period of his career he contributed to the *Musical Times* a whole series of masterly essays and analyses upon the masses of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. His own favourite production was a "Life of Mozart," in which he performed his task with considerable skill and equal modesty, contriving by means of the great musician's own letters to convert the work into an autobiography.

I have said that Holmes used to listen on the stairs. In after years, when Keats was reading to me the manuscript of "The Eve of St. Agnes," upon the repeating of the passage when Porphyro is listening to the midnight music in the hall below: —

The boisterous midnight festive clarion,
The kettle-drum and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone; —

"that line," said he, "came into my head when I remembered how I used to listen in bed to your music at school." How enchanting would be a record of the germs and first causes of all the greatest artists' conceptions! The elder Brunel's first hint for his "shield" in constructing the tunnel under the Thames was taken from watching the labour of a sea-insect, which, having a projecting hood, could bore into the ship's timber unmolested by the waves.

It may have been about this time that Keats gave a signal example of his cour-

Digitized by Google

age and stamina, in the recorded instance of his pugilistic contest with a butcher-boy. He told me, and in his characteristic manner, of their "passage of arms." The brute, he said, was tormenting a kitten, and he interfered; when a threat offered was enough for his mettle, and they "set to." He thought he should be beaten, for the fellow was the taller and stronger; but like an authentic pugilist, my young poet found that he had planted a blow which "told" upon his antagonist; in every succeeding round, therefore (for they fought nearly an hour), he never failed of returning to the weak point, and the contest ended in the hulk being led home.

In my knowledge of fellow beings, I never knew one who so thoroughly combined the sweetness with the power of gentleness, and the irresistible sway of anger, as Keats. His indignation would have made the boldest grave; and they who had seen him under the influence of injustice and meanness of soul would not forget the expression of his features — "the form of his visage was changed." Upon one occasion, when some local tyranny was being discussed, he amused the party by shouting, "Why is there not a human dust-hole into which to tumble such fellows?"

Keats had a strong sense of humour, although he was not, in the strict sense of the term, a humourist, still less a farcist. His comic fancy lurked in the outermost and most unlooked-for images of association; which, indeed, may be said to form the components of humour; nevertheless, they did not extend beyond the *quaint* in fulfilment and success. But his perception of humour, with the power of transmitting it by imitation, was both vivid and irresistibly amusing. He once described to me his having gone to see a bear-baiting, the animal the property of a Mr. Tom Oliver. The performance not having begun, Keats was near to, and watched, a young aspirant, who had brought a younger under his wing to witness the solemnity, and whom he oppressively patronized, instructing him in the names and qualities of all the magnates present. Now and then, in his zeal to manifest and impart his knowledge, he would forget himself, and stray beyond the prescribed bounds into the ring, to the lashing resentment of its comptroller, Mr. William Soames, who, after some hints of a practical nature to "keep back," began laying about him with indiscriminate and unmitigable vivacity, the Peripatetic signifying to his pupil, "My eyes! Bill Soames giv' me sich a licker!" evidently grateful, and considering himself complimented upon being included in the general dispensation. Keats's entertainment with and appreciation of this minor scene of low life has often recurred to me. But his concurrent personification of the baiting, with his position — his legs and arms bent and shortened till he looked like Bruin on his hind legs, dabbing his forepaws hither and thither, as the dogs snapped at him, and now and then acting the gasp of one that had been suddenly caught and hugged — his own capacious mouth adding force to the personation, was a remarkable and as memorable a display. I am never reminded of this amusing relation but it is associated with that forcible picture in Shakespeare, in "Henry VI.": —

> . . . As a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
> Who having *pinch'd* a few and *made them cry*,
> The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.

Keats also attended a prize-fight between the two most skilful "light weights" of the day, Randal and Turner; and in describing the rapidity of the blows of the one, while the other was falling, he tapped his fingers on the window pane.

I make no apology for recording these events in his life; they are characteristics of the natural man, and prove, moreover, that the partaking in such exhibitions did not for one moment blunt the gentler emotions of his heart, or vulgarize his inborn love of all that was beautiful and true. He would never have been a "slang gent," because he had other and better accomplishments to make him conspicuous. His own line was the axiom of his moral existence, his civil creed: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and I can fancy no coarser association able to win him from his faith. Had he been born in squalor he would have emerged a gentleman. Keats was not an easily swayable man; in differing with those he loved his firmness kept equal pace with the sweetness of his persuasion, but with the rough and the unlovable he kept no terms — within the conventional precincts, of course, of social order.

From Well Walk he moved to another quarter of the Heath, Wentworth Place, I think, the name. Here he became a sharing inmate with Charles Armitage Brown, a retired Russia merchant upon an independence and literary leisure.

Digitized by Google

With this introduction their acquaintance commenced, and Keats never had a more zealous, a firmer, or more practical friend and adviser than Armitage Brown. Mr. Brown brought out a work entitled, "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems. Being his Sonnets clearly developed; with his Character drawn chiefly from his Works." It cannot be said that the author has clearly educed his theory; but, in the face of his failure upon the main point, the book is interesting for the heart-whole zeal and homage with which he has gone into his subject. Brown accompanied Keats in his tour in the Hebrides, a worthy event in the poet's career, seeing that it led to the production of that magnificent sonnet to "Ailsa Rock." As a passing observation, and to show how the minutest circumstance did not escape him, he told me that when he first came upon the view of Loch Lomond the sun was setting, the lake was in shade, and of a deep blue, and at the further end was "*a slash across it* of deep orange." The description of the traceried window in the "Eve of St. Agnes," gives proof of the intensity of his feeling for colour.

It was during his abode in Wentworth Place, that unsurpassedly savage attacks upon the "Endymion" appeared in some of the principal reviews — savage attacks, and *personally* abusive; and which would damage the sale of any magazine in the present day.

The style of the articles directed against the writers whom the party had nicknamed the "Cockney School" of poetry, may be conceived from its producing the following speech I heard from Hazlitt: "To pay those fellows *in their own coin* the way would be to begin with Walter Scott, and *have at his clump foot.*" "Verily the former times were not better than these."

To say that these disgusting misrepresentations did not affect the consciousness and self-respect of Keats would be to underrate the sensitiveness of his nature. He did feel and resent the insult, but far more the *injustice* of the treatment he had received; and he told me so. They no doubt had injured him in the most wanton manner; but if they, or my Lord Byron, ever for one moment supposed that he was crushed or even cowed in spirit by the treatment he had received, never were they more deluded. "Snuffed out by an article," indeed! He had infinitely more magnanimity, in its fullest sense, than that very spoiled, self-willed, and mean-souled man — and I have unquestionable authority for the last term. To say nothing of personal and private transactions, Lord Houghton's observations, in his life of our poet, will be full authority for my estimate of Lord Byron. "Johnny Keats" had indeed "a little body with a mighty heart," and he showed it in the best way; not by fighting the "bush-rangers" in their own style — though he could have done that — but by the resolve that he would produce brain work which not one of their party could exceed; and he did, for in the year 1820 appeared the "Lamia," "Isabella," "Eve of St. Agnes," and the "Hyperion" — that illustrious fragment, which Shelley said "had the character of one of the antique desert fragments;" which Leigh Hunt called a "gigantic fragment, like a ruin in the desert, or the bones of the Mastodon;" and Lord Byron confessed that "it seemed actually inspired by the Titans, and as sublime as Æschylus."

All this wonderful work was produced in scarcely more than one year, manifesting — with health — what his brain could achieve; but, alas! the insidious disease which carried him off had made its approach, and he was preparing to go to, or had already departed for, Italy, attended by his constant and self-sacrificing friend Severn. Keats's mother died of consumption; and he nursed his younger brother, in the same disease, to the last; and, by so doing, in all probability hastened his own summons.

Upon the publication of the last volume of poems, Charles Lamb wrote one of his finely appreciative and cordial critiques in the *Morning Chronicle.* At that period I had been absent for some weeks from London, and had not heard of the dangerous state of Keats's health; only that he and Severn were going to Italy; it was, therefore, an unprepared-for shock which brought me the news of his death in Rome.

Lord Houghton, in his 1848 and first "Biography of Keats," has related the anecdote of the young poet's introduction to Wordsworth, with the latter's appreciation of the "Hymn to Pan" (in the "Endymion"), which the author had been desired to repeat, and the Rydal-Mount poet's snow-capped comment upon it — "H'm! a pretty piece of Paganism!" The lordly biographer, with his genial and placable nature, has made an amiable apology for the apparent coldness of Wordsworth's appreciation: — "That it

Digitized by Google

was probably intended for some slight rebuke to his youthful compeer, whom he saw absorbed in an order of ideas that to him appeared merely sensuous, and would have desired that the bright traits of Greek mythology should be sobered down by a graver faith." Keats, like Shakespeare, and every other real poet, put his whole soul into what he had imagined, portrayed, or embodied; and hence he appeared the true young Greek. The wonder is that Wordsworth should have forgotten the quotation that might have been made from one of his own deservedly illustrious sonnets: —

The world is too much with us.
. . . Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

From Keats's description of his mentor's manner, as well as behaviour that evening, it would seem to have been one of the usual ebullitions of egotism, not to say of the uneasiness known to those who were accustomed to hear the great moral philosopher discourse upon his own productions, and descant upon those of a contemporary. During that same interview, some one having observed that the next Waverley novel was to be "Rob Roy," Wordsworth took down his volume of Ballads, and read to the company "Rob Roy's Grave;" then, returning it to the shelf, observed — "I do not know what more Mr. Scott can have to say upon the subject." Leigh Hunt, upon his first interview with Wordsworth, described his having lectured very finely upon his own writings, repeating the entire noble sonnet, "Great men have been among us" — "in a grand and earnest tone:" that rogue, Christopher North, added, "Catch him repeating any other than his own." Upon another and similar occasion, one of the party had quoted that celebrated passage from the play of "Henry V.," "So work the honey-bees;" and each proceeded to pick out his "pet plum" from that perfect piece of natural history; when Wordsworth objected to the line, "The singing masons building roofs of gold," because, he said, of the unpleasant repetition of "*ing*" in it! Why, where were his poetical ears and judgment? But more than once it has been said that Wordsworth had not a genuine love of Shakespeare: that, when he could, he always accompanied a "*pro*" with his "*con.*," and, Atticus-like, would "just hint a fault and hesitate dislike." Mr. James T. Fields, in his delightful volume of "Yesterdays with Authors," has an amiable record of his interview with Wordsworth; yet he has the following casual remark, "I thought he did not praise easily those whose names are indissolubly connected with his own in the history of literature. It was languid praise, at least, and I observed he hesitated for mild terms which he could apply to names almost as great as his own." Even Crabb Robinson more than once mildly hints at the same infirmity. "Truly are we *all* of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

I can scarcely conceive of anything more unjust than the account which that ill-ordered being, Haydon, the artist, left behind him in his "Diary" respecting the idolized object of his former intimacy, John Keats. After having read the manuscript specimens that I had left with Leigh Hunt at Haydon's own request, I introduced their author to him; and for some time subsequently I had perpetual opportunities of seeing them together, and I can testify to the laudations that Haydon trowelled on the young poet. Before I left London, however, it had been said that things and opinions had changed; and, in short, that having paid a certain visit to Edinburgh, Haydon had abjured all acquaintance with Leigh Hunt (the man who all but introduced him to the public in the *Examiner*, and whom I have heard him gaum with adulation); and, moreover, that he had even ignored such a person as the author of Sonnets XIII. and XIV., "To Haydon." I make no allusion to the grounds of their separation — having heard no word from either party; but, knowing the two men, and knowing, I believe, to the core the humane principle of the poet, I have such faith in his steadfastness of friendship that I am sure *he* would never have left behind him even an unfavourable *truth;* while nothing would have induced him to utter a *calumny*, especially of one who had received pledges of his former affectionate regard and esteem. Haydon's detraction was the more odious because its object could not contradict the charge, and because it supplied his old critical antagonists (if any remained) with an authority for their charge against him of Cockney ostentation and display. The most mean-spirited and trumpery twaddle in the paragraph was, that Keats was so

Digitized by Google

far gone in sensual excitement as to put Cayenne pepper upon his tongue when taking his claret! In the first place, if the stupid trick ever were played, I have not the slightest belief in its serious sincerity. During my knowledge of him Keats never purchased a bottle of claret; and, from such observation as could not escape me, I am bound to assert that his domestic expenses never would have occasioned him a regret or a self-reproof; and, lastly, I never perceived in him even a tendency to imprudent indulgence.

In recurring, after a lapse of so many years, to the above odious act of ingratitude in Haydon, I cannot but feel glad that the record of the *scandal** did not reach me during the life of its promulgator; as I might have given way to a natural if a non-magnanimous impulse of reprisal.

When Shelley left England for Italy Keats told me that he had received from him an invitation to become his guest, and, in short, to make one of his household. It was upon the purest principle that Keats declined his noble proffer, for he entertained an exalted opinion of Shelley's genius — in itself an inducement; he also knew of his deeds of bounty, and, from their frequent social intercourse, he had full faith in the sincerity of his proposal; for a more crystalline heart than Shelley's has rarely throbbed in human bosom. He was incapable of an untruth, or of deceit in any form. Keats said that in declining the invitation his sole motive was the consciousness, which would be ever prevalent with him, of his being, in its utter extent, not a free agent, even within such a circle as Shelley's — he himself, nevertheless, being the most unrestricted of beings. Mr. Trelawney, a familiar of the family, has confirmed the unwavering testimony to Shelley's bounty of nature. where he says,— "Shelley was a being absolutely without selfishness." The poorest cottagers knew and benefited by his thoroughly *practical* and unselfish nature during his residence at Marlow, when he would visit them, and, having gone through a course of medical study in order that he might assist them with advice, would commonly administer the tonic, which such systems usually require, of a good basin of broth or pea-soup. And I believe that I am infringing on no private domestic delicacy when repeating that he has been known upon an immediate urgency to purloin — "*Convey* the wise it call" — a portion of the warmest of Mrs. Shelley's wardrobe to protect some poor starving sister. One of the richer residents of Marlow told me that "they all considered him a madman." I wish he had bitten the whole squad.

No settled senses of the world can match
The "wisdom" of that madness.

Shelley's figure was a little above the middle height, slender, and of delicate construction, which appeared the rather from a lounging or waving manner in his gait, as though his frame was compounded barely of muscle and tendon; and that the power of walking was an achievement with him and not a natural habit. Yet I should suppose that he was not a valetudinarian, although that has been said of him on account of his spare and vegetable diet: for I have the remembrance of his scampering and bounding over the gorse-bushes on Hampstead Heath late one night,— now close upon us, and now shouting from the height like a wild school-boy. He was both an active and an enduring walker — feats which do not accompany an ailing and feeble constitution. His face was round, flat, pale, with small features; mouth beautifully shaped; hair bright brown and wavy; and such a pair of eyes as are rarely in the human or any other head,— intensely blue, with a gentle and lambent expression, yet wonderfully alert and engrossing; nothing appeared to escape his knowledge.

Whatever peculiarity there might have been in Shelley's religious faith, I have the best authority for believing that it was confined to the early period of his life. The *practical* result of its course of *action*, I am sure, had its source from the "Sermon on the Mount." There is not one clause in that Divine code which his conduct towards his fellow mortals did not confirm and substantiate him to be — in action a follower of Christ. Yet, when the news arrived in London of the death of Shelley and Captain Williams by drowning near Spezzia, an evening journal of that day capped the intelligence

* I am reminded upon this occasion, and have exquisite pleasure in aptly quoting the following passage from the recent production of the author of "Friends in Council," "Animals and their Masters," p. 25: — "Some girls were asked by one of our inspectors of schools, at a school examination, whether they knew what was the meaning of the word 'scandal.' One little girl stepped vigorously forward, and throwing her hand up in that semaphore fashion by which children indicate the possession of knowledge, attracted the notice of the inspector. He desired her to answer the question, upon which she uttered these memorable words, — '*Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it everywhere.*'"

Digitized by Google

with the following remark: — "He will now know whether there is a Hell or not." I hope there is not one journalist of the present day who would dare to utter that surmise in his record. So much for the progress of freedom and the power of opinion.

At page 100, Vol. I., of his first "Life of Keats," Lord Houghton has quoted a literary portrait which he received from a lady who used to see him at Hazlitt's lectures at the Surrey Institution. The building was on the south, right-hand side, and close to Blackfriars Bridge. I believe that the whole of Hazlitt's lectures on the British poets and the writers of the time of Elizabeth were delivered in that institution during the years 1817 and 1818; shortly after which the establishment appears to have been broken up. The lady's remark upon the character and expression of Keats's features is both happy and true. She says: — "His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness; it had an expression *as if he had been looking on some glorious sight.*" That's excellent. "His mouth was full, and less intellectual than his other features." True again. But when our artist pronounces that "his eyes were large and *blue*," and that "his hair was *auburn*," I am naturally reminded of the "Chameleon" fable: — "They were *brown*, Ma'am — *brown*, I assure you!" The fact is, the lady was enchanted — and I cannot wonder at it — with the whole character of that beaming face; and "blue" and "auburn" being the favourite tints of the front divine in the lords of the creation the poet's eyes consequently became "blue" and his hair "auburn." Colours, however, vary with the prejudice or partiality of the spectator; and, moreover, people do not agree upon the most palpable prismatic tint. A writing-master whom we had at Enfield was an artist of more than ordinary merit, but he had one dominant defect, he could not distinguish between true blue and true green. So that, upon one occasion, when he was exhibiting to us a landscape he had just completed, I hazarded the critical question, why he painted his trees so *blue?* "Blue!" he replied, "What do you call green?" Reader, alter in your copy of the "Life of Keats." Vol. I., page 103, "eyes" *light hazel*, "hair" *lightish brown and wavy.*

The most perfect and favourite portrait of him was the one — the first — by Severn, published in Leigh Hunt's "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries," which I remember the artist sketching in a few minutes one evening, when several of Keats's friends were at his apartments in the Poultry. The portrait prefixed to the "Life" (also by Severn) is a most excellent one-look-and-expression likeness — an every-day and of "the earth, earthy" one; and the last, which the same artist painted, and which is now in the possession of Mr. John Hunter, of Craig Crook, Edinburgh, may be an equally felicitous rendering of one look and manner; but I do not intimately recognize it. There is another and a curiously unconscious likeness of him in the charming Dulwich Gallery of Pictures. It is in the portrait of Wouvermans, by Rembrandt. It is just so much of a resemblance as to remind the friends of the poet, although not such a one as the immortal Dutchman would have made had the poet been his sitter. It has a plaintive and melancholy expression which, I rejoice to say, I do not associate with Keats.

There is one of his attitudes during familiar conversation which at times (with the whole earnest manner and sweet expression of the man) ever presents itself to me as though I had seen him only last week. How gracious is the boon that the benedictions and the blessings in our life-careers last longer, and recur with stronger influences, than the ill-deeds and the curses! The attitude I speak of was that of cherishing one leg over the knee of the other, smoothing the instep with the palm of his hand. In this action I mostly associate him in an eager parley with Leigh Hunt in his little Vale of Health cottage. This position, if I mistake not, is in the last portrait of him at Craig Crook; if not, it is a reminiscent one, painted after his death. His stature could have been very little more than five feet; but he was, withal, compactly made and well-proportioned; and before the hereditary disorder which carried him off began to show itself, he was active, athletic, and enduringly strong — as the fight with the butcher gave full attestation.

His perfect friend, Joseph Severn, writes of him: "Here in Rome, as I write, I look back through forty years of worldly changes, and behold Keats's dear image again in memory. It seems as if he should be living with me now, inasmuch as I never could understand his strange and contradictory death, his falling away so suddenly from health and strength. He had a fine compactness of person, which we regard as the promise

Digitized by Google

of longevity, and no mind was ever more exultant in youthful feeling."

The critical world — by which term I mean the censorious portion of it, for many have no other idea of criticism than that of censure and objection — the critical world have so gloated over the feebler, or, if they will, the defective side of Keats's genius, and his friends have so amply justified him, that I feel inclined to add no more to the category of opinions than to say that the only fault in his poetry I could discover was a redundancy of imagery — that exuberance, by the way, being a quality of the greatest promise seeing that it is the constant accompaniment of a young and teeming genius. But his steady friend, Leigh Hunt, has rendered the amplest and truest record of his mental accomplishment in the preface to his "Foliage," quoted at page 150 of the first volume of the "Life of Keats;" and his biographer has so zealously, and, I would say, so amiably, summed up his character and intellectual qualities, that I can add no more than my assent.

With regard to Keats's political opinions I have little doubt that his whole civil creed was comprised in the master principle of "universal liberty" — viz: "Equal and stern justice to all, from the duke to the dustman."

There are constant indications through the memoirs and in the letters of Keats of his profound reverence for Shakespeare. His own intensity of thought and expression visibly strengthened with the study of his idol; and he knew but little of him till he had himself become an author. A marginal note by him in a folio copy of the plays is an example of the complete absorption his mind had undergone during the process of his matriculation; and, through life, however long with any of us, we are all in progress of matriculation, as we study the "myriad-minded's" system of philosophy. The note that Keats made was this: — "The genius of Shakespeare was an *innate universality;* wherefore he laid the achievements of human intellect prostrate beneath his indolent and kingly gaze; *he could do easily men's utmost.* His plan of tasks to come was not of this world. If what he proposed to do hereafter would not in the idea answer the aim, how tremendous must have been his conception of ultimates!" I question whether any one of the recognized high priests of the temple has uttered a loftier homily in honour of the world's intellectual homage and renown.

A passage in one of Keats's letters to me evidences that he had a "firm belief in the immortality of the soul," and, as he adds, "so had Tom," whose eyes he had just closed. I once heard him launch into a rhapsody on the genius of Moses, who he said deserved the benediction of the whole world, were it only for his institution of the "Sabbath." But Keats was no "Sabbatarian" in the modern conventional acceptation of the term. "Every day," he once said, was "Sabbath" to him, as it is to every grateful mind, for blessings momentarily bestowed upon us. This recalls Wordsworth's lines, where he tells us that Nature,

> Still constant in her worship, still
> Conforming to th' eternal will,
> Whether men sow or reap the fields,
> Divine admonishments she yields,
> That not by hand alone we live,
> Or what a hand of flesh can give;
> That every day should have some part
> Free for a Sabbath of the heart:
> So shall the seventh be truly blest,
> From morn to eve with hallow'd rest.

Sunday was indeed Keats's "day of rest," and I may add, too, of untainted mirth and gladness; as I believe, too, of unprofessing, unostentatious gratitude. His whole course of life, to its very last act, was one routine of unselfishness and of consideration for others' feelings. The approaches of death having come on, he said to his untiring nurse-friend: — "Severn — I — lift me up. I am dying. *I shall die easy; don't be frightened;* be firm, and thank God it has come."

> Now burning through the inmost veil of Heaven
> The soul of Adonais, like a star,
> Beams from the abode where the Eternal are.

From Chambers' Journal.

EXPLORATIONS OF A NATURALIST.

Mr. Thomas Belt, a young Englishman, skilled as a geologist and a zealous amateur in natural history, proceeded in 1868 to Nicaragua as an employé in connection with a gold-mining concern in that part of Central America. On returning home he has written a work partly descriptive of the country, but chiefly to tell us about the amazing abundance and variety of animal life which he discovered in his explorations. Some men

Digitized by Google

placed in his onerous position would have taken little heed of anything beyond their professional sphere. He, on the contrary, does not appear to have lost an opportunity of acquiring useful information and extending the boundaries of science—a good example to be followed in the circumstances.

In *The Naturalist in Nicaragua*, as his book is named, little is said of political affairs, and we can just gather that everything in that respect is in as rudimentary and hopeless a condition as is customary in dominions settled and mismanaged by Spaniards. For the country, nature has done much—lavished on it the finest of climates, clothed it in picturesque beauty, and given it a bounteous fertility. Man has done nothing. Indolence and incapacity reign over all. Landing in February at Greytown, on the Atlantic side of the country, Mr. Belt found himself on a level shore, with a back-ground of scrub and forest interspersed with lagoons and pools, less malarious than might be expected, in consequence of the blowing of the trade-winds. In a branch of the San Juan river he observed alligators hovering about for a prey. On walking into the swampy forest, the eye is dazzled with the number of parrots, toucans, and tanagers, also no end of beautiful insects, including striped and spotted butterflies, and hairy beetles of different colours. As insectivorous birds abstain from touching hairy caterpillars, nature has covered the beetles with hairs, so that they may be similarly saved from their winged enemies. Concealing their antennæ at their sides, for sake of protection, these beetles are described as imitative caterpillars. In this, we are reminded of different species of insects that are protected by their resemblance to leaves, twigs, and flowers.

In the centre of the country lies the great lake of Nicaragua, extending a hundred and twenty miles in length by a breadth of from fifty to sixty miles. This inland sea, as it may be called, has an outlet eastward by a river, which parts into two branches, one of them the Colorado, the other the San Juan. It was up the latter branch that our author proceeded by a monthly mail-boat to Chontales, the place of his destination. The boat was simply an open canoe, hollowed out of a log of cedar-tree, and had for crew several negroes, who propelled it with their oars. The voyage could not be called very agreeable; for the passengers had to sit in the boat night and day, covered in the case of rain, by an umbrella and tarpaulin, but not so easily sheltered from the attacks of mosquitoes. Every morning there was a short relaxation. The canoe pulled ashore for breakfast, which was prepared by one of the negroes from a store of provisions; the repast being followed by a stroll in the shade of the forest, surrounded by palms, tree-ferns, and other tropical plants. After passing the point where the Colorado branched off, the country became more picturesque, the forests were grander, and the insects more numerous.

Lounging about at the periods of landing, opportunities were offered for studying the marvels of insect life. Two kinds of ants were specially interesting: the Ecitons, or foraging ants, which live wholly on insects or other prey; and the leaf-eating, or vegetable feeding ants. The former of these hunt about everywhere, search every cranny in the bark of trees for cockroaches, spiders, or any other animal they can attack, wrench in pieces, and carry off piecemeal to be devoured. Marching in armies three or four yards wide, they are the terror of grasshoppers and spiders, which in vain seek refuge in the trees. The ants climb up in pursuit; every twig is examined; and dropping in terror from the branches, the poor refugees fall to the ground into the midst of the devouring host. The spiders attempt to save themselves by spinning a fine thread, at the end of which they may suspend themselves in mid-air, swinging between foes above and below. In the armies of these Ecitons, there is a division of labour. Some of the larger size act as officers of companies, and by movements of their antennæ direct the line of march; others act as scouts or explorers; and a third class, in the capacity of labourers, dismember the bodies of the victims, and drag them away for food. These, like some other ants, follow their scouts more by scent than by sight. Led on by commanders, their armies are numbered by millions, and it would be difficult to conceive the vigour with which they carry out their expeditions. For intelligence, Mr. Belt places them at the head of the Articulata. Their cerebral ganglia are more developed than in other insects. Some instances are given of their ingenuity. On one occasion, a column on the march having come to a small rivulet to be crossed, they contrived by holding one to the other to form a bridge, three ants in breadth, over which

Digitized by Google

they all got in safety. Their discipline in obeying orders is spoken of as remarkable.

At about a hundred and twenty miles from Greytown, the canoe reached San Carlos, situated at the point where the river issues from the lake of Nicaragua. The height of the lake is not more than one hundred and seven feet above the mean sea-level, and as the greatest elevation between the Atlantic and Pacific is only about one hundred and thirty-three feet, it would be possible to construct a water-communication for ships between the two oceans. By taking advantage of the lake midway, a navigable channel with few locks might no doubt be effected. The author before us, however, points out some difficulties. The tendency in the connecting rivers to silt up is a serious objection, and so is the divided nationality of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. In the hands of the Anglo-Americans, these obstructions would disappear. At present, any native enterprise to carry out such an undertaking is altogether hopeless.

Reaching the lake, there was still a voyage of sixty miles, and then ensued a land-journey over hills amidst Indians whose primitive habits resemble those of the ancient Mexicans. Maize grown on the plains is the principal food of the inhabitants, as it has been from the earliest times; the method of preparing cakes of it, called *tortillas*, having undergone no change. The forests resemble nothing of the kind in Europe. From nearly every bough in the great towering trees, hangs a natural network of cables, which, intertwining, send down roots, that are cut by the natives, and form their only cordage. The trees, as well as the ground, exhibit large and beautiful flowers in immense profusion, which there is no winter to diminish. The timber is magnificent.

At a village adjoining the mines to which the author was bent, he settled down in a house with a veranda, not unlike a Swiss chalet. Connected with it was a garden for fruits and vegetables, but these were liable to the ravages of so many insects that the valuable produce came to little. The chief depredators were the leaf-eating ants (Œcodoma), which, streaming from the forests, laid bare and ragged every plant suitable to their appetite. For convenience, they came along "ant-paths," empty-handed, carrying away, in their return journey, the leaves in their mouths which they had industriously stripped from the rose-trees and cabbages. As any ordinary method of obstructing these depredations would have been useless, Mr. Belt fell upon what promised a wholesale riddance. Tracing the ants to a mound full of excavations used as their habitation, he poured in a quantity of carbolic acid mixed with water, which flooding the burrows to the lowest level, produced a wide-spread destruction. Those ants that were not suffocated, rushed out in a state of extreme perplexity. After a consultation with outside marauders, working-parties were organized to carry away food from the stores to a new establishment which was forthwith formed. In performing this duty, the ants had to descend a steep sloping bank. Here, their ingenuity in saving labour was demonstrated. When they came to the top of the bank, they rolled down their burdens, which, on reaching the bottom, were immediately carried off by fresh relays of workers.

In the course of the mining excavations in which the writer was engaged, nests of these ants at a considerable depth were sometimes exposed, and an opportunity given of studying their interior economy. The younger members of the community, he says, are usefully employed in cutting up the leaves into small pieces for storage. Exempted from the heavy labour out of doors, they only ramble about for amusement. Like children who like to jump up behind a carriage, they take the liberty of leaping on the leaves which the elderly ants are dragging along the paths, and so get a ride homewards. The intelligence of these leaf-eating ants does not appear to be much inferior to the Eciton species. Near the gold mines there were tramways, which at first gave no little concern, for troops of marauders were apt to get crushed by the wheels of the cars. Reflecting on this source of danger to life and limb, the ants fell upon the rational device of tunnelling roads below the rails, which, as if by general order, were never afterwards crossed. One scarcely likes to read of a trick which a Spanish Don played off on a colony of leaf-eating ants. This personage discovered that they could be driven mad by tasting corrosive sublimate. Sprinkling a little of this powder in one of their paths, the ants no sooner touched it than they ran about as if frantic, attacking other ants that came in their way, and tremendous battles ensued. News of the

Digitized by Google

commotion being carried to their nest, ants of a powerful and determined character issued forth, in the capacity of magistrates, to allay the tumult, but they, too, coming in contact with the corrosive sublimate, became as mad as the others, and the conflict went on till the field was strewn with the wounded and dismembered bodies of the combatants.

That these ants actually eat the broken-down leaves with which their nests are stored, seems to be by no means conclusive. Our author offers an explanation which may not, perhaps, be readily accepted by naturalists. He gives it as his belief that the ants make use of the leaves as manure, or mass of decaying matter, "on which grows a minute species of fungus, on which they feed — that they are in reality mushroom growers, and eaters." To verify this supposition, he mentions having discovered in the interior of a nest "a speckled brown, flocculent, spongy-looking mass of a light and loosely connected substance." The mass, he adds, was "overgrown and lightly connected together by a minute white fungus, that ramified in every direction through it." Such, he contends, is the ant-food, which is carefully watched, and carried away in cases of danger to the community. No doubt, any mass of broken leaves would, in the confinement of a cell in a warm climate, soon become putrid, even although the ants, as we are informed, have the skill to construct shafts for ventilation. The rather curious and confidently maintained theory, that these so called leaf-eating ants do not eat leaves at all, but carry them off in order to rear fungi for food on the decaying mass, is worth the consideration of investigators acquainted with this branch of science.

Mr. Belt gives some valuable information respecting the geology of the district, and the nature of the lodes, which will be appreciated by those concerned in gold-mining. For all useful details, we refer them to his very interesting work. We might offer the same counsel to all who wish to know the social characteristics of the country. What the narrator says of the sloth and ignorance of even the more affluent classes, is past ordinary credence. Sunk in self-indulgence, they would prefer to submit to any inconvenience rather than put themselves to the smallest industrial exertion. The general ignorance is grotesquely pictured in describing a person of more than ordinary accomplishments, whose house was hospitably opened during a journey across the country. He possessed "a small library of books, nearly all being missals and prayer-books;" and he had "a little knowledge of geography," but as regards England he was sadly deficient. That it "was a small island, he admitted was new to him, as he thought it was part of the United States, or at least joined to them." As a climax to his ignorance, he asked "if it was true that Rome was one of the four quarters of the globe." Droll, but very melancholy! The ignorance of these Central Americans appears to go far beyond that of the most abject and illiterate of the population in Great Britain.

We have little space for the further explorations of this indefatigable naturalist. His accounts of humming-birds, gems of beauty; of the nests of certain birds hanging from trees; of parrots which construct their dwellings in the ground near the nests of ants, conveniently close to a highly relished variety of food; and of wasps that have strange ways of living, all must be passed over. Ants of one kind or other, we should say, form the staple topic of the volume. They cast up in all quarters. One species of a small size differ very distinctly from all the rest. Instead of making their nests in the ground, and roving about in a predatory fashion, they assume the duty of protecting plants in which they take up their residence. On the plant that specially commands their services there grow hollow thorns, adapted for their abode. There they continually reside, deriving food from a minute kind of fruit of a luscious description suitable for their sustenance. These fruits do not ripen all at once. They come to maturity one after the other, to keep up a proper succession of nutriment; the ants always running about to examine the progress of ripening. In requital for board and lodging, these valiant little warriors, like household troops, defend the plant against all comers, whether mammalia or articulata. Few things are calculated to impress us more strongly with the wonders of animal life in this part of the world, than the description of these tiny warrior ants. To Mr. Belt, for what he has related on this and other subjects, all proper thanks must be awarded. We heartily commend his unassuming work to the notice of all who are curious in natural history. W. C.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Edward Atkinson, an American writer on *Cotton Culture in the South*, once predicted that cotton would be sown in hot-beds and planted out. A recent official report from Georgia tells us that an experiment of this kind has been tried by a planter there with perfect success. He dug long pits about three or four feet deep, and had a number of boxes made with shavings, larger at the top than at the bottom, placed them on planks at the bottom of this pit, filled them with manure and soft earth, and planted his seed in January. He covered the pits with canvas at night and in very cold weather; and in April, when people were preparing to plant, he had stalks a foot high. He then carried them out on their planks to the field, dug his holes, slipped his plant down, and raised his box out, and thus the plant never felt the change. He made nearly two bales to the acre, and contends that it was easier to do this than haul out his stable manure. "He is a very practical man," adds the chronicler of this apparently well-authenticated piece of intelligence, "and has made a fortune, which is pretty good evidence of his good sense." The same report states that it is likely that cotton will be grown in California to a certain extent. Some experiments in 1871 were so favourable, that in 1872 a crop of 1500 bales was expected, which would be a crop of about one bale per acre. Last year, it was thought, the average would be more than doubled. The Californian cotton had a ready home market, being found to possess a remarkable fitness "for combination with wool in various fabrics."

Academy.

News has been received by the French Geographical Society from the expedition to Terra del Fuego, under M. Pertuiset. The landing was effected on December 7 last, and the members of the expedition, armed to the teeth, at once proceded inland in the direction of Cape Horn. Their first discovery was an exquisitely beautiful lake, from twenty to twenty-five kilomètres round, covered with thousands of small birds, ducks, and geese. The party gave it the name of their leader. At its south extremity a group of Fuegians was discovered, all of whom escaped, with the exception of a woman and two children. In return for some presents the woman gave M. Pertuiset "a piece of tin from a box of sardines;" she was, adds M. Pertuiset, "belle pour sa race." The Fuegians appeared to be hostilely disposed according to last accounts. Only one native hut was discovered, lately abandoned; it contained nothing but dead rats.

The report of the expedition is accompanied by some details from the French Consul at Valparaiso, relating to the territory of Magellan. That territory includes all the southern part of Chili, from ocean to ocean, from the isle of Chiloé to Cape Horn. The climate is cold in autumn and winter, but in the other seasons either great heat prevails or violent west winds, blowing for whole days together, which render it impossible to get out of doors.

The Chilian colony of Punta Arenas, founded in 1843 in the peninsula of Brunswick, has been very flourishing for the last four or five years. Its proximity to Terra del Fuego will allow M. Pertuiset's expedition to find a refuge there in case of necessity. Its chief wealth is its mining industry; gold is found in the river in considerable quantities, and the supply of coal is very abundant. The Fuegians, as well as most of the natives of the islands in the Straits of Magellan, are savages; but the Patagonians, though nomads and hunters, faithfully observe their treaties. Their number is decreasing every day, but from what precise causes does not appear to be known.

Academy.

In continuation of his exquisite researches on the phenomenon of flight (*Comptes Rendus*, January 12, 1874), M. Marcy has made a series of observations which prove how important a part the onward movement of a bird plays in increasing the efficiency of each wing stroke. For supposing that in its descent the wing did not continually come in contact with a fresh volume of air, it would act at a disadvantage, because the downward impulse which, at the commencement of each stroke, it gives to the air below it, would make that air so much less efficient a resisting medium; whilst, by continually coming in contact with a fresh body of air, the wing is always acting on it to the best advantage. For this reason, when a bird commences its flight, it turns towards the wind if possible, to make up for its lack of motion on starting.

Nature.

A Wasted Life.—What a distressing spectacle is that of a man of talent approaching to old age not only without the consciousness of having employed his abilities to any permanent good purpose for the benefit of mankind, but with the sense of having written in behalf of errors and exploded fallacies all the time, and in favour of a party which has come to natural ruin in the course of time, and can now do nothing for him—not even give him sympathy in his misfortune. When such a man reflects on his wasted existence, and compares his position with that of one who took a directly opposite course—that is, worked for good and not for evil, or, it may be, worked uselessly and misspent his life—how painful must be his feelings, if at all sensitive!

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. } No. 1559.—April 25, 1874. { From Beginning, Vol. CXXI.

CONTENTS.

I. LORD STANHOPE AND THE HISTORIANS OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN, ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . 195
II. A ROSE IN JUNE. Part II., ... *Cornhill Magazine*, . . . 212
III. MENDELSSOHN. By Ferdinand Hiller. Part III., ... *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . 218
IV. THE COURTIER OF MISFORTUNE: A BONAPARTIST STORY. Part II., ... *Cornhill Magazine*, . . . 227
V. SCEPTICISM AND MODERN POETRY, . . *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . 236
VI. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE. By William Chambers, ... *Chambers' Journal*, . . . 242
VII. THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, ... *Saturday Review*, . . . 248
VIII. YOUTH *v.* AGE, ... *Spectator*, ... 253
IX. THE ILLNESS OF PRINCE BISMARCK, . . *Economist*, ... 255

POETRY.

TWILIGHT DREAMS, ... 194
EARLY SPRING, ... 194
SWEET MARJORAM, ... 194

MISCELLANY, ... 256

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Digitized by Google

TWILIGHT DREAMS.

THEY come in the quiet twilight hour,
When the weary day is done,
And the quick light leaps from the glowing heaps
Of wood, on the warm hearth-stone.

When the household sounds have died away,
And the rooms are silent all,
Save the clock's brief tick, and the sudden click
Of the embers as they fall;

They come, those dreams of the twilight hour,
To me, with their noiseless tread,
A tearful band, by the guiding hand
Of a grave-eyed spirit led.

There is no voice within the hall,
No footstep on the floor,
The children's laughter is hushed, there is
No hand at the parlour door.

Like fingers tapping eagerly
Against the shuttered frame,
Where the trailing rose its long branch throws,
Beat the great drops of rain.

But my heart heeds not the rustling leaves,
Nor the rain-fall's fitful beat,
Nor the wind's low sigh, as it hurries by
On its pauseless path and fleet;

For now in the dusk, they gather round,
The visions of the past,
Arising slow, in the dim red glow,
By the burning pine-brands cast.

My brow is calmed as with the touch
Of an angel's passing wing;
They breathe no word, yet my soul is stirred
By the messages they bring.

Some in their grasp impalpable,
Bear Eden-cultured flowers,
That sprang in gloom, from the tear-bathed tomb
Of hope's long-buried hours.

Some from the fount of memory,
Lasting, and pure, and deep,
Bring waters clear, though many a year
Hath saddened their first fresh sweep;

And some in their hands of shadow bear,
From the shrine of prayerful thought,
A fragrance blest, to the stricken breast,
With balm and healing fraught.

The night wears on, the hearth burns low,
The dreams have passed away;
But heart and brow are strengthened now
For the toil of coming day.

Chambers' Journal.

EARLY SPRING.

Now Nature wakes from out her wintry trance,
Rejoiced that Winter's gone, and Spring's at hand—
Fair, blue-eyed Spring, who, with a proud advance,
Hath marched into the land.

Strangely the sky hath softened, like the eyes
Of some coy maiden just begun to love;
The woods are starred with flow'rets, as the skies
Are starred at nights above.

There drifts of lilies mimic winter's snows,
'Neath branches late by wild winds bent and riven;
And the shy hyacinth that earliest blows
Brings down the blue of heaven!

Each morn gives birth to fresh life-giving airs;
And lightly, blithely throb through everything
All vernal impulses, all vernal stirs,
The spirit which is Spring.

Chambers' Journal.

SWEET MARJORAM.

GOD'S garden—where tall lilies grow,
Silver, and golden, and sweet,
Where crimson roses only blow
To shed their bloom at His feet;
Purple pansies, with hearts of fire,
Violets bathed in their own perfume:
Amid the rainbow tangle of flowers
Can a little herb find room?

God's garden—where the thrushes sing
Ere Spring has yet begun,
Where larks with dew upon the wing
Rise warbling to the sun,
Nightingales chant as day grows dim,
Gaily glistens the humming-bird:
Through the choral notes of that great hymn
Can a little wren be heard?

Herbs will sweeten the bleak hillside
Where flowers can never grow;
Through winter frosts the wren will bide,
And sing above the snow;
And God accepts with tender love
Their service true and sweet:
Can nightingales or roses give
An offering more complete?

Sunday Magazine. C. BROOKE.

Digitized by Google

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LORD STANHOPE AND THE HISTORIANS OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.

WHY is it that the reign of Queen Anne is so attractive both to the writer and the reader of history? There are many reasons for this, as we shall presently see; but there is a common cause that gives strength and unity to them all. It is the earliest historical epoch that blends in with our own time, and presents us with historical glories of heroism, genius, and statesmanship, belonging, as it were, to our own age, and stirring us as the history that passes around us, with the freshness and impulse of that present, wherein our countrymen, our friends, and kindred — ourselves perhaps — are participators.

The period belongs to that eighteenth century, remembered by the old among us in our youth, and crowded with memorials of grand historical events still recent and fresh. But it is not in sound alone that Queen Anne's reign has its place in the histories that have in them more of the present than the past. If we go back fifteen years from the accession of Queen Anne, and get behind the Revolution, we are in a history that seems to carry us further away from Queen Anne's reign than Queen Anne's reign is from Queen Victoria's. The Reformation, the great Civil War, the Protectorate, the Restoration, and the Revolution, had not yet finished the work that was to be done by successive convulsions, each shaking society to pieces before it could readjust itself after the latest shattering. But in Queen Anne's day all had settled down into the order that still exists. In politics, in literature, in social life, we are all at home, as it were, and among our own people. If the political life were uneventful, the literature debased, the social life vapid, there might be little in the epoch to interest or attract us. But all its attributes are stamped with grandeur and energy. It is full of rapid action, of powerful sensations, and of great events. And it is when these are not viewed through the apathetic influence of remoteness, as the deeds of a past and indistinctly-chronicled age, or of a distant people, with natures and customs unkindred to our own, but as the affairs of our own time and our own land, that there is present so large a fund of interest to welcome the history of them.

The affluence of this historical region cannot, we apprehend, be contemplated without envy by authors whose lot it is to labour in more arid districts; those, for instance, where they have to gather their materials through the sort of quarrying process termed archæology. "Nations as well as men arrive at maturity by degrees; and the events which happen during their infancy or early youth cannot be recollected, and deserve not to be remembered." So spake Principal Robertson when he gracefully gave the whole affair the go-by as "dark and fabulous;" just as your prosperous gentleman evades participation in the lot of those who have to struggle with hard work and poverty. There is, indeed, in the arider regions of historical investigation, something strikingly akin to the struggles of genteel poverty striving to hide the baser elements of its lot. In the endeavour to cope with the richer neighbour, every little trifle that is not doomed to perpetual sordid use is marshalled and displayed. Whatever has glitter or form or cost about it is posed to catch the eye, like poor Caleb Balderstone's tin flagon. And yet when all is done there is a hardness and thinness visible to every spectator, and a pity is inspired by the palpably meagre effect of all the sedulous efforts to accomplish by diligence and cunning what wealth alone can realize.

Such being the doom of historical poverty to those who grope into the "dark and fabulous," if it be in their destinies to reach such a period as Britain in the first fifteen years of the eighteenth century, they are to be congratulated as those who have emerged from poverty to the sudden acquisition of great riches. So great is the affluence of this historical reign, that it gives to all comers with an open hand. There is no occasion for jostling — each workman may separately reap a plentiful harvest. There is room

Digitized by Google

and opportunity for the stately historic march of a Gibbon or a Macaulay. But there is abundant material, also, for the accomplished minute criticism and exposition of a Benjamin Disraeli or a Thackeray. Hence many historians have handled the period in many and various ways, so that there is no occasion for those invidious comparisons that cannot be helped when one author does over again the work that has been done by another, or undertakes that which some master-hand has not lived to finish. There are many thoroughly meritorious histories of Queen Anne's reign, and the latest — Lord Stanhope's — is the best of all. It has features and merits that separate it as completely from the others, as if it dealt with regions on the opposite side of the globe. While theirs is either the lamp-odoured work of the recluse or the passionate outcry of the political gladiator of the age, his is the estimate of a statesman and patrician of our own days, who, practised in State affairs and the ways of the Court, can with an easy grace take the estimate of like affairs passing in another age.

Setting down Lord Stanhope's book, and taking up another of a different order of merit — Alison's "Life of Marlborough" — we have a consciousness of the breadth and fertility of this historical field. The historian of the great war of later times was tempted away from his own chosen ground by what had ever a fascination for him — the career of a great man doing great deeds; and he followed up this career in the brilliant flowing style that came so naturally to his pen, and harmonized so well with the mighty and stirring stories he loved to tell.

It is true that in the Court itself the materials that make the great picturesque epochs of our history do not come up, or rather do not appear in their usual garb and decorations. We have not, as in Mary Tudor, a grim she-bigot unconsciously feeding the flames of fanaticism to the perpetration of cruelties and slaughters that carry terror and depression over the whole land. Nor have we one like her sister, with wayward strength of will, in her wild caprices torturing wise statesmen, and driving them to their wits' end, till they are made her accomplices in the death of that rival whose career she followed with hatred and envyings, broken in upon by lurid glances of no less fatal sympathy with her struggles as a royal sister. Nor is Queen Anne in any way like to that royal sister her ancestress; nor can we even imagine the good queen, under any possible conditions, affording us a like romance of passion, turbulence, and crime.

But we have in that period a thoroughly picturesque self-made queen in Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. Behold her as she blooms in the canvas of Kneller. After the hard features of warriors and statesmen — after even the worldly and anxious features of Court beauties — here is simple nature at last, as if we had alighted on it at a cottage-door — a veritable Phœbe Mayflower, with nature's bloom upon her cheeks, beautiful in her simplicity. It cannot but cross the gazer's thoughts to ask if this can be she who ruled a sovereign with an iron will, until her despotism, becoming intolerable to its good-natured victim, was at last cast off with a revulsion that shook Europe through and through. Here is the face of the only living being that could affect with fear the heart of the great conquering duke. In him it was the fear that should rather be called timidity — the timidity of a deep affection that is ever apprehending possibilities of change or calamity. But on others she cast real practical terror in her power and its vindictive use; and when material power had passed away, in the poisoned shafts of a piercing and envenomed wit. Again, can this be old Sarah, who, alone in her grandeur and wealth, greedy and grasping, adding field unto field, burying herself in bonds, bills, and debentures, could cast a scornful gift of ten thousand pounds at the Boanerges of St. Stephen's, to encourage him in his fierce philippics against her great political foe? Remembering all these things, a change seems to have swept over those lines of innocence and beauty. It is somewhat as in the old romances, when insensibly the angel form resolves itself into the demon's. Under

Digitized by Google

the blooming cheeks, and rosy lips, and full lively eyes, we seem to trace the latent lines of hardness and fierceness that strengthened themselves into the character of the great Sarah.

And then how grand is the historical figure that comes forth to us in her husband, the Conquering Duke! In no one else — not even in George Washington — have we so grand a combination of the most valuable qualities in the man of action, — the heroic soldier, the consummate tactician, the imperturbable and sagacious diplomatist, the wise, firm, and liberal home statesman. In no great commander do we find so much of duty and so little of self. His career is a great lesson, wherein statesmen should learn how to suppress that diseased element in every public service that looks to the claims of the man rather than those of the country It is in military office, where it is the most dangerous, that this diseased source of action is the rifest. Over and over again has the claims of this man or that man to promotion or command weighed against the risk of a defeated project and the loss of many human lives. There was none of this in Marlborough. He took ever the place assigned to him. When Dutch deputies were selfish and unreasonable, and he might put them to shame or paralyze them by some great blow dealt against their consent, he would not peril the common cause to enhance the lustre of his own military renown. He gave way with graceful alacrity to all humours and ambitions and interests, without a thought for himself, if it seemed conducive ultimately to the success of the great interests at stake that he should give way. There is a pleasant Castor-and-Pollux conception about his co-operation with Prince Eugene — two men, each an independent commander-in-chief, yet both working together through a long succession of great warlike operations in perfect harmony, without a single interruption. No doubt Eugene was a great man among commanders generally; but he was far below the level of his colleague. It suited his great companion's policy, however, that they should be counted in all things as equals. One less endowed with a high sense of duty would have either bowed the young prince down to his place as a subordinate, or would have driven him from his command, to be replaced by some tried soldier of lower birth who would fall naturally into his place. But Marlborough accepted him in the high place due, if he could hold it, to his birth and nationality, and trained and helped him to the performance of brilliant achievements.

Marlborough had an abundant store of the minor social virtues. He was humane, not only in the negative sense of abstinence from infliction, but in the positive sense of investing labour and thought and self-sacrifice in the prevention or mitigation of human suffering. He was socially tolerant and polite abroad, and an affectionate husband and father at home. He was peaceful and unfactious as a public citizen. He bore without a murmur the sudden check upon his grand career. He had his step firmly placed on French soil, and inevitably he would have marched onwards and dictated to Louis the Grand in Paris. What history would have been had the events of 1815 and 1870 been thus forestalled we can but guess; but it is a great thing, in taking the incidents that enable us to take the measure of a man's character and capacity, to know how nearly it had been done, and how benignly the great hero obeyed the order to halt and return.

And yet we find all this grandeur and beauty of character stained with foul reproaches — reproaches of falsehood, of treachery, and of greed developing itself in absolute acts of peculation. Surely no human character that ever crossed the stage of life has stronger claim for full and close examination, both of its virtues and its defects. There never was a stronger claim on the renowned maxim — "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." For any of the allowances and palliations conceded to the weaknesses of genius there is no room here. The strong commanding nature of Marlborough's practical genius neither invites nor deserves palliation. His strength did not run in the wild wayward currents that drifted natures like that of

Digitized by Google

Charles XII. or of Nelson to success or ruin.

But if the examination of such a character should be rigid and remorseless, it should be made in measurements according to the dimension of the character. The servant in plush should be honest and faithful, and so should the right honourable servant of the Crown, who works as a Cabinet minister; but we measure the honesty and fidelity of the two with separate scales. For Marlborough, we require to take a rule of measurement far beyond that of even an ordinary Minister of the Crown. He was one of the great powers of Europe, guided by the influences rather of a sovereign than of a sovereign's servant. It was an age when high command was almost exclusively the prerogative of royal persons. The organization of armies was adjusted so as jealously to exclude from the command of large forces men who had not been trained to the accomplishment of command, as apart from the mere routine of field duty. But, among the fighting German States, it was only the members of royal houses that had the opportunity of imbibing this high class of military education. Yet here was the son of an English gentleman stepping into supreme command over all of them with the easy grace of one born in the purple. He had members of reigning houses under him in subordinate command — such as Prince Louis of Baden and the Prince of Holstein. The jealous Dutch deputies solemnly conceded in their communications with him the etiquettes due to a sovereign. He called on that madcap Charles XII., as one friend on another, patted him on the back, and drew him off from some of the wildest and most dangerous of his eccentricities. Then Marlborough became himself a sovereign prince. He was invested with the principality of Mindelheim on the Danube near that town of Hochstadt where he gained his crowning victory. He bore upon his coat-armorial the double-headed eagle of the sovereign princes of the Holy Roman Empire. When baffled in his design to march on Paris, there might have opened to him such a career as that followed by Wallenstein; but his nature soared above all such projects of wayward and mischievous ambition.

These few remarks go only to the point, not that his character should be spared in the examination of his conduct because of his greatness, but that it should be tested by other measures than those applicable to the ordinary run of respectabilities and disrespectabilities. To the adept in geological, and mineralogical, and chemical science, the mammoth and the encrinite must both be examined with an equal devotion to abstract truth; yet the phenomena of the two will be found at distant extremes of animal nature. So of the basaltic crystallizations of the Giant's Causeway, and the specimens of fluor-spar or crystallized agates in the mineralogist's cabinet. It is the misfortune of history that there are disturbing elements in such inquiries; and the greater the historical nature to be examined, the more powerful are the distorting influences. This is not the place where an attempt can be made to bring the whole question of Marlborough's character and conduct to what in parliamentary and diplomatic language is called "a satisfactory conclusion." There would be far too much elaborate establishment of matter of fact, and of close criticism in its tenor when it is established, to be accomplished in a casual paper.

We can but look on his character and career from without, saying a word on the qualities of grandeur and beauty that adorn them; and perhaps these can hardly be better felt than in reading the not enthusiastic estimate of him by two men who knew him — both great men — both unlike to him, and unlike to each other. The one of these was Bolingbroke, who said of him: "He was the soul of the Grand Alliance against the French. Although *un homme nouveau* — a private individual — a subject — he acquired by his talent and activity a greater influence in public affairs than his high birth, established authority, and the crown of England, had procured for the Prince of Orange. Not only were all the parts of that great machine preserved by him more entire, and in a state of more complete union, but he, in a manner, animated the whole, and communicated to it a more rapid and better sustained movement. To the protracted and often disastrous campaigns which had taken place under the Prince of Orange, succeeded warlike scenes full of action; and all those in which he himself had the direction were crowned with the most brilliant success. He showed himself at once the greatest general and the most skilful minister of his time."

This is the saying of a statesman, his rival and enemy. The other is from a statesman too; but he speaks in the

Digitized by Google

other character, more esteemed by himself, of a master of the ceremonies. If a philosopher were said to be a good dancer, we would take a dancing-master's certificate on the point; so in the case of good riding, we would a huntsman's or a jockey's, as the case might be. So also, in the question of a man's possession of "the graces," we are safe in the hands of Chesterfield. Of Marlborough he said: "The Graces protected and promoted him." "His manner was irresistible." "It was by this engaging graceful manner that he was enabled during all the war to connect the various and jarring powers of the Grand Alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrong-headedness. Whatever Court he went to — and he was often obliged to go to restive and refractory ones — he brought them into his measure. The Pensionary Heinsius, who governed the United Provinces for forty years, was absolutely governed by him. He was always cool, and nobody ever observed the least variation in his countenance. He could refuse more easily than others could grant; and those who went from him the most dissatisfied as to the substance of their business, were yet charmed by his manner, and as it were comforted by it." *

When his victorious career was suddenly stopped, and the Treaty of Utrecht carried, there was much lamentation on the one side, and but little exultation on the other, since it was not a creditable story to boast about that a waiting maid had done it. And yet when we look back to it at this time, it is difficult to say that the treaty was a permanent calamity to Britain. We do not deal much in abstract glory, not deeming it a valuable commodity unless it is the companion of duty and public benefit. Even a successful march to Paris might have brought more perplexity than permanent benefit to the British empire. The leaving the Bourbons on the throne of Spain, if a calamity, was not a measurable calamity: the country, if it might have had better, might have had worse governors; and in any case, the character of the governors it was to have could not be so weighed and anticipated that the one could be pronounced so much more valuable than the other as to justify a bloody war. Before the treaty, Marlborough had already done the real work whence Europe profited. It was to drive the demon of conquest and supremacy out of Louis XIV. and his successors on the throne of France, by showing that the power which seemed to aim at a new universal empire was assailable and subduable.

This was a service felt less by Britain than by Germany and the minor States of the Continent. At home, Marlborough's victorious career conferred on his country a blessing of another and a less dubious or questionable kind. Without it the union of England and Scotland might not have been effected; and the supposition of what might have been to both countries had the reign of Queen Anne passed without the accomplishment of that healing measure, opens up one of the most dreary and desperate visitas ever realized by those historical speculators who deal in the conditions that might have been but were not. Such speculations may be ridiculed as vain and useless; but we cannot estimate the public services of great men without some indulgence in them. It is impossible to look at the history of Europe for the year from 1815 downwards, without thinking of what it might have been had the battle of Waterloo been the reverse of what it was; and we cannot estimate Marlborough's services to Britain without a consideration of what the empire would have been without the Union of 1707. His sagacity saw at once the historical conditions that must madden the Scots against their neighbors if both continued separate nations under one sovereign. That sovereign would live in the stronger nation: his advisers would be there; and when their advice was offensive to the nation poor and distant, they would tell him to use the power of the greater nation to bring the other to reason. With the heir of the house of Stewart at the Court of France, where his title was solemnly acknowledged — with Scotland outraged and hostile after the affair of Darien — with a declaration by Scotland that no occupant of the throne of England should rule her while her wrongs were unredressed — with an army gathered on each side of the Border,— nothing almost can be more certainly predicted as the effect of sufficient causes than that Louis XIV. would have defeated the project of Union had his hands not been full of desperate work at home. How vital the crisis was, and how narrow the escape, is shown in the simple fact, that when a turn in the war in Spain released a part of the French force in the

* Passages cited in Alison's Life, i. 88, 89.

Digitized by Google

year after the Union, it was sent on an expedition to Scotland—a hopeless expedition, since, under the good star of the fortunes of the British empire, it was a few months too late for mischief that might have been irretrievable.

While we see in the career of Louis XIV. a signal instance of what a monarch could do in handling the destinies of a nation, we see in the Britain of Queen Anne's reign how strong and firm the institutions were, and how independent of personal influence. Queen Anne's reign was signally eventful throughout; it was eventful in the Court, in the senate, and in the field. And yet the sovereign who seemed to direct all was a stupid woman. It happened also that she was an obstinate woman. She was flighty and capricious, and when her caprice got into a groove, she held on to it with a stubbornness that had a strong likeness to firmness. The effects of these two qualities can scarcely be said to have been calamitous, but they were remarkable. They set at work the powers of signally able and ambitious men; but with all their ability and ambition these men had not power enough to disturb the constitution of the country. If a change of favour among waiting-maids produced a revolution in the country, it was but in the form of substituting one able set of servants of the Crown for another. There was nothing dear to the constitution either usurped or lost in the topsy-turvy. Her defects had a curious capacity for opening into brilliant and beneficent results. She was a bigot; but her bigotry attached itself to an unbigoted religion, which did not furnish her with the means of doing mischief by persecution or intolerance. Her bigotry, indeed, to the Church of England, was the salvation of the Parliamentary and Protestant settlement. She dearly loved legitimacy. She had a natural affection for the brother who was driven forth; but when the temptation to act on these amiable feelings came upon her, the Church of England stepped between them and a counter-revolution.

There was surely a signal wealth of gifted minds at hand, when the caprices of a Court, influenced as they were by paltry and degrading incidents, called up on either hand two such potent spirits as Marlborough and Bolingbroke. The name of Marlborough's kinsman, Sidney Godolphin, does not fill the ear of fame so full as these; but he was a very great statesman. His strength lay in domestic affairs—internal government—and there he took his post. His portrait by Houbraken is not attractive, and does not justly render his character. It has a certain air of stupid corporate pomposity, heightened by the presence of the treasurer's staff of office held in solemn ceremonial. His statesmanship reached the elevation of real genius. The union with Scotland may justly be celebrated as his achievement; for no one, on his side of the Tweed at least, did so much to forecast its character and press it forward to completeness. While his kinsman kept guard outside, he carried through the business within rapidly and effectively. It seemed a question between them how rapidly the one could get through his momentous work, and how long the other could hold out and guard him from molestation. The Commissioners assembled in the old Cockpit were set to work that eminently required to be conducted in peace and serenity. The nicest calculations of money matters, and their incidence on the two nations, and on the separate interests in either, were too apt to be toned by prejudices and national animosities, and it was critically necessary to exclude all further exciting influences.

There was wonderful adroitness in the pecuniary adjustment of extremely complicated international claims. England was a rich country with a heavy debt—Scotland was poor, but comparatively unencumbered. Could Scotland be fairly asked to bear a share in the other's burden? No; it was otherwise arranged. The debt had been increased in wars to protect the commerce of England, and the colonial interests, whence Scotland was sedulously excluded. For the future Scotland must take her share in the taxation for these purposes; but in as far as that taxation was for the payment of debt, she should receive compensation in hard cash, and did receive it. Accounts being thus settled down to the year 1707, if Scotland, participating in the trading and colonial privileges, became rich, then she could not complain if she came to be taxed in proportion to her riches.

The payment of the difference at issue in hard cash, instead of leaving it to the future adjustments of the partnership, made a separate capital for poor Scotland to begin with and had a mighty influence in averting prejudices against the treaty. It was, perhaps, open to the reflection that it brought a sordid pecuniary temptation home to Scotsmen; but there are fair and unfair pecuniary temptations, and this was distinctly a fair one.

Digitized by Google

The general historical character of Godolphin is, that he was a man honest personally, and free from all suspicion either of appropriating the public money to his own uses, or of even selfishly seeking his own interest within the license allowed by the political morality of the day. But it is said that he was audacious in the application of public money for the corruption of others. This character was long strengthened against him by a circumstantial story how he bribed Scots statesmen by distinct sums of money paid for their votes and influence in carrying the Union. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature in the history of this charge is that, in the blind fury of some patriotic Scots against the Union, they should have implicitly believed in this base charge against their own countrymen. There was a grotesque minuteness in the items of the account, that, instead of stirring suspicion, was appealed to as aggravating the baseness of the transaction. The sum total was £20,540, 7s. 7d. Three of the traitors drew each £1000 or more, the highest being precisely £1104, 15s. 7d. The lowest bribe, £11, 2s., was drawn by a northern peer of illustrious descent.

Few drafts on the national expenditure of England at that period have been more distinctly accounted for than this, because the items of it were examined in the relentless investigations of those who sought to make out a case of peculation against Walpole, and to accomplish this, there had to be a full audit of the public accounts throughout a long period. The money had been lent by the Government of England to the Government of Scotland, and repaid. The Exchequer of Scotland was much attenuated — virtually bankrupt. There were arrears of salary to officers of the Crown, military and civil, with other public debts. The wise English statesman thought that, for the matter of risking some £20,000, it was to be regretted that needy or greedy creditors should be howling round the Government of Scotland during the delicate discussions attending the Union. There was a curious subtlety in the transaction, for it had an innate tendency to recoup itself. It was a foregone conclusion that if the Union were carried England would be due some matter of £300,000 to Scotland, and the paltry advance would be deducted when this debt was paid.

It would be easy to follow up the three great names that have passed before us with a procession of others that would have been eminent as statesmen in a less fertile Court. We confess to a weakness in favour of one of those, who has secured a comparatively small share of public favour — Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. He was doomed to a certain unpopular stigma as the cousin of Abigail Hill, who superseded the Duchess of Marlborough, and of the whole race of little Hills held in much despite, including him of the halfpence immortalized in the derisive wrath of Swift. On the other side, he gained a good deal when he was stabbed by Guiscard; and as he had the actual wound, and went to bed, the world held him entitled to all the credit of the affair, though it was maintained that the crazy Frenchman intended to stab Bolingbroke, as a far more formidable antagonist of French interest. But, in truth, it is not as a statesman that Harley commends himself to our liking: it is for his princely patronage of literature and art — a service of infinite merit in that age when it was undertaken by a man of rank and wealth, gifted with a discriminating spirit. All the world knows the value of his collection of manuscripts. He took his part in studies but imperfectly followed in that age — studies connected with early British archæology and the progress of the constitution. Then there were some touches of simplicity about him that one cannot but like, for all the evil attributed to him as a statesman. Among the men of letters and art who haunted him, were many who looked more to the possible rewards of intellectual achievements than to the pleasure of accomplishing them. Perhaps, poor fellows, when we look at Hogarth's distressed poet, we may pardon them, and give them even a little sympathy. But Harley's treatment of these men was a standing jest, because he did not see, or pretended not to see, what they were after, and dealt with them as if nothing had any interest on either side save some matter of literature or art. The case of Prior the poet was often spoken of as peculiarly cruel, though, at the same time, it caused more laughter than compassion. It was said that mysterious hints had been uttered by the statesman as to its being desirable that he should study the Spanish language; and that when he reported his studies as completed, the reward was — not an embassy to the Court of Spain, but a request for an interchange of opinions as to the style of Cervantes.

Digitized by Google

The names of Bolingbroke and Oxford pass us on from the soldiers and statesmen to the authors of the period. We are still on illustrious ground. There are some who can only look on Queen Anne's reign as the era of great victories, while others think of it only as the age of a great literature. "The wits of Queen Anne's reign" are a separate constellation — like the magnates of the Augustan age in Rome — only in their habit, as they lived much more distinct. In the literary annals of the period they are continually coming and going before us, or abiding in presence and making themselves personally known. They were so many, so free-spoken, and so concentrated in London, that their own talk and writings supply us in abundance with what the world ever hunts out with greedy curiosity — the personal nature and habits of men of genius. We have nothing else like the social interior thus opened to us in any other country, or in any other period of our own history. We may easily believe that Pericles had a group of lively, witty, accomplished people about him; but what do we know of them, or of himself either, in his convivialities as a private gentleman? There was much wit and eloquence scattered about within and around Cicero's Tusculum — more still, perhaps, among those who lolled round the board of Mæcenas and slowly sipped his Falernian; but all their wit and wisdom is as ill perserved for us as the heroism of the ante-Agamemnonites. Pass we from these periods of old renown to the literary group that has most loudly and steadily of all proclaimed its sayings and doings to the world — that of the Frenchmen who are called the Encyclopædists, whether they all wrote articles in that huge, unwieldy, forgotten mass the Encylopédie or not. Among them are D'Alembert, Diderot, Grimm, D'Holbach, Marmontel, Helvetius; and there are the honourable women — Deffant, L'Espinasse, Geofrin, Boccage, and Boufflers. The last was the mistress of the Prince of Conti, and must not be confounded with that other contemporary Boufflers, who did duty as mistress to Stanislaus Augustus of Poland. That they were a group full of genius and accomplishments, and worthy of all interest, is not to be questioned. It is to be regretted that we have so little about them in English literature. Only a clumsy translation of the letters of Grimm and Diderot, some pleasant notices by Miss Berry, and a little unknown book written by an eminent Edinburgh lawer, called "Literature, and its Effects on Society."* But there is throughout a deficiency in easy, natural, careless wit, uttered for its own sake, and a prevalence of artificiality and parade. Every feat of intellect seems to be performed that it may be brought into the market and sold for two prices — the one paid in public fame, the other in the smiles and solid patronage of some potentate. The flowers are in the hot air of a conservatory, or are potted and carried into some *salon*, where their scents are mixed with the fumes of pomatum and cosmetics. It was in fact a great mart of wit and literature, where "the barbarian Courts" brought these articles for importation. We have the collection of letters — of literary state papers, as they might be called — by Grimm and Diderot to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, the renowned "Mémoires historiques, littéraries, et anecdotiques." They are no doubt pleasant, and excessively amusing; but a good deal of contempt goes to season admiration, and it is followed by some sense of the heartlessness and profligacy of the whole set. The barbarian Courts, as we know, imported not only the wit in the passive sense as expressive of what was uttered, but also the wit in the active sense of the accomplished utterer of it. We know too well what Courts, barbarian and other, had to undergo from the principles so nourished, since every institution in the world was shaken by them. It becomes difficult to indulge in their guilty mirth without remembering the Temple and the guillotine.

And yet, when we turn from this brilliant throng to many respectable periods — respectable for intellect as well as other merits — in British history, we feel a coldness and solitude, as one who goes home from a gay assemblage or theatre across a bleak moor in the grey morning hours. Isolation is the characteristic of most of our literary periods, making the one we are here dealing with exceptional. Attempts, indeed, to group together literary pictures from the lives of our authors, have proved in some instances to

* Are there any people now alive who remember the late Robert Thomson, advocate, Sheriff of Caithness, and the author of an esteemed practical law-book on Bills of Exchange? He was in his day sufficiently noticed and noticeable, from the peculiarities that made a temporary wit utter the saying, that Thomson was both in outward person and in inward character somewhat beyond the perpendicular. It happens to be known to the author of this paper that he was the author of the little book here referred to, and a very readable book it is.

Digitized by Google

be failures of a signal kind, with a sort of picturesqueness in their deficiencies. The two volumes quarto of Godwin's Life of Chaucer were dignified, and became renowned by Walter Scott's exposure of their nothingness as concerned the principal person in the grouping. As the author boasted about his successful researches into the personal life of the old poet, so little known before he took it up, the illustrious critic thus estimated the justness of the boast: "The researches into the records have only produced one or two writs addressed to Chaucer while Clerk of the Works; the several grants and passports granted to him by Edward III. and Richard II., which had been referred to by former biographers, together with the poet's evidence in a court of chivalry, a contract about a house, and a solitary receipt for half-a-year's salary. These, with a few documents referring to John of Gaunt, make the appendix to the book, and are the only original materials brought to light by the labour of the author. Our readers must be curious to know how, out of such slender materials, Mr. Godwin has contrived to rear such an immense fabric. For this purpose he has had recourse to two fruitful expedients. In the first place, when the name of a town, of a person, or of a science, happens to occur in his narrative, he stops short to give the history of the city *ab urbe condita;* the life of the man from his cradle upwards, with a brief account of his ancestors; or a full essay upon the laws and principles of the science, with a sketch of the lives of its most eminent professors.

It is unaccountable how, with this example before him, Charles Knight should have played us the same trick in his "Shakespeare — a Biography." To be sure it is an infinitely more brilliant and readable book than the quartos of the great philosopher; but a very small percentage of its interest is spent on Shakespeare. We have not, it is true, the biography of everybody else, and the history of sciences from the Creation. We have a lively sketch of English life, manners, and amusements, in the days of Queen Elizabeth and her successor; but it has no more to do with the life of Shakespeare, than, as he must have been at school, to let us see about the system of rudimental education in that day; and since it is probably that he may have sometimes danced round a May-pole, let us see about that too. No; unfortunately for us, nothing has been done to bring Shakespeare down from his serene elevation above all that was contemporary with him, and show us in his manner as he lived — to bring him forward as a man of this world.

And are we better off when we come to Milton? Is it not still with him and his life, as Wordsworth said,

> Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart?

With all the learning and research and eloquence at the command of the biographer now dealing with this chapter of literary history, he has not been able to make Milton the centre of an intellectual group, or even a distinct item in such a corporation. He has not, it is true, followed the discursive method adopted with Chaucer and Shakespeare. But to reconcile us as it were to an account of Milton, he has given us a history of the times into the bargain. A good and full history it is; but in its goodness and fulness it only excites regret that Professor Masson did not avowedly write a History of the Reign of Charles I. and the Protectorate, giving Milton and his literature their proper place in such a book. This method of pursuing two separate classes of literary exposition differing in their proportions, remind us of that occasional separation of the stages of an event into two or more pictures on one canvas — a practice to which even Raphael's Transfiguration hardly reconciles the eye.

Let us not open up great inquiries as to the summit-level reached by the highest intellects at one time or another. We are not going to solve subtle questions about the influence that the greatest intellects have left for after-ages, and the lustre they have conferred each on the age when he appeared. Leaving unsettled the question whether one genius commanding all ages is worth more or less than a group of clever people enjoying their own cleverness among themselves, and sending it forth among others, there is surely no period in the annals of England when literature was so brilliant as the age that hands down to us the names of Pope, Addison, Swift, Steele, Arbuthnot, Garth, Prior, and Defoe.

If none of these soar into the altitudes that enjoy the worship, and seem necessary for obtaining the tolerance, of some minds, yet to the less exalted there is abundant material for admiration and enjoyment. If we have not the worship of some great intellect apart from our own sphere, yet because of the approach

Digitized by Google

made by all the group to a common level, we have the rattle of the repartee, and the flash and report of the occasional epigram or rhetorical climax. So affluent, indeed, is this age in intellectual growth, that besides the goodly list that already fills the cars of fame, it would probably be the best period in which those resurrectionists who dig for and recover buried celebrities could invest their labour. Who speaks now of Tom Brown? If any one does, he will be supposed to refer, not to a real man of Queen Anne's day, but a fictitious man of Queen Victoria's. Yet there was such a person, a real power in his day, issuing a brilliant literature in countless editions. Very little is known of him personally. He was called "Tom Brown of Oxford," so that he perhaps distinguished himself there. His writings are full of classicalities; but he scatters them about with a scornful carelessness, as if in the sort of familiarity that has a proverbial offspring. One of the favourite objects, indeed, of his acrid sarcasm, is the Christian who cannot accept an idea as worth anything unless it can be shown to have been previously expressed in the thought of some heathen in Greece or Italy. "Nothing," he says, "will please some men but books stuffed with antiquity, groaning with the weight of learned quotations drawn from the fountains — and what is all this but pilfering? But I will neither rob the ancient nor modern books, but pillage all I give you from the book of the world. The book of the world is very ancient, and yet always new." *

There is ample room for comparing his genius with that of Swift; and in such a competition judgment would not invariably go with the greater reputation. Swift had a fine stage for the display of his mighty gifts. He had lived in his youth with a courtier, and a great monarch had taught him how to rear asparagus in the Dutch way. He knew intimately the first men of his day. Then he was an actual Dean. True, he said to the statesmen who did not make him a bishop, "God confound you for a couple of scoundrels;" but to be a Dean was to be placed high above assaults and suspicions. Nor did it in any way detract from his position that he had sometimes no congregation but his "Dearly-beloved Roger." That he was above the sordid work of priests and curates enhanced his claim to belong to the class of the rich and great. Both these wits dealt in the morbid moral anatomy of London; but here Brown was the more incisive and complete of the two. He evidently formed an item in groups of such a cast that neither a Cato nor a Very Reverend would dare to let vestiges be seen that he had approached them. Both dealt a little too much in the indecorous; but their method was different. Swift, taking his stand as a clean man, displays in all its distinctness the moral nuisance. He rubs the world's nose in it. Brown, on the other hand, by some subtle trope or classical allusion, points to some hidden horror. Without some pre-knowledge that such things can be, we might pass by his allusion as meaningless, and possibly stupid. In this, and in many other points, he has more analogy with Hogarth than with any author. Both had the subtle power of telling by a hint. The three tell-tale faces in the funeral scene in one of the Progresses, and the evidence of Felix trembling, are very like some of Brown's allusions. Both, too, despised antiquity and precedent as an infallible guide. Brown graced his epigrammatic sentences by making sport of the classics; but the painter had not the fortune to possess so apt a medium, and his ridicule of the great masters only made himself ridiculous. Both brought out to light the inner life of the social conditions of the day. It is to be regretted that we know little personally of Brown — not even how he lived. It is open to us to suppose that the popularity of his books supplied him with daily bread. He is bitter in his ridicule of dedications by the parasites of the day. It may be remembered how Byron said in laughing scorn that he had tried to give a bribe to his "Grandmother's Review," the "British;" "I sent it in a letter to the editor, who thanked me duly by return of post." Brown almost anticipates this trick by a story of a long fulsome dedication, and long waiting in the anteroom, with no result.

Shall we count Isaac Watts, with his "Little busy bee," among the choice celebrities of Queen Anne's reign? If any one doubts the right of the hymnist to this eminence, let him go to Southampton; let him there, in the presence of any body of men native to the place, express anything approaching towards a doubt that Isaac Watts was the mightiest bard that ever wielded the English language, — he will meet such a rebuff as will awaken him to some new ideas on the sublime

* Preface to Amusements, Serious and Comical, calculated for the Meridian of London.

Digitized by Google

and beautiful. But, great poet or not, Watts has exercised a mighty influence on the British mind. It was not in what he deemed his strength that it was exercised. His "Logic," put forth with all the pomp of a standard in philosophy, has no more in common with logic as a science than with acoustics or hydrostatics; and though not entitled to speak from a critical perusal, we may believe that his other ponderous treatises, making up the six volumes of his collected works that introduce us to the one volume of his poetry, are of a like character.

But his sacred poetry, still popular in the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, and among the English Dissenters, may be said to have got absolute possession of the nursery; and this is a strong post to hold by one who would invade and mould the adult intellect. But they are mistaken who suppose that there is not a dash of fine poetry here and there in his multitudinous rhymes. That the jingle of rhyme and dancing measure carried them off into puerilities, was what really made his juvenile hymnology available for giving a fund of enjoyment to the drudgery of the task-book, and helped to make children know the nature of poetry, and to infuse into their minds some pure and solemn thoughts. And however much we may feel inclined to count that the children's poet was in himself somewhat childish, we cannot but admit the greatness of his influence.*

Perhaps it would be still more difficult to find a legitimate place in the group for him who became known as "Orator Henley." His fame, or notoriety, as some would prefer to call it, belongs to a later period; but his most ambitious effort of genius, "Esther, Queen of Persia: an Historical Poem," now on the table before us, bears date in 1714; and his project of a Universal Grammar was published a year or so earlier. Whether we may justly call him a great man or not, it is certain that he would hold a higher place in the present day, were he among us, than he held in his own; and those who are on the look-out for unpopular characters suitable for deification, might perhaps find a suitable hero in the Reverend John Henley. He was a Dissenting preacher; and that was nearly as fatal a definition in his day as that of "Farmer-General" became in the days of Voltaire. But he was a Dissenting preacher of a peculiarly odious stamp. He was a man of good old family. He got a university education, and dropped into a comfortable family living. But he would not be content with his lot, so he turned a Dissenter and popular preacher in London. There was something in all this so loathsome as only to be paralleled when high-born Lady Serena disappears with Plush, and gets married by the Registrar.

The name of "Orator" naturally occurred as a scornful designation for the popular preacher because he called his church the "Oratory." It was a large building, absorbing vast crowds out of the miscellaneous population of London. In this it was the prototype of a certain Tabernacle of the present day. Whether the existing Tabernacular, who has a great fame as an orator, be also a scholar, is not known; and it is not unfair to say that probabilities are against the supposition. But Henley certainly was a scholar of wide range. He fought a controversial battle with Bowyer, the French lexicographer, about the fundamentals of French Grammar. In his project of a Universal Grammar, he threw himself fearlessly into oriental languages; and though many have denounced his pulpit oratory, none have proclaimed his ignorance of the languages he thus professed to wield.

His most remarkable literary achievement is, however, the Liturgy prepared by him for the congregation of the Oratory.* It will be found reprinted in Hall's "Fragmenta Liturgica;" and it will perhaps surprise those who are familiar with the qualities of a popular Dissenting preacher of the present day, to

* Perhaps the reader may possibly remember the traditional story of the hopeful shape in which the youthful Watts renounced rhyme, when under dorsal discipline administered by the paternal hand: —

"Oh, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

It is in the recollection of the present writer, how, at a well-remembered symposium long ago, bringing together a group of young men, the survivors of which are now old men, there was a trial of wits in expressing the sentiment of the young Watts in other forms of rhyming jingle. Some of the efforts were ludicrously doggerel, others ludicrously heroic. The only one now remembered — probably because it was the best — was hit off by Theodore Martin, who has since gained high repute in lyrical composition and classic learning. Here it is: —

"Oh do not strike me, reverend sire,
And I no more shall strike the lyre."

* The Primitive Liturgy and Eucharist, according to the institution of Christ and His Apostles, for the use of the Oratory: with Two Homilies, or Theological Lectures, on the Liturgy and Eucharist; and a new Preface explaining the discretionary use of the oldest Creeds and Doxologies, or *Gloria Patri*, of the Two First Ages.

Digitized by Google

find him sedulously searching through the Fathers and all the vestiges of early ecclesiastical literature for the devotional forms of the primitive Church.

One of the wild and offensive projects attributed to Henley was the establishment of a university in London. As it was profanity to listen to such a suggestion, he bethought him to create something like a centre of the higher education within his own Oratory. Surely he expressed himself in something higher than the tone of a clerical demagogue when he set down among his objects in this project, "To give by just degrees a standard to the English tongue; to clear, regulate, and digest the English history; to revive an ancient Athenian and Roman school of philosophy, rhetoric, and elecution, which last is reckoned among the *artes perditæ*."

"Our noble language," he says, "like our arms, ought to bear the laurel from France, which it merits, as well as from ancient Greece and Rome, in delicacy, in force, in majesty, in beauty."

There is no doubt that he carried hilarity, or, if you like, buffoonery, into the pulpit—and he vindicated the practice thus: "A preacher is bound in conscience sometimes to preach burlesque; for he is bound to be all things to all men. Some men will not be engaged by any method but burlesque; therefore I plead liberty of conscience, and demand it to preach burlesque when I think proper, as the clergy do to those that require that manner. Mirth is part of religion. 'The fear of God,' says Ben Sirac, 'makes a merry heart; her ways are pleasantness; rejoice in the Lord. Be perfect as God is perfect.' And God is said to mock, to have in derision, to laugh sinners to scorn." *

Henley had, in fact—and it was the cause of his offensive popularity—a touch of that fatality that in Swift, Sydney Smith, and less emphatically in our late neighbour Dr. Guthrie, could not resist the temptation to yield to the impulse of the ludicrous on the occasions when the ludicrous was also the unbecoming. It was among the cleverest ideas of Brougham, in reference to the possibility of making Sydney Smith a bishop, that he would be like the cat turned into a lady, who kept all feminine propriety till she saw a mouse, when nature triumphed, and she dashed at it, upsetting the china. Sydney would preserve all decorum until some tremendous joke took possession of him, and then would come an explosion that would upset the Bench of Bishops.

It was a practice with Henley, as it often is with very earnest preachers, and other promulgators of doctrine, to waylay people so as to bring them within the influence of his eloquence. If he could but get them to hear, their hearts might be turned. On one celebrated occasion he laid a trap for the shoemakers. All London was placarded with an announcement that from the pulpit he would show how a pair of shoes could be made in five minutes. Throughout his arousing address the artisans present were impatient for the practical exhibition. He kept his word to them by producing a pair of boots and cutting them down into available shoes.

Among those calamities incident to our pure human race that give a zest to history, we must include the quarrels, hatreds, follies, and cruelties incident to religious fanaticism. We had these pouring in upon the land in quick and dire succession, from the fires of Smithfield to the cruelties against the Covenanters, and the bloody vengeance wrought in the murder of Sharp. In Queen Anne's reign this feature in British history calms down. There was the affair of Sacheverell, to be sure, making a mighty splutter; but it was to the bloody deeds of previous reigns as a street row to a battle, or a bloody nose to a murder. Bishop Burnet estimated it neatly enough when he said: "The Whigs took it in their heads to roast a parson, and they did roast him; but their zeal tempted them to make the fire so high that they scorched themselves."

And yet the age was not without its fiery trials; but they were seen, not felt. As the tide of war rolled far off from our peaceful shores, so did the ferocities and agonies of persecution touch us only in rumours as to a strange people in a distant land. Of the rabid religious ferocity of Louis XIV. in his dotage, when he was under the influence of his sainted wife, we felt nothing save in the blessed task of affording succour and refuge to the oppressed, who repaid the debt by bringing a new and valuable industrial element into our population.

In so far as the picturesqueness of fanaticism is attractive, these poor martyrs from the Cevennes and Languedoc made themselves eminently attractive to the mob of London, where they settled down at large, forming the colony of

* Milk for Babes, &c. By J. Henley, M. A.

Digitized by Google

Spitalfields. They ranted profusely, and made converts of many English people, chiefly of the devouter sex. These ranted also; and as if to meet on common ground in their ravings, both French and English fanatics dealt in unknown tongues. Miracles, too, were performed in abundance. One was attended by incidents rather conspicuous and troublesome. It was announced that the French prophets, as they were termed, were to raise a dead body in St. Paul's Churchyard. A vast mob assembled to behold the phenomenon, but it was a failure; not one of the dead lying there would consent to rise. The failure was attributed to the fact of some unfaithful person looking on; and it is certainly a clear enough proposition, that in a mob of some sixty thousand of the refuse of London, there would be a considerable sprinkling of unfaithfulness in various shapes.

There is a rather happy supplement to this story, which we would like to see examined and traced home. The shape in which we have come across it somewhere is this: Some persons were prosecuted on this occasion for a nuisance in gathering a mob and blocking up a thoroughfare. Among these was a certain Sir John Bulkely, who was a great sympathizer in the cause of the French prophets. He waited on Sir John Holt, the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, and intimated that the Lord had appeared in a vision to him — Bulkely — and told him to go to the Chief Justice and direct him to order a *nolle prosequi* in the proceedings. Holt is said to have answered gravely that he did not think it could have been the Lord who had given such instruction, since it showed gross ignorance of English law in sending him to the wrong officer — the Attorney-General being the only person who could order a *nolle prosequi*.

In these days England prospered apace, and was growing marvellously rich. It was the sight of this prosperity rousing up envious Scotland into hostility and rivalry that rendered that disagreeable affair, the Union, an absolute necessity. Scotland said she must in some way have participation in the trading and shipping privileges, or find the like for herself. The great moneyed and trading powers of England pronounced that she should have neither. By the navigation laws, Scotland was as absolutely foreign as all the rest of the world: and all efforts at any arrangement, either by a union or otherwise, to bring Scotland within the navigation laws and the privileges of colonial trade, were sternly repelled. The efforts of Scotland to create such a system for herself were crushed in the affair of Darien. There was more apology for such harsh dealing, than, with the opinions current at the present day, we can readily realize. It was a devout belief that all national profit must be realized by a loss somewhere, and if Scotland prospered it would be by the ruin of England. Were those prosperous gentlemen who had invested in the great chartered companies to vote away their children's bread? But there was a worse alternative in sight. Scotland might go back to her ancient alliance with France, and find as of old a steady and powerful protector. It would be these two who would open the new trade in the British waters; and apart from all questions about danger of invasion, a thing to be scorned of England, — if it were a serious matter that the half-million or so of people in Scotland were to be enriched at their expense, how much more awful was the dispensation if it brought in the twelve or fourteen millions of France in addition!

So the Union was forced on by an irresistible pressure, guided by able managers; and when it came to pass, the expected calamities did not follow it. On the contrary, whether Scotland became richer or not, the progress of England in prosperity seemed to take a special impulse. Then, although it was some little humiliation to the proud Englishman to find that by Act of Parliament he belonged to "that part of Great Britain called England," he found that there was bound over to keep the peace towards him a certain discreditable poor relation — one who went about swaggering in arms too, and might any day commit violence on his worshipful, comfortable, and wealthy kinsman. Many towns in England, and especially London, carry a permanent testimony of the wealth of Queen Anne's day. In the streets about Westminster we see domestic architecture brought to the stage where it has remained with little change down to the present day. We have the flat rows of houses with the front wall-plate instead of the gable to the streets; the dining-room flat on a level with it, so that jolly topers could pass out and in with the minimum of risk and difficulty; the drawing-room flat above; and below, the area

Digitized by Google

or basement story, in its quadrilateral pit, — all extremely antagonistic to the æsthetic, but withal comfortable.

The English workingman had an ample share in the prosperity that was going. He became the envy of his brethren all over Europe. France was a terrible antithesis of splendour and squalor. The great Louis had made the fens and dirty ditches of Versailles into a Garden of Eden and built on it palaces that might realize the dreams of a new Jerusalem. But there was intense penury even in Paris; the provinces were swept by famine, and often the peasant's cottage was found to contain nothing but the skeletons of those who had lived and worked in it, fighting with starvation until they fell in the struggle. The German peasant had often a hard struggle for a sufficiency of his black bread. The Dutchman, rather better off, was living very parsimoniously, and even saving a trifle to be laid aside for a rainy day.

In England the workman's use of his good fortune produced some of the unpleasant features that have reappeared at the present day. Not trained to husband the money passing into his hands, or to resist the stimulus to sensual indulgence, he cast away the fruit of his industry in luxurious living. If he had as much of this as he cared for, he cut away a portion of his work-day and spent it in idleness. In harder times, or when the day's work barely supplied the day's necessities, he was renowned for his gallant contest with difficulties, and, working more than any other workman, fed himself better, and kept up his strength for the contest. But now that he had all that he desired, and more, why should he work? The capitalist appealed to him in vain; the temptation that could stimulate him to the additional work had disappeared with the prosperity that made the capital of the employer. The one was bent on increasing his hands — the other had no nucleus for accumulation. It was not his nature to begin such a process; and so "the British workman" became notorious for leading a life of idle luxury, and ending his days a pauper in the parish workhouse.

Still these were but the reactionary evils of prosperity and abundance. The land at large was amply blessed. It enjoyed this material wealth along with those glories of a victorious career that sometimes sufficed the gaunt enthusiast on the other side of the Channel when his vegetable meal was at its most attenuated level. The wars and desolation that must attend a victorious career were all far away from the happy homes of England. There was peace over the land as the companion of plenty. It was an age adorned with intellectual glory — surely Britain was a happy land. Yet within this stately edifice of prosperity there stalked the household skeleton. He did not much trouble the workman. It may be said that he was scarcely seen by the country at large. But statesmen were all too familiar with him — he haunted them every day, troubling them with fears and perplexities.

It was generally believed throughout the English populace that "the Pretender" was the son of the wife of a vagabond physician, who was secreted in the palace, so that her babe, when born, was brought in a warming-pan to the queen's bed by a nurse generally called Goody Wilks. Hence, when any great occasion called forth a demonstration of anti-Jacobite feeling by the mob of London, their enthusiasm was appropriately expressed by clanging discordant music upon tin warming-pans. Statesmen had, however, abandoned all the childish stories that delighted the populace. They believed too surely that on the other side of the water there was growing up to manhood the youth who — if immediate hereditary descent were what the Jesuits called it, a divine law, the footsteps of which could be followed with the precision of an exact science — was the heir to his father, and at his death the King of Britain. If either of the daughters of King James and Anne Hyde had left a son or a daughter, many who were driven to other conclusions would have come to a tacit understanding to forget the nearer claim — as on a later occasion, when the last grandson of King James died, people who had professed Jacobitism would not look towards the Sardinian family and the other descendants of Charles I. through his daughter the Duchess of Orleans, but obstinately held to the sort of fiction of law, that George III. was the next in the pure line of succession. In earlier times it was much easier than it had become in the reign of King George to hide such disagreeable conditions out of sight. Genealogies were cooked by adepts to accomplish such things; and if there were other adepts who knew the truth and could contradict them, the task was not a safe one. The two sisters were each in the right line, and were received by the common people as the only

Digitized by Google

legitimate representatives of that line. King William might, for the services he had done, hold the throne provisionally; and he too was in the line as a descendant of Charles I. But just as Queen Anne was mounting the throne, a gloom was cast over the land by an event of bitter sadness — the death of her son and only surviving child, the Duke of Gloucester. How it shook the land we can easily believe, when we remember the crisis of the winter before last. The country was told how it was caused by the fatiguing ceremonials of his birthday as Prince of Wales. "After the ceremony was over, the Duke found himself fatigued and indisposed, and the next day he was very sick, and complained of his throat. The third day he was hot and feverish. Next morning, after bleeding, he thought himself better; but in the evening his fever appearing more violent, a blister was applied to him, and other proper remedies administered. The same day a rash appeared on his skin, which increasing next day, more blisters were laid on. In the afternoon the fever growing stronger, his Highness fell into a delirium, which continued till his death. He passed the night as he did the preceding, in short broken sleeps and incoherent talk. On the 29th, the blisters having taken effect, and the pulse mending, the physicians who attended him thought it probable that he might recover; but about eleven at night he was on a sudden seized with a difficult breathing, and could swallow nothing, so that he expired before midnight, being ten years and five days old;"* and so, as might some ragged urchin who had caught a cold through the neglect of his drunken parents, dropped away one on whom hung the fate of a mighty empire.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.

It is in the same solemn reverence to the power of the grim leveller that our English poet sang of a later palace calamity —

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sounds,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound.
. . . . . .
Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations — art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?

On Kneller's canvas the young prince is a handsome, intelligent boy, with the better part of the Stewart lineaments — like his cousin over the water, with some intellect, fire, and strength injected into him. He was, like all princes whose death might have averted critical conditions — like his grand-uncle, Henry Prince of Wales, and the Dauphin, son of Louis XV.— a miracle of virtue and intelligence. Burnet, who was his tutor, says: "I had read over the Psalms, Proverbs, and Gospels with him, and had explained things that came in my way very copiously; and was often surprised with the questions that he put to me, and the reflections that he made. He came to understand things relating to religion beyond imagination. I went through geography with him. I explained to him the forms of government in every country, and the interests and trade of that country, and what was both good and bad in it. I acquainted him with all the great revolutions that had been in the world, and gave him a copious account of the Greek and Roman histories, and of Plutarch's Lives. The last thing I explained to him was the Gothic constitution, and the beneficiary and feudal laws. I talked of these things at different times, nearly three hours a-day; this was both easy and delightful to him. The King ordered five of his chief Ministers to come once a-quarter and examine the progress he made; they seemed amazed both at his knowledge and the good understanding that appeared in him. He had a wonderful memory and a very good judgment."

It is possible that some who cast their eye on this page may have had but an indistinct impression of William, Prince of Wales and Duke of Gloucester, who died in Queen Anne's reign. It is a significant fact, indeed, that it should have made so small a mark on history, and have passed away among its mere shadows, in the business of providing an immediate remedy for the loss, by going back to the Protestant descendants of the Princess Elizabeth, the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, and out of the group of these descendants arriving by genealogical analysis at the Princess Sophia.

But statesmen must have felt how critical the conditions had become. It was the climax of many disappointments. The children born to Queen Anne were so many that authorities differ about their

* Custe, i. 409.

Digitized by Google

number — some saying seventeen, others nineteen. Of each one that lived for however short a time the death must have been felt as a separate shake to the Revolution settlement. The whole suggested strange superstitions and gloomy ideas among such of the common people as were inclined to Jacobitism. The repeated losses were judgments against Queen Anne for her undutiful and impious conduct to her father.* When the last blow came it was a signal of the Almighty's wrath, and plainly announced his decree that the impious projects for discarding the line of kings set by Him to reign as His vicegerents on earth were to be crushed and punished. Yet still the new Act of Settlement went calmly through the Houses, as if it had been the settlement of some municipal franchise for the election of common-council men, which, having fallen into confusion, had to be disentangled and settled by an Act of Parliament.

We may find valuable constitutional lessons running through the many shiftings and perils in this great passage of our annals; other nations may learn from them more than we require to seek. We are surely come now to the age when all may be examined dispassionately, and at freedom from the wayward influence of political forces. That the time has but recently come, and that many of our books of the period date from before its arrival, is an additional reason for bestowing special attention on the fourteen years elapsing between the death of King William and the accession of King George. It has to be remembered that after Jacobitism was long dead as a real political force to be dreaded, it had a picturesque and fanciful hold on literature — a hold innocent of all power of practical influence, but sufficient to have a distorting influence on history. It is not many years since Jacobitism got good-humoured toleration enough to create interest in a swaggering Pretender parading the streets in portentous costume as the representative of the Stewarts; who was even permitted to act his preposterous part at the tables of people holding rank in good society.

But it is believed that now the atmosphere is sufficiently cleared for an impartial account of the whole; and a wondrous tale it is to tell, when its difficulties, its dangers, and its momentous results are all followed. Surely it may be said with an assurance of universal assent, that no royal house in Europe is so secure in the indubitable succession as the house of Hanover so worthily represented among us now is. And as surely there can be few things so important for the other nations of Europe to know, as the various steps of progress by which Great Britain, after suffering a succession of unfortunate reigns, found a remedy that set a firm dynasty on the throne. The remedy was not in discarding monarchy, nor in discarding the dynastic system by which the heir pointed out by genealogical conditions succeeds to a throne as he would to an estate. Nor was the remedy discovered in any profound system of political philosophy founded on the maxims of the acknowledged authorities in this kind of work, such as Aristotle, Cicero, Tacitus, or Machiavelli. It was simply passing by the immediate detrimentals, and permitting the current of hereditary succession to run on. If there was philosophy in the remedy, it was the philosophy of creating the smallest possible disturbance of the existing system. Since that great constitutional feat was accomplished, what terrible convulsions, with their attendants, ruin and bloodshed, have we beheld in efforts to accomplish national regeneration by revolutions more conformable to abstract theory! How simple and beautiful a proposition that seemed to be in the French Declaration of Right, that "All men are born equal"! And yet, after all the bloody Procrustean efforts to make it true, the result has been to invert the principle; to find that men are born unequal,— some strong, others weak — some clever, others stupid; and that the great object of constitutions and laws is to see that their inequality is so subject to restraints as to be incapacitated for gross injustice.

The history of the Parliamentary settlement in the house of Hanover is surely valuable for this one reason, if for nothing else, that it proves the possibility

* The gentle reader may be excused if he should be surprised to find this tone of opinion very emphatically announced in this nineteenth century, under the auspices of an eminent philosopher of ultra-Presbyterian tendencies, on the conduct of Queen Anne to her father at the crisis of the Revolution. We are told that "the conduct of the princess may possibly find some palliation from the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, and from the partiality to the Protestant faith, which from her earliest infancy she had been taught to cherish. But every feeling of the heart rises in indignation against the unnatural deed, and seeks to hide it in that blaze of light which encircles the brilliant events of the reign. If heaven in this world ever interposes its avenging arm between guilt and happiness, may we not consider the loss of seventeen children as the penalty which it exacted from a mother who had broken the heart of the most indulgent father?" —Article "Anne," in "The Edinburgh Encyclopedia," conducted by David Brewster, LL.D.

Digitized by Google

of a constitutional settlement. Throughout the rest of European mankind, among French, Germans, Spaniards, all efforts of the kind have been terrible failures; and the most remarkable of modern efforts in the same direction is still on its trial in Italy. Our own settlement, now so old and so firmly rooted, ought surely to be an object of satisfactory reflection to all the friends of constitutional government abroad, since it is the one example that proves such a settlement to be possible. It should carry hope to other nations too, that it was preceded by convulsions, and lived for some time in fear and trembling. If we look from the beginning of the Civil War to the Forty-five as the period of probation, then it exceeded a hundred years; and even France has not yet suffered the convulsive operation of political metamorphosis so long as that. But though the Hanover settlement was twice troubled at later times, it was a firm government at the death of King William; and it is in the reign of Queen Anne that we have the means of studying its healthy youth.

That our age has carried us far beyond the influences of Jacobitism, gives us an opportunity for studying with all the more fairness the exiles on the other side of the water. We can speak of them as of Aristides and Coriolanus, without exciting suspicion of our loyalty. There is much to study in that curious small Court that set itself up in St. Germains, and then had to move further off to Albano at the command of the British Minister, Lord Stair, who would not have it within France itself, nor yet near enough to France to be at the call of the French Government when it desired to trouble or frighten the English. We have some recent literature on the ways and habits of these exiles, written generally in that pensive dreamy tone of literature that befits the subject. They were matter of much interest and inquiry to the late James Deniston of Deniston, the accomplished author of the History of the Dukes of Urbino; and there was something in their fate and character that afforded acceptable mental food to his romantic, dreamy, and highly polished intellect. We have a work set apart to the task in a not unlike spirit in a book called "The Descendants of the Stuarts—an unchronicled page in England's History, by William Townend."

The British Museum has lately acquired many manuscripts from which fuller materials still can be drawn by those whose taste leads them into so tranquil a corner of history. There is particularly the Correspondence of Cardinal Gualtiero, who was the Prince's agent, ambassador, or intercessor at the Vatican. We have here, as if it were matter of important diplomacy and patronage, the inner secrets of the arrangements for keeping alive the Romish Church in Britain, and especially for providing a supply of those Jesuits who were the fittest hands for the work when it was of a dark, dangerous, and desperate kind. There was a time when to lay these papers open to the public would have been a terrible calamity to many; but they are innocent enough now.

The personal character of the King, Prince, Chevalier, or Pretender, as he was called, according to the various grades from Jacobitism to intense loyalty, makes in itself a curious study; and it becomes important as well as curious when we carry with us, in estimating it, some features in the history of the present day. It cannot be doubted that had he conformed to any reasonable extent, he would have succeeded his sister on the throne. But he was intractable to the most provoking degree in the eyes of his friends — to the most satisfactory extent in those of his opponents. There is an involuntary respect for the honest consistency that rejects the thrones and other lustrous baubles of the earth for conscience' sake; and yet there was a strange twist in his conscience and its source that seemed to detract from all merit in his abstinence. He considered that in the right time the right line would return to its place. It was a thing not to be accomplished by anything that he and others could do,— the Eternal would effect it in the good time He had chosen. Hence the exile was ever serene; nothing disappointed, nothing discouraged him; nor would he give a single word of concession. It is surely among the most interesting studies in our physiology of mental constitutions, that an exact repetition of this phenomenon should come up in this our day.

Digitized by Google

From The Corrhill Magazine.

A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER II.

(*continued.*)

"OUT of the question," said Mr. Nolan; "and I'm no scholar myself to speak of, notwithstanding what I'm going to have the presumption to say to you. It's just this — I don't do much visiting of mornings; they don't like it. It takes them all in a mess as it were before they've had time to get tidy, and these mornings hang heavy on my hands. I want you to let me have the three big ones. I might get them on a bit; and time, as I tell you, my dear lady, hangs heavy on my hands."

"How can you tell me such a fib?" said Mrs. Damerel, half crying, half laughing. "Oh you are too good, too good; but, Mr. Nolan, I can't take anything more from you. Rose must help me, it is her duty; it is bad for her to be left so much to herself; why I was married and had all the troubles of life on my head at her age."

"And so she'll have, before you know where you are," said the good Curate, which will show the reader at once that he entertained no absorbing passion for Miss Rose, though I am aware it is a curate's duty so to do. "So she'll have; she'll be marrying some great grandee or other. She looks like a princess, and that's what she'll be."

"She has no right to be a princess," said the mother, overwrought and irritable, "and duty is better than ease surely. You, I know, think so."

"For the like of me, yes," said the Curate; "for her, I don't know."

"I was once very much like her, though you would not think it," said the mother, with the slightest tinge of bitterness, "but that is not the question — no, no, we must not trouble you."

"When I tell you the mornings hang on my hands! I don't know what to do with my mornings. There's Tuesday I'm due at the schools, but the rest of the week I do nothing but idle. And idling's a great temptation. A cigar comes natural when you've nothing to do. You don't like a man smoking in the morning; I've heard you say so. So you see the young ones will save me from a —— no, I won't say cigar — worse than that — cigars are too dear for a Curate, me dear lady; from a pipe."

"Mr. Nolan, you are too good for this world," said poor Mrs. Damerel, affected to tears; "bu nust first try what can be done at home," she added after a pause — "no, no, you weigh me down under your kindness. What would the parish be but for you?"

"It would be just the same if I were dead and buried," said the Curate, shrugging his shoulders. "Ah, that's the worst of it; try for a little bit of a corner of work like a child's lessons, and you may be of service; but try to mend the world, even a bit of a parish, and you're nowhere. They don't think half as much of me as they do of the Rector?" he added, with a curious smile, which the Rector's wife only half understood. Was it satirical? or could it be possible that the Curate was surprised that the people thought more of the Rector than of himself? Mrs. Damerel was aware, no one better, of her husband's faults. Many a time she was ready to say in bitterness (to herself) that he was wearing her to death; but nevertheless she looked at long, loosely-built, snub-nosed Mr. Nolan, with mingled amusement and surprise. Was it possible that he could entertain any hopes of rivalling her husband? Of course a visit from the Rector was an honour to any one, for Mr. Damerel was a man who, notwithstanding a little human weakness, was the very picture and model of a gentleman; and the idea of comparing him with good Mr. Nolan was too absurd. "Yes, no doubt they are pleased to see him," she said: "poor people are very quick to recognize high breeding; but I am sure, my dear Mr. Nolan, that they are all very fond of you."

The Curate made no immediate answer. I am not sure that he had not in his private heart something of the same feeling with which his present companion had been thinking of her daughter, a feeling less intense in so far as it was much more indifferent to him, yet in a way stronger because untempered by affection. The Rector was of his own kind, the ornamental and useless specimen, while he was the worker whom nobody thought of; but these secret feelings neither of the two confided to the other. Mr. Nolan would have been horrified had he detected in Mrs. Damerel that slight bitterness about Rose, which indeed would have shocked herself as deeply had she paused to identify the sentiment, and she would have been, and was, to some slight extent — suspecting the existence of the feeling — contemptuous and indignant of Nolan's "jealousy," as I fear she would have called it. They returned, however, to the educational question,

Digitized by Google

which did not involve anything painful, and after considerable discussion it was settled that he should give the elder children lessons in the morning "if their papa approved." It is impossible to say what a relief this decision was to the mother, who had felt these lessons to be the last straw which proverbially breaks the camel's back. She was glad of the chat with a sympathizing friend, who understood, without saying anything about, her troubles — and doubly glad of the holiday exacted from her by his means — and gladder still to get rid of him and return to her many other occupations; for it was Monday, as has already been mentioned, and there was the laundress to look after, and a thousand other things awaiting her. The Curate went out by the garden door when he left her, out upon the lawn, where he paused to look at as charming a scene as could be found in England: a fair country spreading out for miles, its trees and fields and soft undulations under a summer sky, which was pale with excess of light, and ran into faint lines of misty distance almost colourless in heat and haze. Here and there the sunshine caught in a bend of the river, and brought out a startling gleam as from a piece of silver. The world was still with noon and distance, no sound in the air but the rustle of the leaves, the hum of insects; the landscape was all the sweeter that there was no remarkable feature in it, nothing but breadth and space, and undulating lines, and light, everywhere light; and to make up for its broad soft vagueness, how distinct, like a picture, was the little group in the foreground — the lime trees in their silken green, the soft rippling shadows on the grass, the picturesque figure in the chair, and the beautiful girl! The beauty of the sight charmed good Mr. Nolan. Had it been put to him at that moment, I believe he would have protested that his Rector should never do anything in his life except recline with languid limbs outstretched and his poetical head bent over his book, under the sweet shadow of the trees. And if this was true even in respect to Mr. Damerel, how much more true was it with Rose?

"Well, Nolan," said Mr. Damerel, suavely, as the bony Curate and his shadow came stalking across the sunshine; "well, worrying yourself to death as usual in this hot weather? My wife and you are congenial souls."

"That is true, and it's a great honour for me," said Nolan. "*She* is worrying herself to death with the children, and one thing and another. As for me, in the mornings, as I tell her, I've next to nothing to do."

Rose looked up hastily as he spoke. How angry she felt! If her mother chose to worry herself to death, who had anything to do with that? was it not her own pleasure? A hot flush came over the girl's face. Mr. Nolan thought it was the quick ingenuous shame which is so beautiful in youth; but it was a totally different sentiment.

"Mamma does nothing she does not choose to do," she cried; then blushed more hotly, perceiving vaguely that there was something of self-defence in the heat with which she spoke.

Mr. Nolan was not graceful in his manners, like Mr. Damerel, but he had the good breeding which comes from the heart, and he changed the subject instantly, and began to talk to the Rector of parish business, over which Mr. Damerel yawned with evident weariness. "Excuse me; the heat makes one languid," he said; "you have my full sanction, Nolan. You know how entirely I trust to your discretion; indeed I feel that you understand the people in some respects better than I do. Don't trouble yourself to enter into details."

Mr. Nolan withdrew from these refined precincts with an odd smile upon his face, which was not half so handsome as Mr. Damerel's. He had the parish in his hands, and the Rector did not care to be troubled with details; but the Rector had all the advantages of the position, all the income, and even so much the moral superiority over his Curate, that even *they* (by which pronoun Mr. Nolan indicated his poorer parishioners) felt much more deeply honoured by a chance word from the Rector than they did by his constant ministrations and kindness. What an odd, unequal world this is! he was thinking to himself — not ruled by justice, or even a pretence at justice, but by circumstances alone and external appearances. This did not make him bitter, for he had a kind of placid philosophy in him, and was of the kind of man who takes things very easily, as people say; but the curious force of the contrast made him smile.

CHAPTER III.

ROSE DAMEREL'S life had, up to this time, been spent altogether in the sunshine. She had been too young when she went to school to ponder much over

Digitized by Google

anything that went on at home, and had concluded during her holidays that home, which was so dainty, so pleasant, so sweet, was a kind of Paradise on earth, infinitely more delightful than any of the other homes, of which she heard from her schoolfellows. None of them had a father so delightful, a mother so kind; and in these holiday times as everybody indulged and petted her, the private shadows — I will not say skeletons — in the house were never divined by her. She had, as sometimes happens to the eldest of a large family, much more care taken of her education and training than her sisters were likely to meet with. The burden had not begun to be so heavily felt when the eldest girl grew into bright intelligence, to her parents' pride. The others were still too young to demand or even to suggest the expense that would be involved in their education — and nothing was spared upon Rose. She had returned from school not much more than a year before the time of which I treat, and had gone on for some time in her delightful youthful confidence that everything around her was exactly as it ought to be. But shadows had begun to flit vaguely across the picture before that memorable day in the garden, which henceforward became a turning point in her thoughts. This was the first moment at which she fully identified the occasional clouds upon her mother's face, and learned that Mrs. Damerel was not merely a little cross — that easy and rapid solution with which a child settles all problems concerning its parents — but had a distinct cause for the little irritabilities which she tried so carefully to restrain. Perhaps it was in the very nature of things that Rose should be more attracted by the gentle indulgence and indolent perfection of her father than by her mother's stronger character. Mr. Damerel, had he been very rich, and free of all occasion to think of his children's future, would have been a model father to grown-up and well-behaved sons and daughters. He could not bear any roughness, coarseness, or disorderliness, therefore the schoolboys were but little congenial to him, and he was never sorry when the holidays were over. And the little children were too troublesome and too noisy to please him; but Rose was the perfection of a child to such a man, and to her he was the perfection of a father. Everything in her pleased and gratified him. She was pretty, gentle, full of intelligence, eager to read with him if he would, still more eager to hear him talk, yet quick to perceive when he was disinclined to talk, and regarding all his moods with religious respect.

She would sit by him for hours together, like a charming piece of still life, when he pleased, and was ready to converse or to listen, to walk, to sing, to follow his lead in everything, as only a woman-child, full of the beautiful enthusiasm of youthful admiration, can do. Nothing, except perhaps the devotion of a young wife, when she really loves the man much older than herself, whom she has married, can equal the devotion of a girl to her father. She admired everything about him — his beautiful refined head, his fine voice, his grace and high breeding, his sermons, and what she called his genius. To find this faultless father to be anything less than a demi-god was terrible to Rose. I do not mean to say that she got within a hundred miles of this discovery all at once; nay, the first result of the vague and dreamy doubts that stole into her mind was rather an increase of enthusiasm for her father, an instinctive making-up to her own ideal for the sense of failure in him, of which she was vaguely conscious. Rose loved her mother after a totally different fashion, in an ordinary and matter-of-fact way, but she had no romance of feeling towards her; and when her whole little world began, as it were, to sway upon its axis, to yield beneath her feet, as if it might swing round altogether in space, turning what she had supposed the brighter side into shadow, and elevating that which she had held lowly enough, she, poor girl, grew giddy with this strange and sickening sensation. She was at the age, too, when everything is apt to reel about the young experimentalist taking her first steps in life. She was vaguely conscious of being now a free agent, consulted as to her own movements, no longer told curtly to do this and that, but exercising personal choice as to what she should do. This change is of itself sufficiently bewildering. Nature makes, as it were, a pause at this first crisis of personal life. The child, wondering, half-delighted and half-troubled to have no longer its duties clearly and sharply indicated, falls into a partial trance, and neglects many things for sheer want of use and knowledge how to act for itself. This was Rose's position. Between the mother, who, a little mortified and hurt at her child's want of sympathy with her, did not give

Digitized by Google

her orders, but only suggested employment, and the father, who said, "Never mind, let her alone," she stood, not knowing how to settle the question, but inclining naturally to the side on which she was most indulged and smiled upon, though with a secret uneasiness which she could not shake off, and moral sense of a false situation which grew upon her day by day.

Rose had lovers, too, in this new miraculous life upon which she had entered — two lovers, not yet declared, but very evident to all knowing eyes; and in the village there were many keen observers. One of these suitors was the most wealthy proprietor in the neighbourhood — a man much above her own age, yet not old, and perfectly qualified to please a lady's eye; and the other, a young naval lieutenant without a penny, the son of Mrs. Wodehouse, who lived on the Green, and had nothing in the world but her pension as an officer's widow. Of course I do not need to say that it was the poor man whom Rose preferred. She was not in love with him — far from it; but she was so completely on the verge of universal awakening, that a word or touch might be enough to arouse her whole being at any moment — might open her eyes to her own position and that of her parents, and show her the nature of her individual sentiments, as by a sudden gleam of light. Rose, however, was not the least in the world aware of this; and at the present moment she was no further advanced than was consistent with saying frankly that she liked Wodehouse very much — and feeling (but of this she said nothing) more glad when she saw him coming than about any other event in her simple days.

Dinglefield is a sociable place, and there is something in a soft summer evening after a very hot, blazing summer day which fosters a disposition to stroll about and interchange greetings with your neighbours. As it began to darken upon the evening of this particular day, various people in the houses about stepped out of their wide open windows after dinner and, tempted by the beauty of twilight, strayed along the road or over the Green to the rectory garden, which was by universal acknowledgment "the most perfect spot" in the village. Much has been said about the charms of twilight, but little, I think, of its peculiar English beauty, which is not so magical as the momentary interval between light and dark in the south, or the lingering prolonged silvery and ineffable dimness of those northern twilights which last half the night; but has a dusky softness altogether peculiar to itself, like the shadowing of downy wings. The air was delicious, fresh after the hot day, yet so warm as to make wrappings quite unnecessary. The sky, still somewhat pale in its blue, after the languor of the heat, looked down faint yet friendly, as if glad to see again a little movement and sense of life. A few subdued stars peeped out here and there, and the wide stretch of country lay dim underneath, r vealing itself in long soft lines of grey, till it struck into a higher tone of blue on the horizon where earth and heaven met. All the Damerels who were out of bed were in the garden, and the neighbours, who had made this pleasant terrace the end of their walk, were scattered about in various groups. Mr. Incledon, who was Rose's wealthy lover, came late and stood talking with Mrs. Damerel, watching with wistful eyes her appropriation by his rival, young Wodehouse — whose mother, hooded in the white Shetland shawl, which she had thrown over her cap to come out, sat on a garden-chair with her feet upon the Rector's Persian rug, listening to him while he talked, with the devout admiration which became a member of his flock. The Rector was talking politics with General Peronnet, and Mrs. Wodehouse thought it was beautiful to see how thoroughly he understood a subject which was so much out of his way as the abolition of purchase in the army. "If he had been in Parliament, now!" she said to the General's wife, who thought her husband was the object of the eulogy. There were two or three other members of this group listening to the Rector's brilliant talk, saying a few words, wise or foolish, as occasion served. Others were walking about upon the lawn, and one lady, with her dress lifted, was h stening off the grass which she had jus. discovered to be wet with dew. Upon none of them, however, did Mr. Incledon's attention turn. He followed with his eyes a pair whose young figures grew less and less in the distance, half lost in the darkness. The persistence with which he watched them seemed a reproach to the mother, with whom he talked by fits and starts, and whose anxiety was not at all awakened by the fact that Rose was almost out of sight. "I am afraid Rose is not so careful as

Digitized by Google

she ought to be about the dew on the grass," she said, half apologetically, half smiling, in reply to his look.

"Shall I go and tell her you think so?" said Mr. Incledon, hastily. He was a man of about five-and-thirty, good looking, sensible, and well dispositioned; a personage thoroughly *comme il faut*. He was a sort of suitor whom proper parents love to see approaching a favourite child. He could give his wife everything a woman could desire. Provide for her handsomely, surround her with luxury, fill her life with pleasures and prettinesses, and give her an excellent position. And the man himself was free of cranks and crotchets, full of good sense, well-educated, good-tempered. Where are girls' eyes, that they do not perceive such advantages? Mrs. Damerel hesitated a moment between sympathy with her child and sympathy with this admirable man. There was a struggle in her mind which was to have the predominance. At length some gleam of recollection or association struck her, and moved the balance in Rose's favour, who she felt sure did not want Mr. Inceldon just at that moment.

"Never mind," she said, tranquilly, "it will not hurt her;" and resumed a conversation about the music in the church, which was poor. Mr. Incledon was very musical, but he had no more heart for anthems at that moment than had he never sung a note.

Rose had strayed a little way down the slope with Edward Wodehouse. They were not talking much, and what they did say was about nothing in particular — the garden, the wild flowers among the grass on this less polished and less cultured lawn which sloped down the little hill. At the moment when the elder suitor's glances had directed Mrs. Damerel's attention towards them they were standing under a gnarled old hawthorn tree, round which was a little platform of soft turf.

"We lose the view lower down," said Rose; and there they stopped accordingly, neither of them caring to turn back. The soft plain stretched away in long lines before them into the haze and distance like the sea. And as they stood there, the young moon, which had been hidden behind a clump of high trees, suddenly glinted out upon them with that soft dewy glimmer which makes the growing crescent so doubly sweet. They were both a little taken aback, as if they had been surprised by some one suddenly meeting and looking at them — though indeed there was not a syllable of their simple talk that all the world might not have heard. Both made a step on as if to return again after this surprise, and then they both laughed, with a little innocent embarrassment, and turned back to the view.

"What a lovely night!" said Rose, with a faint little sigh. She had already said these not remarkable words two or three times at least, and she had nothing in the world to sigh about, but was in fact happier than usual; though a little sad, she knew not why.

"Look at those lights down below there," said young Wodehouse; "how they shine out among the trees!"

"Yes, that is from Ankermead," said Rose; "you know it? — the prettiest little house."

"When we are away, we poor mariners," he said, with a little laugh which was more affected than real; "that is, I think, the thing that goes to our hearts most."

"What?"

"The lights in the windows — of course I don't mean at sea," said young Wodehouse; "but when we are cruising about a strange coast, for instance, just one of those twinkles shining out of the darkness — you can see lights a long way off — gives a fellow a stab, and makes him think of home."

"But it is pleasant to think of home," said Rose. "Oh, what am I saying? I beg your pardon, Mr. Wodehouse. To be sure, I know what you mean. When I was at school something used to come in my throat when I remembered —— Many a time I have stood at the window, and pretended I was looking out, and cried."

"Ah!" said Wodehouse, half sympathetic, half smiling, "but then you know it would not do if I looked over the ship's side and cried — though I have had a great mind to do it sometimes in my midshipman days."

"To cry is a comfort," said Rose: "what do you men do, instead?"

"We smoke, Miss Damerel; and think. How often I shall think of this night and of the lights yonder, and mix up this sweet evening with an interior, perhaps, sweeter still!"

"I don't think so," said Rose, with a soft laugh, in which there was, however, a shade of embarrassment which somewhat surprised herself. "The room is rather stuffy, and the lamps not bright, if you were near enough; and two old

Digitized by Google

people half dozing over the tea-table, one with the newspaper, one with her worsted-work. It is very humdrum, and not sweet at all inside."

"Well, perhaps they are all the fonder of each other for being humdrum; and it must have been sweet when they were young."

"They were never young," said Rose, with a silvery peal of laughter, turning to go back to the lawn. "See what tricks imagination plays! You would not like to spend an evening there, though the lights are so pretty outside."

"Imagination will play many a trick with me before I forget it," said young Wodehouse in subdued tones. Rose's heart fluttered a little — a very little — with the softest preliminary sensations of mingled happiness and alarm. She did not understand the flutter, but somehow felt it right to fly from it, tripping back to the serenity of society on the lawn. As for the young man, he had a great longing to say something more, but a feeling which was mingled of reverence for her youth and dread of frightening her by a premature declaration kept him silent. He followed her into the hum of friendly talk, and then across the lawn to the house, where the neighbours streamed in for tea. The bright lights in the rectory drawing-room dazzled them both — the windows were wide open; crowds of moths were flickering in and out, dashing themselves, poor suicides, against the circle of light; and all the charmed dimness grew more magical as the sky deepened into night, and the moon rose higher and began to throw long shadows across the lawn. "On such a night" lovers once prattled in Shakespeare's sweetest vein. All that they said, and a great deal more, came into young Wodehouse's charmed heart and stole it away. He heard himself saying the words, and wondered how it was that he himself was so entirely happy and sad, and thought how he might perhaps soon say them to himself as his ship rustled through the water, and the moonlight slept broad and level, and uninterrupted by any poetry of shadows upon the sea. To think of that filled his heart with a soft, unspeakable pang; and yet the very pain had a sweetness in it, and sense of exaltation. "There are the lights still," he said, standing over her where she had seated herself near the window. "I shall always remember them, though you will not allow of any romance ——"

"Romance! oh no," said Rose lightly; "only two old people. We have not any romance here."

Mr. Incledon, who had been watching his opportunity so long, now came forward with a cup of tea. Poor Edward was too much abstracted in his thoughts and in her, and with the confusion of a little crisis of sentiment, to think of the usual attentions of society which he owed to her. He started and blushed when he saw how negligent he had been, and almost stumbled over her chair in his anxiety to retrieve his carelessness. "My dear Wodehouse, Miss Damerel cannot drink more than one cup of tea at a time," said the elder suitor, with that air of indulgent pity for his vagaries which so irritates a young man: and he mounted guard over Rose for the rest of the evening. The good neighbours began to go home when they had taken their tea, and the Rector and his daughter went with them to the gate, when there was a soft babble and commotion of good-nights, and every two people repeated to each other, "What a lovely moon!" and "What a glorious night!" As for poor Wodehouse, in his climax of youth and love, his very heart was melted within him. Twice he turned back, murmuring to his mother some inarticulate explanation that he had forgotten something — that he wanted to speak to the Rector — and twice went back to her solemnly saying it did not matter. "No, no," he said to himself, "he must not be premature."

Rose took another turn round the lawn with her father before they went in. Mrs. Damerel was visible inside, sending the tray away, putting stray books in their places, and stray bits of work in the work-basket, before the bell should ring for prayers. Mr. Damerel looked in as he passed with an indulgent smile.

"She calleth her maidens about her," he said, "though it is not to spin, Rose, but to pray. Somehow it enhances the luxury of our stroll to see your mother there, putting everything in order with that careful and troubled face — eh, child, don't you think with me?"

"But does it enhance her luxury to have us walking and talking while she has everything to lay by?" said Rose, with an uncomfortable sense that her own work and several books which she had left about, were among those which her mother was putting away.

"Ah, you have found out there are two sides to a question," said her father, patting her on the cheek, with his gentle

Digitized by Google

habitual smile; but he gave no answer to her question; and then the maids became visible, trooping in, in their white caps and aprons, and the Rector, with a sigh and a last look at the midnight and the dim dewy landscape, went in to domesticity and duty, which he did not like so well.

Rose went to her room that night with a thrill of all her gentle being which she could not explain. She looked out from her window among the honeysuckles, and was so disappointed as almost to cry when she found the lights out, and the little cottage on Ankermead lost in the darkness. She could have cried, and yet but for that fanciful trouble, how happy the child was! Everything embraced her — the clinging tendrils of the honeysuckle, so laden with dew and sweetness; the shadows of the trees, which held out their arms to her; the soft caressing moon which touched her face and surrounded it with a pale glory. Nothing but good and happiness was around, behind, before her, and a trembling of happiness to come, even sweeter than anything she had ever known, whispered over her in soft indefinite murmurs, like the summer air in the petals of a flower. She opened her bosom to it, with a delicious half-consciousness fresh as any rose that lets its leaves be touched by the sweet south. This Rose in June expanded, grew richer, and of a more damask rosiness, but could not tell why.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER V.

FRANKFORT (1837).

MENDELSSOHN was married on the 23rd of March, the ceremony taking place in the French Reformed Church, to which his bride belonged. It seemed strange to hear any one so thoroughly German harangued in French on this solemn occasion; but the simplicity of the service, and the wonderful fascination of the young couple, touched and impressed every one. I had composed a marriage song for the reception of the newly-married pair at the grandparents' house, and for its performance had engaged the services of the ladies belonging to a small choral society which I had conducted every week during the past winter at the E.'s house. In spite of all the admiration and veneration of these young ladies for Mendelssohn, and though they knew we had leave, and that it was very pretty and laudable to show so great an artist such an attention, it was not without some embarrassment that the graceful band entered the strange house under my direction, and took up their position in battle array before the eyes of the astonished servants, to await the expected arrival. But Mendelssohn and his charming bride were so touched and pleased, and the numerous members of the family were, as might have been expected, so extremely amiable, that the fair singers soon completely forgot their doubtful situation, and thoroughly enjoyed being in the thick of the merry throng.

The young couple went first to spend some time at the charming town of Freiburg-im-Breisgau. A place more congenial to their poetic and artistic tastes could hardly have been found. It is a smiling little city, with clear streams running through the streets, glorious hills looking down on it all around, lovely environs with views over mountain and valley, river and plain; and besides all this, the homely, simple, South-German dialect and manners — a perfect place for a honeymoon. It will be remembered that Cécile had great talent for painting. A journal,* unique of its kind, which she and Felix kept together, and which I was allowed to see on their return, contains written matter and drawings by each in turn, landscapes, houses, little scenes in which they took part — in fact, hundreds of things done on the spur of the moment. During their absence I constantly heard news of their doings from the lively and communicative Madame Jeanrenaud. In the middle of May the happy pair returned to Frankfort. Felix writes in a letter to Devrient: — "I can only tell you that I am perfectly happy and in good spirits, and though I never should have thought it, not the least over-excited, but just as calm and settled as if it were all quite natural." In this tranquil happy frame I found him on his return. But when he showed me the 42nd Psalm, the musical result of his wedding tour, I was astonished — though only so long as I had seen nothing but the title. For the tender and longing pathos which pervades some parts of it is based on a foun-

* Now in the possession of Mendelssohn's youngest daughter, Madame Wach, at Bonn.

Digitized by Google

dation of perfect trust in God, and the subdued sentiment which for the most part characterizes the work, may well harmonize with the blissful feelings of deep happiness which penetrated him at the time. The final chorus, the words of which do not belong to the Psalm, and which he composed afterwards at Leipsic, seems to me not entirely in keeping with the other movements.

However, I must at once protest against the possible misunderstanding of my being supposed to hold artistic creation in general to be the produce of the state of mind at the moment. Even in the most ordinary life the mood of the mind changes so constantly, that if one were to follow it, no artistic work of any unity would ever come into being — these matters are ruled by other and higher laws. But anything which was the result of such a wedding tour naturally leads one to make observations and draw comparisons, though I should hardly have expressed them if they had not forced themselves upon me at the time.

In the midst of the engagements and excitements which now engrossed the young pair, Felix composed his beautiful E minor quartet, the progress of which I watched with the keenest interest. I must not forget one of the last occasions on which I conducted the Cæcilia Society, the performance being in honour of the young couple; it consisted chiefly of selections from "St. Paul," though with pianoforte accompaniment only; and I remember Mendelssohn's especial delight with the fine rendering of some of the *chorales*, which I had made the chorus sing *a capella*.

It was now almost time for me to set out on my Italian journey. Mendelssohn, meanwhile, travelled on down the Rhine, but we hoped to see him again in a few days. Our hopes were, however, disappointed, and I soon received the following letter from him from Bingen: —

BINGEN, 13*th July*, 1837.

DEAR FERDINAND,— When you got into the carriage the other day at Homburg, and drove off with your ladies, I must have had a presentiment that we should not meet again for the present; I felt almost sure we should not. It is strange enough that it has really turned out so; I shall not return to Frankfort before my English journey, but in eight or ten days I go from here to Coblenz, and so on, slowly down the Rhine; and in September, when I get to Frankfort for half a day, you will already be far away in the mountains, perhaps across the Alps. Who knows where and when we may meet again? In any case, I hope, unchanged; we should have had so much to talk about before the long separation: but the chief thing is that we must have a happy meeting some time or other.

I could not manage it differently, the journey here was rather a helter-skelter affair, and then I was quite prepared to find the inn as uncomfortable as the one in Homburg, and no lodgings to be had; in that case we should very soon have come back to Frankfort, and I should have betaken myself to the Hôtel de Russie. Contrary to our expectation we found the inn quite bearable, the view beautiful, and the neighbourhood and environs so splendid and varied, that after a few days I put off thinking about returning to Frankfort, and now have quite given it up, for I hope that my people will go on a little further with me. You really cannot think how this beautiful spot on the Rhine grows upon me, and how it attracts me, though I have often seen it in a superficial way. In five minutes, with a boat, I am at the "Mäusethurm," my favourite point, and then over at Rüdesheim; and the Rhine is so beautiful in the changeable weather, and even after the storm of yesterday. Thank God, my dear Cécile is well and cheerful; if I tell you that I love her more every day, you won't believe me, but it is literally true. I have not worked much here, I mean not written much, but I have a new violin quartet, all but finished, in my head, and I think I shall finish my pianoforte Concerto next week. I have mostly followed your advice in the alterations in the E minor violin quartet, and they improve it very much; I played it over to myself the other day, on an abominable piano, and quite enjoyed it, much more than I should have imagined. And so one day passes like another, but all are happy. This letter is to remind you of our agreement that you should always write on the 15th of the month and I on the 1st. Do let us keep to this, dear Ferdinand, even if the letters contain only a few lines or words, the regular correspondence is so precious. Please, leave your E minor Symphony at the Souchays' for me when it comes from Paris, so that I may take it to Leipsic in September, I shall immensely enjoy having a good look at it and hearing it again properly. The Cæcilia Society wanted to have another musical evening in your especial honour, and I had promised to conduct; but I had to give that up too. Did anything come of it after all? And do all the musical heads in Frankfort still show their teeth at one another? And does —— show you his stumps? It annoyed me more even than I said at the time, this stupid behaviour of the German musicians. But it is God's will, so let the devil take them. Even their daily life is a mere hell upon earth. And so farewell; I have got back at last into the angry style again. My address till the 1st of August is here, *poste restante;* from then till the 10th, Coblenz, *poste restante;* from then till the 20th, Düsseldorf, ditto; from then till

Digitized by Google

the 20th of September, London, care of C. Klingemann, Hobart Place, Eaton Square, Pimlico; from the end of September again in Leipsic. Is not that very precise? And my pianoforte piece? Am I ever to get it? Do tell me, for I should so like something new and good to play, and I can hardly count on my concerto for that. And now farewell, dear friend. Write to me soon. Many many remembrances to your mother, and thank her for the love and kindness which she has so often shown me; think of me sometimes, and let us look forward to a happy meeting soon.

Your FELIX M. B.

I too at last set out on my journey, beginning by wandering through the Black Forest on foot, and spending some delightful days in Baden with my friend Ferdinand David, also just married, and his lively, refined, and interesting wife. Thence I went to the Tyrol, and late in the autumn to Italy, where I spent that winter, and where my mother, who could not bear to be separated from me, joined me as soon as the weather began to get pleasant. Mendelssohn's letters to me during that time, some of which follow here, give a far better picture of the highly gifted man, and the true friend, than my pen can possibly do.

LONDON, *1st September*, 1837.

DEAR FERDINAND,—Here I sit—in the fog—very cross—without my wife—writing to you, because your letter of the day before yesterday requires it; otherwise I should hardly do so, for I am much too cross and melancholy to-day. It's nine days since I parted from Cécile at Düsseldorf; the first were quite bearable, though very wearisome; but now I have got into the whirl of London—great distances—too many people—my head crammed with business and accounts and money matters and arrangements—and it is becoming unbearable, and I wish I were sitting with Cécile, and that I had let Birmingham be Birmingham, and that I could enjoy my life more than I do to-day. Damn it—you know what that means, don't you? and I have three more weeks of it before me, and have got to play the organ at B. on the 22nd and be in Leipsic again on the 30th—in a word, I wish I were rid of the whole business. I must be a little fond of my wife, because I find that England and the fog and beef and porter have such a horribly bitter taste this time—and I used to like them so much. You seem to be having a splendid journey, and this letter will see finer country than I do, as it has to go to Innspruck. Do inquire at Innspruck if anybody knows anything about a Herr Christanell of Schwatz, who has written to me twice, and calls himself a great amateur of music, and about whom I should like to know more. And so you are seriously thinking about your Jeremiah, and all the while striding off to Italy to compose opera there for the season? You really are a mad "old Drama."

It is pretty quiet here. Most people are away in the country or elsewhere. The Moscheles have been at Hamburg already some weeks, and I shall not see them; Thalberg is giving concerts at Manchester and other places; he has made an extraordinary sensation and is very much liked everywhere, and I hope still to meet him; Rosenhain is at Boulogne, and comes back soon; Benedict at Putney, *à la campagne;* Miss Clara Novello travelling from one Festival to another, and will probably only be in Italy next spring; till then she comes to Leipsic for our concerts (pray forgive me, I would willingly give her up to you, but—duty). I met Neukomm on the Rhine steamer, as polite and unapproachable as ever, and yet showing a friendly interest in me; he asked a great deal after you, &c., &c. Simrock promised to write directly, and put himself into communication with you about the manuscripts; I told him I did not know whether you had anything for him just at present, that it was more for the future; has he written? I have heard nothing from my people in Berlin for so long (more than five weeks) that I am beginning to be anxious—and that adds greatly to my melancholy. I composed a great deal whilst we were on the Rhine, but I don't mean to do anything here but swear,—and long for my Cécile. What's the good of all the double counterpoint in the world when she is not with me? I must leave off my complaints and my letter, or you will be laughing at me at Innspruck in the sunshine. Address to Leipsic again,—I wish I were there. It seems that Chopin came over here quite suddenly a fortnight ago, paid no visits and saw nobody, played very beautifully at Broadwood's one evening, and then took himself off again. They say he is still very ill and miserable. Cécile will have given my remembrances to your people herself. So farewell, dear "Drama," and forgive this horridly stupid letter, it is exactly what I am myself.

Your FELIX M. B.

The chief thing I leave for the P. S., just as all girls do. Am I ever to get your E minor Symphony? Do send it to me! You have cheated me out of my concert piece. Get me the E minor Symphony, the Leipzigers must hear it—and like it.

LEIPSIC, *10th December*, 1837.

MY DEAR FERDINAND,—I thank you with all my heart for having written to me in November, in spite of my last month's irregularity; I really could hardly have believed it. The arranging of my new house, moving into it, with many concerts and a deal of business—in short, all the impediments, whatever they may be, which a regular Philistine, like I, can only enumerate to a smart and lively Italian like you—my installation as master of the house, tenant, musical director of the Subscription concerts—all this prevented me

Digitized by Google

from doing my regular correspondence last month. But just because of that I wanted to beg you, and I do beg you to-day most earnestly, that in spite of all the inconceivable difference of our position and surroundings, we should stick fast to our promise of monthly letters; I feel that it might be doubly interesting and good for us both to hear about each other, now that we have become so desperately divided, and yet just for that reason all the nearer to each other. At least I find that whenever I think of Milan and Liszt and Rossini, it gives me a curious feeling to remember that you are in the midst of it all; and with you in the plains of Lombardy it is perhaps the same when you think of me and Leipsic. But next time you must write me a long detailed letter, full of particulars, you can't imagine how they interest me; you must tell me where you live, what you are writing, and everything that you can about Liszt and Pixis and Rossini, about the white dome, about the Corso — I do so love that enchanting country, and it's a double pleasure to hear from you from it — you really mustn't use half-sheets there. Above all, tell me if you enjoy it and revel in it as thoroughly as I did? Mind you do, and mind you drink in the air with as much ecstasy, and idle away the days as systematically as I did — but why should I say all this, you will do it anyhow. Only please write me a great deal about it.

You want to know whether I am satisfied here? Just tell me yourself if I ought not to be satisfied, living here with Cécile in a nice, new, comfortable house, with an open view over gardens and fields and the city towers, feeling so serenely happy, so calmly joyful as I have never felt since I left my parents' house, and able to command good things, and good-will on all sides? I am decidedly of opinion, either this place or none at all. I felt that very strongly after the reports about ——'s place in ——; no ten horses and no ten thousand thalers could take me there, to a little court, which for that very reason is more pretentious than the great ones, with the utter isolation of petty musical doings, and the obligation of being there the whole year managing the theatre and the opera, instead of having my six months free. However there are also many days when I think *no* post would be the best of all. Two months of such constant conducting takes more out of me than two years of composing all day long; in the winter I hardly get to it at all here. At the end of the greatest turmoil if I ask myself what I have actually been doing, after all it is hardly worth speaking of, at least it does not interest me particularly whether or not all the recognized good things are given one time more or better. I am only interested now in the new things, and of these there are few enough. I often think I should like to retire completely, never conduct any more, and only write; but then again there is a certain charm in an organized musical system like this, and in having the direction of it. But what will you care about this in Milan? Still I must tell you, if you ask me how I like being here. I felt the same thing at Birmingham; I have never before made such decided *effect* with my music as there, and have never seen the public so entirely taken up with me alone, and yet there is something about it, what shall I call it, something flighty and evanescent, which rather saddens and depresses than encourages me. It so happened that there was an antidote to all these eulogies, on the spot, in the shape of Neukomm; this time they ran him down wholesale, received him in cold silence, and completely set him aside in all the arrangements, whereas three years ago they exalted him to the skies, put him above all other composers, and applauded him at every step. You will say that his music is not worth anything. and in that no doubt we agree, but still, those who were enraptured then, and now affect such superiority, do not know that. I am indignant about the whole affair, and Neukomm's quiet, equable behaviour appeared to me doubly praiseworthy and dignified when compared to theirs. This resolute demeanour of his has made me like him much better. Just fancy also that I had to go straight from the organ loft into the mail coach, and drive for six days and five nights on end till I got to Frankfort, then on again from there the next day, arriving here only four hours before the beginning of the first concert. Well then, since that we have given eight concerts, such as you know, and the "Messiah" in the church. Our star this winter is Clara Novello, who has come over for six concerts, and has really delighted the whole public. When I listen to that healthy little person, with her pure clear voice, and her animated singing, I often think that I have actually stolen her away from you in Italy, for she was going straight there, and now will not go till the spring. But by persuading her to come here I was able to do our cause the greatest service, for this time it is she alone who puts life and spirit into it, and as I said before, the public are wild about her. The air from "Titus" with *corno di bassetto*, the Polacca from Bellini's "Puritani," and an English Aria of Handel's, have driven the public quite frantic, and they swear that without Clara Novello there is no salvation. Her whole family are here with her, and are very pleasant people. You are often and much thought of. The finest of the new things was Beethoven's "Glorreicher Augenblick," a long Cantata (three-quarters of an hour, choruses, solos, etc.) in honour of the three monarchs who met at the Vienna Congress; there are splendid things in it, amongst others a Cavatina,—a prayer, quite in Beethoven's grand style, but with wretchedly stupid words, where "heller Glanz" is made to rhyme with "Kaiser Franz," followed by a great flourish of trumpets, and now Haslinger has actually put other words to it, and calls it "The praise of Music," and these are even more wretched, for "poesy" is made to rhyme with "noble harmony," and the flourish of trumpets comes

Digitized by Google

in — still more stupidly. And so we spend our days in Germany. David played my E minor quartet in public the other day, and is to repeat it to-day "by special desire;" I am curious to know how I shall like it; I thought it much prettier last time than I did at first, but still I do not care much about it. I have begun a new one which is almost finished, and which is better. I have also done a few new songs, some of which would probably please you, but my pianoforte concerto I think you would challenge. It's your own fault, why haven't you sent me your promised piece? You perhaps don't know that Ricordi, the music-seller, often sends parcels here to Wilhelm Härtel. So you might put it in some day. There's a delicate reminder! I have had to get the score of your E minor Symphony written out from the parts; the score that came with it (in your own hand) had an almost totally different first movement, the *Andante Allegretto* in B flat instead of C, and the two last movements quite different, — in short I did not know what to do, and only yesterday had the pleasure of receiving the old well-known score from the copyist and playing it through at once. I have put it down for one of the January concerts, and it will form the second part by itself. The two middle movements are quite superb. Now I must stop. Give Liszt many remembrances from me, and tell him how often and with what pleasure I think of him. Remember me to Rossini, if he likes being remembered by me. And above all, keep fond of me yourself.

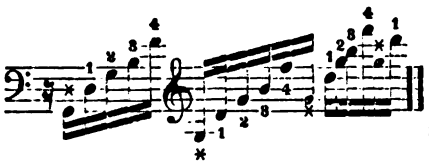
Your FELIX.

LEIPSIC, *20th January*, 1838.

You Milanese "Drama," you begin your letter so contemptuously, and look down so upon my reminder about punctuality, that I had almost resolved, first to be very punctual myself, and secondly not to remind you any more. But as you may see from the date that I have not kept the first resolution, I also cannot answer for my keeping the second and slipping a reminder into this letter now and then — you may attend to them or despise them, as you like; I am past improvement, as you see (I mean, "incorrigible"). But, joking apart, I should have written to you at the New Year, and thanked you for your dear good wishes, and given you mine, but I was prevented in the most tiresome way by an indisposition or illness which attacked me in the last week of the year and unhappily has not yet subsided. This has put me into such bad spirits, and at times made me so desperate, that even to-day I only write because I see that it is no use waiting till I am better. I am suffering, as I did four years ago, from complete deafness of one ear, with occasional pains in the head and neck, &c.; the weakness in the ear keeps on without any interruption, and as I had to conduct and to play in spite of it (I have been keeping my room for a fortnight) you may imagine my agony, not being able properly to hear either the orchestra, or my own playing on the piano. Last time it passed off after six weeks, and God grant that it may do the same this time; but though I summon up all my courage, I cannot quite help being anxious, as, till now, in spite of all remedies, there is no change, and often I do not even hear when people are speaking in the room. Besides this there is another, still greater anxiety, from which I hope every day to be released, and which does not leave me for a moment. My mother-in-law has been here for a fortnight, you know for what reason. When you see your whole happiness, your whole existence, depending upon one inevitable moment, it gives you a peculiar sensation. Perhaps my health will be better when the weather improves, I hardly remember such a winter; for a whole fortnight we have had from 14 to 22 degrees of cold, yesterday at last it was milder, but we had a snowstorm, which is still going on and has almost blocked up the streets. How is it with you in Milan?

A thousand thanks for the details in your last letter, they interest me more than you can imagine, living as you do in the very midst of so much that sounds quite fabulous here. You must tell me a great deal about it all whenever you write; tell me about your Psalm, and how they sang it, and whether you have already begun the opera, and what *genre* you have chosen, and about Pixis' *début* — in short, all about what you are doing and what you like. Here everything goes on in the usual quiet musical way. We have one subscription concert every week; and you pretty well know what we do there. For the New Year, when the concert always opens with sacred music, we performed my psalm "As pants the hart." I have written a new and very elaborate chorus as a *finale* to it, and the whole psalm pleased me a good deal, because it is one of the few things of my own which I am as fond of now as when I was writing it. A symphony by Täglichsbeck, which was very much praised in Paris, and played at the Conservatoire, made very little impression here, and seemed to me nothing particular. Henselt the pianist was here shortly before the New Year, and certainly plays exquisitely; there is no question about his belonging to the first rank, but it is still uncertain whether he will be able sufficiently to master his German anxiety and conscientiousness, that is to say, his weak nerves, so as to make himself generally known, and play in London or Paris. He practises the whole day till he and his fingers are so done up that in the evening if he has to give a concert he is quite tired and exhausted, and then, compared to other times, plays mechanically and imperfectly. His great specialty is playing wide-spread chords. He keeps on all day stretching his fingers, and amongst other things does the following, *prestissimo:* —

Digitized by Google



He has also written charming Studies, which form a great feature at his concerts. He is now gone to Russia. We played your Overture in E at his concert; it went well, and we enjoyed it much. The Fernando Overture will come next; but your mother did not send me the corrected score, only the parts, which I did not want, because we have them here. I got nothing but the score of the E minor Symphony, which you said was to be burned, but with your leave or without it I shall not do so. It is strange that again I do not take to the last movement, whilst the second and third movements please me more than they did before. The symphony is fixed for one of the February concerts. A symphony by Bürgmüller (from Düsseldorf) was very much liked the other day. Yesterday Schleinitz brought me your G minor song (in the "Europa"), sang it to me, and made me guess whose it was; to my great annoyance I couldn't, and was vexed with myself afterwards, for I ought to have known it by the beginning, and by the close in G minor in the middle. In the way of new things I have almost finished the violin quartet, and also a sonata for piano and cello, and the day before yesterday sent Breitkopf and Härtel six four-part songs for mixed voices, small things for singing in the open air, or at parties. The Novello, who has made *la pluie* and *le beau temps* here, and who at her farewell concert was smothered with poems and flowers, and endlessly applauded and shouted at, is gone to Berlin to sing there; she passes through here again, and will perhaps give us two more Arias, which Leipsic has begged for on its knees, and is to be in Italy by the spring. In what part, I fancy she knows at present as little as I do. She has given the concerts a splendid impetus this winter, and even if it is difficult to replace her, the good effect will last for a time. But what do you say to Ries's sudden death? It was a great blow to me and gave me a strange feeling, just because his manner and way of going on had displeased me — but this news is such an utter contrast to all that as to make me completely forget everything else for the moment. The Cæcilia Society certainly seems strangely fated. I have no idea who could or would undertake it now. Only a week ago Ries was suffering merely from gout and jaundice; — and in two days he is suddenly dead. — If you were in Germany now I should say you ought to go to Weimar in Hummel's place; there must be much that is nice about it; perhaps it will remain vacant till you come back some day. You would like Weimar very much. Above all, if you would only come back, there is no want of places, I see that plainly now, it is only the men that are wanting — it's my old story over again. And you say that I am long past all that now. And I hope that it is still *before you.*

LEIPSIC, *14th April*, 1838.

DEAR FERDINAND, — You will be angry with me for my long silence; again I can do nothing but beg pardon, and hope that you will transform your wrath into gentleness when you see my well-known fist. A great deal has happened between this and the last letter, and much which prevented me from writing. No doubt you have heard through your mother that Cécile presented me with a son on the 7th of February; but perhaps you don't yet know that towards the end of the month she suddenly became dreadfully ill and for four days and four nights had to struggle with a terrible fever and all kinds of other evils. Then she recovered, thank God, quicker than could have been expected, though slowly enough, and it is only quite lately that all traces of illness have disappeared, and that she is again as cheerful and looks as well and fresh as you recollect her. What I went through at that time, I could not tell you in any letter, nor indeed in words; but you will be able to imagine it to yourself, dear Ferdinand. And now, that all the anxiety is over, and my wife and child are well, I feel so happy, and yet not a bit "philisterhaft;" you may laugh as much as you like, I don't care, it is too lovely and delightful to see a wee little fellow like that, who has brought his mother's blue eyes and snub nose into the world with him, and knows her so well that he laughs to her whenever she comes into the room; when he is lying at her breast and they both look so happy — I don't know what to do with myself for joy. After that I could decline *mensa*, or do finger exercises with anybody for as long as ever they liked, and gladly allow you to laugh at me. In a few days we go to Berlin, so that Cécile may get to know my youngest sister and the whole family; Paul and his wife were here last month, and stood godfather and godmother to the little one at his christening. The little man is called Carl Wolfgang Paul. In Berlin I shall see how my wife gets on at our house; if it's all right, I shall go alone to the musical festival at Cologne in four weeks, and come back directly afterwards to Berlin, so as to spend the summer quietly there or here and work. If not, Cécile will go with me to Cologne; but as my mother and sisters would not at all like that, I think she will probably stay with them, and perhaps go to the Rhine with me next year. These are my plans for the present. And you? If I were you I should certainly have trudged off to Rome yesterday for Good Friday and Palm Sunday, and I keep thinking that it is still possible you may have done so. On Palm Sunday I always think of the papal chapel and the golden palm branches; in the way of ceremony and grandeur it is the most solemn and splendid thing that I ever saw, and I should like you to see it

Digitized by Google

and think so too. You do tell me capital things about Milan and your life there; how funny that you should find your Paris circle there again — Liszt, Nourrit, Pixis, &c. But it must all be intensely interesting, and I already look forward to the account you are to give me at Lespsic some day of all the "circumstances." You will have enough to tell. And indeed you have hit off a horribly truthful picture of the blissful happiness of a Hofcapellmeister at ——, and the blissful patience ot the German public. I have had some terrible glimpses into that during the course of this winter, for instance, in the case of the post at ——, for which they wanted to get me (probably because a couple of newspaper correspondents had said so) and where they have again been using the most beautiful artifices to make me *apply* for it, because they did not like to speak straightforwardly and properly to a musician; however they were obliged to at last, and in return I had the pleasure of most politely refusing it, and so I see once more how right you were with your dismal description. And yet there is a certain something in this Germany of ours — I hardly know what, but it attracts me so much, and I should like to convince you. It is my old story over again, which you have already heard two hundred times, and which you have disputed four hundred times. Certainly the state of the theatre, such as you describe it in Italy, is better and has more life in it than ours, but you should help us to bring about an improvement. —— and his followers will never do it, they only drive the cart deeper into the mire, and will disappear without leaving a trace.

But to turn to something better. Could you and would you send me a copy of your Psalm? and also any other new thing that you may have, and give the whole parcel to Ricordi who often sends things here to W. Härtel? That would be splendid of you, and I beg you many many times to do it. I also have been rather busy this winter. David played a new violin Quartet of mine in E flat, in public the other day at the last of his Soirées, and I think you would find real progress in it; I have begun a third; I have also finished a concert piece for piano and orchestra (a sort of Serenade and Rondo, for of course I shall never get yours), a new Psalm (the 95th), — I suppose I have already written to you about my having added four numbers to the 42nd — and then there's a set of four-part songs for open-air singing, and various other little creatures that would so much like you to clip and brush them a little if you were here. *Apropos*, isn't this, rich? They have been giving a first performance of my "St. Paul" at Dresden, with all sorts of wonderful preparations, and ten days before, R. writes me a formal letter, saying that they wished to shorten the first part a little, and he should therefore cut out the chorus "Rise up, arise," with the chorale "Sleepers wake," as those numbers did not appear to him to be necessary for the action. I was stupid enough to be frightfully put out for a whole day at this piece of presumption, but you too will think it rich.

Clara Novello will really soon be in Italy now. I hear that she is at Munich, and will go on from there direct. She went from here to Berlin, where she had such incredible success, that I am afraid it made her a little overconfident, for at Dresden and Vienna, where she went directly afterwards, she is said to have made very little sensation. In Berlin, on the other hand, she gave two concerts, sang twice for the poor, four times at the theatre, twice at court, and how can I tell where besides? Mind you pay her every possible attention, if she flutters into your arms.

And now I must close, though I still have quantities of things to say. More next time. My wife sends you many best remembrances. She is busy about the journey. Please write to me to Berlin (Leipziger Strasse No. 3), then you shall have Berlin news in exchange for Milan news (by which I should lose a good many yards). But good-bye, dear Ferdinand, be happy, and always fond of your F. M.

BERLIN, *the 15th of July*, 1838.

DEAR FERDINAND, — As all manner of creatures were created by God, to wander about the earth, bad correspondents among the number, don't be too angry with me for having got this nature. I have times when the ink will not flow, and if I could get answers (for instance from you) without first writing myse'f, I really should quite forget how to write. You may perceive, first from my long silence and from my present stiff writing, that this is one of those times. But as I said before, it is for the sake of the answer. I hope you will discover some quite new way of abusing me for the beginning of your letter, because then I am sure to get it soon. And besides, you will have to answer as a man of business, for I am writing on business, to ask about the Overture which you promised us for the concerts. What has become of it? I hope we shall get it, and then we can at once put it down for the beginning of the concerts (end of September). Don't retort that I have not sent you my things by Härtel's, as you begged; you know that since then, I came here, and have been leading rather a disturbed life, and besides, what can you want with them now? I would rather play them all to you *en gros* when at last you come back to the "Vaterland." But with you it is different; because yours would be a help to me in my performances, and would give us pleasure, and you have promised it me, and I shall keep you to your word. It is to be hoped the overture is finished, and it is also to be hoped that you will send it. I feel more eager about it than I have about any piece of music for a long time, just as I do about your Italian life and doings altogether. I fancy you now sitting by the lake of Como with your mother; it must be a delicious kind of life. And I suppose you also go lounging about with Liszt, and paying court to the Novello, who, I hear, is in Milan, taking lessons; is she still your

Digitized by Google

particular favourite? What do you say to her singing, and to her looks? I have now been here in my old home since May. It gives me a peculiar sensation, so much in it is changed, so much in my own self is changed, and yet there is a sort of comfortable homelike feeling in it as if I had never left it. Then my family is so secluded and isolated here that one really knows very little of Berlin, and hardly comes into contact with anybody but the people in the house. This has its good side, as well as its disadvantages; and looking around me now as a stranger and free from prejudices, I certainly feel glad that I did not stay, however much I may regret it on account of my family; but the climate and the air here are unfruitful and good for nothing. For study and work and isolation Berlin is just the place, but hardly at all for enjoyment. Everything in my former life has now for the first time become quite clear to me, and I see plainly how all my hostilities with the people and my bad position were brought about of necessity; and this has made these months especially interesting to me. We are quite pleased with each other now, and on the whole I like Berlin very much, because now that I have got rid of the wretched business altogether, I can enjoy what is good in the place without embittering it to myself. The first evening after my arrival we went to the theatre to hear Gluck's "Armida;" I have hardly ever, if ever, enjoyed anything so much at the opera. That great mass of thoroughly-trained musicians and singers, ably conducted by Spontini, the splendid house, full to suffocation, the good *mise-en-scène*, and with all that the wonderful music, made such an impression on me that I was obliged to say to myself that there was nothing to be done with small towns and small means and small circles, and that it was quite another thing here. But how often since have I had to retract that! The very day after, they gave a so-called Memorial Festival for Beethoven, and played his A major Symphony so atrociously, that I soon had to beg many pardons of my small town and my small means; the coarseness and effrontery of the playing were such as I have never heard anywhere, and such as I can only explain to myself by the whole nature of the Prussian official, which is about as well suited for music as a strait-waistcoat is for a man. And even then it is an unconscious strait-waistcoat. Well, since then I have heard a good deal in the way of quartets and symphonies, and playing and singing in private circles, and have altogether begged pardon of my little town. At most places here music is carried on with the same mediocrity and carelessness and assumption as ever, which quite sufficiently explains my old wrath, and the very imperfect means I had of managing things. It all hangs together with the sand, the situation, and the official life, so that though one may enjoy individual appearances well enough, one cannot become better acquainted with anybody. The Gluck operas may be reckoned amongst such enjoyable appearances. Is it not strange that they always draw a full house, and that the public applauds and is enchanted and calls the singers back? And that it is about the only place in the world where such a thing is possible? And that the next evening the "Postillon" draws just as full a house? And that in Bavaria it is forbidden to have any music in any Catholic or Protestant church, because it desecrates the church? And that *chorales* are becoming *obbligato* at the theatres? Confound it all. — However the chief thing is to get as much novelty as possible, and that there should be plenty of good and beautiful things in the world; that is why I am so eager about your Overture and your Opera. You will have heard that I was at Cologne for the festival. It all went well; the organ was splendidly effective in Handel and still more so in Bach — (it was some newly-discovered music of his, which you don't yet know, with a grand double chorus). But even that, to my feeling at least, was wanting in the interest that one feels for something new and untried; I like so much when there is that kind of uncertainty which leaves room for me and the public to have an opinion; in Beethoven and Handel and Bach one knows beforehand what it will be, and must always be, and a great deal more besides. You are quite right in saying that it is better in Italy, where people have new music every year, and must also have a new opinion every year, — if only the music and the opinions were a little bit better. At this you snort and say: what is "better"? Well, if you want to know, something more to my taste. But really Germany seems to be possessed with the devil; Guhr has just been giving two tremendously brilliant performances of the "Creation;" all the newspapers are talking about the passage "Let there be light," where Guhr placed the bands of some Austrian and Prussian regiments in the church, and made them blow their loudest. And the Cæcilia Society is conducted by V., who as far as I know is the best that they can get; and S. is making speeches in Mozart's honour, and all that is also not to my taste. Perhaps after all my taste is perverted — the possibility of it occasionally dawns upon me — but I must make the best of it, though I certainly have about as much difficulty in swallowing most of these things, as the stork had with the porridge in the shallow dish. The stork reminds me of my boy who is stout and fat and merry, and takes after his mother both in looks and disposition, which is an inexpressible delight to me, because it is the best thing he can do. Cécile is well and blooming and sends you many greetings.

But I have not told you anything about what I have been writing, I mean what music: two Rondos for Piano, one with and one without orchestra, two Sonatas, one with violin, the other with Cello, one Psalm, and just now I am at a third violin Quartet, and have a Symphony in my head, which will soon be launched. In B flat. And you? Do you mean to send the overture? A thousand af-

Digitized by Google

fectionate greetings to your mother. Enjoy your life in that heavenly country, and think nicely of me. Your F. M. B.

BERLIN, *17th August*, 1838.

DEAR FERDINAND, — Your yesterday's letter delighted me so much, that I do not like to lose any time in telling you so. It is the nicest of all that I have ever had from you, and I read it again and again, always with new delight at the happy and tranquil mood which it reflected, at each separate good and loving thing in it, at the beginning and the middle and the end. I am so glad that such happiness should fall to your share, and I wish you joy of it with all my heart, or rather I enjoy it with you, for I see from your letter how well you know how to enjoy it. It must indeed be delightful there at Bellagio with your mother; and it is because you seem so penetrated by this happy feeling, that your letter gave me so much pleasure, for, I confess, I had hardly expected it. What you tell me about the new oratorio is also not so bad, and I can see from all this that you are just now living exactly the sort of life that I always wished you to live, and about which I was always holding forth to you — it's all the same *where* — may Heaven keep it so for you always, and may you always think of me as affectionately as you do in this letter. The Babylonians certainly had valve trumpets (in fact all Babylon was a kind of valve trumpet), such luxurious, arrogant Orientals would hardly be satisfied with mere trumpets in C. But please don't call them *trompettes à piston* in your score, I have such a hatred for the word *piston* — you see I am a regular doctor of philosophy. Well, and when the oratorio is finished, are we to hear it in Germany? Now, that will really be a word in season. Only mind you do it somewhere within my reach, so that I also may have my share in it, I mean in the first performance; you should do it in Leipsic, that would be splendid, and all the singing and playing faculties of the place should be on their mettle for your service. Do get it done soon, and tell me a great deal about it, so that I may at least have a foretaste of it meanwhile.

I agree with every word you say about the Novello, and also about Liszt. I am very sorry that we are not to have the overture, but of course I can understand that you don't want any of it to be played before the first performance. And will that be next winter? And is the whole oratorio actually sketched out in four parts? That's really industrious. In this way you at once give me an example for the ten operas and ten oratorios which you say I am to write in the next twenty years. I assure you, I feel the greatest desire and stimulus to follow your advice and example, if only there were one true poet to be found in the world, and he were my friend. It is too difficult to find all that at once. One would have to be driven to it. Germany is wanting in such people, and that is a great misfortune. Meantime as long as I don't find any, I shift for myself, and I suppose one will turn up at last. Your psalm with the instrumental accompaniment and your wedding-chorus I received here, haven't I thanked you for them yet? It seems to me as if I had, and if I am mistaken I must tell you again how much pleasure you gave me with the latter, and what happy days are recalled by every note of the former. Your abridged Fernando Overture I received at Leipsic, and I think of giving it at the beginning of the Subscription Concerts; I shall write you all about it, and send it to you directly afterwards (at the beginning of November perhaps, if that is soon enough?) by Härtel and Ricordi. I shall add a couple of new things of my own; I wonder what sort of impression they will make upon you in Italy.

My time at Berlin is almost over now, I think of going back to Leipsic in four days; they are going to do my "St. Paul" there in the church, and the rehearsals begin next week. Our family life here has been so pleasant; yesterday evening, when I went over to tea and found them all assembled, I read them a good deal out of your letter, which gave them great pleasure, and they told me to give you many kind remembrances. We were together like that every evening, talking politics, arguing, and making music, and it was so nice and pleasant. We only had three invitations the whole time, and of music in public I heard little more than I was obliged; it is too bad, in spite of the best resources; I saw a performance of "Oberon" last week which was beyond all conception — I believe the thing never once went together all through; at the Sing-Akademie they sang me a piece of my own, in such a way that I should have got seriously angry, if Cécile had not sat by me and kept on saying: "Dear husband, do calm yourself." They also played me some quartets, and always bungled the very same passages that they had bungled ten years ago, and which had made me furious ten years ago — another proof of the immortality of the soul. My third violin quartet in D is finished; the first movement pleases me beyond measure, and I wish I could play it to you,— especially a *forte* passage at the end which you would be sure to like. I am also thinking of composing an opera of Planché's next year; I have already got two acts of the libretto, and like them well enough to begin to set to work. The subject is taken from English history in the Middle Ages, rather serious, with a siege and a famine,— I am eager to see the end of the libretto, which I expect next week. I also still hope to get words for an oratorio this year.—You see, that I was already going to follow your advice of my own accord, but, as I said before, the aid and invention of the poet is wanting, and that is the chief thing. Pianoforte pieces are not exactly the things which I write with the greatest pleasure, or even with real success, but I sometimes want a new thing to play, and then it also occasionally happens that something exactly suit-

Digitized by Google

able for the piano comes into my head, and even if there are no regular passages in it, why should I be afraid of writing it down? Then, a very important branch of pianoforte music which I am particularly fond of — Trios, Quartets and other things with accompaniment,— is quite forgotten now, and I greatly feel the want of something new in that line. I should like to do a little towards this. It was with this idea that I lately wrote the Sonata for Violin, and the one for Cello, and I am thinking next of writing a couple of Trios. I have got a Symphony in B flat in hand now, and mean to get it finished soon. I only hope that we shall not have too many foreign *virtuosi* at Leipsic this winter, and that I shall not have too many honours to enjoy, which means, concerts to conduct. So Herr F. has gone all the way to Milan. Brr, he is enough to spoil the warm climate. Yes, you see, I have to digest such creatures, and am in Leipsic, instead of at Cadenabbia, where I once was, opposite your present lodging. When I am writing to you at the lake of Como, I feel the greatest longing to see that paradise again, and who knows what I may do in the next years! But you will first have to be here with your oratorio, which is best of all. Do you know that my sister Fanny will perhaps see you soon? She intends going to Italy with her husband and child, and only returning next year. When I know more definitely about her journey I will tell you, so that she may not miss you, as Franck did. Now good-bye, write to me soon to Leipsic, just such another splendid letter. Once more, thanks. Remember me to your mother. Farewell, farewell. Your FELIX.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE COURTIER OF MISFORTUNE: A BONAPARTIST STORY.

III.

ON the 4th September, 1870, towards one o'clock in the afternoon, an officer in a cuirassier uniform got out of a train on the platform of the Northern Station, jumped into the first cab he could find — it happened to be an open one — and told the coachman, in a fevered voice, to drive him to the Tuileries. His uniform was soiled and torn; there was mud on his boots up to the knees, his head was bound up in bandages clotted with blood, and his haggard face bore a week's unshaved beard. A mob pressing outside the station for news, recognized him for an officer, no doubt from Sedan, and gave him a ringing cheer, but he bent his head and made no response. The city bore nothing of the mourning aspect he had expected. The *cafés* were full and noisy. Bands of workmen, who ought to have been at drill, strolled by rows of twenty arm-in-arm along the carriage-ways, bawling vinously, "*Vive la République! Vive Trochu! A bas Badinguet!*" Policemen were invisible. Women and peasants pushing hand-carts laden with furniture before them streamed in from the country districts round Paris, and seemed to be on the look-out for lodgings. Newspapers found a brisk sale, boys screamed the *Marseillaise*, and tradesmen, with scared faces, were climbing ladders to unhook Imperial escutcheons, and paint out the words "Purveyor *to their Majesties*," in which but a day ago they had gloried.

The cab drove quickly, but at the bottom of the Rue de Valois had to stop, for the Place du Palais Royal was full of people. The cuirassier got out, paid the driver, and endeavoured to hurry unobserved through the crowd, which was rather a curious than an excited one. He did somehow force himself a passage through the mobs surging towards the Hôtel de Ville on the one hand, towards the Tuileries Gardens on the other; and when he reached the sentry mounting guard somewhat nervously at the Carrousel gate, opened his cloak to show the despatch-bag slung over his tunic, and was allowed to pass in without question. The immense yard, adorned with a triumphal arch reared to celebrate past victories over a people now conquerors in their turn, was almost deserted; but at broken intervals men, for the most part in civilian dress, shuffled panic-stricken across the yard and entered the palace. The cuirassier followed them, climbed the staircase, where no usher or footman stood to ask intruders their business, brushed past a terrified group of ladies, who were coming down the stairs with travelling-bags in their hands, and asked for the aide-de-camp on duty. He was directed to go down a passage to the right, did so, and remitted his despatch-bag. Then with the receipt crushed between his fingers, wandered about unheeded amid startled figures running or rushing down the corridors, till he found himself in the room where some three months before he had received a kindness from an Emperor, then in the full pomp and grandeur of his power.

All the last friends of the fallen court were there, but not so much high dignitaries — for these took care of themselves — nor Jobuses — they are never to be seen in such moments — as younger men

Digitized by Google

and modest functionaries, whose fealty had not perhaps been always appreciated in brighter days, but came out true and pure now in this hour of adversity. The appearance of the officer and his travel-stained clothes caused a sensation, and a move was made towards him. A few recognized him despite his bandage, which, now his kepi was off, gave him the look of being turbaned, and they said, "It's Colonel Cœurpreux, who rode next M'Mahon in the charge of the cuirassiers at Reischoffen, and was promoted on the field." They gathered round him eagerly, and inquired of him if he had news:

"You were at Sedan, Colonel; is all really lost?" and it was a gloomy thing to hear these men ask this about a country and a sovereign they loved.

"Yes, all's lost," groaned Cœurpreux, "but the honour of the Emperor, who has been betrayed, and that of our War Office, who had no honour to lose."

"How did the Emperor bear it?"

"Simply, like a man. He was never greater than when he drove through the town with an expression on his face that might have touched the very stones, and gave up his sword to save his army.. People will say here that he should have died, but anybody has the courage to die. The courage is to live, and to endure all this," — and he pointed with his hand to the Tuileries Gardens, at the end of which a mob was to be seen approaching with gesticulations and waving of flags.

Count Palikao, the Prime Minister, passed rapidly through the room, and disappeared into a chamber where the Empress was known to be; and all gathered round the windows. The mob were drawing nearer, and the quays could be seen covered with people who had been to the Corps Législatif, where M. Gambetta had been haranguing the multitude, and exhorting it to clamour for the Emperor's deposition. Chevalier Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, entered with a breezy aspect as if nothing particular were happening, and a chaplain asked him if there were any hope. "Hope of what?" answered M. Nigra, cheerfully, and went the way of M. de Palikao, but with a careless, swinging stride, for all this was no great concern of his. Cœurpreux leaned in a window-recess moaning, but as he perceived that the mob swelled and advanced each second like a rising tide, he drew a revolver, and casting a keen look about him, said:

"Gentlemen, I hope we are all prepared to defend the Empress against yonder curs?"

A silence replied to this question, and one young man alone stepped out with a revolver. The rest had come unarmed. They were faithful to the point of risking death, but not of courting it. Cœurpreux glanced from one to another, as if he could not believe his eyes. Then a great sob escaped him, and he turned with brimming eyes to watch the sea which advanced slowly, and the thin line of soldiers in the private garden below, who would be the only dyke against it. "Our place is with those men there," he said to the young man who was armed; "let us go to them; we shall at least die in good company."

A few of the bystanders winced — in particular, two priests, who would not have grudged their blood, though it was not their duty to shed any. Several moved to follow Cœurpreux; but at this moment a door was opened, and the Empress appeared with one of her ladies-in-waiting, Count Palikao, an aide-de-camp, and one or two other advisers. She was dressed in black, was calm and resigned, and, hearing that firearms had been exhibited, sent to request as a last favour to her that no resistance should be offered. Her Majesty was then told that one of the gentlemen who wished to defend her was Colonel Cœurpreux, and she prayed her aide-de-camp to summon him. M. Cœurpreux arrived with the tears still welling over his eyes — though it was no fault of his, for he struggled hard enough to keep them in — and possibly as he stood before her, with his head bowed and his knees shaking, the Empress recognized the man who had been painted to her by the Jobuses and Cris as a factious subject.

"Colonel, you found your way through the enemy's lines to bring me a letter from the Emperor," she said, in a soft, sad voice. "I thank you, and wish it were still in my power to reward your devotion."

"Madam," murmured Cœurpreux, in words of which each syllable sprang vibrating from his heart, "you can give me the only reward I covet by allowing me to lay down my life for you."

"No, not a drop of French blood must be shed for me," she answered quietly, "nor would I forgive myself for depriving France of a life like yours, Colonel, at a time when brave men are more than ever needed. Still, again I thank you."

Digitized by Google

And she extended her hand to him with a grateful smile. He dropped on one knee and pressed it to his lips reverentially.

At this juncture Prince Metternich and M. de Lesseps approached quickly. They spoke a few words, but their looks said more than they uttered. The Empress glanced towards the gardens where the crowd had by this time become a host, whose shouts broke loud and imperatively through the stillness of this room filled with expectant courtiers. Her lips quivered faintly for a single instant, and the pallor of her face deepened just enough to show that it was pain, not fear, she felt. Then she turned with queenly self-possession, and made to the loyal few who remained her grandest curtsey — that of the state galas now gone and forgotten amidst other ruins; this was the signal that all was over: the Empire had fallen; the Empress retired, and the friends of the eleventh hour were free to go and see to themselves, their goods and their chattels. They scampered downstairs, putting their best feet foremost, and the palace became a show to the rabble, who presently flooded in, their mouths agape, and filled it from floor to attic with their savoury majesty.

Cœurpreux had heard a few of the words which Prince Metternich had let fall, and he went and stood near the gate of the Louvre opposite the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where a cab was waiting. In a few minutes the veiled forms of two ladies glided out, and Cœurpreux, though he could not be seen behind the angle where he had sheltered himself, bared his head as they passed. He watched to see that no one recognized or molested the Lady whom M. de Lesseps handed into the fly, and his gaze followed this vehicle as it turned and disappeared with its blinds down, and the Italian ambassador on the box beside the coachman. It would have fared ill, then, with any partisan of equality who should have stood in the horse's way or offered a rude word to the Empress, whom this unconscious hack was drawing into exile, for Cœurpreux was in that mind when to have faced a whole horde of the populace with his solitary sword and revolver, and to have bitterly flung in their teeth their base treason and cowardice, would have been a grim pleasure. But nobody afforded him that satisfaction. The fly jogging along unremarked mingled with other flys; and Cœurpreux emerging from his concealment, went with an aching heart about business of his own. As he strode down the Rue de Rivoli, not caring much whom he elbowed, it was twenty minutes past three, and the tricolour flag which had been waving eighteen years on the late Imperial palace was hauled down. Two *petit crevés*, or swells of the small French sort, watched this historical occurrence from a corner of the Place des Pyramides, and one, removing his eyeglass the better to see, said to the other: "There go twenty years of jollity." "Yes," sighed the other, "and only to think I used to be fool enough to vote for the opposition just for the fun of the thing." The pair of noble hearts sighed, and went their ways. Cœurpreux shrugged his shoulders, and followed.

One of the most comforting features of French revolutions is, as we have hinted, that although thrones go crash and kings go where they can, the Cris and Jobuses bend their respected heads like reeds, and let the whole whirlwind sweep above without uprooting them. The signboard and landlord of the Inn are changed, but cooks and waiters are the same, and inasmuch as the public depend rather on the cooks and waiters for comfort and good attendance than upon the landlord and the signboard, this may serve to explain why the collapse of many thrones affects less in the general weal than the displacement of a single Jobus might do. Anyhow, when Cœurpreux came to report himself at the War Office, he found there the set of clerks who had just been rolling the army into the chasm, filling up printed papers that were to roll other armies the same way, with their habitual serenity. It was Sunday and they had no need to work; but never mind that; they were always ready to devote themselves to their country's good, especially on a Revolution Sunday, when, if absent, their places might be filled up by other folk. Nothing was altered, save that in the room of the little big clerk, who had received Cœurpreux before, a bust of the Emperor had disappeared in favour of a photograph of General Trochu, and the small clerk informed his visitor that he had foreseen all along how it would end, and that if his — the clerk's — advice had been taken, matters would have turned out very differently. He supposed Colonel Cœurpreux would be asked to form and command a regiment during the siege, but he could give him no orders for the present. He only ventured to warn him (and looked very immaculate in so doing) that he must now moderate

Digitized by Google

the Bonapartist zeal for which he had been unfavourably conspicuous. The Empire had disgraced itself, and no Frenchman worthy of the name could feel any sympathy for so odious a *régime:* "Odious a *régime!*" echoed Cœurpreux, as the blood mounted to his face. "And who made it odious but you and your likes? Ah, sir clerk, try and give me and others as little of your advice as possible, and the better it will be for us all. When I think that the earth once swallowed up a pair called Dathan and Abiram, and when I see you sitting alive there with that heap of papers, I am inclined to wonder whether we are footing the same globe. Heaven help me!" and he went out slamming the door, and shaking the dust off his feet. The Jobus-clerk, naturally much disgusted, preserved an attitude full of dignity, and on the first opportunity informed General Trochu that a certain Cœurpreux was in all likelihood a Bonapartist conspirator, and might with advantage be despatched to outposts where the shells fell thickest. The General promised to make a note of the matter, and eventually did.

But Cœurpreux's 4th September trials were not over yet. On his way from the War Office back into the noisier parts of Paris, where he hoped to learn for certain who were definitely the new rulers of his country—a point on which, in common with other men who accept new Governments like wind and rain, as they come, he was still doubtful—he crossed a Victoria carrying M. Nepos Lémargeux Desfonds de Cri, an umbrella, and a carpet-bag. M. de Cri checked the driver, and waved the umbrella to attract Cœurpreux's attention. This chivalrous prefect had put away the rosette which used to grace his button-hole, and which of yore he had grovelled so patiently to earn, and he had so arranged things that the title of a republican newspaper peeped over the edge of his breast pocket, herald of his new-born convictions. In this guise he stretched forth his hand to Cœurpreux out of the cab in the midst of the Rue Royale, and gabbled:

"Congratulate me, Commandant—at least, no, you're Colonel now—congratulate me, I'm off."

"Where to—the army?" and the Colonel wondered whether mayhap this person had been stricken with honesty in his declining years, and impelled to do something in defence of the country that had been such an unchanging and untiring milch-cow to him.

"The army? oh, no—I leave that to Bayards like you," sniggered M. de Cri, as if vastly tickled by the notion. "No, I'm off to my prefectship, which has just been confirmed to me by Gambetta; and I may tell you in confidence, that I managed this thing very slyly. Foreseeing, you know, after the first defeat of you gentlemen, how the wind would soon blow, I came up to Paris on the quiet, and entered into relations with all this crew, Favre, Simon, Gambetta. I promised that if there was a republican rising, I would abet them, and play my department into their hands, which of course was all chaff, for if the rising hadn't been successful here I shouldn't have been such a ninny as to start pranks out there, but they took it in. They counted me as one of theirs, and here am I off as a prefect of the Republic to the town where yesterday I was a prefect of the Empire—and I hope for promotion soon. *Sic itur ad astra*—hee, hee!"

"And what will Mdme. de Cri think of this sudden conversion?" asked Cœurpreux with more contempt in his voice than would have served to wither up any other ten men not being hereditary place-hunters.

"Oh, my wife; it's she who advised me to do it all. *Dux fœmina facit*—hee! hee! You see we've no private fortune, and if I'd lost my place I don't well know what I could have done, for I have saved little—a man who expects to be Cabinet Minister and will be able then to rig the money-market and clear what sums he pleases, doesn't go in for cheese-paring economies, you know; so my wife said to me, 'Make the best of our national disasters: it's an ill wind blows *nobody* good;' and, as you perceive, that is true enough, for there are plenty of folk will be housed well to-night who were not much to look at yesterday."

Cœurpreux turned cruelly sick at heart. On an ordinary trimmer he would not have wasted a breath of scorn—nor so much as a shrug—disdaining such vermin as a sportsman does rats; but that Violette's husband should be a man of this class, and that he should have inoculated with his sordid principles a woman who had been true and pure before she had been sold to him in bondage, was a pang indeed. Yet Cœurpreux had the comfort of believing that M. de Cri lied ignobly, and that Violette had never consented to the impudent barter of conscience which her husband laid to her charge. But in this he was mistaken.

Digitized by Google

Wedded to him, Violette would have endured poverty without a murmur, and scaled with a glad brave heart any heights of heroism and self-sacrifice to which he had chosen to lead her. But poverty along with M. de Cri was a very different story, and Violette had really asked her husband to make what he could of the general ruin which was bowing all patriotic heads in shame. This would seem to show that heroism, like other plants, needs special soils to make it thrive, and that wives are but as looking-glasses in which their husband's souls are reflected with more or less fidelity. M. de Cri's soul being a dingy one, Violette's partook of it in many domestic features. This is not poetry, but it is the truth which meets us at every step; and had it not been so — that is, had Violette wished to remain heroic after her marriage to one like M. de Cri, she must have become a faithless wife, which is a dilemma worth brooding over by moralists great and small.

IV.

Two years and a half sped by, and, just a twelvemonth ago now, at the beginning of the year 1873, it began to be bruited in the prosperous town of Seinebourg that General Cœurpreux, who commanded the district, would shortly marry Mdme. de Cri, née Violette Desprès, the widow of the late lamented Prefect. People were still full of the details of M. de Cri's untimely death, and of the imposing funeral which had been decreed him out of the public taxes. At the time when the Commune was raging in Paris, the striking (or, as they are by some humorously called, the "working") classes of Seinebourg had tried to get up a similar institution for themselves, and might have succeeded but for General Cœurpreux. Before he had time to parley with them or adopt their views to save his precious life, the Communists slew M. de Cri with an accidental bullet. Whereon orations in his honour were solemnly pronounced in the National Assembly; a pension was voted to his widow; and the municipal council of Seinebourg, escorted by a whole regiment, with muffled drums and arms reversed followed him to his grave, where soon after a monument was erected on which a local journalist proposed to inscribe the words, "*Sta, viator, martyrem calcas!*" There are men whose luck attends them beyond the tomb. After hoaxing mankind in this life, they bamboozle it through ages to come by means of perjured epitaphs.

As for General Cœurpreux, he was the man who had covered himself with what little glory was gleaned during the siege of Paris. He had fought, not talked. His regiment went to battle without bragging, and returned always thinned, but never daunted. The War-Office clerks opined that it was scandalous a man should rise from Captain to General of Brigade in less than two years, and they busied themselves actively to get him shorn of some of the honours he had earned whilst they sat by their fireside, hoping with brotherly unanimity they might soon be called in their official capacities to record his death. But the Commission which was appointed to revise the distinctions conferred during the war rose bareheaded when Cœurpreux was introduced, and the General who presided handed him his commission ratified by the signatures of the entire Board. The Provisional Republic sent him to command at Seinebourg, and Cœurpreux accepted the appointment because he considered the Republic a provisional one and nothing more. He made no secret of his opinions on this head, and continued to speak of Napoleon III. as Emperor, without prefixing an "ex." Had the Republic been consolidated, his good friends the clerks would have had the gratification of writing to request he would resign; as it was, the big people of Versailles kept a watchful eye on him, and booked him mentally as a dangerous man, who must be tolerated for his good services, but shelved as soon as feasible.

Perhaps, in truth, Cœurpreux's conduct was not quite prudent. In his rooms he hung portraits of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial. Three times a year — that is, towards the 16th March, the 15th August, and the 15th November — he applied for a week's leave, and went to Chislehurst, with a bouquet of violets made in Paris and of a yard's circumference. He offered this fête-day tribute to the exiled family, and assured them of his unwavering devotion; then he returned, and if people asked him where he had been, he replied simply: "To do homage to my Sovereign." Seinebourg was a righteous town, which drove an honest trade and went to church when it had time; but it did not understand chivalry pushed to this length. It had given the Emperor an enthusiastic reception once when he had visited the town, and witnessed with unmixed satis-

Digitized by Google

faction the prosecution of journalists who assailed his rule. By-and-by it had vouchsafed a reception equally enthusiastic to M. Thiers, and watched with undiminished pleasure the chastisement of scribes who cavilled at this new state of things. If the Emperor had returned, there would have been a third reception, quite as enthusiastic as the two preceding ones; but pending this consummation, it was idle to express opinions which were, at best, premature, and which might interfere with the due profits of business. So Seinebourg, as represented by its commercial men, who are the salt of this world, eyed their General rather askance, but contrived to be civil in their tones when they talked to him of the Napoleons, for Cœurpreux had an awkward trick of frowning if there was any slip of the tongue in apportioning the responsibilities of the war's disasters; and it was known that he had handled a republican big-wig somewhat unceremoniously. Said the big-wig: "Monsieur de Sedan must have more pluck than I should give him credit for, if he hopes ever to put us under his heel again." This was at a dinner: Cœurpreux stared him in the face, and answered: "May I inquire what you were doing whilst he whom you call M. de Sedan was under fire of the Prussian batteries?" The big-wig looked much shocked, for it so chanced that he had been engaged at the time in question in writing a series of newspaper articles on the degeneracy of the French army; but he declined furnishing this explanation, or indeed continuing the conversation in any way, for there was no knowing but that with such an unmannerly person it might lead to an encounter in the field, and to France becoming by one republican the poorer — which was a catastrophe by no means to be desired.

It will naturally be supposed that to recompense him for his disfavour amid the republicans, General Cœurpreux passed among Bonapartists of all sizes and denominations for a trusty knight, and was well beloved; but this would argue small knowledge of the human mind as politics do fashion it. The most active men in state factions are those who have most interest in the game, and those who are most interested are seldom, if ever, those who are most nice. Cœurpreux was a Bonapartist, but his loyalty did not extend to all the weedy people whom the Bonapartes had delighted to honour. He said some very rough things about certain of these gentlemen, asserting that he would rather see the Emperor in exile than have him return with some of his old advisers, for that at Chislehurst at least his honour was safe; whereas on the throne, and acting as the tool of sundry personages he could mention, his fair fame was slurred by all the foolish and villanous deeds committed in his name. This was not pleasant to hear. Such of the Jobuses and Cris as had not been able to secure posts under the Republic, and were consequently loud in proclaiming that they would scorn to accept such if offered, insinuated at Chislehurst, even as they had done at St. Cloud, that this Cœurpreux was a man of crafty mood, whose pretended staunchness was nothing but a device for being amply recompensed when the Empire returned. Probably he aspired to be a senator or war minister — for there is no knowing where the ambition of such men will stop: meantime they gave him a wide berth, and thanked Providence they were not as he was — which was wise on their part, for a soul like Cœurpreux's is not that which pays best here below. Altogether, if Cœurpreux had reckoned all the people who were his true friends, he might easily have computed the total with the fingers of one hand. But what did he care? His conscience let him rest, and Violette admired him with all her heart — this was quite enough for his desires.

He went to see Violette every day, and the love which had lain in abeyance during the years of her marriage grew and ripened. Cœurpreux's character was a wonder and a study for the woman he worshipped; and comparing it with that of her late lord, so unhappily deceased, she would fall into reveries how it was possible that two men could be so unlike. It has been said she was frivolous, and doubtless till she came to know her lover well, never suspected there was stainless honour anywhere but in story-books. M. de Cri used to talk of stainless honour, rectitude of purpose, unsullied principles, &c., at public banquets, and the salaried newspaper of the prefecture used to write of stainless honour at so much a column. But M. de Cri would put off his stainless honour when he got home, as he did his silver-laced coat, and the salaried journalist of the prefecture was a poor rogue, who sold himself to the highest bidder. Sometimes Violette heard two men dubbed men of honour because they had quarrelled and fought about a ballet dancer who was faithless to them with a

Digitized by Google

third. And at other times she saw men of honour who had eloped with other men of honour's wives. There were women of honour who sold their daughters to dilapidated but rich debauchees, girls of honour who submitted very willingly to the sale, and priests of honour who blessed the transaction in the name of heaven. There were financiers of honour who signed the prospectuses of bubble companies; statesmen of honour who truckled to the people with false flatteries; and electors of honour who bartered their votes for what they could fetch. These were the beings of honour amongst whom Violette's acquaintance had always lain; and she had somehow learned to define a man without honour as one without money. She could not at first get used to Cœurpreux's way of dealing with people whom she had been wont to reverence; it was as if he had knocked together a number of sham bronze statuettes, and they had all smashed in the process, revealing their composition to be only bad plaster. She heard of his doing great and generous things in a secret way, and he would never own to them, nor talk about them. He shook the hands of people he esteemed with a grip of iron, and smiled to them with his whole face; but to persons he mistrusted he was barely civil, no matter how much gold lace they might sport on their swallow-tails. To Violette, however, he was gentle and kind, always submissive; and, though she was aware of how poor an idea he entertained of the martyred M. de Cri, he never alluded to him with disrespect — in fact, never alluded to him at all but once, and this was on the day when she had promised to marry him so soon as her second year's widowhood should be completed. They were sitting together. He coughed a little; then, with some shyness, touched upon money matters, and expressed a wish that she should resign the pension she had of Government, and, indeed, all other monies — the sum was slight — bequeathed her by M. de Cri. He suffered visibly during the explanation this entailed; but it came to this, that M. de Cri's earnings did not seem to him very clean things. He had pocketed salaries all his life by changing his opinions as fast as his interests required it; and, applied to minor operations in finance, this sort of thing was called obtaining money under false pretences. The phrase was not a euphonious one; but truth never was euphonious. For all this, Cœurpreux said nothing to wound Violette, and she consented to everything, as women will do for the men they love. If the lamented M. de Cri could have risen from the grave and beheld his wife promising so cheerfully to denude herself — she who had cost him a tidy fortune in dresses, and had never failed to draw her pin-money when it became due, and occasionally in advance — he might have indulged in some ghostly meditations on the ways of women and the difficulty of fathoming their natures.

So it was agreed that on the 18th of March, the day after he should have returned from carrying the Prince Imperial's birthday bouquet to Chislehurst, Cœurpreux should take Violette to wife, and never more part from her.

"It is now the 2nd of January, Violette," he said fondly; "and do you know, when I think of the happiness in store for me, I feel sure that, could I have foreseen it years ago, I should have worked so as to be a field-marshal by this time, or turned coward for fear of being cut off from you."

"And if *I* could have foreseen it, I would have striven to be more worthy of you than I am," she answered, looking up into his eyes; and her own brimmed as she did so, for she never thought of his long constancy to her without being moved to the heart.

Cœurpreux went off to review his men, riding spiritedly down the red-trowsered lines, and scanning them with pride when they executed their movements as soldiers should do, smartly and without blunder. He gave the colonels under him some trouble; and the soldiers would not have liked him the less if he had marched them about less often. But General Cœurpreux was no idler, and had never earned his pay by lolling about with his hands in his pockets. Besides, at this period, he had most significant reasons for seeing that his men drilled well. It is pretty well known at this time by all who care to know it, that in the month of January of the year 1873 the Bonapartists had determined upon attempting a *coup-de-main* in the month of March, and that the operation which the Emperor underwent at the beginning of January was intended to enable him to ride on horseback and re-enter France, as his uncle had done after his escape from Elba. The Emperor had affirmed that he would delegate to no one else the honour of heading the movement, and it was understood that some six weeks after the operation he would be in

Digitized by Google

a position to ride. Several generals had been sounded, and amongst them Cœurpreux. The wire-pullers of the party would have done little for our friend after the victory; but he was a useful man before and during the struggle, so their words were sweeter than honey from the honeycomb. Cœurpreux's answer was plain:

"I regard the Emperor as the lawful sovereign of France, until the last plebiscite shall have been cancelled. If his Majesty lands in France, I shall call upon my men to rally round him; if they mutiny, I will go alone; and if we fail, I shall give myself up to these Republicans, or whatever else they call themselves, and let them shoot me at their leisure."

This is why the Imperialist soldier kept a quick eye to the marching and countermarching, and was precise in seeing all the movements that concern firing and charging with bayonets practised repeatedly, until perfection was attained. There could have been no more enlivening sight for a true republican, knowing what was in General Cœurpreux's mind, than to have seen these nimble red-trowsers strutting and wheeling under the General's direction, kneeling, loading, discharging, and doubling forward with bayonets fixed, as if they were already sweeping Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and the entire rights of man off the globe's surface.

It was on the afternoon of the 9th January that, returning to his quarters in very hopeful spirits after a few hours' manœuvring, which had fairly worn out every one save himself, Cœurpreux was greeted by the orderly, who wore a blank, scared look as he helped him to dismount. Bad tidings come always suddenly, and the soldier's face was that of a messenger of woe: "General, have you heard the news?" he asked, holding out in a trembling hand a special edition of a cheap paper.

"What news?"

"The Emperor's dead, General."

Cœurpreux had half swung himself out of the saddle, but the announcement struck him like a bullet; he reeled and would have fallen, but for the orderly who caught him by the arm and sustained him.

"Thank you," he stammered; "it'll be nothing. Where's the paper?" And he walked in, passing his hand over his forehead, and stepping unsteadily. A child might have knocked him down.

The news caused little commotion at Seinebourg, or anywhere else in France. Out of sight, out of mind, is never so true as in the case of French Emperors; but people noticed not without sympathy that General Cœurpreux appeared in deep mourning, and in uniform wore a crape round his arm. He was depressed and silent, too, and as soon as the day for the funeral was fixed, the clerks at the War Office received, unsealed, and perused this letter, which had a deep black border:

"*To His Excellency General de Cissey, War Minister.*

"12th January.

"GENERAL — I have the honour to solicit of you a week's leave, in order that I may attend the funeral of the Emperor, and pay to him my last tribute of veneration and gratitude. Pray receive, &c.,

"JEAN CŒURPREUX."

The clerks stamped the letter, filed it, laughed at it among themselves, and answered it in this wise: —

"*To M. le Général de Brigade Cœurpreux.*

"GENERAL — In answer to your letter of the 12th, I am directed to inform you that an order will be issued in to-morrow's *Journal Officiel*, refusing leave to all officers to attend the ex-Emperor's funeral. A few exceptions will perhaps be made to this rule, but after giving the matter his most anxious consideration, General de Cissey does not judge it expedient to include your name among them.

"Pray receive the assurance of my deep respect, Z. JOBUS-HURLANT."

Post for post came back this, again with a black border: —

"*To His Excellency General de Cissey, War Minister.*

"GENERAL — I respectfully beg you will accept my resignation. The Emperor did too much for me whilst he was alive for me to forget what is owing to his memory now that he is dead.

"I have the honour to be your Excellency's obedient servant,

"JEAN CŒURPREUX."

And lest the small incidents of history should be forgotten, which ought not to be, seeing that of them is made up the fate of empires, let us cut out this slip from the *Journal Officiel:*

"M. le Général de Brigade Jean Cœurpreux, Commander of the Legion of Honour, &c., has tendered his resignation."

"ARMY APPOINTMENTS. — Colonel de

Digitized by Google

Cri-Hurlant to be General of Brigade in command at Seinebourg vice General Cœurpreux; Lieut.-Col Jobus to be Colonel; Commandant Jobus-Cri to be Lieut.-Col.; Captain Jobus-Hurlant to be Commandant, &c."

General Cœurpreux attended the funeral at Chislehurst, and was among the foremost of those who did homage to the Prince Impérial in the levee held at Camden Place after the sad ceremony was over. He returned to France with a trainful and a boatful of passengers who had gone on the same pilgrimage as himself; but several of whom wondered naïvely that he should have thrown up his commission for such a purpose. They had few of them sacrificed anything themselves, and they prophesied that some of his brother-officers might resent his conduct as an affectation of being more disinterested and virtuous than themselves, which is always inexpedient. Cœurpreux found that many of his brother-officers did take this convenient view of the case, as was natural. Was it to be considered, forsooth, that they were less mindful of past favour, because they were less quixotic? Quixotic is a useful word. If we could marshal into column all those who have snubbed others by its means from doing kind and noble things, and all those who have been so snubbed, what a pair of imposing hosts they would make on the march of modern progress!

But we may conclude that Cœurpreux was consoled by Violette, who judged the matter as he did, though all these events indeed retarded her marriage for some months. Cœurpreux did not consider it seemly to marry within half a year of a bereavement which he mourned for as when his father had died. Moreover, being now reduced to his half-pay and his savings — the which for one so open-handed as he were not considerable — he would apply, he said, for appointment on the Bonapartist press, in order that he might defend the dynasty he loved with his pen until the time came for championing it again with his sword. Assuredly, when the Jobuses and the Cris saw him embark on this venture, which is the forlorn hope of political outcasts, they must have rejoiced exceedingly one and all, and hoped that before long the Government of M. Thiers might be moved to imprison him at Ste. Pélagie. And maybe they promised each other a banquet to celebrate this auspicious day, for it is good to be merry in season.

V.

But the turns in fortune's wheel are more numerous than even the Jobuses who feed on the budget; and about the beginning of June last, an erect man in evening dress, but wearing black gloves, might have been seen descending at early morning from a fly at the gate of the Prefecture of Versailles, where Marshal M'Mahon, the new President of the Republic, was lodged. He entered the door well known to suitors and reporters during M. Thiers's well-meaning reign, and exhibited a letter of audience to the aide-de-camp on duty.

"The President has summoned me to a private audience at ten o'clock," he said.

"This way, General," answered the aide-de-camp; and within a few minutes General Cœurpreux stood alone with his old chief, who looked at him and shook his head.

"Did not I warn you, Cœurpreux, not to dabble in anything that might displease anybody — politics especially, which are no game for us soldiers?"

"Till we become Presidents," answered Cœurpreux, with a grave smile, as he bowed and pressed the hand which the hero of Magenta extended to him.

"Yes, till we become Presidents — that's it; but we can't all be Presidents." And the Marshal's iron features relaxed about the lips, though it is chiefly with eyes that he usually smiles. "Now listen, Cœurpreux: I hear you were going to be married; and my advice is, don't delay about that ceremony, for your wife will keep you out of mischief. And see here — there was some informality in your resignation; so it is cancelled, and I have signed you a new commission; but if I hear of your meddling again in state business" — and here the Marshal paused and frowned — "I give you my word I'll put you in a Government office, and if that doesn't make you less of a rebel, I don't know what will."

"I am not likely to rebel against your Excellency," responded Cœurpreux, whose face lighted up as he received his commission.

"No, but you must let the clerks alone, now that they're under my wing. Ah, yes, I know what you're going to say: that you can never forget, and will be always faithful, I know; but you had better be off, or they'll say we're plotting for Napoleon IV. together."

"I had rather we plotted for Napoleon

Digitized by Google

IV. in March, 1874, when he will be of age to govern; and if your Excellency decides to do so then, remember to count me among the fighting conspirators," rejoined the incorrigible Bonapartist.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SCEPTICISM AND MODERN POETRY.

THERE are doubts and doubts. Not so many, perhaps, as is generally supposed, of those "honest" ones in which there lives — according to Tennyson — "more faith than half the creeds." It has, in fact, become the fashion in certain quarters to over-compassionate the doubter, to accredit him with a greater depth, and even with a more thorough conscientiousness, than the man convinced. But with every desire to find the reasonableness of such a view, we have entirely failed to discover why the holding of a creed should imply a smaller share either of intelligence or honesty than the holding of a doubt. Credulity has its negative side as well as its positive one, and there is as much room to slip on the one side as on the other. Clough — himself the most conscientious of poetical sceptics — admits, that if on the one hand "hopes are dupes," on the other "fears may be liars;" and, in short, there is no good reason, other things being equal, for supposing that the man who rejects evidence may not be quite as great a fool as the man who accepts it. Creeds, no doubt, are easily adopted. We in a sense fall heirs to them. They lie about us from our very infancy, and as soon as we are able to think, they are recommended to us by those whom we very naturally respect. In this way, it is not to be denied that we are apt to creep into them with only too little inquiry. But on the other hand, are the great majority of doubts not only equally weak at the root and held with infinitely more self-complacency, not to say conceit? Search faith for its foundations, and in too many cases we daresay they will be found loose and flimsy enough: but subject doubt to a like scrutiny — strip it of all the mystical generalities it seeks to clothe itself in, and the pensive poetical sadness it so frequently affects — and in all but the rare exceptions, you will find that it is neither more nor less than our old friend Sir Oracle in a new disguise. The philosophy that questions everything with a regretful necessitous air, and a sorrowful shake of the head, passes with too many for originality, and even profundity, until the trick is found out. That there are honest doubts, however, and honest doubters, we do not mean to question — godly doubters even — doubters of the order of "that white soul," as a living poet so beautifully says of Socrates —

> Which sat beneath the laurels day by day,
> And, fired with burning faith in God and Right,
> Doubted men's doubts away —

doubters whose doubts ultimately tend to broaden and deepen the foundations of faith rather than undermine them. Doubt of this description is but faith's handmaid, and to whom faith is perpetually indebted, whether it has the candour to acknowledge the debt or not. In a certain sense it is the test of truth itself, and no faith is worth the name that cannot pass through its fires unscathed.

Perhaps there has been nothing more suicidal to the real interests of religion than the shallow theology which without distinction, and without a hearing, bundles all scepticism into that too convenient limbo of certain minds to which are relegated the works of the devil. The easiness of the process might itself cast a doubt on its efficiency.

For on the supposition even that the classification is correct, and that scepticism without discrimination might be put down in the diabolical category, those who know the devil best — or at least the spiritual difficulty his name is made to represent — know well, that he is not to be balked in this way by a mere wave of the hand.

In fact there is no question as to whether we shall be troubled with doubt or not: we must. In a mixed world of good and evil, a state of things is not even conceivable that would afford "no hinge or loop to hang a doubt on." The world where it is not, must be one either altogether sacred to truth, or wholly abandoned to lies. Doubt and faith live under the same imperfect conditions, and the point at which one dies, the other also and consequently dies. And if the necessity of the case could only teach the impossible purist who wishes to ignore the existence of doubt altogether, to look it more steadily and honestly and thoughtfully in the face, where he has found only the devil before, he might possibly discover the presence of God as well, in the periodical recurrence of the doubter in the history of all living

Digitized by Google

faith. The damage that "honest" doubt can do to the real supports of faith must ever be trivial; while its use in knocking away the conventional props of it is inestimable. The common and easy acceptance by the many of that rather vulgar personage — the regulation Mephistopheles of poetry and the drama — has probably done a good deal in modern times to instruct that prevailing incapacity to disassociate the questioning spirit from the diabolical. But in order to see that such a conclusion is the shallowest of generalities, the weakest of confusions, it is only necessary to fall back on the history of Christianity itself. The most important of truths were doubts once. Those soul certainties which men can plant their feet upon, and feel with Milton that —

> If this fail
> The pillared firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble —

were nearly all dangerous heresies at one period of their history. The strength of the Christian religion in our day is as much indebted to her heretics as to her saints; or rather, should we say the maturer verdict of time in many cases has pronounced these two titles to be one?

But, however gladly men may acknowledge the existence of these honest doubts, which, closely looked into, are but the transitional phases of faith, they must also admit that these are few compared to the unnumbered host of doubts which have little or no root in conscience, and which appear rather to proceed from a self-satisfied indifference to any faith at all. This kind of doubt has none of the troubles that afflict the genuine and honest article. Its deepest pains seem to be readily assuaged in a kind of sentimental and *quasi*-philosophical regret.

It is mostly this half-hearted and half-affected variety of doubt that has taken a poetical form in modern times, and the fact to us affords a perfectly sufficient reason why a great deal of the poetry produced under such conditions has never risen above mediocrity. There are perhaps few things in themselves more irrevocably prosaic than doubt. Few on the other hand, more evocative of the poetic faculty, or more susceptible of poetical treatment than faith.

Doubt disintegrates, disperses, repels. Faith attracts and knits together. It acts as a kind of centre of gravitation in the planetary system of things ideal, controlling the most erratic of orbits: standing to the intellect in much the same overmastering relation that Cressida's love stood to all her other feelings, when she declares —

> My love
> Is as the very centre of the earth
> Drawing all things to it.

Faith is the tonic of the poetical scale, the key-note to which the most wildly discursive imagination must return in the end before the ear can rest satisfied. Hence we have absolutely no poetry in which doubt is anything like the central or dominant interest; while we have, as in the Hebrew poetry, as gorgeous palaces as imagination ever sanctified, whose material is supplied and whose genius is inspired from faith alone. When doubt is made use of at all in poetry, as in that highest quotable example, the Book of Job, it is introduced more as a foil to faith — the intense shadow of an intenser light — a wrestler brought into the arena only to be overthrown by his mightier opponent. Doubt can command no prolonged sympathy, and consequently can find no permanent footing in any of the higher places of poetry. Faith, on the contrary, seems to clothe itself with poetry without effort; attracts all poetry to it as a seemingly natural consequence; interwinds and interweaves its life with it, until — to use the strong Shakespearian phrase — the two have "grown together," and their parting would be "a tortured body." They are the dermis and the epidermis of the ideal anatomy, and their severance means mutilation. Poetry can find no more than a partial and passing attraction in anything that is doubtful; she is at best but a stranger and a pilgrim in the debatable land. Her final election and abiding home is faith. She clings to faith as a child to a mother, and will not be shaken off, as plainly as if she had declared, once for all, *thy God shall be my God, and thy people my people.*

The poetical scepticism of the present day has of course retired from the gloomy atheism of the beginning of the century. The old controversies, deistical and theistical, have nearly died out in literature. The world at length seems to have lost patience with the philosophy that does not at least postulate a god of some kind or another to begin with; at all events, any such philosophy has been left high and dry by the poetical tide of the present generation. And, to tell the truth, there was no choice. One or other must perish: they could not live together.

Digitized by Google

The dewless desert of blank and barren denial was no place for the gentle muse. Imagination cannot breathe its atmosphere and live. And yet, though not present themselves, these old controversies have left us an inheritance. The times have changed, and we have changed with them. The gloomy, not to say stagey atheism that had a certain fascination for the youth of thirty or forty years ago, has given place in our day to a refined and vaguely idealistic pantheism, which, without any of the old obtrusion of unbelief (it has even a kind of niggardly recognition of a personal God about it), still exercises a limiting influence on poetry — a weaker solution of the strong waters of atheism, not so objectionable as the old form, on account of what it admits of evil, as of what it excludes of good. Without attempting any hard-church definition of its influence — and indeed we question much if many of its poetical exponents themselves could give a perfectly lucid account of what they believe and what they do not believe — we are yet of opinion that it puts a limitation on genius, and especially on poetical genius, in nearly the same proportion that it falls short of a definite faith.

Leaving all moral considerations out of sight as not within our province, it seems to be necessary, for æsthetical reasons alone, that the poet, of all other artists, should possess a belief that shall at least be clear to himself. Above all other men it behoves him, in the words of one of the greatest of his brotherhood, to be —

> One in whom persuasion and belief
> Has ripened into faith, and faith become
> A passionate intuition.

There is a certain degree of heat at which language fuses, and becomes the possible vehicle of poetical feeling, and the point of liquefaction is never registered below conviction, but above it. We do not say conviction is all that is necessary. Oxygen itself would quickly consume life, yet a man must consume oxygen to live. Conviction alone will not produce poetry, but it is an essential component of the atmosphere in which alone poetry can be sustained. At the degree in the mental thermometer which chronicles conviction, the possibility of poetry begins. Anything below that lacks one of the first conditions of its existence.

The poetry that has been produced without due regard to this essential quality, has seldom outlived its own generation; and, in fact, any attempt to get the materials of poetry out of half belief, argues a defective poetical perception at the outset.

It is possible indeed, leaping to the opposite extreme, to get something like poetry out of the gigantic and passionate denial of Satan himself, as Milton has abundantly proved; or even, to a certain degree, out of the pagan abhorrence of the God of Christianity, as illustrated by a living poet. For, waiving altogether any question as to the moral fitness of rehabilitating even under an impersonal or dramatic mask that which, in the hearing of the majority of his audience, can only be regarded as flat blasphemy, there can be no doubt that Mr. Swinburne has reached his highest poetical possibility in what we may classify as his ethnical poems. Without troubling ourselves about whether the inspiration comes from above or below, there is a force about his audacious profanity that we do not so readily find in his other efforts. Good or bad, Mr. Swinburne's capacity for blasphemy is unquestionably *une qualité*, as the French would say, with their subtle substratum of meaning.

In the hands of a poet like Milton, the Titanic war against heaven is capable of a certain amount of diabolical picturesqueness; but the merely human unbelief, the distracting doubt, and the shuffling ingenuity that nibbles at this creed and that without arriving at any definite conviction of its own, is the most unpoetical thing in the world.

No amount of artistic skill can make its effusions pleasing. Seeking sympathy and finding none, they seem to be all conceived in the melancholy minor, without any of the natural plaintiveness of that key, and with a double share of its hopeless dejection. There appears to be a place in the realms of the imagination for either God or devil; but upon the Laodicean lukewarmness, upon the apathetic neutrality that is neither cold nor hot, poetry turns her back.

To trace the effects of scepticism, and the stern limitation put upon poeiical genius by the want of that faith which ripens into Wordsworth's "passionate intuition," would open up too wide a field, extending as it does through all the infinite phases and degrees of doubt, from the first shadowy suggestion down to the ultimate utter denial. But that each step downward is hurtful in its degree, whatever disguise it assumes, could be

Digitized by Google

easily proved. Even the affectation of atheism, as in much of Byron's poetry, is an artistic expedient fraught with infinite danger to the user of it. Although one feels that the atheism of Byron is not real, but in most cases a mere stage property, one gets thoroughly sick of it before all his scowling heroes: the Laras, the Corsairs, the Giaours are painted in on the same gloomy and threadbare background — a varied fugue on the one everlasting theme — a change of costume, but the same old unhallowed anatomy visibly sticking through. Nothing short of the genius of Byron could have achieved even a partial success with such a clogging nightmare on its back.

It is perhaps not to be so much regretted that atheism should prove such a complete extinguisher to anything like second-rate poetical power, as that it should have sometimes dragged down to the second place gifts that should have ranked with the highest. It overshadows the resplendent genius of Shelley like a black thunder-cloud above a rainbow, and gives everything he has left behind him a phantasmagoric and evanescent character. Reading his works is like walking through the dream-like palace of Kubla Khan. On every side, and in such profusion as has never been approached by man, lie the potentialities of poetry, but yet in a great measure only the potentialities. He has left no palace behind him worthy of his genius or his materials. If ever mortal had the materials, and the power of the enchanter to call them forth, it was he. No one ever possessed in a greater degree the faculty of bringing himself *en rapport* with the hallucination of the moment.

Images of the most ethereal tenuity, that would have presented themselves to other men's minds in some vague and nebulous way, stood forth to the order of that imperial imagination with the distinctness and precision of objective realities. And yet with all this power he is still but the enchanter. Wherever you go it is fairy-world still, and affords no solid ground for mortal foot; and though you cannot resist its haunting beauty, you are equally haunted by a sense of its almost ghastly unreality. The kindred points of heaven and home are even more nearly akin than they are commonly supposed. Shelley's inability to conceive a heaven with a god in it to whom he could pay reverence, seemed to drain away all humanness and homeliness out of him, until his poetry became quite as unearthly as his adverse critics judged it unheavenly. Starving one side of his moral nature, the other side was supersaturated, and rendered morbid by an overflow of the imaginative secretions that should have fed both. This insubstantial characteristic of his work was unfortunately one upon which Shelley rather prided himself. Writing to a friend, he says he "does not deal in flesh and blood." "You might as well," says he, "go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton, as expect anything earthly from me." That want of fixity, too, which the absence of central faith invariably induces, that want of a peaceable mental anchorage — the green pastures and the still waters of the Hebrew poet, with whom, however, he has so much in common — acts as a continual drag on his powers. There is a provoking absence of that massive and leonine repose which usually consorts with the greatest gifts, and which one naturally looks for as a concomitant of his. But we look for it in vain. He was always in an ecstacy, in the somewhat lost but literal meaning of the word — always *out of himself*. If his genius had a fault, it was too impressionable. The merest mouthful of the Delphian vapour put him into fits. He was ever on the tripod, and is only a modern incarnation of that priestess of Apollo, mentioned by Plutarch, who raved herself to death in the temple. His Pegasus in this way was good for a short run, but had little waiting power. Consequently, the defect does not interfere with the perfection of his shorter lyrics, which are simply unique and unapproached; but its limiting influence is painfully apparent in all his works (though less marked in the Cenci) that require any long sustained effort. The deficiency was one well understood and keenly felt by Shelley himself. In a letter to Godwin, he says,— "I cannot but be conscious, in much of what I write, of an absence of that tranquillity which is the attribute and accompaniment of power."

Sad indeed that this defect, this want of reference to the fundamental key-note of power, should have marred the music of such an otherwise heavenly instrument.

That the atheism — or at least the pantheism — of Shelley, was a mental unsoundness of a constitutional and hereditary kind, does not, we think, admit of a doubt. In these days of irresponsible faultiness, studded over with dipso- and klepto-maniacs, when so many are anxious to prove that we are "villains by

Digitized by Google

necessity," as Shakespeare would have put it,—"fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance,"—we have often wondered that some charitable *doctrinaire* with a scientific turn of mind has never started his atheo-maniac. If the world could be convinced—and there is no lack of plausible argument to prove it—that the different degrees of unbelief are frequently no more than the varied phases of mental disorder, and that absolute atheism itself, in the vast majority of cases, is only an irresponsible mania, proceeding from sheer intellectual defect,—if we could only have it settled that our sceptics, and more especially our cultured and scientific sceptics, are what they are by "a divine thrusting on," they might possibly be taught to hold their views with a little more humbleness of mind than they have hitherto done. In Shelley's case, atheism was a thing that ran in the blood. His father seems to have had a fame for eccentricity in the direction of profanity, and was said to have been a disciple of the Chesterfield and Rochefoucauldean school; while Shelley himself declares—in an unpublished letter quoted by Mr. Rosetti—that his grandfather, old Sir Bysshe, "was a complete atheist, and *founded all his hopes on annihilation*."

To a somewhat similar cause—the want of any deep-rooted conviction in the author's mind—may be attributed, we think, a great deal of that watery and Werthery instability that characterizes too many of Goethe's heroes, although in his case in a more modified degree. Goethe's unbelief did not kick at heaven as Shelley's did in the Prometheus. His scepticism was of a milder and more passive type, or perhaps it might be more accurately described as a kind of moral *juste milieu*, with a singular inaccessibility to attraction on one side or the other. His moral sense was insulated, so to speak—encased by a coating of intellect which was an absolute non-conductor. There is no better representative than he of the spirit described by Tennyson as

> Holding no form of creed,
> But contemplating all.

With less of this power to maintain an attitude of moral neutrality, Goethe's own character, as well as that of many of those he created, would have been much more humanly and poetically complete. His shortcoming in the direction of personal faith cannot be kept down, and is continually cropping out in his heroes. In many of the leading men he has drawn there is hardly any strong moral aspiration, and in some no discoverable preference or predilection whatever. The only exception to this we can think of is in the character of "Goetz von Berlichingen," and that was a production almost of the author's boyhood, or at least at an age before men have begun to question or doubt. There was evidently a lurking suspicion in Goethe's maturer mind that anything like well-defined religious views in a man argued weakness, and weakness was the one vice Goethe abhorred, even to a weakness. But that he was equally well convinced, on the other hand, that no feminine character could possibly be complete without such views, may be as safely inferred. His women are singularly rich by the very excess of those qualities of faith and trust so conspicuously awanting in his men.

This absence of any kind of moral partiality in the author found its counterpart in the moral tenuity and aimless vacillation of Werther, Egmont, Wilhelm Meister, and Faust. Beside the intense purpose of Shakespeare's heroes, such men as these are little better than shadows. Even in the presence of Shakespeare's secondary characters—of his villains even—we are never altogether out of an atmosphere of faith. Among the very worst there is an implied recognition of God, a power without and beyond them, in an accusing if not approving conscience.

Without any of that modern moral attitudinizing that pirouettes on a pivot of its own self-consciousness (and which the world could so well do without), no man's work carries upon it more clearly and unmistakably the marks of an overruling conviction and a dominant purpose. So evident is this quality in Shakespeare's works that one might almost imagine that—like every fresh effort of Haydn's genius—they were commenced with prayer and carried out under the power of old Herbert's motto—

> Think the king sees thee still, for his King does.

Perhaps the most striking illustration in more modern times of the manner in which the poetical faculty may be overridden and paralyzed by the action of doubt, is to be found in the life and writings of Arthur Hugh Clough. The more his life is studied, the more it appears to rise above the common conventionality

Digitized by Google

of doubt, and to represent the highest possible phase of conscientious scepticism — one, indeed, of those sacrificial souls which the Creator seems to throw from Him at intervals into the ocean of religious opinion to keep the waters in a healthy fermentation, and save them from stagnating by tradition, or freezing by convention into mere lifeless forms. His case presents many unique and interesting points. Differing from Shelley, inasmuch as the very elements left out in Shelley's half-human composition were amongst Clough's most conspicuous endowments,— the social side of genius — its simple homeliness, and the keenness of its human sympathies — was in him beautifully complete. Differing, again, from the scepticism of Goethe — for Clough's moral predilections were strong, and anything like indifference was with him impossible — his scepticism seemed rather to rise out of an almost morbid over-keenness and over-sensitiveness to the requirements of conscience. With a strong and perpetual craving for some solid ground of belief, he would yet have no part of his faith at second hand. Following Clough's career from his school-days at Rugby onwards, it is a melancholy and even a humiliating thing to find how much even of the unseen and spiritual force of a great man's mind is overruled by the irresponsible circumstance of its earthly surroundings. With all its unquestionable excellences, there was a fatal flaw in the Rugby training under the Arnold *régime*. In many cases — and these cases necessarily the most important — it had a tendency to over-stimulate the moral sense. It sent boys out into the world with a dangerously premature moral equipment; an education that yielded a good deal of dogmatic brain-force, but at the sacrifice of intellectual accuracy and the finer moral discriminations. An old head upon young shoulders is a doubtful blessing in any case; but when it takes the special form of an adult faith grafted on a spiritual anatomy whose bones are set not yet, there is no doubt in the matter. With the great majority of strong natures, it is simply the best conceivable arrangement for ultimate moral shipwreck. Not the most carefully administered education, accompanied by the utmost solicitude of parents, can ever take that highest part of every man's education out of the hands of his Maker. Father or mother or teacher may in some measure mould the outward frame, but God alone can breathe into its nostrils the breath of life, and make such an education a living thing. Clough (who by the inherent tendency of his nature would have been a seeker after God, had he had no higher advantages than a heathen) has always seemed to us to have been the victim of a premature moral development. He came from Rugby with the Arnold mint-marks fresh and strong upon him, with his mind fully made up, and an amiable determination to do battle, if need be, for all the theories of his worthy master. But man proposes, God disposes. A moral influence was lying in wait for him that he had never taken into account, and which proved to be the turning-point of his life. When he went into residence at Oxford in 1836, the Tractarian movement was at its height. Newman was stretching out, through pulpit and platform, through verse and prose, those subtle prehensile tentacles of his, that touched so softly, and yet have closed so firmly, upon modern thought. It was an atmosphere Clough had never breathed before, and it proved too much for his tender years. Speaking of it afterwards, he says that for a long time he was "like a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney."

The fierce struggle he passed through can never be altogether known, and is only shadowed here and there in his poems, and a few chance exclamations in his correspondence; but of the severity of it there can be no doubt. His mind was not altogether unhorsed — he had too firm a seat for that — but he may be said to have lost his stirrups, and never again to have recovered them until the harrowing interregnum that dates between doubt and well-assured belief had done its work upon him, and worn him down to the brink of the grave. Torture like his turns the confident cant of your easy-minded believer into something that almost approaches blasphemy.

All that he suffered in that pitiless purgatory will never be revealed — that valley of the shadow of death, so thickly strewn with the bones of the spiritually dead, by what inscrutable decree of Providence we know not; but that all was borne without a murmur, and with a rare humility and integrity, his life is a sufficient guarantee. With all his doubts and difficulties, we should be inclined to question the catholicity of the Church that refused to extend to him the invitation of Laban, "*Come in, thou blessed of the Lord: why standest thou without?*"

But for the fate that brought him so

Digitized by Google

directly under the wheels of the Tractarian movement, he might have been living yet; and few, who have paid his works any attention, will doubt but that he would have been one of the greatest of living men. That this unfortunate interruption and harassing mental conflict fatally interfered with his æsthetic development as a successful poet, is very abundantly proved by nearly all the poetry he has written. He carried his doubts about him by force of habit, and not least doubted his own powers, and the quality of his own productions. His doubts to him indeed

> Were traitors,
> And made him lose the good he might have won,
> By fearing to attempt.

He kept his most important poem, the "Amours de Voyage," in MS. beside him for nine years, and only published it at last in a kind of modestly furtive way in an American periodical — the "Atlantic Monthly." His doubt seemed to find him out and to hunt him to cover whenever and wherever he ventured out. He could not escape it. There was nothing left for him, but in his own melancholy words, "to pace the sad confusion through." Baffled and tempest-tost by conflicting opinions, he exclaims in one of his poems: —

> O may we for assurance sake
> Some arbitrary judgment take,
> And wilfully pronounce it true.

We almost wish he could have done so, even at some little intellectual sacrifice. But that was just the thing he could not do. He was too keenly suspicious of his intellectual life. With him there was no deeper form of dishonesty than that which shrinks from its own conviction. There never was a character more spotlessly free from anything even approaching compromise in this respect. His intellectual honesty was without a flaw. Everything went down before his convictions — his living at Oxford (it should not be forgot that in his position pecuniary sacrifice meant poverty), and with it in many men's eyes, his social status as well. And last, what to him was of far more value than these, the confidence of his dearest friends, and at the head of the list Arnold himself. Happiness, health, all went; and in their place, to use a phrase of his own, came "spirtual vertigo and megrims unutterable," and loneliness and misery. Everything his conscience required of him was paid down to the last farthing. All was given away, till only his great unrooted honesty remained to him. Religion would indeed be a rhapsody of words if in such a case a man could not spend his life and yet in the highest sense possess it. *Whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it.* It is a beautiful belief, and it never was beat out into the metal of actual hard fact with a sublimer self-denial than in the life of Clough.

From Chambers' Journal.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

On the north side of the High Street of Edinburgh, opposite the cross, there was, in the early years of the present century, a plain-looking shop without any exterior show. The door was up three or four steps from the pavement, and on each side was a window with small panes. The interior was rather gloomy, for the roof was low; and in the rear, seen as in a kind of vista, there was a long warehouse, with tables, which, on certain days every quarter, were laden with the blue and yellow covered periodical, the well-known *Edinburgh Review*. There was a decorous though bustling air about the shop-lads; decent middle-aged clerks sat poring over ledgers at desks near the windows; mingling with the ordinary concourse of customers, might occasionally be seen learned and lawyer-looking personages in black coats, dropping in from the street, and making their way to an inner room, where sat the presiding genius — Archibald Constable, a round-faced portly man of gentlemanly aspect, who had, some years previously, gained distinction as the leading publisher in Scotland. Such is exactly what I remember, when, at my start in life as an apprentice, I was sent on business errands to Constable's in 1814.

Like other boys brought up for "the trade," I always felt a certain degree of awe in visiting this august temple of literature. It was imposing in its dinginess and wholesale arrangements, and to a youth it became peculiarly impressive on the issue of *Waverley*, in three volumes, when time after time I was despatched to procure fresh quantities to meet an insatiable public demand. As a humble behind-backs member of the bibliopolic pro-

Digitized by Google

fession, I could not but feel the importance of "doing business" at this marvellous emporium. In the way of maternal admonition, I had again and again been reminded that I could do no better than follow the example of Archibald Constable, who, at one time, had been as poor and friendless as I was—and now see what he has come to!

Only now, after a lapse of sixty years, has the story of Constable's life and what he did for literature been fully told. The narrative is from the pen of one of his sons, Mr. Thomas Constable, who does merited justice to his father's memory. To us, the work corroborates recollections of a long past period. All we can do here, however, is to offer a few of the more interesting circumstances, blended with such remarks as may incidentally occur. It is now exactly a hundred years since Archibald Constable was born at Carnbee in Fife, where his progenitors for a time had been decent and intelligent farmers. He might probably have continued the family in the same profession, but for the fact of a person from Edinburgh having set up as a bookbinder in the small town of Pittenweem. The sight of the bookbinder's shop and its modest exhibition of literary wares, suggested to young Constable the idea of being a bookseller. To enter himself to this profession in the little sea-side town was out of the question. The father, desirous of promoting his son's wishes, wrote to his correspondent in Edinburgh, Mrs. Eagle, a respectable widow lady, who carried on the business of a seed-merchant. Through her friendly interference, the youth was engaged as an apprentice to Peter Hill, who was about to begin as a bookseller in the Parliament Close.

There is a traditionary episode not to be omitted. Mrs. Eagle could not conveniently conduct the lad on his arrival to Mr. Hill, but put him in charge of her youngest apprentice, Alexander Henderson, son of the gardener at Cringletie, in Peeblesshire, who had been only about a month in town. The circumstance led to a life-long intimacy between the two young men, both of whom made some figure in the world. Henderson diligently fought his way on, married the daughter of Mrs. Eagle, became a noted seed-merchant, and was elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh. As for Constable, he commenced his career, February 1788. He says in an autobiographic sketch: "Mr. Hill commanded an excellent business. I lived in the house with him, and he was a kind and indulgent master. I passed six years very happily as an apprentice, and another as a clerk, receiving in the last year thirty pounds of salary. Mr. Hill's shop was frequented by the most respectable persons in Edinburgh. Burns the poet when in town was a frequent visitor; the distinguished professors and clergy, and the most remarkable strangers. I remember Captain Grose making frequent visits, and my conducting him to the Advocates' Library. Mr. Hill did not remain long in the Parliament Close, but removed about the year 1790 to the shop at the cross," south side of the High Street.

Throughout his apprenticeship, young Constable devoted his entire attention to learning his business; attended book auctions, read catalogues, and embraced every opportunity of making himself acquainted with books. This knowledge was considerably augmented by having to make a catalogue of old and valuable books which the Earl of Moray had given to Hill in exchange for modern publications. Other work of the same kind followed, and ultimately he became so proficient in the character and value of old books as to give him a bias towards this branch of the trade. When his apprenticeship came to a close in 1794, he remained, as he tells us, another year with Mr. Hill in the capacity of clerk. During this additional year, he became acquainted with a young lady, Mary Willison, daughter of David Willison, a noted printer, whose office, down one of the dingy old closes, he had frequently visited. It was scarcely prudent for the young bookseller to fall desperately in love, while still unsettled in life; Constable, however, attributed much of his success to his attachment to Mary Willison. Her father having taken a liking for Constable, did not object to the marriage, which took place in January 1795. The alliance was fortunate, for, as a printer, Willison could be of service to one destined to pursue the profession of a publisher.

Constable began business on his own account in 1795. Previous to settling down, he visited London, and, by introductions, made the acquaintance of Cadell, Longman, the Robinsons, and other eminent publishers. He also picked up a good many old books in London to furnish his shop in Edinburgh; his stock being increased by lots purchased from gentlemen in Fife and Perth shires. Thus provided, he set up in those premises at the cross already referred to.

Digitized by Google

Having pitched himself in the midst of booksellers, he distinguished his place of business, by inscribing over the door, "Scarce old Books," which was quizzed by some of his brethren and neighbours as "Scarce o' Books," — a joke which he did not mind. His success in business far exceeded his expectations; his shop becoming a place of daily resort for book-collectors and others. At this time and for twenty years later, booksellers' shops about the cross were places of daily lounge for all who aspired to literary tastes, and had some leisure to spare on gossip about things in general. These shops answered the purpose of clubs. A lounger with little to do, would probably spend an hour or so with Creech, who, on fine days, held a kind of conclave on the steps to his door, his bald head covered with a nicely powdered wig; next, he would drop in at Hill's, or Constable's, or Bell and Bradfute's, or at the shop of Manners and Miller — a resort more remarkable, however, for wits, female literati, and we might add, people of a musical turn; for "Bobby Miller," one of the partners (a bland bulky man, dressed in nankeen breeches and white stockings, as if ever ready to go out to dinner, or to take a hand at whist), sang beautifully, and had a strong *clientèle* of musical admirers. A pleasant way of spending existence was that lounging about book-shops, to which the keepers of these establishments had no objection; for in these days things were taken very easily. The fact is stated in the Life of Constable, which we were already quite aware of, that in their mutual dealings the Edinburgh booksellers seldom settled accounts with actual coin. Bills played a considerable part in their dealings. A good deal was also done in the way of barter. At periodical settlements, balances such as seven pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence would be paid off by copies of Cook's *Voyages*, Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, or some other work of which the debtor happened to have a redundancy — the transaction being always comfortably adjusted at Johnnie Dowie's, John's Coffee-house, or some such-like cosy tavern in the Old Town.

The hangers-on at Constable's were usually of an enlightened superior order, such as wealthy country lairds on the scent for curious old books, town clergymen, professors in the university, lawyers in high practice, antiquaries, and artists. From this circumstance, as well as from his enlarged views and liberal dealing, Constable became the publisher of the *Farmer's Magazine*, the *Scots Magazine*, and certain *Medical* and *Philosophical Journals*. With these beginnings, he was appropriately selected by Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, John Archibald Murray, Francis Horner, and others of the set, to be the publisher of the *Edinburgh Review*, the first number of which appeared on the 10th of October 1802. Willison was, of course, the printer; and at his office in Craig's Close, it was customary, for sake of *incognito*, to meet to consider articles and settle on the conducting of the work. The success of the Review, which was immediate and complete, may be said to have been chiefly due to two things — the ability of the writers, and the liberal payment per sheet by the publisher. For a time, the *Edinburgh* carried all before it; in fact, had the field to itself, until the appearance of the *Quarterly* in 1809.

Getting deeply into the publishing line, Constable gradually dropped the old book-trade. Seemingly with a view to bringing capital into the concern, he took a Mr. Hunter into partnership, which subsisted for seven years. Hunter was not bred a bookseller. He was a man of literary tastes, and being son of Hunter of Blackness, he possessed a high social standing. Perhaps so much the worse. Like many others at the time, he was a good deal of a *bon-vivant*, a quality which by no means leads to success in business. On an occasion of Longman making an excursion with him in Forfarshire in 1803, he astonished and half-killed the London publisher with drinking-bouts at gentlemen's houses. In a letter to Constable, Hunter moralizes on the incapacity of his companion to stand this style of living. "These Englishers will never do in our country: they eat a great deal too much, and drink too little; the consequence is, their stomachs give way, and they are knocked up, of course." Three years later, he took Murray of London on a similar expedition, and in the same way nearly finished him. The carouse was at Brechin castle, and is described as being "dreadful." He pities Murray, but says, "he has himself principally to blame, having been so rash as to throw out a challenge to the Scots."

What a record of past manners! Constable did not relish intelligence of this kind, and we can see that Hunter, with some fair abilities, was a drag on the concern. An attempt was made in 1809 to

Digitized by Google

set up a branch of the business in London; but the representative in charge, named Park, died, and the attempt being abandoned, the firm fell back on commission agencies. Hunter died suddenly in 1811. According to the narrative before us, he appears to have made a safe investment as a partner. "He advanced originally in 1804, L.2500; in 1811 he had drawn that sum and about L.4000 besides—consequently, with the L.17,000 paid to him [share of capital stock at his decease, possibly], he gained fully L.21,000 by being A. C.'s partner." In other words, for the miserable input of L.2500, Constable gave away L.21,000, for which, as far as we can see, he received no substantial benefit. His next partner was a Mr. Cathcart, who took Hunter's share in the concern, introducing at the same time Mr. Robert Cadell, as a member of the new contract. At this time. according to an abstract of accounts, the assets of the firm amounted to L.104,000, from which had to be deducted debts amounting to L.54,000, leaving a clear balance of about L.50,000—a good sum to have been realized in sixteen years, after paying all expenses, and living in a comfortable style. There was, however, an awkward item in the state of affairs: In the debts due by the firm was comprehended the sum of L.33,000 of bills, by which it is seen that, even at this time, the business was largely carried on by a system of credit.

Perhaps Constable could not have reached the climax he did by the slower and more safe system of ready-money dealings. He had already formed an intimacy, if not business connection, with the notabilities of literature, and constituted the Scottish capital an eminent publishing centre. The best literary property going fell in his way. Until his time, the publishing business in Edinburgh had for the most part been conducted in a narrow scraping manner. The most enterprising in the trade was Charles Elliot (father-in-law of the late John Murray of Albemarle Street), who removed with his business to London. Creech, on the contrary, was to the last degree mean in his dealings, of which a painful instance occurred in his settlement with Burns for the first complete edition of his works.

Archibald Constable appeared on the scene as a revolutionist in the profession. For a time he "had the ball at his foot," was the head publisher in Scotland and courted by London publishers for a share in the "good things" he had secured. The happiest period of his life was perhaps about 1810, when things were in a flourishing state without any serious alloy, at which time he lived in a pleasant suburban retreat at Craigcrook, along with his rising family; shewing hospitality to distinguished men of letters who travelled so far northward. What happiness is sometimes diffused in a dwelling by the presence of a kindly-natured maiden aunt! It was the fate of the family at Craigcrook to be so cheered, by Miss Jean Willison, sister of Mrs. Constable, and who was familiarly known as "Auntie Jean." In her youth, she had been sent to France for her education, and there she became the admired of a young French gentleman, who, in token of his affection, presented her with a box of bonbons. Jean was too good a daughter to marry without her father's approval, and the Frenchman was left to sigh in vain. An end was abruptly put to the affair, by the outbreak of the war with England. Jean fled, and got home in safety. What became of the forlorn wooer we are not told. Jean's feelings, however, had been touched. She treasured the box of bonbons, at the bottom of which she found a ring. This sad memorial of hopes now forever vanished, she put on her finger, and listening to no other lover, devoted herself to the duty of a ministering angel in the family of her sister. Latterly, in her old days, Auntie Jean became a little eccentric, and somewhat deaf. When dying, she said confidingly: "If I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head, and see if anything can be done for my hearing!" In this wavering state of mind, the gentle being passed away to her rest. Auntie Jean's ring, as it ought to be, is still preserved as a family relic.

The abstraction of capital by the death of Hunter was a misfortune to the firm, compensated by a reinvigoration from Cathcart; but this new partner did not long survive. He died in 1812. The heavy draught made on the concern by this event, occurred about the time that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was purchased, when heavy charges were undertaken in connection with that voluminous work. From this period, we trace a downhill financial course. Bills were not only given in discharge of regular business obligations, but put copiously in circulation to raise capital from bankers and money-brokers. In short, a sys-

Digitized by Google

tem of accommodation bills became a chronic disease in the concern. Never was there a more conspicuous instance of an estimable tradesman being led on to ruin for want of a primary resolution not to launch beyond his depth. This he lived to see and mourn over, but without the means of retrieval. Looking to Constable's breadth of views, his liberal treatment of authors, and the general success of his undertakings, as well as to his upright character, and kindliness of disposition, one feels regret that he should have suffered from entanglements leading to financial disaster. In his career he may be said to have exemplified the truth that friends are sometimes to be more dreaded than enemies. Some of his books were printed by James Ballantyne, who, at the beginning of the century, had been attracted from Kelso to Edinburgh, and shewed a taste in execution which now raises some surprise, considering the imperfect mechanism on which the printing-trade had still to rely. Scott, who had known Ballantyne at school, took an interest in his progress, and, as is well known, actually, though not ostensibly, became a partner in the firm of James Ballantyne and Company, printers. There thus arose a queer, scarcely definable, connection between Walter Scott, James Ballantyne and his brother John, and Archibald Constable and Company. A whole volume would be required to describe how the Ballantynes drew on Constable and Company; how they in return drew on the Ballantynes; and how Scott drew on both to raise money to pay for Abbotsford. The complication was tremendous. Then, there arose a fresh and worse complication in the bill-transactions between Constable and Company, and Hurst, Robinson, and Company, publishers in London, through whose shortcomings ultimately came the general *coup-de-grâce.*

Constable had published some of Walter Scott's earlier productions, and nothing was more natural than that he should have been asked to issue *Waverley.* On seeing a portion of the work, he offered seven hundred pounds for the copyright, which was not accepted, and this, the first of the famous novels, was published on a division of profits. Of a number which followed in rapid succession, Constable and Company became the proprietors, and considering the prodigious sale of these matchless fictions, one would think that here alone was a bounteous fortune. So there would have been, but for those wretched financial complications already adverted to, and more particularly for the heavy demands for prepayment by Scott, whose necessities were so great on the score of his Abbotsford purchase, that he habitually used up the money for copyrights before the works were written. Constable might doubtless have refused to enter into these wild transactions, but at the loss of an author the most prolific and most prized of his age. As an example of the kind of dealings pursued, take the following, which occurs in Lockhart's *Life of Scott:* "Before the *Fortunes of Nigel* issued from the press, Scott had exchanged instruments, and received his bookseller's bills for no less than four 'works of fiction'—not one of them otherwise described in the deed of agreement—to be produced in unbroken succession, each of them to fill at least three volumes, but with proper saving clauses as to increase of copy-money in case any of them should run to four."

Lockhart, in making this candid statement, has written in an unworthy spirit of Constable in relation to Scott's affairs, in some instances disingenuously suppressing the truth, while evidently Sir Walter Scott was himself far from blameless. Nor must it be forgotten that Constable did good service in causing books to be written which would probably never otherwise have existed. In a letter to him, March 23, 1822, Sir Walter says: "They talk of a farmer making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but you, my good friend, have made a dozen volumes where probably but one would have existed; for the love of fame is soon satiated: and besides, a man who is fond of it turns timid and afraid of indulging it; but I should like to see who is insensible to the solid comfort of eight thousand pounds a year, especially if he buys land, builds, and improves." To the enterprise of Archibald Constable, we are therefore unquestionably indebted for the existence of a number of the Waverley novels. So far, at least, he was a national benefactor.

The three volumes composing the Memoir of Constable by his son, abound in correspondence with authors of celebrity at the beginning of the present century and others, that cannot fail to be read by all interested in the history of English literature. Among the immense heaps of letters is seen one by Robert Chambers to Mr. Constable, in 1822, fervently thanking him for having introduced him

Digitized by Google

to Sir Walter Scott. At this time Robert was only twenty years of age, and in the midst of his early struggles. The intimacy he formed with Constable led to other letters, one of them having reference to the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, of which a somewhat too large second edition had been printed. On this subject, at the request of my brother, I called on Mr. Constable, in 1825, at his premises, No. 1 Princes Street, to which his business had not long previously been removed. As in the case of every one else, I was courteously received. The interview between the smallest and the greatest of publishers was as interesting as it was memorable to one of the parties. I was advised to send a superfluous portion of the edition to Hurst, Robinson, and Company, who, at his recommendation, would do the best they could for the work. Adopting the friendly advice, I had afterwards reason to fear the propriety of the step; went to London, and settled the matter — this my first visit to the metropolis happening to bring about an intimacy which gave a colour to my future existence.

At the time I thus intruded on the great Scottish publisher, a dismal fate was impending over his affairs. To the eye of the world, he was still supreme, an object of envy. In a few months later, as shown by the work of his son, the difficulties of the firm were appalling. Robert Cadell, whose clear views and business tact were invaluable, disclosed this painful state of matters, in a letter to Constable, then in London, 10th January 1826. He says: "We must have fifty thousand pounds, less will do no good whatever; indeed, forty thousand pounds would be required soon; but without the first, we could not manage to get over our present difficulties, and even then with a great strain." The attempt to raise such a sum was hopeless. The results of the mad speculations of 1825 had burst like a storm on the financial world. Bankers would barely look at bills. The end had come. Archibald Constable and Company, and the firms connected with them, came down with a crash, sending a shiver through the realms of paper and print. Sir Walter Scott came in for his share of the general ruin. How he supported the loss, and how he honourably devoted himself to the task of paying off his obligations, is it not known to history?

This was a terrible downcome to poor Constable, now advanced in life, and stripped of everything by creditors. His eldest son, David, to whose interesting story a chapter of his brother's work is devoted, was bred as a bookseller, in the hope of furthering the business.; but he subsequently went to the Bar, and could give no help. He had inherited the printing business of his grandfather, David Willison, and was unhappily involved in the family misfortune. The sad reverses preyed on his mind, and he died in partial seclusion many years afterwards (1866). Archibald Constable had some comfort in his family. His first wife died in 1814, but in 1818 he effected a second marriage, and there was a family of sons and daughters, anxious to soothe his declining years. All his old friends rallied about him. A career of literary adventure had still some charms. *Constable's Miscellany*, a collection of cheap popular works, which he had two or three years ago projected, was set on foot, and met with an encouraging approval. It was a noble but dying effort. A life of unwearied exertion, along with bad health, had worn out his frame. The closing scene is pathetically described by his son. He tranquilly died, 21st July 1827.

Archibald Constable aimed at and unquestionably deserved a better fate. The literary property belonging to his firm at the final catastrophe was more than sufficient in value to have covered all the debts with which it could be chargeable. What was needed was a temporary readjustment. But the times were out of joint, and everything was sacrificed. The harvest sown by Constable was reaped, and is still being reaped, by others to whom his property drifted. The *Edinburgh Review* became the entire property of Longman and Company; the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was purchased by Adam and Charles Black; and to this last-named and respectable firm, at the price of twenty-five thousand pounds, fell the *Waverley Novels*, after a splendid fortune of more than a hundred thousand pounds had been skilfully wrung from them by Robert Cadell — and which novels, even now, after sixty years have elapsed since the first was issued, are as popular as ever. The moral to be drawn from a biography so instructive and so mournful as that of Archibald Constable, is too obvious to need any special reference.

Digitized by Google

From the Saturday Review.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.*

THIS little volume — "brief memoir," as the author calls it — is a *réchauffé*, with some new ingredients, of an article in the *Quarterly Review* of January 1873, bearing the title "Unpublished Letters of the Princess Charlotte." It was not stated in the *Quarterly* to whom the letters were addressed, but Lady Rose Weigall, having now revealed herself as the writer of the article, says that they were addressed to her mother, the late Countess of Westmoreland, who, as a girl, Miss Wellesley, was companion and playmate of the young Princess Charlotte, and who became the Princess's most intimate and confidential friend. The letters begin in 1813, after Miss Wellesley had married Lord Burghersh, and the last was written within a few days of the Princess's sad and untimely death. The new ingredients in the volume are materials supplied by Her Majesty (what, is not stated), a series of letters from 1798 to 1804 written by the Princess's aunt, the Queen of Wurtemberg, to Lady Elgin, the Princess's governess, and also letters of Miss Hayman, who was the Princess's sub-governess for a few months in 1797 when the Princess was only in her second year, and who was afterwards in the service of the Princess of Wales.

The unhappy marriage of the future George IV. with Princess Caroline of Brunswick doomed the Princess Charlotte, their offspring, to misery from her cradle. The parents were formally separated very soon after the birth of the Princess, which was at Carlton House, on January 7, 1796. The Princess of Wales was to retain her apartments at Carlton House, with free access to the infant. Lady Elgin, as governess, was at the head of the nursery establishment, and superintended everything; she was the medium of communication between the Prince and Princess. The Princess of Wales had a villa at Charlton, near Blackheath, but came constantly to see her daughter:

> In these early days — the summer of 1797 — the Princess of Wales was constantly backwards and forwards between Charlton and Carlton House, coming most days to play with her daughter, either in Miss Hayman's room or in the nursery; but never encountering or holding any sort of communication with the Prince, who, on his part, avoided the nursery, most likely through fear of meeting her.

The Prince, having the child in the same house with him, saw very little of her. Miss Hayman writes, June 7, 1797: —

> The Prince's time for seeing the child is when dressing, or at breakfast. . . . He has not been up here, having dropped that custom many months, nor has he sent for the child or seen it since the birthday, but he was some days out of town. I do not often know whether he is at home or abroad.

Here is an amusing extract from a letter of Miss Hayman, of the same year, telling how the child in her second year mimicked Canning: —

> Princess Charlotte is very delightful, and tears her caps with showing me how Mr. Canning takes off his hat to her as he rides in the Park, and I hold her up at the summer-house window.

In 1704, when the Princess was eight years old, Lady Elgin resigned her post, and was succeeded by Lady de Clifford. About this time the Prince of Wales proposed to place the education of the Princess under the control of his father, George III., who upheld the cause of the Princess of Wales and doted on the Princess Charlotte. The young Princess was now sent to Windsor to be under the eye of the King. The Prince of Wales, caring nothing himself about seeing his daughter, was very jealous of her intercourse with her mother, and visits from and to the mother were made rare. The father of the Princess of Wales, the Duke of Brunswick, lost his life at Jena, in 1806, and her mother then came to live in England, and settled herself near her daughter at Blackheath. It was then arranged that the Princess Charlotte should go once a week, on Saturdays, to the house of the Duchess of Brunswick, and there see her mother. The Princess of Wales thus wrote to Miss Hayman in a letter of 1807: —

> On Saturdays my daughter comes at three o'clock to dine with my mother, when company is always asked to meet her, consisting of old and steady people. At four o'clock I appear; at six Charlotte leaves us.

These short Saturday visits to her mother were the chief, if not the sole, enjoyments of the child's existence. She loved her mother. "It is quite charming," wrote George III., February 15, 1805, "to see the Princess and her child together." In 1811 George III's insanity and the Regency of the Prince of Wales affected the

* *A Brief Memoir of the Princess Charlotte of Wales; with Selections from her Correspondence and other Unpublished Papers.* By the Lady Rose Weigall. London: John Murray. 1874.

Digitized by Google

Princess Charlotte's position for the worse. The King had sympathized with the two Princesses, mother and daughter; the Queen's feelings were the other way. She leaned to the Prince of Wales. The young Princess's life became harder and gloomier. We quote from Lady Rose Weigall: —

A main part of this pernicious policy was to keep the young Princess secluded from the world. The Regent had reason to fear that her appearance in public would give a fresh stimulus to the widespread feeling in favour of herself and her mother, and render him proportionately more unpopular. He was further bent upon avoiding everything which could look like a recognition of her as the heir-presumptive to the Crown, probably hoping that by the death of his wife, or by a divorce, he might hereafter have a son through a second marriage, and shut out the daughter of his detested consort from the throne. . . . The Princess Charlotte was regarded as a rival to be suppressed, rather than as a future sovereign who was to be trained for her imperial office. Past fifteen at the commencement of the Regency, and precocious of her age, she, on her side, was fully alive to the importance of her position, and to the determination of her father to ignore it. The attempt to deprive her of her privileges rendered her trebly tenacious of them, and, apart from the desire to assert her rights, there were times when she had the eager longing of a girl to break loose from her gloomy bondage, and taste the pleasures, magnified by imagination, of society in its pomp.

When the Princess was nearly seventeen, Lady de Clifford retired from her post of governess, and was succeeded by the Duchess of Leeds. On Lady de Clifford's retirement, the Princess had hoped that a change might be made in her establishment, that she might be allowed a "Lady of the Bedchamber," instead of being continued under a "governess," and that she might be allowed to "come out." She wrote to her father requesting these things. The letter made him furious; he immediately posted down to Windsor, taking the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) with him; and there, in the presence of the Queen and his sister Princesses, the Regent and the Chancellor scolded the Princess "for the enormity of her demands, pretty much as a couple of angry nurses might scold a child of four years old." So writes Lady Rose Weigall. Miss Knight, who now became sub-governess, has in her "Autobiography" given the following account of Lord Chancellor Eldon's lecture: —

Before her Majesty, Princess Mary, and Lady de Clifford, in a very rough manner, the learned Lord expounded the law of England as not affording her Royal Highness what she demanded; and on the Prince's asking what he would have done as a father, he is said to have answered, "If she had been my daughter, I would have locked her up." Princess Charlotte heard this with great dignity, and answered not a word; but she afterwards went into the room of one of her aunts, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "What would the King say if he could know that his granddaughter had been compared to the granddaughter of a collier!" — Miss Knight's *Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 184.

Lady Kose Weigall relates the same incident less circumstantially: —

Princess Charlotte, with all her impulsiveness, had the self-command to remain silent under the storm of abuse. It was not till she reached her own room that she burst into tears, and broke out into complaints of the indignity put upon her by her father, who, not content with rating her himself, had brought the Lord Chancellor to back him up, and suffered him to address her in unmeasured language. Always zealous to propitiate the reigning power, Lord Eldon forgot the decorum which was due to a lady, let alone the respect which was due to the heir-presumptive to the throne.

The Prince Regent moved his daughter from Windsor to London, and established her at Warwick House, close to Carlton House, and immediately under his eye. She was permitted to continue visits to her mother, now living at Kensington, but orders were given to her attendants never to leave her alone with her mother. In December 1813, just as the Princess was reaching the completion of her eighteenth year, her father made up a match for her with the hereditary Prince of Orange. His object was to get his daughter out of England. The Princess wrote to Lady Burghersh, about the middle of December, telling how she had been hurried into an engagement; and, in her unhappy position, no wonder that she hurriedly caught at a chance of emancipation from her father: —

On Friday night the Prince of Orange arrived in England; the Prince (Regent) wished excessively I should see him, which I agreed to. On Sunday evening I dined at Carlton House to meet him with a small party — the Castlereaghs, Liverpools, Lord Bathurst, two Fagels, besides the Duchess of Leeds, and myself and the Duke of Clarence. During the evening I was called out to say what I thought of him, and, in short, to decide in his favour or not, on so short an acquaintance. However, I decided, *and in his favour;* we are *fiancé*, or *promis*, therefore, on his return from

Digitized by Google

Holland. I confess I was more agitated than I can express at the whole proceeding. The Prince was so much affected himself, but so happy, that it has quite appeared to me since like a dream! He was with me Monday and yesterday, when I took leave of him, as he is off to-day for Holland, and will not be able to return before spring. He thinks about April, when he will go to Berlin and bring over his family here for a short time. He told me yesterday what has cut me to the heart nearly, that he *expected* and *wished* me to go abroad with him afterwards to Holland, but that I should have a home here and there, and be constantly coming backwards and forwards; that he wished me to go to Berlin, and travel in different parts of Germany. He was all kindness, I must say; at the same time, as he told me, it should never prevent my seeing and having my friends with me as much as ever I liked; that he should be happy if they would all go with me, or else come and see me; his *anxious wish*, I must say, is to do what I like as much as possible to make me happy, and study everything that can make me so.

By a refinement of cruelty the Princess was ordered not to tell her mother of her engagement. She wrote to Lady Burghersh, February 14, two months after it:

I was allowed to go to Connaught Place [her mother's house] on the 7th of last month [her birthday], but not to dine there. My birthday was kept quietly at home, and, except for a few *cadeaux*, totally neglected. I thought she [her mother] looked ill and grown thin, and her spirits wretchedly bad: since then I have not been. The interdict as to my informing her has not been taken off; but I have broken through it, as I could not endure her being *the last* to be told of what so nearly affected her child. I wrote the other day to her, and her answer was *better* than I had hoped to receive, as I happen to know, *from the best authority*, that she did not like it. It was short, and very good-natured to me. That is over. . . .

A week afterwards the interdict was removed; but, as we have seen, the Princess's filial instinct had anticipated the permission to tell her mother. She wrote to her friend, February 26: —

The interdict has at last been taken off my tongue. Lord Liverpool was with me the other day, to say I might now write and inform the Princess of it, as it was no longer to be kept secret, and it would be strange if she were not the first informed of it. Indeed, Lord Clancarty, at the Hague, had orders to send over a person of high rank to ask me for the Hereditary, and as he was either on his way or soon would be, I might tell it to whom I liked; and as to all future arrangements, I should be informed of them hereafter. As you may believe and suppose, from the moment it was talked of here so universally I could not, in delicacy of feeling, keep it from my mother, and therefore what I wrote afterwards in consequence of this permission, was *for form's sake*. It went off better than I expected, for I had both a kind and good-humoured letter on it, which I communicated to higher powers [her father], and in a few days I propose going to see her, which will be proper, as I have not done so since my marriage being announced to her.

Time, which brought reflection, fixed and intensified the determination of the Princess to remain free as to going abroad with the Prince of Orange. As heir to the Dutch throne he would be compelled to live in Holland; she, on the other hand, was heir-presumptive to the throne of England, and conflicting duties might, and probably would, call on her to remain here; and, constitutional questions apart, her heart was in England and with her mother, near whom she wished to stay, and personal feeling and affection were embarked in her resolute advocacy of perfect freedom to decide for herself, after her marriage, as to going abroad with the Prince of Orange. She soon found after her hurried engagement that, though esteeming the Prince, she did not love him; there was therefore no passion to restrain her from pressing what she believed to be a legitimate and proper demand. A long correspondence ensued, which Lady Rose Weigall publishes *in extenso;* the marriage was on the point of being broken off; at last the Prince of Orange's father was called in by the Prince Regent to settle the matter; and it was settled in accordance with the Princess Charlotte's wishes. The Princess had shortly before written the following admirable letter to the Prince of Orange, after receiving a letter from Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, refusing to advise the Prince Regent to comply with her wishes: —

Warwick House: Monday, May 9, 1814.

My dear William, — It is with the deepest regret that I have received the enclosed letter from Lord Liverpool, which, unless you have influence enough to make them alter their opinions, puts an end I fear to an alliance I had every reason to expect would have insured my happiness, and which from the very high opinion I shall ever entertain of you, I shall not cease to regret if broken off; and I regret it the more as I feel persuaded that if there had been any inclination to conciliate on the part of Ministers it might have been obviated. I have at least the satisfaction of feeling perfectly sure that it is not owing to either you or myself, this unlooked-for termination. With

Digitized by Google

every sentiment of regard and friendship, believe me, CHARLOTTE.

The difficulty as to foreign residence got over, the Princess having entirely her own way, all seemed settled and the marriage a certainty. But discussions and dissensions arose on other matters, and the Princess had not come to love the Prince of Orange. The Prince stood in fear of the Prince Regent and wished to humour him. He did not acquiesce in the Princess's wishes and intentions as to treating her mother as her mother, and ignoring her parents' quarrels. There arose a little trumpery quarrel, on which the Princess finally broke off the match. "The Princess Charlotte," says Lady Rose, "wanted the Prince of Orange to ride with her in the riding-house. He started objections, and she reproached him, till annoyed at her vehemence and pertinacity, he left her to recover her temper. The climax had come, and in the evening she wrote peremptorily to say that their engagement must cease." And so it was. It did cease. The Prince of Orange was taken by surprise, but the Princess was determined.

The Prince Regent was furious at his daughter's conduct, but could not help himself. In anger he appeared at Warwick House, July 12, 1814, and announced to his daughter that all her attendants would be dismissed that evening and replaced by strangers. "The Princess controlled herself while she remained in her father's presence, but the instant she could escape she rushed to her own room, put on her bonnet, ran into the street, hailed a hackney-coach, and drove off to her mother's house in Connaught Place." Lady Rose Weigall proceeds :—

When the Princess Charlotte's flight from Warwick House was discovered, her friend Miss Mercer, who was present and had heard her utter some disjointed exclamation about going to her mother, set off with the Bishop of Salisbury to Connaught Place, and sent back word to inform Miss Knight of the result. The good lady followed with the Princess's maid and some clothes, and found her at dinner with her mother, her mother's lady-in-waiting, and Miss Mercer. Meantime the Regent had called on Lord Liverpool, Lord Eldon, and the Duke of York, and some hours of negotiation ensued at Connaught Place between the envoys of the Regent, and the runaway Princess and her friends. Both sides recommended the Princess to return. She yielded at last to their united opinion, and at two o'clock in the morning was escorted back to Carlton House by the Duke of York, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Chief Justice. Various accounts have been written by the different actors in the scene of what took place. Lord Eldon laconically described her as "kicking and bouncing," but finally giving in. Lord Brougham has left a more melodramatic account of the eloquent appeal by which he persuaded her to go back to her father; and even the contemporary newspaper reports all vary as to details. But the plain narrative of Miss Knight gives the greatest impression of truth, and from her account it would appear that the Princess passed the hours she spent in Connaught Place nearly entirely alone with her mother and the ladies in the Princess of Wales' own room, while the gentlemen came and went below; and the influences to which she yielded were probably the wishes of her mother and the entreaties of Miss Mercer and Miss Knight.

The Princess's life, miserable before, was now made much more so by her father. Nearly two years afterwards she was released from what can only be called a state of durance vile by a marriage of affection with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Happiness at last came to her. But it was of brief duration. Every one knows the sad end. In the moment of looked-for joy death came to her: being delivered of a still-born child on March 5, 1817, she died within a few hours afterwards.

Lady Rose Weigall has been fortunate in acquiring excellent materials, and has put them together in a pleasing style, but her "brief memoir" does not go beyond these materials, and has an imperfect and fragmentary character. This is not the only defect in the book. The author permits herself to use unnecessarily strong language in condemnation of the Princess of Wales, and, inspired probably by her mother Lady Westmoreland's feelings, accuses the Whig party of an interested espousal of the cause of that most unfortunate woman, adding that the same political party "would only have been too happy to render it more attractive by linking to it the grievances of the Princess Charlotte with all the interest which attached to her youth, innocence, and regal prospects." Lord Brougham's Autobiography, untrustworthy in many respects, may be relied on for the correspondence which it publishes; and there may be seen ample proof in his correspondence at the time with Earl Grey, Whitbread, and others, of the backwardness of a large part of the Whig party in the case of the Princess of Wales, and of caution and delicacy in handling the grievances of the Princess Charlotte. Lady Rose Weigall treats the "Delicate

Digitized by Google

Investigation" of 1806 as conclusive condemnation of the Princess of Wales. George III. had written to Lord Eldon in July 1804 that the Princess's "injuries deserve the utmost attention of the King, as her own conduct has proved irreproachable." Lady Rose Weigall pronounces that "her eccentric, reckless behaviour was soon to deprive her of all title to the epithet." Reckless is a strong word for indiscreet, which is the most that can be made out of the qualification by which the Commissioners who conducted the "Delicate Investigation" accompanied their entire acquittal of the Princess on the charges brought against her. The caution administered by these Commissioners did not amount to reproach. The Princess was acquitted of the Douglas charges. Lord Eldon, no chivalrous knight-errant, and Spencer Percival, the purest of men, unflinchingly supported her; and Percival wrote for her her memorable letter to the King on the Commissioners' Report. Lady Rose Weigall speaks of the Princess Charlotte's affection for her mother, "notwithstanding the mother's weakness and vices." The last is a strong word, utterly unjustified as applied to a woman against whom, even at the last and at the worst, crime was "not proven." Men of unimpeachable honour, and women of unsuspected purity, befriended her to the last, in spite of all her undoubted indiscretions. Lady Rose Weigall, who here may have the excuse that she is the Princess Charlotte's biographer, and irresistibly moved as such to take up the cudgels for her under all circumstances, severely blames the Princess of Wales for leaving England and deserting her daughter in 1814. In July 1814 the Princess Charlotte had fled from Warwick House, and from her father's cruelty, to take refuge with her mother in Connaught Place. She was taken the same night, by the advice of her friends and of her father's, to her father's residence at Carlton House; and the Princess of Wales concurred in this advice, and did not endeavour to keep her in her own house. Lady Rose Weigall hereupon writes as follows:—

She [the Princess Charlotte] was acting under an impulse of indignation or alarm in an unforeseen emergency, and probably her calculations did not extend beyond the instinctive notion that her mother's house was her proper sanctuary, and her mother's countenance her surest support. But her expectation of finding sympathy and protection was destined to meet with no response. The persecution the Princess of Wales had undergone had long deteriorated her character, and ended by hardening her heart. Her affection had gradually been stifled under the overpowering sense of her own wrongs, which filled her mind, and rendered her indifferent to her daughter's welfare. She had recently made up her mind to go abroad, that she might live free from all restraint, and absorbed in her own selfish plans, the last thing she desired was to be mixed up in the dispute between father and daughter. Much as she liked excitement, the sudden apparition of the runaway Princess was anything but welcome to her, and she was quite as anxious to get rid of the fugitive as the Regent could be to recapture her. . . . Her mother's coldness and eagerness to send her back were probably a bitter disappointment to her. She left Connaught Place, as already stated, with the Duke of York, and reached Carlton House just before daybreak. She was not allowed to return to her own rooms in Warwick House, but lodged in Carlton House, and an entirely new set of attendants were placed about her, and she was removed in their charge a few days later to Cranbourn Lodge, in Windsor Park. At the end of the month she had a final interview with her mother to take leave of her before the Princess of Wales' departure from England, and this was the last time they ever saw each other. Princess Charlotte was deeply hurt at her mother's wilfulness in going abroad, perceiving how detrimental this step must be to her, and feeling, no doubt, that it was an ungrateful return for the uncompromising efforts she had made lately on her behalf, efforts which cost much, as the mother was not only sinned against but sinning.

There are surely two modes of interpreting the Princess of Wales's conduct. Could she be insensible to the injury that might ensue to her daughter from her remaining near her? Might she not feel that by going abroad she might even ease her daughter's position? What good at that time could she do for her daughter in England? The daughter had, it is true, with a filial loyalty which deserves no special eulogy, battled with the Prince of Orange for the right of treating her mother as guiltless, and discussions on this point had contributed to the breaking off of the engagement. But these discussions and many acts of the Regent showed that, while the Princess of Wales was within the daughter's reach, the woes of the latter were aggravated and her fate embittered, and the mother might have disinterestedly felt that her absence would be a benefit to the daughter whom she was totally unable to protect. The Princess's departure to the Continent was not approved by many; but it was

Digitized by Google

advised by Canning and Lord Dudley, two zealous, disinterested, and fearless friends.

From The Spectator.

YOUTH *v.* AGE.

YOUTH is genius, says Mr. Disraeli, and Dr. Beard of the Medico-Legal Society of New York, appears to agree with him. At least he has sent us a paper, read before that society, apparently with approval, in which he endeavours to defend the thesis that we have all of us an undue reverence for Age, and that though regard should be given to the aged, respect should be paid everywhere, as in America, to Youth, which does all, or nearly all, the work of the world. He holds that the undue respect for age, so marked in the fact that many of the names for governing bodies, such as "Senate," are synonyms for bodies of old men, has arisen mainly from the time it takes most men to become famous, thus producing a confusion in the public mind between the time of effort and the time at which that effort has been recognized by the world. "It may be said of nearly all famous men as it was justly said of Humboldt, that he had the greatest reputation when he least deserved it." The late Mr. Whitty put the matter more clearly, perhaps, when he said in his clever, scandalous, and nearly forgotten novel, "Friends of Bohemia," that power belonging in each generation to the old, and the old having little sympathy with the young, everybody had to wait long for important position; but he did not, as Dr. Beard evidently does, think that the world lost much by that arrangement. Dr. Beard argues boldly not only that almost all successful campaigns have been fought by young Generals, which is partially true, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Marlborough, and Napoleon outweighing Von Moltke and Radetsky, but that it would be well even to limit the age at which statesmen and judges may work, to elect Presidents and appoint Judges when men are at their highest powers. In fact, he affirms that the brain follows the body in its decay; that intellect, allowing for exceptions, begins to decay at forty, and that we are all in the wrong in insisting on age as a qualification. He has "noted the ages at which philosophers have founded and announced their systems, at which divines and religious teachers have originated their creeds, and have been most effective as preachers; at which statesmen have unfolded their highest acts of legislation, of diplomacy, and reform; at which men of science have made their greatest discoveries and written their best works; at which Generals and Admirals have gained their greatest victories, and carried on their most successful campaigns; at which lawyers have led the bar, and physicians made their explorations in medicine, and artists have painted their masterpieces; at which musicians have composed and performed their most illustrious creations; at which architects and engineers have planned and executed the greatest monuments to their memories; at which actors and orators have been at the zenith of their power, and at which teachers and professors have led eras in the service of education." From these data, which he has applied by testing all the great names of history, he has deduced the following law, and would act on it, apparently even to the length of expelling from public service all men who are beyond seventy: —

GENERAL RESULTS OF THE INVESTIGATION.

The golden decade is	between	30	and	40
The silver	"	"	40	"	50
The brazen	"	"	20	"	30
The iron	"	"	50	"	60
The tin	"	"	60	"	70
The wooden	"	"	70	"	80

Dr. Beard even goes further, and declares that men, besides losing their intellects, become worse, often much worse, as they become older; that they lose their moral enthusiasm, or moral courage, or capacity of resisting temptation and enduring disappointment, and frequently sink into senile debauchees. He even tells all his friends over fifty — we are not sure it is not over forty — who happen to remonstrate with him, that "the best of your original, pioneering, radical work is in all probability already accomplished. The chances are tens of thousands to one that you will originate less in the future than you have in the past; for, just as we know by statistics that a man at forty has a certain average expectation of life, so do we know that he has a certain average expectation of original work. There is a chance in many, many thousands that you will live to be a hundred years old; there is about the same chance that you will make some great discovery or invention, or conceive and execute some orgi-

Digitized by Google

nal production in art or literature. Fame and wealth may come to you far exceeding your wildest dreams, but they will be the result and the reward of the work you have already done, or are now doing. Happiness may augment with years, because of your better external condition; and yet the highest happiness is obtained through work itself, more than through the reward of work." Dr. Beard, as we have said, allows of exceptions, as without them his averages could not be made up, and allows for qualifying circumstances, but fights hard for his general conclusion that, whether we like it or not, age is degeneracy, that the turn towards age begins at forty, and that after that time men may as well give up originating, except in departments essentially creative, like painting, music, or poetry. Titian painted at ninety and the "Paradise Lost" was written when Milton was fifty-nine, but these are no more proofs than Shelley's or Keats's precocity in verse. They do not alter the averages.

We must all grow old, and Dr. Beard's theory is therefore a melancholy one for all men, but we suspect it requires modification far more serious than any he suggests. His argument, for example, as to moral degeneracy is, we imagine, absolutely untrue, except in cases such as the two or three he gives, where the original nature being bad, the controlling will, which alone, as Socrates said of himself, made its owner good, has become paralyzed by some secret decline either of nervous power or of the healthiness of the brain. Mere experience will usually make men better, as it teaches them that pleasure is of little importance, dust and ashes in the mouth; that remorse is very bitter, and that peace of mind is of almost indefinite value; while as to the minor virtues, most people grow more placable with age, more grateful for affection, and less susceptible to the small ambitions which are the root of half the selfishnesses of men. No doubt they very often grow more avaricious, but we suspect that it is not from a growing love of money, but from the one gain age gives all men,— namely, experience. They have learnt to know the value of money only too well. With a large section of mankind, perhaps the largest, one of the most effective of the virtues — though clergymen hardly consider it a virtue — serenity, is never developed till old age appears, yet it sometimes so changes men as to produce an impression of a distinct and most beneficial change of character. It is, in truth, a result, if the faculties are not seriously impaired, of a particular form of experience, and Dr. Beard's allegations seem to us to depend mainly upon the credit we give to that great acquisition. Is experience, or is it not, a new power, an actual gain which almost compensates for the loss of youth, and even of mature strength? That is undoubtedly the impression of most old men, or at least the impression old men choose to put forward, and in many of the relations of life it must be true. The medical man, for example, may discover nothing after he is forty, but supposing him successful, the mere number of cases he has treated must, by the time he is sixty, have enlarged his power of using his inventions; while as regards statesmen, the mere knowledge of men which accretes to them as time advances, must be of itself almost the equivalent of a new faculty. We exclude, of course, absolutely the faculty, whatever it is, which we call genius, and which, whatever it is, is nearly independent of age; and with that exclusion should say that old men, if retaining their vitality, make, on the whole, the better bishops, the better judges, the better statesmen, and the better soldiers of the two. They are apt, of course, to lose power from an over-contempt for youth, though even this is not true of, say, Mr. Disraeli, who on Dr. Beard's theory is an old man, or of M. Thiers, who is an old man on any theory; but they gain it immensely in experience, with its absence of rashness, and its recognition of all obstacles to success. Dr. Beard will have it that enthusiasm dies with years, but we doubt that, and rather conceive that the expression of it dies, many of the great religious teachers, for instance, and many more philanthropists, maintaining it to the end. They only begin to distrust the philanthropies which are unreal. In fact, Dr. Beard himself, in a rather absurd paragraph on the power of conversation, as one which grows with age, gives up half his own case. "It may be said that thought, like money, is a possession, and accumulates by compound interest. . . . The conversation of old men of ability, before they have passed into the stage of imbecility, is usually richer and more instructive than the conversation of the young; for in conversation we simply distribute the treasures of memory, as a store hoarded during long years of thought and experience. Conversation is, therefore, justly regarded as the lightest form of in-

Digitized by Google

tellectual labour, and grows easier as we grow older, because we have greater resources to draw from. He who thinks as he converses is a poor companion, as he who must earn his money before he spends any is a poor man. When an aged millionnaire makes a liberal donation, it costs him nothing; he but gives out of abundance that has resulted by natural accumulation, from the labours of his youth and middle life. When an old man utters great thoughts, it is not age, but youth that speaks through the lips of age; his ideas which, in their inception and birth, drew heavily on the productive powers of the brain, are refined, revolved, and disseminated almost without effort." Is thought, which, like a possession, accumulates, no source of power, or does Dr. Beard imagine that wealth is most powerful when there is least of it; that the thousand pounds which, as he says truly, it is so difficult to save, can do what the fifty thousand, acquired so much more easily, can effect? In the most important positions of life, what is required of men, even of generals or statesmen, is not action, so much as thought, and the thought of one man may be worth more than the action of a thousand. Experience will not make a Cæsar or an Alexander, but will immensely improve the competence of most men for great positions, and amounts in many cases to a new force, which compensates for declining energy and decaying power of originating new things.

From The Economist.

THE ILLNESS OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

THERE is one extremely vulgar, or at all events unromantic, argument against Cæsarism or personal government of any kind of which we are convinced the world does not take enough account, and that is the liability of the person to fall sick, and sick with disease which does not always betray itself. This has been observed in cases of insanity, and is in many despotisms provided against, an insane despot usually dying from some cause which is thenceforward a subject of more or less whispering talk. It is none the less real, however, in cases where it attracts less notice, or is recognized only after life has past. William the Third's manner, which nearly cost him his throne, his chronic peevishness with everybody, was probably the result of lifelong indigestion, from which he recovered only when unusual physical exertion was required. The eccentricities of Czar Paul, which altered the whole course of history, were undoubtedly due to madness, just as the excessive severity of Czar Nicholas was due to the hereditary hypochondriasis which ultimately made his defeat seem to himself so severe that he died of a "broken heart." The feebleness of will shown by the First Napoleon in the later stages of his career, and his irrational, and as it were cruel, irritability at St. Helena, were due in part at all events to incipient cancer of the stomach — the disease of which he ultimately died — and the pain of which probably explains his use before Waterloo of the strong stimulants found in his carriage. Stone undoubtedly paralyzed the energies of the Third Napoleon during his last campaign, and rendered him incapable of contending against the mad orders which came from Paris — orders against which he protested, and which he undoubtedly, if in full health, would have annulled. And we should not wonder in the least if many of the signs which have marked Prince Bismarck lately — his irritability, his unprovoked but dangerous bitterness of speech, his restlessness about difficulties, and particularly about the Papacy — were due in large measure to an undeveloped fit of gout. That he had a strong or even a dangerous attack of gout upon him lately is quite certain, and all his mental symptoms would in the case of any private person have been set down to "gout in the system," and would not have affected the world at all. As it is, they have added a new bitterness to German relations with France, have made trouble with Russia, and have placed Parliamentary Government in Germany in the greatest jeopardy. Prince Bismarck is so completely the centre of his own system that it appears unable to go on without him, that Parliament will not pass his bills without modifications which destroy their meaning — the ecclesiastical bills excepted — and that the Emperor is constrained to threaten that if his military reform is still opposed, he is ready to repeat his old practice, form his army without the Deputies' consent, and rely in the end on a success under which a law of indemnity would be certain. An attact of gout, in fact, may cost Germany the agreement hitherto intact between her Parliament and her Emperor.

The effect of illness in such cases is

Digitized by Google

all the more striking, because it finds the world so completely unprepared. Men are in a way prepared for the consequences of a great death. They have always in their own minds reckoned that such and such a death would introduce great changes, have, in mercantile phrase, discounted them, and are ready to reconcile themselves to inevitable consequences. This is true even of deaths like Prim's, the world being well aware that an additional cause of death may and does exist in the case of certain politicians, but the world does not discount sickness, still less sickness unrevealed in bulletins and official reports. It expects health, and is astonished whenever sickness, as must constantly be the case, acts like momentary death, suspending the ordinary action of its victim. It is quite clear, for example, that the German Court and military staff had never reckoned on a sudden failure in the agency through which they act on Parliament, a sudden arrest of that tremendous voice which, among a liberal majority, can carry almost any Conservative vote. In England men are astonished to see how suddenly this one division of the machine has ceased to work, how suddenly the German Parliament has become free, how little any other Minister can do either to awe or to cajole. The German statesmen are compelled in their despair to call on Jupiter to introduce the Emperor himself into the conflict, to the direct injury not only of his Majesty but of his permanent and hitherto most successful scheme of government. They certainly would not have done that without necessity, and that it should be necessary proves how completely personal this part at least of the governing power is. Any other such difficulty would have been met at once by the employment of a subordinate; but Prince Bismarck, as Parliamentary leader, is during sickness irreplaceable, for no man, even if possessed of a genius like his own, could or would display it in an *ad interim* command. His audience would remember that they were not listening to the orator who is all-powerful in the State as well as the Reichstag, but to a speaker whose ideas, however bright, might be overruled next day, or whose menaces, however weighty, might never be fulfilled. *Ad interim* greatness of that kind is not possible, and when, as in Germany, and upon this point, the Government is personal, a fit of gout may bring it to a standstill. There is a whole bench of ministers, fairly competent men, but none of them can do the work the sick man could have accomplished in a day. The pivot of politics in Germany is, not as is so often asserted, Prince Bismarck's life, but that and also the robust health, which may be, and this time we suspect has been, suspended before any but his physicians perceived the danger. If Napoleon had but been healthy three days before Sedan, his son might be reigning in France. That is a platitude; but, then, where is the strength in a system of government which a platitude shows to be unsound?

One of the candidates for a constituency is blessed (?) with an outrageously bad temper, and has the faculty for saying unpleasant things in the most unpleasant manner. An amusing story was related of him at one of th election meetings. Six barristers, as a frolic, agreed to dine together, each man inviting the most cantankerous man he knew. Dinner was provided, and of course laid for twelve — but only seven sat down; for each of the six had invited the same individual.

We learn, from a Reuter's telegram, that the bank, sixty miles in length, formed for a long time past in the White Nile south of the province of Secionda, and mentioned by Sir Samuel Baker as an obstacle to navigation, has been partially removed by the works ordered by the Soudan Government. The river is now navigable up to Kondokaro over a distance of ten and a half degrees. The works for the complete removal of the bank continue.

Nature.

Quite a sensation was produced in the last sitting of the Académie des Sciences, by the exhibition of photographs of Spitzbergen scenery, sent by Prof. Nordenskiöld. One of these represented a meteorite nearly 18 tons in weight.

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. | No. 1560.—May 2, 1874. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXI.

CONTENTS.

I. LIBRARIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN, . . *Edinburgh Review*, ... 259
II. A HOMELY HEROINE, ... *Chambers' Journal*, ... 282
III. CHATEAUBRIAND AND HIS TIMES. By the author of "Mirabeau," etc. Part II., . . *Temple Bar*, ... 287
IV. ABOUT RETRIEVERS, ... *Chambers' Journal*, ... 297
V. FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD. By Thomas Hardy, author of "Under the Greenwood Tree," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," etc. Part V., ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 299
VI. SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873. Part VI., ... *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . . 313

POETRY.

RECOLLECTION, ... 258 | DAWN, ... 258
"LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS," . . 258 | TO AMELIA (After Mr. Fielding), . 258

MISCELLANY, ... 319, 320

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Digitized by Google

RECOLLECTION.

A WAVE-WORN boulder, with green sea-moss wrapping
A silken mantle o'er its jagged sides;
And silvery seething waters softly lapping
Through gulfs and channels hollowed by the tides:

A lime-cliff overhead, o'erhanging grimly,
A dash of sunlight on its breast of snow;
The white line of the breakers, stretching dimly
Along the narrow sea-beach down below:

The grey waste of the waters, with one slender,
Glimmering, golden ripple far away;
The haze of summer twilight, sweet and tender,
Veiling the fair face of the dying day:

The measured plash of surf upon the shingle,
The ceaseless gurgle through the rocks and stones;—
No sound of struggling human life, to mingle
With those mysterious and eternal tones.

No sound—no sound,—a hungry sea-mew only
Breaking the stillness with her little cry;
And the low whisper, when 'tis all so lonely,
Of soft south breezes as they wander by:—

I see it all; sweet dreams of it are thronging
In full floods back upon my weary brain;
To-night, in my dark chamber, the old longing
Almost fulfils its very self again.

The dying sunbeams, on the far waves glinting,
Come like warm kisses to my lips and brow,
Soothing my spirit—all its grey thoughts tinting
With tender shades of golden colour now.

Alone and still, I sit, and think, and listen,
Looking out westward o'er the darkening sea;
My seat the boulder where the spray-drops glisten,
The tall white cliffs my regal canopy.

And, as I sit, the fretting cares and sorrows,
Weighing so heavy when the work is done,
The gloomy yesterdays and dim to-morrows,
They slip away and vanish, one by one.

Slip backward to the world that lies behind me,
Ever by sinful footsteps overtrod;
And in this unstained world leave nought to bind me,
This sweet world, fillèd with the peace of God!

Sunday Magazine. ALICE CAMPBELL.

"LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS."

HALF doubting in the dark we stand,
Longing Thy glance to meet,
And tremblingly stretch out a hand
To touch Thy sacred feet;
Surely, dear Lord, we know Thee nigh,
Yet for a closer proof we sigh.

Our hearts are bowed by earthly fears,
Oh raise them nearer Thee:
Our eyes are dimmed by earthly tears,
Oh grant them sight to see:
Lighten our darkness, Lord, we cry,
That we may know Thee standing nigh.

Speak to each weary storm-tossed heart,
And let it hear Thy "Peace, be still;"
Then never more from us depart
Whilst we our earthly days fulfil;
Till on our spirit's glad amaze
Brightens the sunlight of Thy gaze.

Golden Hours. ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

DAWN.

THERE is a solemn stillness in the air;
The moon attended by a single star
Shines high in placid ether; eastward far
Along the horizon's edge, there is a glare
Of orange brilliance, and above it fair
And paly blue the sky, without a bar
Of streaky cloud the pure expanse to mar,
Is tinctured with the coming splendour.—There!
The fulgent head springs, and a million rays
Dazzle; my study-room is charmed with light,
A golden picture of its window plays
On the green book-case, and a shadowy wight
Behind me sits, and, as I turn to gaze,
Mocks all my motions like an elfish sprite.

Chambers' Journal.

TO AMELIA. (AFTER MR. FIELDING.)

I HEARD the ladies, with their candour strange,
Proclaim thy beauty quite beyond compare,
If kind Dame Nature knew but how to change
Thine eyes, thy mouth, thy figure, or thine hair.
I too, presumptuous! when thy countless charms
Are thus decried, and blazoned thus to Fame,
Would add another to these vague alarms,
And bid thee change, O heartless fair, thy name!

Macmillan's Magazine. C. F.

Digitized by Google

From The Edinburgh Review.

LIBRARIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

In the year 1471, when Louis XI. wished to borrow a book from the Medical Faculty in Paris, he was required to deposit plate in pledge, and to get one of his nobles to join him in a guarantee for the safe return of the book. In the Paris of 1873 there is not one among the priceless volumes that fill untold kilomètres of shelves in the Bibliothèque Nationale that is not at the command of the humblest applicant of honourable reputation. And in our own national library, at its first reorganization, so easy were the conditions of access, that, notwithstanding the lavish provision of space in its noble reading-room, it became necessary, in the interest of that higher class of readers whose wants mainly a great library must aim at supplying, to exclude, by fixing a limit of age, the "rush of young men from University and King's Colleges to the presses that contain the Latin Dictionaries and Greek Lexicons and Bohn's cribs." Both these extremes, no doubt, especially the first, are exaggerated types of the relative degree of accessibility of books in their respective periods; but, even when every due allowance has been made, the two periods are found to be separated from each other by a vast interval.

The intellectual history of that interval is in some degree represented by the History of Libraries, and Mr. Edwards has rendered an acceptable service to letters by bringing together in his "Memoirs of Libraries," and the two works, "Libraries and Founders of Libraries," and "Founders of the British Museum," which form its complement, the materials of that history. It has been our wont in this Journal to review at intervals the progress of our own national library. Perhaps it will not be uninteresting to our readers, if we prefix to our present periodical survey of the progress within the last few years of the library of the British Museum and its great rivals abroad, a summary account of the libraries of other times, and of the nature and circumstances of book-collecting under the very different conditions of literature which then prevailed. These conditions, it is true, were so different as almost to render comparison impossible; but the very contrast of the conditions will itself be interesting, and will at all events be comforting to us in view of the advantages which we enjoy. Mr. Edwards supplies ample particulars for the purpose; but we shall freely combine with the materials which he has brought together, information drawn from the various bibliographical publications, periodical and otherwise, in every country of Europe, which have of late years elevated the study of books almost to the condition of a science.

The history of libraries is divided by Mr. Edwards into three periods, the ancient, the medieval, and the modern.

The history of the ancient period, like most other branches of early inquiry, has its region of legend; and in its historical period itself, it is difficult, even where precise statements of facts are found, to separate the true from the apocryphal. No ancient writer has treated the subject of libraries professedly. Of the detailed notices of libraries which we find in the ancient authors, very few are contempory, or regard libraries personally visited and known by the writers themselves. Thus Aulus Gellius, Seneca, Josephus, Eusebius, and others, tell us many seemingly precise particulars about the famous library of Alexandria; Plutarch is tolerably minute as to the collection of Attalus, King of Pergamus; and Strabo relates very circumstantially the fortunes of the so-called library of Aristotle, from its first formation at Athens to its transportation to Rome under Sylla. But it is worthy of note that, neither in these nor

* 1. *Memoirs of Libraries, including a Handbook of Library Economy.* By Edward Edwards. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1858.

2. *Catalogue de l'Histoire de France.* 4to. Vols. I.-X. Paris: 1855-1870.

3. *Catalogue des Nouvelles Acquisitions de la Bibliothèque Impériale Publique.* I.-XII. 8vo. St. Petersburg: 1863-71.

4. *Ein Gang durch die St. Petersburger k. öffentliche Bibliothek.* Von. Dr. R. Mintzlaff, Oberbibliothekar an der k. öffentliche Bibliothek. 8vo. St. Petersburg: 1870.

5. *La Biblioteca Vaticana, dalla sua Origine fino al Presente.* Per Domenico Zanelli. 8vo. Roma: 1853.

Digitized by Google

in any other ancient writers, however minute and circumstantial regarding foreign collections, is there to be found a precise account, such as might be expected from an observant scholar, of any one of the numerous libraries, public and private, which are known to have existed in Rome during their time, and to which they themselves not unfrequently refer by name. Aulus Gellius, for instance, speaks of meeting friends in the Tiberian Library,* of making researches in the library of Trajan,† and of finding a book, "after a long search," in the Library of Peace.‡ But he does not say a word as to the number of volumes, as to the class or character of the books, as to the order of their arrangement, or as to the conditions on which they were made accessible to the public, whether in these or in any other contemporary Roman libraries. Suetonius records what each of the emperors did in founding or enlarging the libraries of his time, but he leaves us in ignorance as to the nature and extent of the collections themselves. Flavius Vopiscus actually gives the very press-mark of a book to which he refers in the Ulpian Library,§ but of the Ulpian Library itself he tells absolutely nothing. And it is a curious fact that the only Roman library of whose contents any enumeration is preserved, is not a public but a private one — that which Serenus Sammonicus, preceptor of the younger Gordian, bequeathed to his imperial pupil, and which is said to have contained 62,000 volumes.

Mr. Edwards has collected most of the details which have been preserved regarding the libraries of remote antiquity — the libraries of ancient Egypt; the more modern library of the Ptolemies at Alexandria (B. C. 290); the library of the kings of Pergamus; the libraries of Pisistratus, of Aristotle, and of Apellicon at Athens; and the much more numerous libraries of Rome, both republican and imperial, which, in the time of Constantine, amounted to twenty-nine in number. Interspersed with these notices are many curious details regarding the founders, beginning with the perhaps legendary Osymandyas, King of Egypt, fourteen centuries before Christ. But the only questions as to ancient libraries which are important for this inquiry are those which regard the character of the books, and the probable number of the volumes which they contained.

It has been conjectured that the books of the early libraries of Egypt were chiefly sacred, such as Lepsius' "Book of the Dead" and Brugsch's "Sai-an-Sinsin;" but no doubt can be entertained of the cosmopolitan character of the Ptolemæan Library at Alexandria; and in its Roman period we may be sure that the Latin authors were not unrepresented. This is highly improbable, however, of the purely Greek libraries.

Roman librarians, on the contrary, considered a series of the Greek poets, philosophers, and rhetoricians as indispensable in their collections. The Palatine library, according to Suetonius,* had two distinct collections, Greek and Latin, with a distinct librarian for each; † and Tiberius ordered copies even of obscure Greek poets to be placed in all the public libraries of Rome.‡ The same is true of private collections at Rome. It is clear from what Cicero writes, both of himself and of his brother Quintius, that, although there was no regular market for Greek books at Rome, yet the Roman collectors eagerly sought to acquire them for their libraries, partly by purchase, partly by giving Latin books in exchange.§ In the post-Augustan age, the relative proportions of the two literatures were, perhaps, somewhat modified; but Greek still continued to be the fashionable literature.

A more curious inquiry, suggested by allusions to Christian writings in the Greek and Roman poets and humourists, would be, whether in the libraries of pagan Rome was to be found any representation of the uncouth and semi-barbarous

* Noctes Atticæ, lib. xvii. c. 17, p. 714.
† Ibid. xi. c. 17, p. 637.
‡ Ibid. xvi. c. 4, p. 859.
§ "Habet Bibliotheca Ulpiana *in armario sexto* librum elephantinum." (*Historia Augusta*, Probus. c. 2.)

* Suetonius, *Octavius*, 34, vol. i. p. 240.
† See Geraud, "Essai sur les Livres dans l'Antiquité." Paris, 1840.
‡ Suetonius, *Tiberius*, 70, vol. i. p. 522.
§ Ep. lib. iii. p. 4.

Digitized by Google

literature of that despised sect, which was destined before long to displace the established religion of the empire, in the world of letters as well as of social influence. Our means of judging are too scanty to warrant a positive conclusion; but we are not aware of a single ancient authority from which it appears that even the Christian Scriptures themselves, not to speak of the Christian apologists or polemic writers, were admitted to the honour of a place in any of the libraries of Greece or Rome.

The question as to the number of books contained in the ancient collections has been much discussed, but with results very little more satisfactory. The statements as to the number of volumes in the Ptolemæan Library at Alexandria are very various, ranging from 100,000, at which it is rated by Eusebius, to 700,000, at which it is fixed by Aulus Gellius.* Seneca† gives the intermediate number, 400,000. The library of Attalus, king of Pergamus, is said by Plutarch to have contained 200,000 volumes. All these statements, however, are of a date long posterior to the time which they regard. Of the libraries of Greece and Rome, hardly anything in the way of contemporary enumeration is preserved. For the former, indeed, there is absolutely nothing on which to found a judgment. Of the latter there are but two — both private collections — the number of which is recorded; the first, that of Tyrannion — a contemporary of Cicero, and mentioned by him in one of his book-hunting letters to his brother Quintius — which, on the perhaps questionable authority of Suidas, is said to have consisted of 30,000 volumes; the other, that of Serenus Sammonicus, already referred to, of 62,000.

The first impression produced by these statements as to the large number of volumes in the ancient libraries, will be of incredulity, founded partly on the insufficiency of the evidence, partly on the notions which prevail regarding the comparative scarcity of books in ancient times. And unquestionably, as to the first objection, no one who considers how undeserving of implicit belief the most positive allegations as to the extent of the libraries of our own day have proved, when tested by actual enumeration, could think of accepting as conclusive evidence that the Alexandrian Library contained 700,000 volumes, the unsupported assertion of a single foreigner, writing long after the period to which he refers. But in reference to the second ground of incredulity, so much misconception has prevailed, that we think it necessary to say a few words in explanation.

The learned reader need not be reminded how wide is the difference between the ancient "volumen," or roll, and the "volume" of the modern book-trade, and how much smaller the amount of literary matter which the former may represent. Any single "book" or "part" of a treatise would anciently have been called "volumen," and would reckon as such in the enumeration of a collection of books. The "Iliad" of Homer, which in a modern library may form but a single volume, would have counted as twenty-four "volumina" at Alexandria. We read of authors leaving behind them works reckoned, not by volumes or tens of volumes, but by hundreds. The works of Epicurus, as enumerated with their titles by Diogenes Laertius,* amount to 300 volumes. Varro — that "homo πολυγραφώτατος"† — reckons his own works at no less a sum than 490 volumes; and the works of Chrysippus, Epicurus's well-known rival, are said to have reached the incredible total of more than 700 volumes!‡ It is curious — we dare not say significant — that of the numerous works of these singularly prolific writers hardly anything has come down to our day, with the exception of Varro's treatise "De Re Rusticâ" and the Herculanean fragments of Epicurus; so that we are unable to speak from positive knowledge of the extent of their so-called "volumina." But their number itself suggests the inference that they must have been very short; and the actual specimens of "vo-

* Noctes Atticæ, vi. p. 17.
† De Tranquillitate Animi, c. 9.

* Lib. x. c. 26.
† Cicero, *Ep. ad Atticum*, xiv. 18.
‡ Septuaginta hebdomadas librorum, Aulus Gellius, iii. p. 14.

Digitized by Google

lumina" discovered at Herculaneum fully justify the conclusion. Hence it will at once be understood that whereas a single modern volume might easily contain ten, or even more, ancient "volumina," the very largest assemblage of "volumina" assigned as the total of the greatest of the ancient collections would fall far short, in its real literary contents, of the second-rate, or even third-rate, collections of the present day.

The question, therefore, turns entirely into an inquiry as to the extent of the circulation of books among the ancient book-reading public, and the actual degree of the multiplication of copies under the comparatively slow and expensive conditions of book-production before the use of printing. And upon this subject the opinions of the learned have been of late considerably modified. In Rome especially, the character of the book-trade appears on examination very different from what is popularly assumed; and, dissimilar as were the conditions of book-production from those of modern times, there are many points of analogy between what may be called the publishing trade of ancient Rome and that of our own day. Then, as now, there were wealthy and enterprising firms or individuals, who stood between the author and the public, and who employed the cheap although tedious resource of slave-labour for the transcription of books, in what it is impossible not to believe must have been, at least occasionally, large editions. Cicero's friend, Atticus, employed his slaves to transcribe books for sale; and Martial's "bibliopola Tryphon" would appear not only to have had a profitable trade in selling the copies of Martial's "Epigrams," but also to have possessed something analogous to the modern copyright in the works of the poet. So at least we understand Martial's reply to the request of his friend Quintus for a presentation copy: —

Exigis ut donem nostros tibi, Quinti, libellos.
Non habeo, sed habet bibliopola Tryphon.

It would seem, too, that this work of transcription was carried on upon a very large scale. Pliny, in one of his letters,* speaks of his friend Regulus getting a thousand copies written of a book which he composed on occasion of the death of his son; and when Augustus confiscated and ordered to be destroyed all the copies of the false Sibylline Books, the number of copies destroyed was more than two thousand.* Indeed, it is hard to suppose that the general supply of books was otherwise than abundant, considering the comparatively low price at which copies of the works of even popular authors were sold. The first book of Martial's "Epigrams," which contains a hundred and nineteen epigrams, was sold in handsome binding for five denarii, within a fraction of three shillings; and in a cheaper binding for between six and ten sestertii, from a shilling to one and eight-pence. For the thirteenth book, which is about one-third shorter, the publisher charged four sestertii; but Martial, who had probably sold his copy-right, complains that this price is too high, and that a fair profit might be had by selling it for half the sum: —

Quatuor est nimium; poterit constare duobus,
Et faciet lucrum bibliopola Tryphon.

From these prices it may be fairly inferred that there was no scant supply of copies in the market; and besides the copyists employed by the trade, each large household had among its slaves one or more (called "librarius"), whose office was to copy books, and that even the ladies of the household had their "librariæ" for the same purpose.

Antecedently, therefore, there need not be held to be any improbability even in the largest estimate of the number of books which are alleged to have been contained in the ancient libraries, and which in actual quantity of matter would perhaps equal a modern collection of 60,000 or 70,000 volumes; but unhappily these estimates themselves are entirely hypothetical.

On the transfer of his capital to his new seat upon the Bosphorus, Constantine was not slow to establish a library suitable to the character of his new city. The library of Constantinople is specially interesting as being probably the first in which the Christian literature obtained a footing. It may well be doubted, indeed, whether Constantine's new library was not mainly designed for Christian books. These he caused to be sought out diligently in all quarters after their dispersion and destruction under Diocletian. Now the number of books in the collection at the death of Constantine is reputed at only 6,900; and when we recollect the grandeur and munificence of the views of this emperor in the construction

* Ep. iv. 7, p. 93 (Buxhorn ed.)

* Suetonius, *Octavius*, 34.

Digitized by Google

and decoration of his new city, it is hardly credible that, if the library had been intended as a general, and not merely or principally as a Christian collection, it would not have immeasurably exceeded this humble limit. But, whatever its original character, it grew beyond the limit of a class collection under the successors of Constantine. Constantius, Julian the Apostate, and Theodosius the Younger are specially enumerated as having added largely to its store of books, which advanced according to one account to 100,000 and according to another to 600,000 volumes. The library was, at least in part, destroyed by fire in the time of Leo the Isaurian; but notwithstanding this and several subsequent conflagrations, it was still maintained, though shorn of much of its earlier grandeur, down through the whole line of the Byzantine Cæsars; and the host of now unknown writers reviewed by Photius in his well-known *Bibliotheca*, would go far to prove that down to the ninth century, the library of Constantinople contained numberless treasures of ancient learning which have disappeared in the general wreck of the Christian empire of Constantinople. This is perhaps even more plain from the *Excerpta*, or digested collections from various authors, made under Constantine Porphyrogenitus; at least if we may judge of that work from the specimens of it which are preserved, as the *Excerpta de Legationibus* and the so-called "Historical Palimpsest," published by Cardinal Mai.* And, in addition to this merit, the libraries of Constantinople, mutilated as they were, must be regarded as the main source to which we are indebted for the preservation of one large and important branch of ancient Greek literature — that of the Greek fathers and historians of the Church.

It is clear from numberless evidences that, even before the final disruption of the Roman Empire under the barbarian immigration, the cultivation of letters and the care and collection of books had notably declined, both in the West and in the East; and especially that each division of the empire had ceased to cultivate the literature of the other. Greek ceased to be spoken in Rome, and Latin came under ban in Constantinople. It could no longer be expected that the Roman libraries, such as they were at this date, would continue to add to their Greek collection, or the Greek libraries to their Latin; hardly even that each should not treat the rival literature with neglect and disregard; and the downward course which had thus spontaneously begun, was precipitated by the barbarian invasion, which, by successive revolutions, at last in part modified, in part obliterated, most of the distinctive characteristics of the old civilization, and substituted in their stead the rude germs of what was ultimately to grow into a harder, but higher and holier civilization of its own.

During the slow, and often all but stagnating progress of this remarkable revolution, ancient literature fell into disregard. The new phase of the human mind had not yet taken its form; and for a considerable interval, the history of letters, and of their external representative, libraries, is almost a blank. The controversies about the history of learning and the diffusion of books in the medieval period, have naturally influenced the views of those who have written upon the medieval libraries, and especially upon the monastic libraries of the middle ages. Upon the one side, the enemies of the monks and clergy represent them as reckless destroyers, from mere contempt and hatred of knowledge, of the choicest treasures of the ancient learning. On the other, their apologists portray the monasteries, at one time as busy schools of enlightenment, at another as peaceful sanctuaries in which the lamp of classic learning never ceased to burn. Mr. Edwards has treated this portion of his subject with much judgment and moderation. That, as a consequence of the barbarian irruptions of the fifth and following centuries, ignorance and its kindred disregard of letters overspread for a time the rugged kingdoms which replaced the Greek and Roman civilization, not even the sturdiest partisans of monasticism will deny; and it is equally plain that the first tendency of the young intellectual activity which succeeded this period of stagnation, was in the direction of the new Christian philosophy and of the theological speculations which arose therefrom, rather than of the Greek and Roman literature. But if it be false to represent the medieval monks as patrons and cultivators of classical literature for its own sake, Mr. Edwards shows that it is equally unjust to deny to them, or at least to many among them, the credit of

* In the "Scriptorum Veterum nova Collectio," vol ii. 4to. Rome, 1837.

Digitized by Google

having been the main and almost the sole instruments of its preservation.*

This at least is certain: that whatever of merit is to be recognized in transmitting those remains of classic literature which have reached our age, by far the larger share of that merit is due to the monasteries and monastic libraries. For a long period the monastic bodies stand all but alone as book-collectors and book-preservers; and if it be true in some instances that their function was mainly that of passive instruments in handing on to posterity the collections of ancient authors which already existed, in others their active services are beyond all question; as those of the monks of St. Gall, detailed by Mr. Botfield in the admirable Introduction to his "Prefaces of the First Editions of Greek and Roman Classics." † Without accepting unreservedly all Dr. Maitland's conclusions from the facts which he has brought together in his "Dark Ages," in reply to the strictures of Robertson, Hallam, and other writers on the middle ages, we cannot ignore the lifelike and truthful character of many of his pictures of medieval lovers of learning for learning's sake, nor regard his reply to the argument in evidence of the excessive rarity of books which these writers found on a few plainly exceptional instances of dearness, as other than perfectly conclusive. An impartial scrutiny of the medieval chronicles makes it plain that the commerce in books, like most other branches of trade, was maintained, in greater or less activity, throughout the entire period. It drew its supplies mainly from the monastic *scriptoria*, but in part also from certain literary centres, and especially the seats of the schools and universities; and although examples of extravagant prices for MSS. of great rarity or luxurious ornamentation, such as Robertson brings forward, may be culled without difficulty from the records of the time, it is equally beyond dispute that in what we may call the every-day department of the book-trade—in the text books of the schools, and the practical, theological, ascetical, and philosophical literature of the age, the supply was steady; and the prices, though relatively of course far beyond the present value of the nominal sum, differed much less than is commonly imagined from those which were current for printed books nearly a century after the invention of printing.

* Memoirs of Libraries, vol. i. pp. 88–91.
† Introduction, p. xxiii.

It is plain that the prices relied on by Robertson and others are exceptional; that the books sold at this costly rate were such as, either from rarity or beauty of execution, possessed a value entirely independent of the commercial estimate; and that those prices are no more to be taken as ruling the market of their day than could the Valdarfer Boccaccio, or a unique Caxton, or the Gutenberg Bibles of the Perkins sale, be accepted as samples of the price of books in our own. The truth is that, then as now, there were *éditions de luxe:* the medieval book-trade, like our own, had its articles of *vertu;* nor were there wanting Spencers and Blandfords ready to pay the price necessary to secure the glory of becoming possessed of them. But it is equally certain that there existed a tolerably fixed and settled rule of demand and supply. Dr. Kirchhoff, of Leipzig, in a very interesting and learned series of papers on the "Serapeum," * supplies many curious particulars as to the production, the prices, and the commercial circulation of books in the middle ages; and the prices which he has ascertained may, making the required reductions, be used as a guide in estimating the actual condition of the medieval book-market. It is impossible for us, of course, to go into detail, but we may say that the trade-prices of MSS. mainly depended on the number of sheets, the sextern sheet of six leaves being commonly valued at two or two and a-half solidi. Many MSS. still show the trade-price originally marked upon them, specifying the number of sexterns and the price per sextern, as well as the total cost of the volume. Thus a volume of medical treatises of Avicenna, Averroes, Rhases, Serapion, and Isaac, is marked at *octo florenos;* but this price is admitted to be beyond the average, and is justified "propter magnitudinem autorum," † the price per sextern being four instead of two solidi. On the other hand, a "Summa Pisani," ‡ on account of its less special interest, costs but two solidi per sextern; and a MS. of the Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great and other historical treatises is marked at the same rate. The ponderous theological treatises in use in the University schools, such as the *Summa* of St. Thomas, or the *Sententiæ* of Peter Lombard, were to be had of the Oxford booksellers for

* *Serapeum:* Zeitschrift für Bibliothekswissenschaft, vol. for 1852, pp. 257, 273, and 279.
† *Serapeum*, p. 260.
‡ Ibid. p. 262.

Digitized by Google

prices varying from thirteen to twenty shillings.§ A MS. of Anthony Wood in the Bodleian, quoted in *Oxoniana*, p. 36, contains a rather extensive list of prices. A Historia Scholastica cost twenty shillings; a Biblical Concordance, ten; the four greater prophets, with glossaries, five; and several theological treatises, one of which is the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas, are set down at ten shillings; and St. Augustine on Genesis, and a Commentary on the Psalms at the same price. A still more instructive example given by Kirchhoff is one in which all the items * of the cost of producing the MS. are enumerated, each being separately assigned. The MS., which was in two volumes, was a new one (ultimatè scriptus), and contained sixty-two sexterns and a-half. The transcription cost thirty-nine francs and twelve deniers; ten skins of parchment, with dressing and preparation, cost thirty-six sous; five gilt initial letters, together with the first letter of the volume, cost thirty sous; other gilt and rubricated letters in different parts of the volume cost three francs and eleven sous; the hire of the original MS. from which the copy was made amounted to five francs; the cost of repairing the edges of the sheets and stretching and pressing the volume was eleven sous; and that of the binding, two francs; making the entire cost of this large and specially expensive work in two volumes, sixty-two livres and eleven sous.

The subject of books does not come directly within the scope of Mr. Rogers's inquiry in his elaborate "History of Agriculture and Prices in England." But his researches have thrown some incidental light upon the prices and the circulation of written literature in Britain, and have demonstrated the fallacy of the notion that books, during the centuries of which he treats, "were wholly inaccessible to the general public." † The few examples which he gives are perhaps particularly instructive, as representing various classes of books; not only church-service books, but also school books, and even light literature. Thus, the bailiff of Farney, in 1278, returns the cost of a church book, probably a missal, or gradual, at six and eight pence, and a similar volume in 1357 cost only four shillings. No information is given as to the size of these volumes, but in the department of school literature we find a copy of Baron's Mathematical Treatise, consisting of eleven quires, bought in 1379 for five and sixpence. A book purchased by Merton College for one of the foundation scholars, described generally as a "school book," without any notice of extent or character, cost only twopence; and about the same period, in an inventory of effects, two "Romances" are valued at the still lower sum of three half-pence each.*

These practical details present a result widely different from the picture drawn by Robertson and even by Hallam. Still it is beyond dispute that the catalogue of collectors of libraries from the fifth century downwards is a very limited one. A few of the number are laymen, of whom Venantius Ferreolus, Publius Consentius, and Cassiodorus, minister of the Gothic King Theodoric, may be regarded as private collectors, and Charlemagne, Everard of Friuli, and Charles the Bald, as representatives of the line of Royal founders. But it is impossible to doubt Mr. Edwards's conclusion that "the monks, after all, were the great collectors of the middle ages." †

Nevertheless, while their relative deserts are freely admitted, the absolute results as regards the formation of libraries must appear small in modern eyes. Among Monastic Libraries Mr. Edwards enumerates those of Canterbury, York, Wearmouth, Whitby, Glastonbury, Croyland, and Durham in England; Monte Cassino and Pomposia in Italy; ‡ Corvey, Richenau, Marburg, St. Gallen, and Sponheim in Germany; and Fleury, Clugni, and St. Riquier in France. The stores of all these, judging by the extant catalogues, which the curious in bibliography have printed, were scanty enough. The Cathedral Library of Ratisbon in 1251 had but four hundred volumes. That of Christ Church, Canterbury, printed by Mr. Edwards, contains six hundred and ninety-eight numbers; but it is right to add that in many instances several distinct authors are comprised under one number. The library of Fulda, founded

* *Serapeum*, p. 264.
* *Serapeum*: Zeitschrift für Bibliothekswissenschaft, vol. for 1852. p. 261.
† History of Agriculture and Prices in England (1359–1798). By J. E. Thorold Rogers. Oxford, 1866, vol. i. p. 646.

* History of Agriculture and Prices in England (1359–1798). By J. E. Thorold Rogers. Oxford, 1866, vol. i. p. 645.
† Libraries and Founders, p. 26.
‡ He overlooks the very ancient library of Bobbio, which was transferred to the Ambrosian Library at Milan, and supplied most of the palimpsests of that library and the Vatican.

Digitized by Google

by Charlemagne, contained seven hundred and seventy-four volumes. The Royal Library of France in 1374 had but nine hundred and ten, and that of the Sorbonne itself, in 1392, barely reached the number of a thousand.

It will easily be understood that the contents of these libraries lay chiefly in the department of sacred learning. Nevertheless the Monks of Monte Cassino had grown famous as early as the eleventh century for their transcriptions of Virgil, Horace, Theocritus, Terence, Ovid, and many of the Latin and even Greek historians, and in the monastic collections generally the proportion of secular books, if scanty according to our notions, was yet by no means contemptible. In the catalogue of the monastery of Corbey, "under AUGUSTINUS, thirty-nine entries appear; under BEDA, thirteen; under BOETIUS, fifteen; under HIERONYMUS, sixteen; under PRISCIANUS, four; under VIRGILIUS, seven; under CICERO, five; under LUCANUS, four; Juvenal, Persius, Martial, Ovid, Statius, Terence, all occur in single entries, together with Pliny, Livy, and Seneca." * In like manner the Library of Durham contained copies of "the Metaphysics and Ethics of Aristotle, the Orations and Rhetoric of Cicero, the Institutes and Declamations of Quintilian; the poetical works of Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Seneca, Juvenal, Claudian, Lucan, and Statius; the histories and historical works of Sallust, Suetonius, Valerius Maximus, Quintus Curtius, and Eutropius." † These works, it is true, are but a handful in the mass of the logical, ascetical, biblical, and hagiographical treatises which form the staple of the library. Still it appears beyond all question that the copies of the classical authors were made by the monks themselves; and Mr. Edwards bears most honourable testimony to the industry of the Benedictines generally, and especially of those of Monte Cassino.‡ The pictures which he draws of their literary activity from the earliest period may serve as a set-off against the scene of neglect and decay which Boccaccio is alleged to have witnessed in the same library, and from which Boccaccio's disciple, Benvenuto da Imola, who has given an account of the visit, draws the droll but characteristic moral, that he is a fool who "breaks his head in writing books":

Nunc ergo, o vir studiose, *frange tibi caput pro scribendo libros!*

Next in rank after the monks, as book-collectors in the middle ages, come the great ecclesiastical dignitaries to whom we are indebted for most of the Cathedral libraries — the nuclei at a later period of many important provincial collections. We need but name as the type of his class the celebrated Bishop of Durham, Richard d'Aungerville, better known as Richard of Bury, the first recorded donor of books to the University of Oxford, and author of the well-known *Philobiblon*, the great repertory of information as to medieval books and libraries. Mr. Edwards justly calls Richard "the patron saint of British book-lovers." *

Before passing to the libraries of the Revival epoch, we may observe that Mr. Edwards has not noticed in either of his works the libraries of the Arabs and the Moors during that period of their history which corresponds with the middle age of European civilization. Of the extent of these libraries the most marvellous accounts are given by the native chroniclers. An Arab writer, Ibn Aby Tay, cited by M. Quatremère in his "Recherches sur l'Égypte," is quoted by the distinguished author of the article "Libraries" in the English Cyclopædia, the late Mr. Watts, to the effect that the library of Cairo (which Ibn Aby Tay represents as the largest in the empire) contained 1,600,000 volumes. Another statement represents the library of Tripoli as possessing, under the single head of Theology, no fewer than 3,000,000 volumes; and even the more sober writer, Makrizi, although in his account of the library of the Caliphs he only enumerates 18,000 volumes on the sciences and 2,400 copies of the Koran, yet declares that the entire collection filled no fewer than forty chambers. The accounts of the Moorish libraries in Spain are somewhat more modest. The Caliph Alhakem at Cordova maintained collectors at Cairo, Bagdad, Damascus, and all the other great centres of literary enterprise in the East; and his collection was reported to contain 400,000 volumes, every one of which Al-hakem was said to have read, catalogued, and noted with his own hand! These accounts for the most part, however, involve a number of contradictory and plainly apocryphal details, and they are in themselves so evidently

* Libraries and Founders, p. 48.
† Ibid., p. 56.
‡ Memoirs of Libraries, i. 270–1.

* Memoirs of Libraries, i. 359.

Digitized by Google

exaggerated as to be beyond all literal belief. Yet it is impossible not to feel that the very smallest reality which must underlie such exaggerations, cannot but represent a very large number; and, accepting the lowest estimate which even plausible conjecture can suggest, it must be acknowledged that these long unknown and forgotten collections present a formidable challenge even to the most favoured contemporary repositories of books in the West.

With the revival of letters the modern history of libraries may be said to commence. Of the libraries which were founded, or which, from more ancient beginnings, grew into eminence, in the early part of that remarkable period, some have altogether disappeared; some are still extant, and still enjoy a greater or less degree of distinction; some have been absorbed in more recent or more favoured collections. There are three out of the number, however, which, independently of their later history, deserve, both for themselves and for their founders, a special mention; that of Lorenzo de' Medici of Florence, that of Frederic, Duke of Urbino, and that of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary. The history of the two former collections, the Medicean and the Urbinian, is well known; but the fortunes of the third, that of Matthias Corvinus, were long involved in a mystery which has only been cleared up within the last few years.

In the liberality and energy which he displayed in the collection of books Corvinus was not surpassed by any of his contemporaries. His books were noted, even in that age of luxurious caligraphy, for the beauty of the manuscript; and may still almost at once be recognized amongst fifteenth century codices by this characteristic. The bindings were rich and splendidly emblazoned. The collection at the death of Corvinus, in 1490, numbered 50,000 volumes. Beyond this date its history is extremely obscure. It is conjectured that under the disorderly rule of his indolent successor, Vladislaus, many books may have been removed or lost; but the library still continued one of the glories of Buda at the time of the Turkish siege in 1627. From that date the collection, as a whole, is utterly lost sight of. That the library of Buda was ruthlessly plundered by the Turks, and the books mercilessly torn to pieces for the sake of the gold and silver ornaments of the binding, is well ascertained; as also that the library building was eventually destroyed by fire. But it long remained a question whether any considerable part of the collection escaped destruction, and remained, unknown and unvalued, in the hands of its captors. For years vague traditions regarding its fate were current among the more sanguine scholars of Germany; and mysterious hopes were whispered about of the wholesale recovery of lost classics, which might be expected from untold Corvinian treasures that still lay concealed in the unvisited library of the Seraglio. These anticipations were cherished most of all at Pesth, where the pride of nationality combined with the spirit of scholarship to keep them alive; and they obtained some general credit from the accidental discovery at Buda, more than half a century after the siege, of a number of volumes, undoubtedly Corvinian, but despoiled of their binding, or at least of the costly materials with which it had been adorned. Not the least curious part of the story is the directly contradictory character of the reports as to the prospect of discoveries at Constantinople, which were made by visitors of that city, who professed to have received their information on the spot. Dr. Carlyle was assured by the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, in 1801, that not a single Greek MS. existed in the Seraglio, or in any other repository belonging to the Sultan. On the contrary, Tischendorff was led by a conversation with the Patriarch Constantine to entertain the very opposite opinion, and a new impulse was given to the search by these more promising communications. Within the last twenty years a succession of scholars have sought to resolve the question by personal examination, the most remarkable of whom have been Dr. Mordtmann, author of a work on the Antiquities of Byzantium, Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, M. Emmanuel Miller, who was commissioned by the late Emperor of the French to collate some MSS. bearing upon the Life of Cæsar, and, above all, a party of Hungarian scholars, MM. Kubinyi, Ipolyi, and Henzlmann, members, although not, we believe, official delegates, of the Academy of Pesth. Not one of these missions, however, led to a full and satisfactory resolution; owing partly to want of time on the part of the visitor, partly to the traditionary jealousy and obstructiveness of the officials of the library; until at length, in the year 1863–4, the doubt was set at rest forever by a learned

Digitized by Google

German resident of Constantinople, Dr. Dethier, Director of the Austrian School, who, through the active representations of his ambassador, obtained permission to make a detailed and leisurely examination of the contents of the Seraglio Library. Dr. Dethier's report to the Academy of Pesth may be regarded as extinguishing for ever the high hopes which were once entertained. The Seraglio Library according to his report contains in all about a hundred MSS., of which only sixteen are Corvinian — plainly recognizable, as well by their binding as by the characteristic beauty and distinctness of caligraphy which belong to all Corvinian books. Of this poor remnant hardly one-fourth belongs to ancient literature at all; and even of those books which are ancient, not a single one contains a line that is not already known and published. Nor can it fail to be regarded as a singular illustration of the futility of human projects, that among the various sources to which we are indebted for the preservation of what remains of ancient learning, scarcely a single fragment can be traced to that great collection which was the glory and the marvel of its age, and which, humanly speaking, seemed to promise most and best for the perpetuation of classic learning in the modern world. Mr. Edwards has printed, chiefly from Dr. Vogel's contribution to the "Serapeum," * a catalogue of the small remnant of this once noble collection now traceable throughout Europe. The number of MSS. in Mr. Edwards's list is in all but a hundred and two, making, with those now identified in the Seraglio Library, one hundred and eighteen. Of these it is curious to observe that only a single one † is stated to be preserved in the ancient seat of the Corvinian Library, namely, in the University of Pesth. By far the largest share is in the Imperial Library at Vienna, which possesses forty-three. The Seraglio comes next, with its sixteen MSS. described above: Wolfenbüttel has twelve, and Ferrara eleven. It is somewhat remarkable that the labours of Corvinus should be all but unrepresented in the great modern collections. The Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris has but a single Corvinian MS., while the library of the British Museum does not possess even one.

* Vol. x. pp. 373–85.

† The list, however, although very interesting, is not complete. The Library of the Institute at Pesth contains at least three Corvinian MSS. not enumerated in this catalogue.

These noble foundations, and the others which grew up in the latter half of the fifteenth century, are the connecting links between the libraries of the old world and that of the modern. They began as manuscript collections; and it is the rapidity with which they grew in extent, and the wideness of the range of authors and subjects which they reached, under the costly and tedious process of transcription, that forms the great marvel of their creation at such a period. But while their glories were still new, and just as the generous rivalry of their founders had reached its highest point, the conditions of the great problem of the multiplication of books, in which all alike were engaged, underwent, in the discovery of the art of printing, that complete and unexpected revolution from which the fortunes of literature have, as it were, drawn a new life, and through which its capabilities have received a development so prodigious as almost to amount to a new creation. Of the facilities afforded by the new art, Corvinus, Lorenzo, and even Duke Frederic, lived long enough to avail themselves largely in extending their collections; but as collectors of printed books they were so speedily and so completely eclipsed, even by the collectors of the sixteenth century, that their fame must practically rest upon their manuscripts, which are now beyond all price, and which for beauty and accuracy were unrivalled even in their own day.

Among what are regarded as the great libraries of the modern period, the earliest to turn the new art systematically to advantage in extending its literary stores, was the venerable library of the Vatican. Although this collection dates from a far earlier age, and indeed, if considered simply as the pontifical collection, without reference to its actual locality, is entitled to the very first rank in point of antiquity among the libraries of the West, we have deferred our notice of it to this place, because, even since, in the race of progress as to number of volumes, it has been outstripped by very many collections throughout Europe, the importance and value of its contents and its pre-eminent services to literature must always maintain it in the very highest rank among the depositories of human knowledge. From the middle of the fifth century there are distinct evidences of the existence at Rome of a Pontifical Library, or indeed of two libraries; although we know little of their contents beyond the fact that in

Digitized by Google

them were deposited the official documents of the See. The most important, however, of the ancient papal collections were eventually concentrated in the Lateran Palace. There is reason to believe that the collection was for the age a very considerable one; and Pope Zachary, who, as being a Greek by birth, took an interest in his native literature, not only added to its store of Greek fathers and other Greek writers, but encouraged the translation of the Latin fathers into Greek for the use of his fellow-countrymen. On the removal of the papal court to Avignon, the Lateran Library shared in the migration; and it was upon the return of the popes to Rome that the seat of the library was permanently fixed in the Vatican. The transfer of books however, at this time, appears to have been far from complete; for so late as the pontificate of Pius V., a collection of MSS., amounting to 158 in number, which had remained at Avignon, was added to the Vatican Library.

Perhaps indeed it is not too much to regard the enlightened Pope Nicholas V. as the true founder of the Vatican Library. His zeal for the collection in all parts of the world of Greek and Latin MSS., which has been honourably commemorated by every historian of the revival of letters, was mainly directed to the enlargement of the Vatican collection; and the names of its earliest librarians at this period — Perotti, Filelfo, Platina — are the best guarantee that his design was ably and judiciously seconded by the agents who were employed. All the pontiffs of that time — Callistus III., Pius II., Paul II., and Sixtus IV. — are entitled to their share of this praise. The number and variety of the Incunabula, almost all acquired at the date of publication, which the Vatican still possesses, is at once explained by the circumstances of the time. Most of the new products of the infant presses throughout Europe quickly found their way to what was still the common centre of religion as well as of letters. Of the ten thousand works which were produced in the fifteenth century more than half were issued by the presses of Italy. Among the rest, a large proportion found their way to Rome, either by presentation or by purchase. In this way the Vatican enjoyed the same advantage over modern collections in regard to early-printed books to which the admitted pre-eminence in this respect of the Imperial Library of Vienna is justly ascribed; and had it not been for the wholesale destruction which the Vatican suffered in the sack of Rome by the army of the Constable De Bourbon, it might probably have remained an all but complete repertory of the printed books of the fifteenth century. Sixtus V. renewed the building, and laid the foundation of a careful scheme for the systematic enlargement of the collection, which was pursued, though with varying energy, by his immediate successors.

By far the largest proportion, however, of the more recent additions to the priceless collection of MSS. which constitutes the real glory of the Vatican, is due much less to the gradual accumulation which results from a sustained system, than to a series of isolated gifts or purchases, beginning with the collection of Fulvio Orsino in 1600, and ending with that of Cardinal Mai in 1855. Such was the MS. collection of the Benedictine library of Bobbio; the Palatine Library captured at Heidelberg by Tilly, and presented by the Duke of Bavaria to Gregory XV. in 1621; the library of Christina of Sweden — a spoil of war, like that of Heidelberg, but unlike Heidelburg, the produce of the successes of the Protestant hero, Gustavus Adolphus, transferred to the rival faith by his daughter on her conversion to Rome; the Urbino Library, the remnant of the noble collection of Duke Federigo, already described; the Ottoboni collection, comprising nearly 4,000 MSS; and the smaller collections of the Marchese Capponi, and of the Greek convent of St. Basil at Grotta Ferrata, the MSS. of which supplied to Cardinal Mai no inconsiderable proportion of the Greek anecdota of his various collections. This career of acquisition, however, has not been without its interruptions. Among the conditions of peace exacted by General Bonaparte as the price of the withdrawal of his troops from the Papal territory in 1797, was one which required that 500 Vatican MSS., to be selected by the French commissioners themselves, should be ceded to the National Library of Paris; * and although in 1815 it was stipulated that these, as well as other Republican spoils from the Pontifical collections, should be restored, yet, to use the words of one of the Paris officials, "good care was taken not to send back all;" and the student of the MSS. of the

* This stipulation is commonly ascribed to the *Treaty of Tolentino*. In reality it formed an article (the 8th) of the Armistice of Bologna; and is merely renewed in the 13th article of Tolentino. (Artaud's Pie VII., tome i. p. 18.)

Digitized by Google

Bibliothèque Nationale may still not unfrequently trace by the press-mark the Roman origin of the MS. submitted for his examination. On the other hand, the Vatican itself sustained about the same period, a similar deprivation, which however, had less of the character of compulsory restitution. It had happened that, among the 500* MSS. which had been carried off to Paris in 1797, a considerable number, including seventy-six Greek MSS., belonged to the ancient Heidelberg collection. Now, although it may be observed that one of the grounds of the Duke of Bavaria's original gift of the Heidelberg library to the Vatican had been that the books of Heidelberg were in the main derived from suppressed monasteries, yet from its painful association with the party struggle of the Thirty Years' War, its transfer to Rome had always been a sore point with Protestant Germany; and on occasion of the contemplated restitution to the Pope of the French plunder of the Vatican, the King of Prussia, at the instance of Humboldt, put in to Pope Pius VII. a similar claim on the part of Heidelberg for the restitution of the older spoil of the 17th century. That liberal-minded Pope acceded to the demand, although only in part. Nine hundred MSS. were restored, but the proportion of Greek MSS. among these was small. Only thirty-nine of the MSS. restored were Greek, the great majority being of a class perhaps more specially interesting for Germany, as being chiefly in the departments of German history, archæology, and early German literature.

The number of books and MSS. contained in the Vatican has long been a subject of much uncertainty and curious inquiry. Down to a comparatively late period the Vatican was popularly regarded as the largest collection in the world. In the time of Eustace, the lowest estimate of the number of its volumes was 200,000; some made it 400,000; some swelled the total to a million. Eustace himself looked upon the mean as probable. Even the lowest of these estimates, however, is now proved to be far above the reality. The latest writer upon the library, whose book stands at the head of these pages — Zanelli — does not venture upon any exact enumeration. The return made to our Foreign Office in 1851 — "about 100,000 printed volumes and 25,000 MSS." — makes no distinction between books and pamphlets; and there is little doubt that at that time the return could only have been accurate on the supposition that the latter were included in the enumeration. But the accession, in 1856, of Cardinal Mai's library, which contained about 40,000 volumes, has brought the total of the collection far above the return of 1851, even interpreted by the strict rule of ten pamphlets to a volume. Cardinal Mai's MSS. also form a very valuable accession, even to the world-famed MS. treasures of the Vatican.*

There is one characteristic of the Vatican in which it has no rival — the magnificence and artistic beauty of the structure in which it is lodged. The Vatican MSS. (proper) are arranged in presses along the sides and in the middle of a noble gallery 220 ft. in length, and decorated in the highest style of the art of the sixteenth and following century. The Palatine, Urbino, Alexandrine, and other MS. collections are distributed along the walls of a still more striking, though not so stately gallery, 1,000 ft. in length, adorned with frescoes representing the general councils of the Church and other great events of ecclesiastical history. At either end of this gallery are placed the printed books, which alone are exposed in open shelves. Perhaps, indeed, in the other divisions of the library, the visitor, surrounded, as he is, by these imposing representations of the history of Christianity, under vaulted roofs adorned with every resource of pictorial art, and in the midst of bronzes, intagli, marbles, and other objects of historical interest, sacred and profane, too easily loses the idea of a great library. It is hard to realize to oneself the presence within those gilded and decorated panels of so many of those literary treasures to which the world is indebted for the preservation of ancient learning and its diffusion through the early press. And

* This limit was far exceeded, the number of distinct MSS. carried off being actually 783; of these 42 were Chinese, 40 Ethiopic, 35 Coptic, 7 Chaldee and Syriac, 9 Hebrew, 444 Latin, 206 Greek.

* The MSS. are distributed as follows: —

			Greek	Latin
The Vatican Collection (proper) contains	11,000	viz.	2,158	8,942
The Palatine Collection contains	1,415	"	431	1,984
The Urbino " "	2,092	"	288	1,704
Alexandrine (Queen Christina) contains	3,856	"	470	3,386
Ottoboni Collection contains	2,337	"	245	2,092
Capponi and Zelada Collection contains	383			
Oriental MSS. Collection contains	2,317			

Digitized by Google

with all the prestige of the antiquity* of this celebrated library, of the acknowledged pre-eminence which it enjoyed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and of the admitted value of its vast and varied MS. collections, the most reverent scholar is forced to regard its glories as of the past rather than the present, and to recognize, however reluctantly, that, in the struggle of every-day literary life, and as a practical engine for the advancement of the new-world learning, it cannot any longer be ranked with the great modern collections, which are in truth the growth of a new system, and the representatives of new ideas and pursuits. Even in the city of Rome itself, the Vatican is surpassed in the number of *printed books* by the Casanata Library in the Dominican convent of St. Maria sopra Minerva, which was returned in 1851 as possessing "more than 200,000 volumes, not counting pamphlets, miscellaneous pieces and plays, which exceed 3,000."

The Vatican Library may be regarded as the ἐνῃ καὶ νὲα of the series. To us, with the ideas to which we are now familiar, it seems strange how slow the book-collecting world was in taking advantage of the novel facilities afforded by the printing-press. It might have been expected that, since the operations of book-collecting had turned upon the question of capital rather than of labour, and had taken their place in the open market of the world, a new impulse, if not a new direction, would have been given, in all the great centres of intellectual activity, to the formation of depositories of the productions of the new art, accessible under liberal conditions to scholars and students of every class. The facts, however, fall very far short of such anticipations; and perhaps the century which preceded the invention of printing may, according to its own condition, challenge without fear a comparison in point of enterprise and liberality, although not of course in actual results, with the eventful hundred years which followed that great revolution. In addition to the splendid examples of activity during the former period already enumerated, we may also mention the first foundation of the Imperial Library at Vienna, that of the Imperial Library of Paris, and — what to modern scholars is perhaps more interesting and hopeful — that of the town libraries of Dantzic, Ulm, Ratisbon, and Nuremberg. On the other hand, the sixteenth century, with all its advantages, appears singularly unfruitful of such enterprise. Without entering into historical detail, which our limits preclude, it will be enough to say that out of all the European libraries which possess collections exceeding 150,000 volumes enumerated by Mr. Edwards — twenty-seven in number — only twelve can trace their origin farther back than the year 1600, and even of these one barely falls within that limit, while several others can claim little beyond a nominal existence until long after that date.

Even the existing collections were slow to avail themselves of the fruits of the printing-press. It is a curious incident in the history of that which was long held to be immeasurably the greatest of modern libraries — the National Library of Paris — that at the death of Francis I., in 1547, it contained barely two hundred volumes of printed books. And when, in 1624, Cardinal de Rochefoucauld became abbot of St. Geneviève, its library, now one of the most important libraries for the actual uses of study in Paris, did not contain a single printed volume. It is also worthy of note that, tardy as was the first progress of public libraries under the facilities afforded by the new art, a very small proportion of that progress is directly attributable to the sovereigns or the governments of the several countries of Europe. We shall see hereafter that, up to the present century, the largest European library, as well as the library most freely accessible to students, had been collected by a single family, and in great part by a single individual, a noble Polish ecclesiastic, Joseph Zaluski, Bishop of Kiev.

It would be idle to attempt to pursue in detail into the modern period the history of libraries and the fortunes of book-collecting. The whole space at our disposal would hardly suffice for a bare catalogue of the names and number of volumes of libraries of the present day — not merely the great libraries of the European capitals and great University libraries like our own Bodleian, but collections of minor repute, as the old provincial libraries of France, Italy, and Germany, the growing libraries of America and Australia, even the free libraries which are daily springing into existence, the contents of any one of which would out-

* Even in its present lodging, the Library dates in part from 1378, and finally from 1417 — a date anterior by many years to that of any extant library of the West.

Digitized by Google

number the volumes on the shelves of all the western libraries of the thirteenth century. We should wish to describe briefly the present condition at least of all those libraries which in our last notice of the subject * we named in the comparison with our own national collection. But the earlier history has engrossed so large a proportion of our space, that we must be content with selecting a few of the great modern collections, as types of what the library has become under the requirements of the new literature and in the new conditions of the world which that literature may be said to have created.

Among the libraries of the modern period, three now stand out prominently, unapproached by any of their rivals in the extent, the variety, and the value of their contents — the National Library at Paris, the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and the library of the British Museum. Fortunately, too, for the elucidation of our subject, each of these collections may be regarded as typical, and as illustrating in its formation a different condition of things and a distinct phase of book-collecting on a large scale; the first representing for the most part the result of ancient growth and gradual accumulation; the second, the comparatively compendious process of conquest and confiscation; while the third teaches the still more valuable lesson of what may be accomplished by earnest, systematic, and well-directed energy, even within a limited time, and under disadvantageous circumstances as to facility of book-collection.

We shall begin with the great library of Paris, called variously, under the various forms of government through which France has passed, the Royal, the National, the Imperial, then again Royal, then a second time National, then Imperial, and now once more the National Library.

The first commencement of this noble collection, under Jean le Bon, with nineteen volumes; its progress to nine hundred and ten under John's son and successor, Charles V.; its reverses under Charles VII., and more than compensating advantages during the foreign wars of Charles VIII.; and its various migrations to Blois, Angoulême, and Fontainebleau; all belong to the period of manuscript libraries. Under Francis I. its printed books and MSS. together were still below the number of two thousand volumes, and at his death, the printed books barely reached two hundred. Henry IV., by whom it was finally transferred to Paris, did much for the improvement of its administration; but, even with the advantages of a copy-tax on all books printed in France, and under the direction of a book-collector so eminent as De Thou, its progress as a modern library seems unaccountably slow. So late as the accession of Louis XIV., the printed books in the royal collection are stated not to have exceeded five thousand in number.

It is in the reign of this monarch, indeed, that the character of the "Bibliothèque du Roi" as a grand modern library is first fully recognizable. The administration as organized under Francis I. consisted of a single responsible head styled "master" with subordinate officers called "keepers." Almost contemporaneously with the accession of the Grand Monarque, the mastership of the library came to the hands of the first of a family which was destined to retain for nearly a century and a half the chief direction of its fortunes — the well-known family of Bignon; of whom it may truly be said that they seem to have lived exclusively for the duties of their charge. During four successions, the Bignons — Jérôme Bignon, Jérôme Bignon the younger, Armand Jérôme, and John Frederick — occupied this important post from 1642 till 1784. They had the assistance in the office of keeper during this period of many eminent scholars, including Varillas, Gallois, Thevenot, Clement, and Sallier. In 1661 one of the keepers of the Royal Library, the Abbé Colbert, being named Bishop of Luçon, instead of resigning his office as keeper, continued to discharge its duties through his brother, the celebrated Minister of that name, who at that time held the important office of Superintendent of Royal Buildings. Colbert not only took up zealously the regular duties of his vicarious office as Keeper of the Library, but threw into it all the official weight which belonged to him by virtue of his own public position. No expedient was overlooked. Not only were the ordinary resources of purchase, donation, interchange, bequests, industriously turned to account; the services of scientific travellers, of merchants, of missionaries, of diplomatic agents, were either specially employed, or taken advantage of as occasion arose. Learned travellers, as Jean Petis de la Croix,

* See Ed. Rev., vol. cix. p. 206.

Digitized by Google

Thevenot, Antoine Galland (to whom the West owes its first knowledge of the Arabian Tales); members of the learned religious congregations — Vansleb the learned Dominican, the still more learned Benedictine, Mabillon, the Fathers of the Missions Etrangères — were enlisted in the same service. "No ambassador or consul of France," it is justly observed by Mr. Edwards, "seems to have regarded his duties as fulfilled, unless he had become a benefactor or at least an active agent of the Royal Library." * "Nor was it only in the principal literary languages of the world," adds Mr. Edwards, "that books were eagerly sought. The less important dialects of the East were as carefully represented as were the most famous; the literature of Fins and Icelanders as well as that of Germans and Swedes." Above all, it speaks highly for the intelligent forethought which guided the library administration, that even Chinese literature, at that time, if we except the purely practical schools of the Jesuit and Dominican missionaries, a complete blank as regarded Western scholarship, received its full share of consideration. Under Colbert's administration the library rose from 16,000 volumes, including MSS., to a total of 40,000 printed volumes and 12,000 MSS., in which latter are comprised the Harault MSS., the Bethune, the Bigot, the Baluze, and other chief treasures of the modern library.

Colbert's successor, Louvois, was perhaps even more open-handed; and before the end of Louis XIV.'s reign, the number of volumes had risen to 70,000.

Under the rule of the third of the Bignons, Armand Jérôme, as Master, the library assumed what is substantially its present organization; the plan of the catalogue was settled and in part begun; and the library which had been shifted from place to place for above two centuries was finally established in the habitat which it still occupies, and which was chosen with such wise foresight of its capabilities of expansion, as to prove adequate to the progressive requirements of the collection, even in the gigantic proportions which it has attained in our day. To the same period (1737) likewise is due the free opening of the library to the public. The catalogue, however, was only carried through two of the five classes into which it was distributed, Theology and Literature. That of Jurisprudence was interrupted by the death of the complier, M. Capperonnier, and the work remained suspended for a full century.

During the Regency, and even amid the profligate expenditure of Louis XV., the Royal Library was believed to have grown to 150,000 volumes, to which number the early years of the reign of Louis XVI. were supposed to have added 50,000 more. Both these estimates, however, were in excess of the real number, which was ascertained by the well-known librarian, Van Praet, by the process of actual counting, to be 152,868 volumes.

In the bloody era of the Revolution few of the more distinguished officials of the library escaped the fury of political proscription. Three of the chief librarians — Carra the Girondist, Girey-Dupré, and D'Ormesson — fell under the guillotine. Champfort was arrested, attempted suicide in his despair, and eventually died, partly from the wound, partly from the shock which he had sustained. The Abbé Barthélemy, well-known to the last generation by his long-popular "Travels of the Younger Anacharsis," was imprisoned; and Van Praet, though he survived for nearly half a century, as the connecting link between the older and the more modern period, suffered a like peril, and with difficulty escaped the fate of his distinguished but unhappy colleagues. Nor was the library itself exempt from the perils of which its ill-fated guardians were the victims. A decree was drawn up, declaring that the books of the public libraries of Paris and of the Departments could no longer be permitted to offend the eye of Republicans by shameful marks of servitude, and that all such marks must be immediately effaced: *fleurs-de-lis*, for example, and armorial bearings, whether in the bindings or in other parts of books, together with all prefaces and dedications addressed to kings and nobles, must disappear; and a still more wholesale proposal was made by Henriot to burn the entire collection *en masse*, as a monument of priestcraft and monarchy.

On the whole, nevertheless, the revolutionary period was, in point of material progress and of advance in the actual growth of the collections, by far the most remarkable in the entire course of its history. The libraries of the suppressed monasteries, of the colleges, cathedrals, collegiate churches, and other ecclesiastical establishments, the confiscated collections of the nobles and other persons of note who perished or

* Memoirs of Libraries, ii. 272.

Digitized by Google

emigrated during the Revolution, were in great part handed over to the National Library. Many of the books, no doubt, were destroyed through ignorance or neglect; many were appropriated or sold by reckless or dishonest officials; a few were reserved till more peaceful and happier times, and recovered by their owners; a still more considerable proportion were assigned to other libraries of Paris and of the Departments; but, notwithstanding all these deductions, the number of the confiscated books which eventually found their way to the national collection equalled, if it did not exceed, that of all the successive acquisitions of the Royal Library during the whole period of its previous existence.

From the date of these accessions the pre-eminence of the Paris Library amongst European collections was placed beyond all question; and it is chiefly from the Revolution that its progress as a modern library, whether in regard to its administrative system, or to the growth and development of its various collections, begins to acquire interest in comparison with the other great libraries of the modern world.

The administration of the Library was remodelled in accordance with republican ideas. For the quasi-monarchical government of the chief librarian, was substituted a Board of eight keepers of departments, with a Director chosen by and from the Board. To this board collectively were entrusted the administration of the funds, the appointment and dismissal of officers, and the general control of the establishment. This system, with but little modification, was retained for thirty-three years. Some changes were made in 1828; and in 1832, M. Guizot, then Minister of Public Instruction, revived the ancient form of administration by keepers and assistant keepers.

The fundamental idea of M. Guizot's system was an attempt to enlist the whole body of officials in the general interests of the institution by admitting them, not alone to a participation in the administrative authority, but even to a share in the election of the chiefs of the governing body. But his scheme had a very short tenure. Ministers of Public Instruction succeeded each other rapidly under Louis Philip. So did Directors of the Royal Library after the death of the patriarchal Van Praet, who had held office for above half a century, M. de Salvandy, in 1839, reverted to the system of a single administrative head, which is still maintained in the management of the Library; and by the judicious use of a grant of 50,600*l.*, obtained by M. de Salvandy from the Chambers, much was done in the preparation both of materials for the new catalogue and of other reforming measures, the undivided credit of carrying out which is commonly given to the Government of the late Emperor. The truth is that in this and other departments the Emperor found much ready to his hand. There is one measure to the full merit of which he is entitled. In 1852 he gave life to the work of the catalogue by placing it in the hands of a single responsible editor, M. Taschereau; and the various projects of reform which had been previously suggested, may be said to have been reduced to shape by a commission appointed by him in 1858, the elaborate report of which, drawn up by M. Prosper Mérimée and addressed to the Minister of Public Instruction, was published in the "Moniteur," on July 20th of that year.

The details of the purely administrative reforms have no interest for our present purpose. We shall only advert very briefly to the important changes in the library buildings; to the conditions which affect the admission of readers; to the long-expected catalogue; and in general to the present condition and extent of the collections of this great library, as it emerges from the ordeal through which, in common with our own national collection, it has just been passing.

Of the new structure erected by the Emperor Napoleon III., of which about three-fourths have been completed, it is impossible not to speak highly. It occupies, or will eventually occupy, the entire rectangle which is bounded on the east and west by the Rue Vivienne and the Rue de Richelieu, and intercepted north and south between the cross-streets Rue Colbert and Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. Even when completed, the building will have little of architectural pretension; but it cannot fail to strike, by its vastness, its simplicity, and its seeming fitness for the uses for which it is destined. With a view to secure unity of design, the architect, M. Labrouste, had the courage to sacrifice almost the entire of the previously existing building; preserving only the ancient Salle de Lecture (which now serves as the reading-room of the Free Library), and the magnificent apartment known to all visitors of the old Library under the name of the Galerie Mazarin, which is to be used as a show-room for MSS., incunabula, and

Digitized by Google

other objects of bibliographical interest. By utilizing, after the example set in the British Museum, the principal court on the side of the Rue de Richelieu, M. Labrouste was enabled to provide a spacious and very handsome reading-room, with a nine-domed roof, supported upon light and very elegant cast-iron pillars. It is in form a square, with a semicircular apse; and, besides the ample space reserved in the apse for the officials, contains accommodation for 400 readers. This room is lighted from the domed roof. The heating, which is by means of hot-water pipes, is said to be thoroughly satisfactory; but complaints have been made as to the imperfect provision for ventilation. The desks, although not so lavish in space or so elaborately fitted as those in the British Museum, are abundantly sufficient for all reasonable requirements. At the back, in immediate connection with the reading-room, is the new *magasin* or book-room, a vast apartment open to the roof, in which the bookshelves, supported on cast-iron pillars, are arranged in five stages with floors of iron grating; each stage having a separate staff of attendants, through whom, by means of lifts, the orders for books are transmitted and executed with a despatch and precision deserving of all commendation.

The conditions on which readers are admitted to the National Library are most liberal. There are two reading-rooms. One of the recent reforms has been the opening, in connection with the great library, and from out its limitless store of books, of a Popular Library, which is literally free to every applicant beyond the age of sixteen, The reading-room of this library is called the *Salle de Lecture*. It is in one of the gallerjes of the old palace, and is furnished with a separate collection of books, selected with a view to the wants of the general reader. It is open to the public without ticket, introduction, or other formality. The number of volumes is said to be 40,000, and is evidently greater than that of the collection in the reading-room of the Museum; but in variety, comprehensiveness, judicious selection, solidity, and general value for the purposes of study, the inferiority of the books in the Salle de Lecture to those of the Museum is painfully apparent.

The reading-room of the great library is reserved for students of higher acquirements; and its more serious purpose is indicated by its name, *Salle de Travail*. But, although a ticket is required for admission to this room, it is only necessary that the intending reader should apply by letter to the secretary, stating his name, age, profession, and residence, when a ticket, either permanent or temporary as he may desire, will either be sent to him by post or left at the library for him within two days. At entering, the reader is furnished with what is called a "bulletin personnel," on which are to be registered the titles of all the books which may be furnished to him during his visit, and which he will be required to give up at leaving the library, with the several entries cancelled by a stamp, indicating that the books have been returned. Only two works are supplied at the same time, nor can the total number delivered to a reader on any day exceed five; and the inconvenience of this restriction is aggravated by a regulation which prohibits readers from receiving maps or manuscripts at the same time with printed books, the latter alone being supplied at the Salle de Travail. Maps and manuscripts not merely form separate departments, but are only furnished to readers in the reading-rooms attached to these departments respectively. A very limited collection of books of reference in the Salle de Travail is directly accessible to the readers, but the number of volumes does not exceed 3,000, and they are for the most part of a class which, although of standard excellence in themselves, are far from being suited to the every-day requirements of the higher class of students.

The new catalogue, which has been a subject of much interest to scholars, has been compiled under the direction of M. Taschereau; the first volume of the section with which he commenced—that of the "History of France"—having been printed in 1855, and the whole section of the "History of France" completed in ten volumes in 1870. Great part of the tenth volume is occupied with a supplement of the additions which had accrued to the Library during the printing of the work. It is intended to add an eleventh volume of tables, with such still further supplements as must meantime have become necessary. Simultaneously with this section has also been printed that of Medical Sciences, that of Hebrew and Samaritan Books, and the first volume of "French Manuscripts." A further subdivision of the class "History"—the "History of England"—was also in progress; but it has been abandoned or

Digitized by Google

at least indefinitely postponed, and with it, the design of a complete printed classified catalogue of the Library.

Of the order of classified catalogues to which, like its really excellent predecessor printed in the middle of the last century, it belongs, the new catalogue is an elaborate specimen. We have not seen any official exposition of the system of classification which it was designed to follow; but it is plainly the so-called "French System," with certain modifications. Accordingly, the ten volumes of the "History of France" represent only one subdivision of the section "Modern History" in the general class of "History." It is arranged in fifteen chapters, comprising, under distinct heads: Introductory works on French history and general histories of France; histories of France by epochs and by reigns; political history, including periodical and semi-periodical works of a political character; religious, administrative, diplomatic, military, and social history; archæology and numismatology; social history; genealogy and biography. Up to the reign of Francis I. the books are catalogued in the chronological order of their publication, from that reign downwards in the order of events. The titles are not altered, except by omission of words, which is always indicated by dots. In books anterior to Henry IV.'s reign the exact orthography of all words is preserved, and as regards proper names this principle is rigorously followed through all periods. One of the great difficulties of our domestic controversy as to the Museum Catalogue—that regarding the cataloguing of anonymous works—is, of course, avoided in this, it being a non-alphabetical catalogue; and for books without title M. Taschereau has followed the plan of giving (in a parenthetic form) a descriptive title, followed by the first words of the book itself. In these, and indeed in most other cases of difficulty, the titles are accompanied by bibliographical remarks and notices, of the utmost value, not only in illustrating the titles, but also in directing further research whether as to the book itself or as to its subject.

Indeed it is impossible to exaggerate the value of this catalogue as a guide to the student, whether of particular epochs and events, or of the religious, the constitutional, and, above all, the social history of France. We have examined it carefully under a variety of heads, and have invariably found it to open up new lines of inquiry; nor could there be a more satisfactory confirmation of the opinion which, while contending for an alphabetical catalogue as alone satisfatory for the use of a library, we have uniformly expressed as to the unquestionable advantages of a classified catalogue for the purposes of bibliography and of systematic research. Unhappily, however, the catalogue of the History of France is but a splendid fragment of a still uncompleted, and, at least in its integrity, as yet almost uncomprehended whole. M. Taechereau, in the preface of his first volume, estimated that the entire work would occupy when complete, from sixty-five to seventy-two volumes. When we last referred to the subject, we showed, by a comparison of the volumes already in print, with the estimated total contents of the library, that the catalogue of the whole library, upon the same scale, would occupy at least two hundred volumes: and the completion of the catalogue of the section of the "Histoire de France" makes it plain that even this estimate of ours was considerably below the reality.

Much difficulty has always been experienced in ascertaining the exact number of volumes which the Bibliothèque contains. No actual and exhaustive enumeration, by the only perfectly reliable test of counting, appears to have taken place since that of Van Praet in 1791, when the volumes numbered 152,868. Thirty years later, in 1822, the same veteran authority again surveyed the contents, but without the actual process of counting; and he then estimated the number of volumes at 450,000, not including pamphlets and fugitive pieces, which he set down at the same number. In 1850, when an official return was procured by the British Ambassador, the number of volumes was reported at 750,000, of which 50,000 were volumes of tracts or pamphlets, containing about ten tracts each, according to which return the number of volumes and "pieces" or tracts taken together, would amount to 1,200,000. In the preface of the first volume of the "Catalogue de l'Histoire de France," published five years later, M. Taschereau reports the total number of volumes and "pieces," at 1,500,000, without distinguishing the two classes. The late Mr. Watts of the British Museum, probably one of the most accomplished masters in his age of the practical science of library economy, attempted from this return to form, in the article

Digitized by Google

"Libraries" in the English Encyclopædia, published in 1860, an approximate estimate of the contents of the National Library in that year. Assuming that Van Praet's estimate in 1822, according to which the number of volumes and of "pieces" in the library was about the same, might be taken as still sufficiently reliable, and reducing the smaller "pieces" to the standard of "volumes" at the rate of ten to the volume, Mr. Watts estimated the contents of the library in volumes in 1855 to have been 808.000; and, taking the yearly additions to the library from that date at the number officially returned, 11,000 per annum, he concluded that the total number of "volumes" and "pieces" reduced to volumes, might, at the date at which he wrote, 1860, reasonably be supposed to be 863,000.

It might have been expected that the occasion of the transfer of the books from the old to the new structure in 1869 would have been used as an opportunity for an exact counting of the volumes; and in the summer of 1870, we were informed by an official of the library, that, besides a reserve of 40,000 volumes for the Popular Library ("Salle de Lecture"), 1,400,000 volumes and "pieces" were ascertained by actual counting to have been transferred to the new *Magasin*. Nevertheless, this counting can hardly have been more than partial. We were favoured a few months later with an official return from the office of Public Instruction, from which it appeared that the number of volumes transferred to the new *Magasin* (which this return set down at 1,500,000), was only ascertained "approximativement, et d'après le calcul des rayons et de leur contenance;" and further that there still remained to be disposed of in other receptacles (the new *Magasin* being entirely filled) about 750,000 "volumes et pièces." By apply- Mr. Watts's scale to this total of 2,250,000 "volumes and pieces," it would follow that in 1868 the number of volumes or their equivalents must have been about 1,237,500. We have received a further official return * of the works (not volumes) added to the collection in the four years up to 1871, amounting in the whole to 92,772. Many of the "works," however, contain several volumes, and as the return estimates the annual increase of the library in volumes at 40,000, the increase during these four years reckoned in volumes would amount to about 140.000. Assuming the accuracy of this result, the number of volumes and of "pieces" reduced to volumes for the purpose of the estimate, contained in the National Library of Paris in 1871, was no less than 1,377,500. Who can wonder at the trembling anxiety for its fate during the perils of that fatal year which was manifested by the learned in every country of Europe!

* This return, we believe, does not include the important Labedoyère Collection. But we are satisfied that full, and indeed liberal compensation is made for the omission by estimating the annual increase at 40,000 volumes.

The Imperial Library of St. Petersburg has the unenviable distinction amongst its compeers of owing its origin and growth pre-eminently to conquest and spoliation. Even tracing it back to its small beginnings in 1714, the first foundation of the collection is discovered in the books seized during the Czar Peter's invasion of Courland; while the great bulk of its present contents consists of the plunder in 1795 of the great Zaluski Library already referred to. And although Dr. Mintzlaff, in the descriptive memoir cited at the head of this paper, naïvely speaks of certain "peaceful acquisitions" (auf friedlichen Wege gelangten) between 1817 and 1830, the old course was confessedly resumed after that date; and not to speak of the "acquisitions" from Prince Czartoryski's country-seat at Pulawy, from the Sapieha and Rewuski collections, and the ancient Jesuit library at Plotzk, the library of the Friends of Knowledge (the Polish Royal Society) at Warsaw,* 150,000 volumes, was appropriated at one swoop, and transferred to St. Petersburg in 1833 and 1834. The Zaluski Library was formed in the first half of the eighteenth century by the Polish magnate Count Joseph Zaluski, and was largely increased by his brother Andrew Zaluski, bishop of Cracow, by whom, in 1747, it was thrown open to the public; and Count Joseph at his death bequeathed it to the Jesuit College at Warsaw, in trust for the public. On the suppression of the Jesuit order in 1773, the library was placed under the care of the Commission of Education; and its seizure by Suwarof in 1795 and translation to St. Petersburg raised that library by one single acquisition to the very first rank among the public libraries of the world. Notwithstanding losses by pillage

* "Ein Gang durch die St. Petersburger k. öffentliche Bibliothek," pp. 7–8.

Digitized by Google

at Warsaw, and by injuries of various kinds during the transit, the inventory of the collection made upon its arrival in St. Petersburg on February 23, 1796, was found to comprise 262,640 printed books, and 24,573 prints. The Royal Library of Paris, as we saw, after its three centuries of gradual increase, contained at the same date barely 152,868 volumes.

The St. Petersburg Imperial Library, notwithstanding its large subsequent acquisitions, and especially that of the Pogodin collection in 1852 at a cost of 24,000*l.*, retains to the present day much of the distinctive character which it drew from the great Zaluski collection. The main strength of that collection lay in literature, history, and, above all, theology, the latter science alone forming one-fourth of the entire library. Philosophy, natural and moral, travels and antiquities, were very incomplete; and although these departments have been largely increased during the last thirty years, the balance cannot, even still, be said to have been adjusted. According to the official return obtained by the Foreign Office in 1849, the printed volumes numbered 451,532, and the MSS. 20,689. It is hard, however, to reconcile this with the statement, quoted by Mr. Watts, of the "Official Guide" in 1850, that the printed books alone amounted at that date to above 600,000. Nine years later, in 1859, the official return enumerated 840,853 printed volumes, exclusive of duplicates, 29,045, of MSS. and 66,162 of plates, maps, and music. In 1867 the printed books, according to the same return, had reached the number of 1,044,405, the MSS. to 34,178, and the plates, maps, &c. to 85,691. Since that year, if the annual acquisitions had been upon the same scale, the printed books might be supposed to have increased to more than 1,100,000; although such an increase in the number of *volumes* seems hardly compatible with the number of *works* actually returned in the printed official catalogues of the four intervening years up to 1872, which does not in the whole reach 15,000.*

The Imperial Library is a stately and commodious structure, and its organization, though defective in many particulars if judged by the most recent standard, is on the whole extremely creditable. The reforms effected under the administration of Baron von Korff especially are deserving of all praise. To him is due the new reading-room, opened in 1862, and which affords accomodation for upwards of 400 readers. It is accessible by tickets, which are readily granted on application; and the measure of time during which it is open for study is only surpassed in liberality by that which has been fixed of late years in the Bodleian Library and Reading-room, being from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. on ordinary days, and trom 12 to 3 P.M. on holidays. There is besides a separate room for ladies. Under Baron von Korff also much valuable work was done in urging forward the alphabetical catalogue, partly in volumes partly in slips. Although this catalogue fails to carry out the famous "ninety-one rules," it is upon an excellent practical plan. When we had an opportunity of inspecting it in 1872 it seemed somewhat in arrears as to writing up and insertion of titles; but it is, on the whole, a most creditable example of a finding catalogue, for the library officials. We regret to add, however, that, like the catalogues of most other foreign libraries, it is not accessible to readers unless on special application; and to these private applications, as we were informed, it must often be impossible to accede without embarrassing the attendants and obstructing the ordinary work of the library.

We have reserved for the last place the Library of the British Museum. It is now some fourteen years since we referred in detail to this our great National Library, which at the time of our notice had just successfully reached the first stage of its new organization. Most of the prominent details of its system were at that time sufficiently settled to enable us to lay before our readers an accurate outline of all that was novel in its character, and of all the circumstances that seemed likely to influence permanently the interests of the institution or to modify the direction of its development. But its bearing on the general subject of Libraries is so very important, and the lesson which the last forty years of its history teach as to the growth of libraries and the philosophy of book-collecting is so instructive, that, even at the risk of a few incidental repetitions, we must recapitulate very summarily the story of its re-organization and subsequent progress, with a view to a comparison with the libraries of other countries. We could have wished to enter into full details as

* The exact number of works acquired in these four years was 14,610. See "Catalogue des nouvelles acquisitions de la Bibliothèque impériale publique," Nos. 8–12.

Digitized by Google

to all its departments, and particularly its rich and admirably arranged manuscript collections, which have been made for the purpose of study almost as easy of access and use as the library of printed books. But we are most reluctantly compelled to confine ourselves to the Department of Printed Books.

In the year 1838, soon after Mr. (now Sir Anthony) Panizzi was appointed the Keeper of the Printed Books, the volumes of printed books in the British Museum Library, counted one by one, were but 235,000; and the collection, having been formed by an aggregation of many collections, was extremely unequal, presenting a comparative opulence in some classes and the greatest poverty or even a total deficiency in others. Its rate of annual increase was proportionately low. During the previous ten years the amount expended in the purchase of printed books had been on an average only 1,502*l.* per annum, and the number of volumes received under the Copyright Act had been on an average of the same years but 3,654 per annum. The number of readers was 61,874. The Library now contains, as shown by the laborious but trustworthy test of actual counting, no fewer than 1,100,000 volumes. The sum expended annually in purchases is 10,000*l.*; the number of books received yearly under the Copyright Act has risen to 25,000, 28,000, and in one instance to 31,863. The total number of volumes added yearly to the collection has increased to 42,000, and that of readers has risen to 105,130 in 1871. We cannot help thinking that the successive steps by which this great transformation has been effected not only reflect the highest credit on the ability and energy of Sir Anthony Panizzi, of his successors as Keepers of the Printed Books, Messrs. Winter Jones, Watts, and Brenchley Rye, and of the distinguished staff of fellow-labourers associated with them, but may justly be regarded as constituting an entirely new era in the history of libraries.

Mr. Panizzi's first step, on his appointment as Keeper of the Printed Books, was to make a complete survey of the Library, with a view of testing its completeness or its deficiency in all branches of literature and all departments of knowledge. His memoir on the subject presented to the Trustees and printed by order of the House of Commons, March 27, 1846, is a masterpiece, not only of bibliographical learning, but of vast and various scholarship. It contains a history of the formation and growth of the Library in the various collections of which it was composed up to that period, points out in each class the nature and extent of the deficiencies which existed, and proposes a comprehensive plan for the augmentation and future management of the institution. This proposal was in substance adopted by the Trustees, and approved by the Lords of the Treasury, who agreed to recommend to Parliament a grant for some years of 10,000*l.* yearly for the purchase of books of all descriptions. A grant of that amount was placed in the estimates for the first time in March 1846, and again in the following year. In 1848, however, partly owing to the financial exigencies of the Government, partly to the want of space in the Library Buildings pending the new constructions which had been undertaken, the grant was reduced to 5,000*l.*, and during the nine years following only averaged 3,700*l.* In 1856 Mr. Panizzi became Principal Librarian, and as he was succeeded in the keepership by his old and congenial associate, Mr. Winter Jones, the work of augmentation, thus temporarily retarded, was actively resumed. In the following year the new Reading-room was opened, affording, in conjunction with the new structures which surround it, accommodation for about 1,500,000 volumes. The grant of 10,000*l.* was at once restored and has been continued to the present time.

The successful enlargement of the Library of the British Museum must necessarily depend on the steady discharge of two duties — first, the collection of books published in the United Kingdom by the enforcement of the Copyright Act; and secondly, a systematic and judicious method of purchase.

In 1850 the former duty had been transferred from the Secretary to the Keeper of Printed Books. How effectively and how promptly Mr. Panizzi's memorable stringency in its discharge told upon the receipts of the Library under the copy-tax, has been already seen. The number of articles thus added to the Library since 1850 amounts to no less than 529,803.

In the additions to the Library by purchase, the annual grant is about equally divided between the work of maintaining the efficiency of the Library by the acquisition of all desirable modern works in foreign literature, periodical and otherwise, and that of gradually completing

Digitized by Google

the Library by systematically ascertaining and filling up deficiencies in the older literature, home and foreign, and by the purchase of rare books in all departments as they come into the market. For this purpose catalogues of special classes of literature and bibliographies of particular periods are compared with the Museum collections by specially qualified scholars in the several departments. The sales of important collections, whether in England or abroad, are carefully watched. Many valuable acquisitions were thus made at the Jolley sale, the Sussex, the Bright, the Utterson, the Solar, the Yemeniz, and, more recently, at the Daniel, the Corser, the Potier, and the Weigel sales; at the last-named of which was purchased the unique first edition of the black-book "Ars Moriendi," for the largest sum ever expended by the Museum Library on a single book, viz. 7,150 thalers, or 1,072*l.*; a price however which bears no comparison with that of the well-known Valdarfer Boccaccio, and fades into insignificance in contrast with that of the Gutenberg Bibles at the late Perkins sale. Occasionally, too, collections of books of particular classes in which the Museum is known to be weak are purchased in mass; — as the Maskell collection of Liturgies and service-books; the Kupitsch of early German literature; the Tieck and Halliwell Shakespearian collections; the Michael and Almanzi Hebrew collections; more recently, the Siebold collection of Japanese books; the Andrade and Vischer, of Mexican; the Nagy, of Hungarian; and the Grabowski, of Polish.

The result of these measures, steadily and systematically pursued, has been an advance towards completeness in the collection of the Museum which is infinitely more valuable than any mere numerical increase; not only in the current literature of our own time, whether of America and the leading European States, or of Scandinavia, of the various Slavonic nations of Hungary, of modern Greece, of Australia, of Anglo-India, and even of Spanish America and the Brazils; but also in books of ancient classical learning, and in Hebrew, Oriental, Chinese and Japanese literature.*

* It may be interesting to note (of course approximately) the proportions of this varied expenditure: German, 1,400*l.*; French, 1,200*l.*; North American, 500*l.*; Italian, 400*l.*; Dutch, 150*l.*; Belgian, 125*l.*; Scandinavian (Swedish, Danish, and Icelandic), 150*l.*; Russian, 100*l.*; Polish, 75*l.*; Slavonic (Bohemian, Servian, Illyrian), 50*l.*; Spanish and Portuguese, 75*l.*; Hungarian, 50*l.*; Roman, 25*l.*; Anglo-Indian, 50*l.*; Australian, 150*l.*; Spanish American and Brazilian, 50*l.*; Hebrew, 100*l.*; Oriental, 250*l.*; Chinese, 100*l.*

In the current literature the periodicals hold a very prominent place. The number of periodicals (exclusive of newspapers) is about 12,000; and the volumes of periodicals, if placed in continuous line, would occupy no less than 9,441 linear feet, or nearly a mile and three-quarters. The newspapers would occupy 5,252 feet, about a mile more, and the publications of learned societies, 1,971 feet, or above a third of a mile. In the older department, the Hebrew collection, which when the Museum was opened consisted of but a single volume, now contains considerably more than 10,000 volumes, and is not only the largest in the world, but the richest in rare and choice editions. The Oriental collection, particularly as regards Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian and Turkish, is equally pre-eminent, comprising, exclusive of Bibles, Liturgies, &c., about 7,850 works, of which about 1,270 are Sanscrit, 1,730 Arabic, 630 Persian, 500 Turkish; the remainder consisting of Hindustani, Bengali, Marathi, and other Indian languages, besides Javanese, Burmese, and Malay. The Chinese collection, consisting of about 6,000 separate works, in some 24,000 Chinese *pun* or columns, is believed to be the largest in Europe, and is more than one-half as large as the famous collection of the Emperor Kien-lung (1735–1795). The Japanese collection consists of about 4,840 volumes. It is derived in the main from a collection formed by Dr. von Siebold during his residence in Japan, and is much superior to a former collection made by him — the well-known collection at Leyden, long reputed the finest Japanese library outside of Japan and China. The collection acquired by the British Museum comprises more than double the number of works that is found at Leyden, and extends to every class of the literature, including a large number of most curious illustrated works. Even the department of Music, which in 1845 was miserably poor, has now been carried to a high degree of completeness, containing above 11,500 volumes of the works of all the eminent classical composers, Italian, French, German, and English; together with a large assemblage of modern music, as well foreign as English. If to these augmentations in the various special departments, which in the main are due to the energy of the new organization, the reader will add the treasures of earlier date in the King's Library, both Old and New, in the Grenville, the Cracherode, the Banks,

Digitized by Google

and other less notable collections, he must acknowledge the justice of the estimate of the excellence of this great library, expressed, so far back as 1860, by one than whom no living man was more intimately acquainted with its contents, or more capable of estimating their bibliographical and literary value — the late Mr. Thomas Watts — that it combined in the highest degree the best merits of all classes of existing libraries, whether the extent, the rarity, and beauty of editions, and the general good condition which characterize the great libraries of France, Italy, and the South, or the scientific completeness of particular departments, and excellence of cataloguing and arrangements which distinguish those of Germany, Scandinavia, and the North in general.*

The sum expended on binding in the Library of the British Museum has for many years stood at 7,000*l.*; a sum which, large as it appears, is found to be inadequate, and which it is hoped may in future years be increased.

But the greatest marvel of the Museum Library is its unrivalled Catalogue. The subject of the General Catalogue has been so fully discussed in this Journal, and the details of its progress up to the date at which we last referred to it, January 1859, have been so exactly recorded, that it is only necessary to carry on the history to the present time. The Museum Library may now boast what, it is confidently believed, no other library in the world can claim; not only that the whole of the million one hundred thousand books on its shelves are catalogued, that their titles are transcribed, and that both books and catalogues are freely accessible to its readers, but that provision is made that the title of each new book as received shall, within a reasonable time, find its proper place in a catalogue which is capable of indefinite expansion, and of receiving, without disturbance to its strict alphabetical order, all subsequent additions to the Library.

The Catalogue now forms a continuous alphabetical series of 1,522 volumes, with twenty-one volumes of indexes. These volumes, conveniently placed in the centre of the reading-room, occupy 312 feet of shelves, being 12 feet in excess of the space occupied by the entire Grenville Library. Some idea of its extent, and of the vastness of the Library, may be formed from the statement that the heading of *Bible* alone occupies 27 volumes, and contains 18,974 entries; that of *Shakespeare* occupies 2 volumes, and contains 1,914 entries; *Milton*, 2 volumes, with 685 entries; *Aristotle* and *Cicero*, 2 volumes each; *Luther*, 6 volumes, with 1,949 entries; *Liturgies*, 14 volumes; *England*, 16 volumes; and *Great Britain*, 23 volumes. We may add, as one of the curiosities of the Catalogue, that the well-known name of *Smith* engrosses no fewer than 2,687 entries, while the equally well-known firm of *Brown*, *Jones*, and *Robinson* appropriate to themselves as many as 4,254; and it speaks for the extent and variety of the foreign collections of the Museum Library that the equally familiar foreign names, Schmidt and Müller, appear in the Catalogue in no fewer than 2,600 entries. From the fact that there are 47 distinct John Smiths, and no fewer than 66 John Joneses, as well as from these astounding numbers generally, some notion may be formed of the enormous difficulty of keeping distinct so many individual writers bearing precisely the same name; a difficulty, we may add, which arises, although in a minor degree, in regard to almost every name in a great alphabetical catalogue. The Music Catalogue is in 126 volumes, consisting of two divisions; composers and editors in 101 volumes, and authors of words set to music in 25. There is a separate printed catalogue of the Grenville Library and also of the King's Library.

And yet, vast as are the ideas as to the extent and completeness of the collection which these enormous figures suggest, the visitor of the British Museum Library is occasionally doomed to disappointment in his search for books. As an example how far the very richest collections are from representing the whole number even of extant books, we may mention that on one occasion, while waiting in the reading-room for the delivery of some books for which we had put in a request, we had the curiosity to test the Museum Catalogue by comparison with the entries in a page of the class catalogue of Medical Sciences of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. The page of the latter (which we took at random) contained 20 titles, of which 7 were French, 5 English, 4 Italian, 3 Latin, and 1 Dutch. Out of these twenty titles only three, and possibly a fourth, could be recognized in the Museum Catalogue; while of the remaining sixteen, four-fifths of the entire number, there was not a trace in the Museum

* English Cyclopædia, Art. *British Museum*, p. 384.

Digitized by Google

collection. And yet not one of the twenty works seemed to be of any remarkable rarity.

But on the other hand, while it is impossible to doubt that the British Museum collection at present approaches nearer than any other extant collection to completeness, if not in number of books at least in kind, it is the still prouder boast of our national library that nowhere is the reader's freedom of use in all its priceless treasures more entirely unrestricted. As many as two hundred volumes have been at one time in a reader's hands in the British Museum; there being, in truth, no limit to the number of books which may be asked for and supplied. Nor can any loyal lover of letters who enters its noble hall, repress a thrill of grateful admiration for the large-minded liberality, the enlightened energy, and the unwearied perseverance of the distinguished scholars and administrators by whom these great things have been conceived and carried into execution. And when, fresh perhaps from the delays and embarrassments encountered in other repositories of books, he comes to the reading-room of the Museum with his note-book crowded with memoranda for reference; when he hands in his book-dockets almost by the sheaf and in the most opposite departments of study; when he finds his scores of requisitions answered by the delivery of pile after pile of volumes, till he is ashamed of taxing to such a degree the ready service and cheerful courtesy which he experiences; —he must acknowledge that here indeed is realized at once the magnificent ideal of Mr. Watts of "bringing under one roof all the current literature of the world that has any intrinsic value, regardless of the language in which it may be couched," and the large-hearted resolve of Gabriel Naudé in the Mazarin Library, "From its door shall resound that cry which has never yet been heard in the Republic of Letters: 'Come in all you who desire to read, come in freely!'"

From Chambers' Journal.

A HOMELY HEROINE.

"WHAT can hae come owre Archie?" murmured Kirstie Brydone, as, for the twentieth time that day, she rose and went to the cottage-door to look for her husband. It was between two and three on the afternoon of Hogmanay, the last day of the year. On every side undulating ranges of hills met her eye, and seemed to close in the wide valley from the world beyond. The sun was low in the west, enveloped in a strange reddish haze; behind the hills to the north, great masses of heavy clouds were rolling up, piled one above another; a bitter icy wind whistled down the valley, bearing on its wings an occasional snow-flake; while to the south the great range of hills rose up, clear and distinct in their slight mantle of snow, against the purplish sky. Kirstie looked round in all directions, but could see nothing of her husband, who had been absent since the early morning, and saying to herself: "I wish I saw him safe hame; it's gaun to be a wild nicht, I doubt," she closed the door, and returned to the fireside. She put on some more peats, made herself certain that the kettle was boiling, so that she might "mask" the tea as soon as Archie came in; then, drawing forward the little table which was all ready set for tea, she sat down on a low chair, and resumed her occupation of rocking the cradle. As she bent over the fair little baby it contained, the firelight lit up a very homely face; a mouth rivalling in width the famous Meg of Harden's; small gray eyes, and a low forehead; and yet the face was not without its redeeming points. The large mouth disclosed two rows of pearly teeth; the eyes were frank and sweet, with a confiding trustfulness in them; and the forehead was crowned with masses of thick soft brown hair. She was remarkably tall, nearly six feet, and splendidly proportioned, with the exception of her arms, which were rather long. And at the time of her marriage—just a year before this—there were many jokes passed upon the fact that she was two or three inches taller than her husband, who was little and slight, with a fair boyish face, which made him look younger than Kirstie, though he was twenty-five, and she was only twenty-two. Archie Brydone let them laugh away, and could well afford to do so, for none knew so well as himself what a treasure he had got in this homely wife of his.

When Kirstie was a little lassie of eight years old, her father and mother died of fever within a few weeks of each other, and left her a friendless orphan. Strangely enough, her father, who was a shepherd also, had had this very herding of Dynefoot, and the cottage to which she returned as a bride, was the same in

Digitized by Google

which she had passed a happy childhood. Mr. Gray, the farmer of Auchensack, her father's master, took her to the farm-house, and there she remained till she was married, first as a little herd-girl, then as nurse to the children, and finally as dairymaid. It was during the two or three summers which she spent herding the cows that she first knew Archie Brydone. He was a delicate, puny boy, who even then looked young for his years, and his parents feared at one time that he was going to be lame, though he grew out of it afterwards. His father had taken a dairy on the neighbouring farm of Barbreck, and Archie was set to the task of herding, a very necessary one in those great stretches of moorland and pasture, where there were few, if any, proper fences.

In their pastoral employment the two children became inseparable companions. Archie was a smart boy, and a good reader, and many a lesson he gave Kirstie, who was a diligent, though not very apt pupil, for at all times of her life her heart was infinitely greater than her intellect. At other times he would read aloud to her, while she worked her stocking; and sheltered by an old plaid, which preserved them alike from sun, wind, and rain, they passed many happy hours. Finally, Archie thought he must learn to "weave" stockings for himself, and under Kirstie's tuition, soon became nearly as clever at it as she was herself; and so her dream of a companion-knitter under the rowan-tree was realized, though very differently from what she anticipated, as dreams so often are.

Two happy summers passed in this way, and then Archie, having outgrown his lameness, was sent away to farm-service; and when he became older, went to the Highlands as a shepherd. For two or three years his father and mother remained at Barbreck dairy, and Kirstie heard of him occasionally from them; but eventually they went to a large diary down in Galloway, and for several years she did not know whether he were dead or alive; but she did not forget him, and on fine Sunday afternoons in summer, sometimes walked as far as the rowan-tree, with which he was inseparably associated.

A great surprise was in store for her, however, for he came back to Mr. Gray's as young herd. Kirstie had not heard the name of the young man who was coming, indeed had heard nothing about him, except that he was coming from the Highlands. She was in the kitchen alone when he came in: it was dusk, and she did not recognize his voice; but the firelight was shining full upon her as she stood making the porridge, in the cook's absence; and after a minute's quiet survey, he was certain that this tall girl, with the grand figure and plain face, was no other than his old friend Kirstie.

"Do ye ever herd the coos for onybody now-a-days, Kirstie?" he said at length, very quietly.

"Preserve us a'!" exclaimed Kirstie, nearly upsetting the porridge in her agitation; then as the fire blazed up, and disclosed the fair curly head and merry blue eyes she remembered so well, she said with tearful eyes and trembling voice: "Can this be you, Archie Brydone? Glad am I to see ye back again. But what a start ye gied me, for mony's the time I've wondered if ye were alive."

"Alive and hearty," replied Archie, with rather a forced laugh, to hide the emotion he really felt when he saw how agitated she was. "But the truth is, I wearied o' the Highlands; it's a dull thing being one's lane in a house for months, and I thocht I would try the Low Country again."

Archie was surprised to find, as time passed on, and he and Kirstie dropped into their old friendly terms, how little changed she was in mind from what she used to be; the same simple, guileless creature, strong as a rock for truth and right, and thoroughly unselfish.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray were so much attached to her that they looked on her almost as a child of the house, and yet she was so unconscious of any special favour, that she quite avoided all jealousy on the part of her fellow-servants. Archie staid steadily on at Auchensack, and became almost as much a part of the household as Kirstie; the other servants went and came, but these two remained fixtures.

When Archie had been three years with Mr. Gray, the shepherd at Dynefoot left to take a small farm, and Mr. Gray offered it to Archie, adding, with a sly glance, that he would have to look out for a wife in that case. Archie thanked him, and asked for a few days to think of it, which Mr. Gray willingly granted. That was on a Saturday; and on the afternoon of the Sunday, which was a bright September day, Archie asked Kirstie if she would take a walk with him to the rowan-tree; and there, at the place where they first met, and where they had played

Digitized by Google

and worked as children, he asked her if she would be his life-long companion. No one can doubt what Kirstie's answer was; he had been the one love of her childhood and of her later years, and the sun never shone upon a prouder, happier bride.

It was an additional source of happiness, too, the fact that they were to live in her old home, though many a one would have thought it a solitary place enough. It was three miles from Auchensack, and about as far from the nearest shepherd's house, and was away quite up among the hills, commanding a splendid view of one of the loveliest of the lovely Dumfriesshire valleys. It was a roomy, comfortable cottage, white-washed, with a thatched roof, a nice garden in front, and two elm-trees at one side. Inside, it was the picture of comfort; the kitchen especially, with its sanded floor clean as hands could make it; the dresser gay with willow-pattern plates and many-coloured bowls and "pigs;" * the long settle by the fire; and the antique clock, which had belonged to Kirstie's grandfather. It stood just about a hundred yards from the mouth of the deep, dark, precipitous glen which took its name from the Dyne, a little burn which brawled along at the foot.

Archie entered on his duties at Martinmas, and they were married on the Hogmanay following, at Auchensack, when there was a dance in the barn and general merry-making. And so time had slipped away, every season seeming happier than the last, Kirstie thought, and happiest of all, the dark days of winter, since a little blossom came upon a November day, and filled their cup of happiness to overflowing. It was a lovely, fair little infant, with Archie's blue eyes and flaxen hair; and he was, if possible, more passionately fond of it than Kirstie herself.

Kirstie thought of her happy lot with a deep unutterable thankfulness, as she sat absently rocking the cradle. She was one of those women who have great difficulty of utterance, whose words are few, but their thoughts many, and above all, her religion was truly a part of herself and of her daily life. The sun had now set, and darkness was coming on, while the wind whistled more shrilly than ever, and with an eerie sound, which made her shudder. She was becoming really anxious about Archie's long-continued absence. He had left home in the morning with the first peep of daylight to climb the hill, according to his custom, and intended to come home, as he usually did, about eleven.

She tried, meanwhile, to calm her anxiety by thinking that something might have happened to one of the sheep, or that he might have been detained gathering them into the folds in preparation for an approaching storm. At length, she heard the dog scratching at the door; and joyfully she said to herself: "He canna be far off noo;" but on opening the door, the dog, instead of running joyfully to the fire, or curling himself up beneath one of the beds, as he usually did, began to jump fawningly upon her, and to whine pitifully: she could not understand the reason of this at all, when suddenly an idea burst upon her mind, which speedily became a certainty. Archie was ill, had hurt himself, perhaps, somewhere on the hills, and the dog had come for help. She shook off a deadly faintness which crept over her at the thought; and rousing herself she drew the fire together, in case of sparks, placed the cradle on one of the beds for safety, and throwing a plaid about her, followed the dog.

During these preparations, "Laddie" had stood still and motionless as a statue; but when she moved towards the door he jumped with delight, fawned upon her, and licked her hands, and then bounded hastily forwards in the direction of the glen. The ordinary route along Glen Dyne was to climb the steep hill which rose behind Dynefoot, and then to keep by a footpath which wound along the top of the glen for about a mile. There was no fence or protection whatever; and there were several sad stories told of people who had missed their footing, or, in the darkness, had wandered too near the edge, and so had come to a violent end. Just two winters before this, an unfortunate man had perished not far from the mouth of the glen. He was a packman, with a donkey, who was well known at all the farm-houses; and was, in his way, a well-to-do man, with a well-assorted pack, the contents of which ranged from ribbons and jewellery to note-paper, hair-pins, and stay-laces. In fact, it was designed to supply all the little wants of a female population, who were seldom able to indulge in the luxury of going a-shopping. Tom Carson the packman was therefore a great fa-

* Crockery.

Digitized by Google

vourite, and not only because of his wares, but because he was a cheery, pleasant fellow; and Kirstie remembered well what consternation was caused in the kitchen at Auchensack when a rumour arose that Tom Carson had disappeared; and it was thought that some one must have made away with him, for the sake of his pack, which, as it was new year's time, was unusually heavy. It was only conjecture, however, for nothing could be heard of him; but when at last the snow, which lay that winter for several weeks, had melted, the mystery was solved, and poor Tom Carson, with his donkey and his pack, were found at the bottom of Glen Dyne. It was supposed that he had been coming to Auchensack, where he was a great favourite — that he had been overtaken by the storm — that the donkey had lost its footing, and in his efforts to save the poor animal, he had perished along with it. It was a sad story, and cast a deeper shade of gloom over Glen Dyne, which indeed bore no good name already. As Kirstie toiled up the hill, it all came back appallingly afresh to her memory.

About half-way up the steep precipitous side of the glen, there ran a very narrow, insecure footpath called the "Tod's Path," owing to a fox-burrow up near the head of the glen. Few people ever ventured along it, except the game-keepers and the shepherds, and even they did not care to try it except in broad daylight. At the point where this path turned off from the face of the hill, "Laddie" began again to jump upon his mistress, then running a few steps along the path and coming back, he wagged his tail and looked up at her with beseeching eyes, saying, as plainly as dog could say, in his mute but expressive language: "Come this way." Kirstie did not hesitate to follow, bad though the way was, for it led, she was sure, to her husband; and besides, as a little child she used often to come with her father before she knew what fear was, and therefore knew every turn and bend in the path. Toiling up the wild solitude, her feelings overcame her, and unconsciously forced from her lips the cry: "O Archie, Archie, my man, where are ye?"

Just at this point, a little runlet of water which came down from the hill had spread itself across the path in a solid sheet of ice. Kirstie hesitated, but there was no other way; it was life or death, and she must hasten on: so she did cross, but her foot slipped, and she narrowly escaped falling. The snow now began to fall more quickly and in large flakes, and she had to trust more to memory for the path than actual sight. On and on she went, however, till she had gone nearly a mile up the glen, when suddenly "Laddie" gave a short joyful bark, and she saw a dark object stretched across the path. It was indeed Archie; he was leaning against a large stone which seemed to have broken his fall; his hair was powdered with snow, his face was white and rigid, and his lips were livid. Kirstie never doubted but that he was dead, and threw herself on the ground beside him, with a cry of agony; when suddenly his eyes opened — a conscious look came into his face, and he said in faint low tones: "Is that you, Kirstie? I thocht I was gaun to dee my lane, and never see ye mair."

"Oh, wheest, Archie, wheest," she wailed; "ye'll break my heart; dinna speak that way."

He continued, after a moment's pause: "I slipped at the top o' the brae, and I maun hae dwamed,* for I wakened as cauld as a stane wi' Laddie licking my face; so I sent him home, puir beast. No help could do me guid now, Kirstie," he said, as if in answer to the thoughts which were passing through her mind at the moment. "My leg is broken; and I've hurt my side; and wi' the darkness and the storm, there's nobody fit to help me, gin they were here; and it wad be hours before onybody could come. O Kirstie, woman, I maun leave ye and the wee bairn," he added with a choking sob.

Kirstie did not answer for a moment; and then her face was lighted up with a look of high resolve, and she said: "Mony a time, Archie, have I wondered why the Lord gied me my great strength and my lang arms, but I see it now; and if it be His will, I will save you this nicht."

"Ye're no fit to carry me," Archie remonstrated feebly; "and think what a road, Kirstie."

"Do I no ken the road better than ony herd in the country?" she replied; "and we maun ask for help higher than man's."

As she knelt beside her husband, with the snow falling on her upturned face, and the wild wind whistling round, and in few and simple words, as if she were speaking to a near and loving friend, asked the aid of the Almighty arm to guide her on her perilous way, and keep her feet from falling, Archie Brydone,

* Fainted.

Digitized by Google

even in the midst of all his pain and weakness, felt that he had never before truly known his wife. She then lifted Archie, as gently and tenderly as she could; but he gave a deep groan, and she found that he had fainted quite away. "Maybe it's better," she murmured; "he winna know, till the danger's past." Then, with another upward glance for help, she set out on her dangerous way. It would, by this time, have been perfectly dark, but there was a little moonlight, just enough to shew the mere outline of the path and the glen. The path itself was, by this time, quite covered with snow; every step was taken in uncertainty; she hardly knew if she were keeping the path at all. Strong as she was, she staggered at times under her burden, while everything around looked wild and weird in the half-darkness and the thick-falling snow. "Laddie" trotting in front of her, and guiding her on her way, was the only gleam of comfort she had. She went along more by instinct than sight, and after a weary while, she began to think that she must be coming near the mouth of the glen, when suddenly she remembered the sheet of ice across the pathway. If she could hardly cross it then, what was to become of her now, with a heavy burden, and the snow covering the path, so that she could not tell where she was going? Her heart sank within her; she remembered that it was near that very spot that poor Tom Carson was killed, and she felt as if she could not move another step. Just at this moment a ray of moonlight pierced through the drift, and shewed her young Archie's head resting on her shoulder; the face was more boyish than ever in its pallor, and the rings of fair hair lay damp on his forehead. New strength seemed to come to her arms with the sight, and new courage and faith to her heart, and she went bravely on a few more steps, and then, to her joy and surprise, found herself safe out on the hillside, and far past the dangerous place. She had passed it safely and quietly, not knowing of the danger till it was gone. She had the wind to contend with now, and the snowdrift in her face; but in her thankfulness, she felt as if she could overcome everything, and soon was within a few yards of their own door. Then her strength utterly failed; she struggled with beating heart and labouring breath against her weakness, as if it were some physical obstacle; and she did manage, though how she never knew, to reach the house, enter the door, place Archie on the long settle by the fireside, and then — fell on the floor perfectly unconscious. Poor "Laddie" ran from one to another, not knowing what was the matter, and howling pitifully, while the baby was wailing in the cradle. Help, however, was near at hand, and in a few minutes two men from Auchensack entered the cottage. They had been sent rather against their will, and felt as if they were on a wild-goose chase; but when they arrived at the house, they were horrified with the state of matters, and thankful that a childish fancy — as they thought it at first — should have been the means of bringing them to Dynefoot so opportunely.

The children at Auchensack were extremely fond of Kirstie, and it was a favourite amusement of theirs, every afternoon, as the dusk came on, to watch for the light appearing in her window. When long after the usual time, none appeared, they could not understand it at all; the anniversary of her wedding-day too: what could be the matter? At last, Mr. and Mrs. Gray became uneasy themselves, and sent off the two men, who arrived at the very time when their help was most needed.

Archie "came to" after a little; but nothing they could do had any effect in rousing Kirstie; so one of them went back to Auchensack, and from there was sent on for the doctor. Poor man, he was just sitting down to supper, at a cosy little party, which had assembled to see the "old year out and the new year in," when he was told that the shepherd at Dynefoot had had a bad fall in the glen, and his wife was "near deid" with carrying him home.

"Carrying him home," said one of the company incredulously; "why, it is impossible: the woman must be an Amazon."

"So she is, both in body and soul," replied the doctor, who had known her for years; "and as it is on her account and her husband's, I don't mind the long ride over the snow one bit; so, good-night, and a happy new year to you all."

Kirstie was not "near deid," but she got a great shake, and for some time was graver and quieter than her wont; as if the wings of the Angel of Death had really passed closely by her. One lasting trace she had of her exertions that night — her pretty brown hair was ever after thickly streaked with gray.

Archie, after being ill for a long time, became eventually quite strong, and

Digitized by Google

hearty again; but all his life after was influenced by that wild night in Glen Dyne, and the lesson in simple faith taught him by his wife.

When the "Laird" came to Auchensack, next autumn, for the shooting, he was so pleased to hear of Kirstie's exploit, knowing the glen well, as he did, that he gave the cottage at Dynefoot to her and Archie for their lifetime, promising to build one, if required, for another shepherd. Kirstie was amazed beyond measure with this gift, and it was a mystery to her why people called her a "heroine."

From Temple Bar.

CHATEAUBRIAND AND HIS TIMES.

IN TWO PARTS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

PART II.

IT was in the year 1802, at a *fête* given by Lucien Bonaparte (then minister of the interior) to his brother Napoleon, to celebrate the agreement of the Corps Législatif to the Concordat, and to which the author of "Le Génie du Christianisme" had been appropriately invited, that Chateaubriand was first introduced to the First Consul.

I was in the gallery [he says] when Napoleon entered; he produced upon me an agreeable impression; I had never before seen him except at a distance; his smile was flattering and pleasant; he had a wonderful eye. There was not at this time any trickery in his manner, nothing theatrical or affected. . . . Bonaparte caught sight of me, and — I know not how — recognized me. When he made towards me no one knew whom he sought. The ranks opened; each one hoped that the Consul would stop before him. He manifested a certain impatience at these mistakes. I retired behind my neighbours, but he suddenly raised his voice, and said to me, "Monsieur de Chateaubriand!" I then came to the front and the crowd fell back.

He began speaking in an abrupt manner, as though continuing a previous conversation, upon the manners of Eastern nations, just touched upon the subject of Christianity, and went away again. "But I remarked," Chateaubriand goes on to say, "that while passing among the crowd he eyed me far more searchingly than he had done while he was addressing me."

A lady afterwards informed him that Napoleon had been very much pleased with his *conversation*. He had not uttered a word. The great man was pleased with *himself*.

He had a great discernment into men's characters [adds our author] but he would have liked them to have no talents save for *him*, and even then he would have wished them to possess such gifts only on condition that they were very little talked about. Jealous of every one's renown, he looked upon it as a sort of usurpation of his own. There should be but one Napoleon in the universe.

Soon after this interview Chateaubriand was appointed first secretary of the Roman embassy, and a few months afterwards minister of France at the Valais. This post he never filled. Previous to his departure he went to the Tuileries to take leave of the First Consul, whom he had not seen since that meeting at Lucien's.

The gallery where the First Consul received [he writes] was full; he was accompanied by Murat and an aide-de-camp; he passed me almost without stopping. As he approached I was struck with the alteration in his countenance; his cheeks were hollow, his eyes severe, his complexion pale and sallow, his air sombre and terrible. The attraction which had previously drawn me towards him ceased, and instead of placing myself in his path I made a movement to avoid him. He cast upon me a look as if he sought my recognition, took a few steps towards me, then turned upon his heel and walked away.

When, the next morning, he hears a man and woman crying in the streets, "The judgment of the military commission convoked at Vincennes, who condemned to death Louis-Antoine Henri de Bourbon!" the meaning of this strange scene is fearfully revealed to him. "That cry fell upon me like a thunderbolt; it changed my life and that of Napoleon," he says.

He hastened home, and, in spite of the timid counsels of his friends, who thought his safety imperilled by such a step, at once wrote out his resignation and sent it to the Tuileries. Even he himself doubted whether his life might not pay the forfeit of his temerity, for the news of this murder spread universal dismay — the fear that it was only the prelude of a new Reign of Terror.

The death of the Duc d'Enghien [says Chateaubriand] in introducing another principle into the conduct of Bonaparte, destroyed his correct intelligence, obliged him to shield himself by maxims contrary to his disposition,

* See "*Chateaubriand*," Part I. LIVING AGE, No. 1550.

Digitized by Google

and which his glory and genius were constantly falsifying. Under such influences he became timid, suspicious; people lost confidence in him and in his destiny; he was obliged to countenance if not to seek men whom otherwise he would never have tolerated, and who by this action believed themselves to be his equals. His great qualities remained the same, but his good inclinations changed and no longer supported them; the corruption engendered by this crime deteriorated his original nature.

In 1804 a great domestic tragedy fell upon Chateaubriand — the death of his beloved sister Lucille. She was a strange morbid creature — a visionary, believing herself gifted with second sight — a Rousseau in petticoats, and with something of the Genevese's hallucination that she was surrounded by secret enemies, from whom it was necessary to conceal herself. Such fancies, born upon the desolate rock of St. Malo, nourished in the gloomy solitude of Combourg, still further developed among the horrors of the Revolution, gradually increased to a mania. While her brother was at Rome she suddenly quitted the convent in which she had been residing, and, pursued by some phantom danger, went away to die in an unknown retreat. An old servant to whose care she had been confided, and who accompanied her in her flight, alone followed the coffin. When her brother returned to France the old servant also was dead; and thus, all clue being lost, he never was able to discover the spot to which her ashes had been confided. "She is gone, that sainted genius!" he writes. "There is not a day that I do not weep for her. Lucille loved concealment; I have made a solitude for her in my heart, which she will quit only when I cease to be."

His life was now for some time retired and inactive, but in 1806 he put a project in force that he had been contemplating from boyhood — a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. These Eastern travels and the return journey through Spain occupied him upwards of a year.

In 1807 he returned to Paris and became the proprietor of a journal — "La Mercure." The Empire was now firmly established, and day by day the chains of despotism were drawn tighter and tighter. One morning there appeared in the pages of "La Mercure" an article which thrilled Paris with fear, joy, and amazement; it was a denunciation of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien and of the tyranny of the government. Bonaparte was furious. The newspaper was suppressed, an order issued for the proprietor's arrest. Chateaubriand, however, contrived to keep out of the way of the myrmidons of the police, although all his property was confiscated; and in a little time, for some unexplained reason, they ceased to seek him.

He now retired to the Vallée aux Loups, where, unmolested and in the company of his wife, he gave himself up entirely to literary pursuits. Here he commenced his celebrated autobiography, the "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe," and "Les Martyrs;" and so calmly and peacefully flowed on four uneventful years. In 1811 he was offered the chair of the Institute, left vacant by the death of Marie Chénier, which he nobly refused because he could neither consistently nor conscientiously pronounce that eulogy upon the existing government which such occasions demanded. In the same year he published his "Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem," one of his finest works.

There was something strangely capricious in Bonaparte's behaviour towards him, it was alternately conciliating and inimical. In that same year, 1811, the Emperor demanded of the Institute why the author of "Le Génie du Christianisme" was not mentioned for the decennial prize,* remarking that, since it did not think him worthy of it, he would name him superintendent of all the libraries of France. He never fulfilled this promise, however, and afterwards, without any new cause of offence having been given, the prefect of police hinted to the Viscount that his absence from Paris was desirable. Upon which he retired to Dieppe, and did not return to the capital until the winter of 1813–14.

With the publication of "Les Natchez," the remnants of that enormous *olla podrida* of literature, from which, as it has been before stated, "Atala," "René," and portions of "Le Génie du Christianisme" had been already drawn, his literary career, excepting the "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe," not published until after his death, came to an end.

No writer ever made a more rapid and brilliant fame, no writer was ever more thoroughly *en rapport* with his age; hence the secret of his success. But he has no depth of thought, and little power of characterization. When he becomes didactic or attempts to reason, he invests his pages with a mass of glittering meta-

* Living Age, No. 1550.

Digitized by Google

phors and forced conceits, to hide the poverty of his ideas. Honoured as the revivalist of the Christian faith, no man of genius had ever less of the spirit of Christianity — not even Byron, whom in tone of thought he greatly resembles. The world is full of misery; through a vale of tears and blighted hopes, plucking bright flowers by the way that wither in our grasp, we make our weary pilgrimage to the dark silent grave. Such is the bitter wail that from end to end runs through the Mémoires; such is the spirit of "René," that earlier "Childe Harold." His imagination was poetical rather than religious, and whenever he attempted to rise to the regions of the divine he signally failed. In imitation of Milton he scaled the Heavens, and even tried to describe the Eternal; he descended into Hell, and painted the region of the damned; but such scenes produce no illusion upon the reader; they are unreal; mere studies of style. The same may be said of his martyrs, who are neither Christians nor Pagans, but mere utterers of curious conceits and pious sentiments, clothed in choice and mellifluous language. In the magnificence of his descriptive passages, however, and in passionate tenderness, he is unrivalled by at least all his predecessors.*

In the meanwhile, the gigantic despotism of Bonaparte begins to totter; the terrible Russian campaign has stripped the idol of *la grande nation* of the only merit a Frenchman will acknowledge — success. In the Peninsula crushing defeats fall upon his arms, the English are across the Pyrenees, the Allies are marching Pariswards.

It was at this time that Chateaubriand was composing his celebrated pamphlet of "Bonaparte and the Bourbons;" a most dangerous occupation, for within the walls of Paris Napoleon and his police were still omnipotent. At night the manuscript was concealed beneath his pillow; it was written within locked doors, and when he went abroad was always carried upon the person of himself or wife. "I had been obliged," he writes, "to confide my secret to a printer, who had consented to risk it; after the bulletins of each hour he returned it to me, or came to take back half composed proofs, accordingly as the noise of the cannon sounded nearer or farther from Paris; thus during fifteen days I risked my life upon the cast of a die."

Paris is taken, and the Allies are masters of it. But even now they scarcely know what government to give to France,

* In order to give those unacquainted with his works some idea of his style I present two extracts from "Atala." The first is descriptive of a storm in a tropical forest: "Le ciel commença de se couvrir. Toutes les voix de la solitude s'éteignirent, le désert fit silence, et les forêts muettes demeurèrent dans un calme universel. Bientôt les roulemens d'un tonnerre lointain se prolongeant dans ces bois aussi antiques que le monde, en firent sortir des bruits sublimes. Craignant d'être submergés dans le fleuve, nous nous hâtâmes de gagner le bord, et de nous retirer dans une forêt. . . . Cependant l'obscurité redouble: les nuages abaissés entrent sous l'ombrage des bois. Tout à coup la nue se déchire, et l'éclair trace un rapide losange de feu. Un vent impétueux sorti du couchant, mêle en un vaste chaos les nuages avec les nuages. Le ciel s'ouvre coup sur coup, et à travers ses crevasses on aperçoit de nouveaux cieux et des campagnes ardentes. La masse entière des forêts plie. Quel affreux et magnifique spectacle! La foudre allume en divers lieux les bois; l'incendie s'étend comme une chevelure de flammes; des colonnes d'étincelles et de fumées assiégent les nues, qui dégorgent leurs foudres dans le vaste embrâsement. Les détonations de l'orage et de l'incendie, le fracas des vents, les gémissemens des arbres, les cris des fantômes, les hurlemens des bêtes, les clameurs des fleuves, les sifflemens des tonnerres, qui s'éteignent en tombant dans les ondes — tous ces bruits multipliés par les échos du ciel et des montagnes, assourdissent le désert."

The second extract is taken from Atala's dying scene. Her mother vows her, from her cradle, to virginity, and as soon as she is old enough compels her to take that same vow upon herself. She falls passionately in love, however, with René, who has been a captive among the Indian tribe to which she belongs, and whose escape she contrives. While making their way through the forest alone with her lover, finding her passion overmastering her, she commits suicide rather than break her vow.

The following is her dying address to her lover: "Mon jeune ami, reprit Atala, tu as été témoin de mes combats, et cependant tu n'en as vu que la moindre partie; je te cachois le reste. Non, l'esclave noir, qui arrose de ses sueurs les sables ardens de la Floride, est moins misérable que n'a été Atala. Te sollicitant à la fuite, et pourtant certaine de mourir si tu t'éloignois de moi; craignant de fuir avec toi dans des déserts, et cependant haletant après l'ombrage des bois, et appellant à grands cris la solitude. . . . Ah! s'il n'avoit fallu que quitter parens, amis, patrie; si même (chose affreuse) il n'y eût eu que la perte de mon ame! Mais ton ombre, ô ma mère! ton ombre étoit toujours là, me reprochant ses tourmens. J'entendois tes plaintes, je voyois les flammes de l'enfer te consumer. . . . Mes nuits étoient arides et pleines de fantômes; mes jours étoient désolés; la rosée du soir séchoit en tombant sur ma peau brulante; j'entrouvrois mes lèvres aux brises, et les brises, loin de m'apporter la fraîcheur, s'embrâsoient du feu de mon souffle. Quel tourment! de te voir sans cesse auprès de moi, loin de tous les hommes, dans de profondes solitudes, et de sentir entre toi et moi une barrière invincible! Passer ma vie a tes pieds, et servir comme ton esclave, apprêter ton repas et ta couche, dans quelque coin ignoré de l'univers, eût été pour moi le bonheur suprême: ce bonheur, j'y touchois, et je ne pouvois en jouir. Quel dessein n'ai-je point rêvé? quel songe n'est point sorti de ce cœur si triste? Quelquefois, en attachant mes yeux sur toi, au milieu du désert, j'allois jusqu'à former des desirs aussi insensés que coupables. Tantôt j'aurois voulu être avec toi la seule créature vivante sur la terre; tantôt, sentant une divinité qui m'arrêtoit dans mes horribles transports, je desirois que cette divinité se fût anéantie, pourvu que, serrée dans tes bras, j'eusse roulé d'abyme en abyme avec les débris de Dieu et du monde. A présent même — le dirai-je? — à présent, que l'éternité va m'engloutir, que je vais paroitre devant le juge inexorable, au moment où, pour obéir à ma mère, je vois avec joie ma virginité dévorer ma vie—eh bien! par une affreuse contradiction, j'emporte le regret de n'avoir pas été à toi!"

Digitized by Google

and Alexander hesitates whether it shall be the child king of Rome or Louis the Eighteenth. In the midst of these doubts, "Bonaparte and the Bourbons" appear. It is a fierce denunciation of Napoleonic tyranny and an appeal to France to rally round the descendant of her ancient kings. Louis said afterwards that that pamphlet did more to place the crown upon his head, than would an army of a hundred thousand soldiers.

In stating the objects he had in view in composing this pamphlet, the author says:

I had such an exalted idea of the genius of Napoleon and of the valour of our soldiers, that a foreign invasion, successful even in its final results, never could have entered into my head; but I thought that this invasion, by making France feel the perilous situation to which she had been reduced by the ambition of Napoleon, would induce an internal movement, and lead to an effort on the part of the French to free themselves with their own hands from the state of bondage to which they had been reduced. It was with this idea that I wrote my notes, in order that if our political assembly should arrest the advance of the allied armies, and resolve on separating themselves from a great man who had become a scourge, they might know to whom to have recourse. It appeared to me that the only secure refuge was to be found beneath the shelter of that authority (modified so far as to meet the wants of the age), under which our ancestors had existed during the lapse of eight centuries. When, in a storm, there is only an ancient edifice at hand, we fly to it for shelter, all in ruins though it may chance to be.

And so we come to the last end of the last act of the great French Revolution. In the short space of a little more than a score of years France had lived under a Convention, a Reign of Terror, a Directory, a Consulate, and an Empire; had discovered each to be a political failure; and so went back to the old form of legitimate monarchy, which she had waded through seas of blood to destroy.

On the third of May, 1814, Louis the Eighteenth entered Paris. How the army received him is thus graphically described by Chateaubriand:

It was thought desirable to spare the King the sight of the foreign troops, and it was therefore a regiment of the *vieille garde* on foot who lined the way from Pont Neuf to Notre Dame along the Quai des Orfèvres. I do not think that human faces ever before wore so threatening and so terrible an expression. These grenadiers, covered with wounds, the conquerors of Europe, who had seen so many thousand balls passing over their heads, who smelt of fire and powder — these same men, deprived of their captain, were forced to present arms to an aged king, whom time not war had invalided — watched over as they were by an army of Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, and that in the invaded capital of Napoleon. Some amongst them, frowning with vexation, drew their large fur caps over their eyes, as if to prevent themselves from seeing; others drew down the corners of their mouths in contemptuous rage; others showed their teeth like tigers from the midst of their moustaches. When they presented arms it was with a movement of fury, and their arms resounded with a noise which made one tremble. Never, it must be confessed, were men put to such a trial, never did men suffer such a bitter mortification. If, at that moment they had been called upon to revenge themselves, it would have been necessary to exterminate them to the very last man ere they would have bitten the dust.

Paris, as usual, fell into a delirium of delight, and during several days and nights, danced and sang beneath the windows of the Tuileries; and royalty shewed itself upon the balcony, and bowed graciously, and the mob howled with delight. At every theatre the airs of "Vive Henri Quatre" and "Charmante Gabrielle" were constantly demanded from the orchestra, and received with enthusiastic brayings by an asinine audience. The idol Glory was broken, and upon its pedestal was raised up a stout old gentleman, whom a few months previously the worshippers would have hounded to the scaffold with the utmost zest.

While the Restoration was thus enjoying its honeymoon, poor Glory, as typified by Napoleon Bonaparte, was making his way through France towards his place of exile. But now, he was the nation's idol, the laurel-crowned Emperor, at whose feet Europe lay prostrate, covered by the victorious flag of France; and had he, in emulation of Gessler, raised his little cocked-hat in every market-place of France, the mob would have salaamed, and bellowed themselves hoarse in adoration of the symbol. "*France*," says Lamartine, "*never tolerates misfortune in her rulers.*" "*Sacre bleu!* has he not lost battles?" it cries. "Has he not betrayed France? For Frenchmen can never be defeated except by treachery." And so a virtuous people lash themselves into furious indignation, and salute fallen greatness with cries of "*Vive le roi!* Down with the rascal! Down with the tyrant!" They execrate him, load him with revilings, sometimes even attack the carriage which carries him, try to tear him out and massacre him, and are with

Digitized by Google

difficulty beaten off by his escort. Here and there a few poor spiritless creatures, with some pity in their hearts for fallen greatness — the imbeciles! such are unworthy the name of Frenchmen — cry "*Vive l'Empereur!*" But such are few; "*la grande nation*" is not composed of such as these. As he advances farther and farther upon his journey, it is found necessary to clothe him in the guise of a courier, to protect him from the ever increasing fury of the crowd. Picture the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz cowering in that ignoble disguise in a dark corner of the carriage, or in some squalid cabaret, trembling, weeping, as he listens to the savage howls and clamours for his life. Such is the picture given by Count Walbourg, one of the officers of the escort, in his description of the journey.

The most eager of all to welcome and pay adulation to the new sovereign were the creatures of Bonaparte, with Fouché at their head. The men of the Terror, of the Directory, of the Consulate, of the Empire — of anything that was uppermost, the noble democrats and regicides who had laved themselves in kingly and aristocratic blood, were now ready to lick the boots of all the Bourbons.

With the restoration of monarchy Parisian society quickly resumed its ancient aspect; Madame de Staël, Madame Récamier, and a host of smaller celebrities hurried back to the capital and reopened their *salons*, and literature, so long crushed beneath the iron heel of military depotism, was suddenly transported into an almost Golden Age. Everywhere in the houses of the aristocracy — of the Duchesse Duras, the Duchesse de Guiche, the Duchesse de la Tremouille, the Comtesse de Caylas (la Favorita) — men of letters were received upon the same footing as the highest nobility. There gathered bright-eyed youths, then in the mere infancy of their genius, unknown names, destined ere long to fill Europe with their fame; notably Alfred de Vigny, Alphonse Lamartine, fresh from the study of Byron and the composition of "Les Méditations," and Victor Hugo, then a Royalist, fervid for Legitimacy as he is now for Red Republicanism.

Looking beyond the literary coteries to society at large, we see Napoleonism and Legitimatism pretending to coalesce, the uniform of the Empire and the uniform of the Bourbons arm in arm, and everywhere the white, green, and red coats of the invaders galling the natives with the humiliating sense of defeat, which sense they resent by sarcasms, jeers and unlimited hatred.

To say that Louis the Eighteenth was borne to the throne upon the shoulders of monarchical reaction would be to assert a patent untruth. France was weary of Bonapartism, *in defeat;* it had had enough of revolutions, *for a time;* to what then could it turn for a new sensation but to Legitimacy? Chateaubriand relates that Madame de Montcalm sent him twelve hundred crowns, to be distributed among pure Legitimists; after a long and conscientious search he returned her the money intact; he had not been able to dispose of a single crown!

By means of the Charter, which gave representative government, two chambers, responsibility of ministers, liberty of the press, and religious toleration, the King hoped to please everybody, and met the proverbial fate of all such hopeful people — he pleased nobody. The Charter in itself was a good honest act, which, *thoroughly carried out*, would have contented almost any European nation except France, and have formed the basis of solid and permanent institutions. That it was not thoroughly carried out was as much the fault of the people as of the government.

The dragon's teeth sown by the Revolution still produced its deadly crop of discordant factions. The iron hand of Napoleon had grasped them all, welded them together, but now that that hand was powerless all was again heterogeneous. The *émigrés*, who formed the ultra-royalist party, would fain have restored the order of things which existed previous to the assembling of the States-General, an idea as impossible of realization as to annihilate the twenty-five intervening years and turn the world back to the year 1789.

Feudalism had disappeared, every tie which had once bound the people to the aristocracy was broken: the latter were aliens and strangers in their native land, which they had quitted in their youth, many in their childhood. To these bigots the Charter was an abrogation of their prerogatives. Again, Louis had passed a law that the present possessors of estates confiscated by the revolutionary government should remain undisturbed in their possession. This enactment, which should at least have secured for him the staunch adherence of one party, alienated two. The aristocrats considered themselves wronged by the

Digitized by Google

non-restoration of their ancient demesnes, while those who held them regarded this law simply as a temporary necessity, which would endure just so long as king and *émigré* were not sufficiently powerful to break it, and no longer, and that ultimately all would be torn from them. Even the aristocrats were divided among themselves; the first *émigrés* looking with hatred upon those who, conceding to the more moderate principles of the Revolution, had been driven out of France only by its excesses.

The fear and dislike against the clergy were still more pronounced. Those who held the confiscated church lands believed themselves to be even less safe than those who stood in a similar position towards the laity: a belief fatally fostered by certain bigoted priests, who refused the offices of the church to those who held its property. Farmers dreaded the re-establishment of tithes; the smaller shopkeepers and the working classes resented the compulsory observance of the Sabbath as a tax upon their industry which defrauded them of the earnings of one day out of the seven; the Protestants, warned by bitter experience, could not believe in the continuance of toleration while Catholicism reigned at Court.

Again, there were the remnants of the Jacobin party, who still clung to the doctrines of '95, and, in spite of the amnesty proclaimed, feared that as the monarchy waxed stronger they would be called to account for their crimes. How the army was disposed has been already shown. As to the shallow, fickle mob, Louis was not the kind of monarch to impose upon its glitter-loving eyes. "Il faut avouer qu'un roi qui ne peut monter à cheval est un bien chétif animal." The man who uttered those words might be regarded as the mouthpiece of French ideas upon the qualifications of a ruler.

Such were the discordant and hostile elements over which an old man who had spent five and twenty years of his life in exile, and who was gifted with only mediocre administrative abilities, was called upon to rule. Fortunately in his youth he had been a follower of the liberal principles of the pre-revolutionary period, and had continued to be a moderate Royalist. Tainted with the Voltaireanism of the same period, he yet respected religion without being a bigot. Left to the exercise of his own free will, he would have been satisfied to have reigned according to the principles of the Charter. But all his surroundings were ultra-royalists and bigots. The Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Duc de Berri, and above all the Comte d'Artois, backed by the extreme party of the *émigrés*, were ever urging him to despotism, and, as far as lay in their power, enforcing their counsels.

Scarcely was the Restoration accomplished ere plots for the return of Napoleon began to be concocted in co-operation with Murat; and so bold did the conspirators become, that in a little time they openly discussed in the *salons* and the public coffee-houses the probable return of the ex-Emperor. The symbol of the violet was seen everywhere. And yet, so lethargic were the administrative authorities, that the police made no effort to check the progress of this conspiracy.

At length came the news of Bonaparte's escape from Elba, and shortly afterwards of his landing in France. The government was paralyzed; he marched a hundred leagues without encountering any opposition. The army at once went over to him, and the people, who a few months before had execrated and endeavoured to massacre him, received him with acclamations. The noble Fouché returned to his old master, and at the same time carried on a secret correspondence with the King.

Louis has been sneered at for quitting Paris so ignominiously, but what could he do, without soldiers and surrounded by a hostile population? A little longer and Napoleon was again within the capital, and Louis the Eighteenth once more an exile at Gand. But who should be her ruler was no longer a question for France to decide, it was a question for all Europe; and Europe, resolved that the world should no longer be scourged by the Corsican despot, aroused herself for a mighty effort.

Napoleon's invasion of France was the desperate act of a desperado, who recklessly cast aside the glittering mask beneath which he had hitherto concealed his worthless and mendacious character, and showed himself to the world as he really was. To the army he promised war, rapine, glory; to the citizens he promised peace, and to abide by the Treaty of Paris as far as the boundaries of the country were concerned. He intimated that his escape was connived at by England, and countenanced by Austria; there was no lie or subterfuge that he shrank from uttering or committing. But all came to an end upon the field of Waterloo, and there ended the fourth act of

Digitized by Google

the bloody Napoleonic drama, of which Europe had been the stage and the people of all nations the actors. The fifth act was an anti-climax: a very tame ending to so blatant a beginning. Sentimentalists still deplore the cruelty of England in consigning Bonaparte to captivity at St. Helena, as if any indulgence could have been yielded to this desolater of the earth, who had shown himself destitute of every principle of truth and honour. Even at St. Helena he attitudinized and posed himself, and lied unblushingly, to excite the pity and admiration of a world that he had ravaged with fire and sword. A great writer has stigmatized Napoleon the Third as Napoleon the Little, but he was at least noble and heroic in his fallen days, and therefore, in so much, a greater man than his big uncle. Bonaparte possessed a magnificent genius, but neither heart nor honour. His ambition was as rapacious and insensate as Alexander's, and he was to mankind a scourge as terrible as Attila.

It is a strange anomaly that in an age in which we carry peace proclivities to poltroonery, when like a cowardly schoolboy, we will endure any number of kicks rather than fight, such a glamour, such a false halo, should still surround a man who, although he was a great warrior in his days of power, was but a poor creature when fortune deserted him. Think—oh, ye admirers of this great conqueror!—of the millions of widows and orphans he left desolate upon the world—of the millions of brave men, the very flower of Europe's manhood, that perished in agony and misery in every land, from the sun-scorched plains of Egypt to the snow-laden steppes of Russia; think of the wail of anguish that went up from millions of women's hearts, mourning for those brave fellows that lay stark and bloody upon the earth, food for the wolf and the vulture. Think of the huts, the palaces, the villages, the towns, the thousands of happy homes that he reduced to charred and blackened ruins, burnt-offerings to Satan; think of the thousands upon thousands of women violated and of peaceful citizens butchered by a savage soldiery! Think of the thousands of acres of golden grain trampled into corruption beneath the horses' hoofs and fouled with blood; think of the thousands of famished homeless wretches perishing of exposure, cold, and hunger; and think that all this was one man's work! For what end? For the mere lust of conquest, for the mere gratification of an idea—the empire of the world. The ferocious hordes that under Timour and Genghis Khan swarmed over the world from the Arabian deserts and the plains of Tartary, sword and Koran in hand, were animated by a purpose they believed to be divine; they were the champions of a faith they promulgated with a fervour that even shames the martyrs of Christianity. Such men—as ready to die as to kill, to endure as to inflict—were noble heroes compared to this remorseless selfish despot, who had no thought beyond the all-absorbing SELF. His apologists are ever reminding us of his splendid genius: we admire the beauty of the tiger and the panther, but we cannot for that regard them less as scourges dangerous to man and to be swept away.

Chateaubriand had accompanied the king to Gand, where he was named minister of the Interior. When the Court returned to Paris, Fouché, as a reward for his dirty work, was named minister of police, upon which the Viscount, like an honest man, refusing to be colleagued with such a scoundrel, resigned.*

The reaction of ultra-royalism and religious bigotry, which had scarcely more than threatened during the first year of the monarchy, now burst forth with resistless fury. Louis had, on his return, promised to rule according to the Charter; but alas! what could this old man, of little energy and too much given to ease, do to stem the torrent that foamed and roared around him? The late events had wonderfully strengthened the hands of the *émigrés*, by, as it were, showing the impossibility of repressing the widespread spirit of sedition by any other means than the exercise of absolute authority. "Bonapartism is still rife in the land; it will never cease to plot and conspire while it has life; therefore our safety demands that it shall be utterly stamped out." Such was the argument of the ultra-royalist, as in the "nineties" it had been, with the alteration of the name, the argument of the Red Republican. A cruel and universal proscription of the Bonapartists was the result. Several of the executions, however, which have been the most universally con-

* And yet it is difficult to say how the King could have done otherwise. Fouché possessed an immense influence over a party that represented many shades of opinion, from Jacobinism to moderate Liberalism, and which he carried wherever he pleased; and his nomination was approved of by Wellington, probably on account of the treacherous service he had done during the Hundred Days.

Digitized by Google

demned, were the most justifiable, notably those of Ney and Labédoyère. These men were soldiers, who had sworn allegiance to the King; they broke that oath, and by every military code in the world their rightful doom was death. Had they refused the oath they would have merited universal esteem. But they were double traitors: first, in deserting the man under whom they had risen to greatness; secondly, in deserting the man whom they had gone over to for mere loaves and fishes. Traitor soldiers have been the curse of France ever since the first Revolution. Let her show them no mercy.

But no such justification can be advanced for other ultra-royalist doings, except such as may be urged in extenuation of the revengeful passions of men who had been hunted down, driven out of their native land, despoiled of their estates, and few of whom had not some relative near and dear who had fallen beneath the guillotine, and whose memory called upon them for vengeance. Such was certainly the point of view from which the Royalists regarded their own actions, and which, in order to form a correct judgment of the events, should be considered by posterity in conjunction with the impartial view of non-interested persons. Nevertheless, we must all deplore the sanguinary excesses of this period, the cruel persecution of the fallen party, the Draconian laws, and above all, those infamous riots, massacres and assassinations, fomented equally by Royalists, Liberalists, and priests, which spread consternation throughout the land, and which people called "the White Terror."

Chateaubriand's position at this time is well indicated by Louis de Loménie, in "La Nouvelle Biographie Universelle" (Art. "Chateaubriand"). After Waterloo, he says, Chateaubriand preserved his title of minister of state, but refused to accept the portfolio in company with Fouché. Three parties disputed the government; the Ultra-royalists wished the King minus the Charter; the Liberalists, the Charter minus the King; the Moderates, the two combined. By sympathy, conviction, and the instincts of his genius, Chateaubriand belonged to the last. But, whether carried away by hatred of the imperial *régime*, by the violent partisanship of his last writings, or by certain sympathies for individuals, he found himself at first enrolled among the most intolerant supporters of the throne and altar. Nevertheless, even in that equivocal position, he did not make a complete abdication of his principles. There were two which, as two brilliant torches, ever shone upon his political life: he always defended representative government and the liberty of the press, both by pen and speech. He now conceived the plan of constitutionally educating the *émigrés*, and rallying them around the Charter. These chimerical ideas led him on to injudicious concessions in the hope of winning others, and imparted a mosaic and contradictory aspect to all his writings, more especially to his "La Monarchie selon la Charte"—a pamphlet which gave great offence to the Bourbons. In this *brochure* he in one page eloquently asserts the principles of representative government, and almost denounces the *ancien régime;* in the next he inveighs against the men of the republic and the empire, and is indignant that the soldiers of La Vendée, who died for their king, should be put upon an equality with those who died at Waterloo. "He accepts as good the results of the Revolution, but rejects the men and the principles that created them," adds the writer.

Victor Hugo, who was first introduced to Chateaubriand in 1819, has given us a vivid portrait of his manner and personal appearance at that date. When the young poet entered the room he saw him leaning in a stately attitude against the mantlepiece. He affected the bearing of a soldier; his neck was encased in a high military stock, and his tight-fitting frock coat was closely buttoned to the throat. His body was small and bent, but his head was remarkably fine, although out of all proportion with his figure. The expression was grave and noble, the nose firm and imperious, the eyes haughty; a sweet smile occasionally relieved the mouth of its normal severe expression. On this particular morning his manner was gracious and charming, but on other occasions Hugo found him a man of freezing politeness, exciting awe rather than sympathy. In money affairs he was munificently lavish. He always kept upon his mantlepiece piles of five-franc pieces, which were distributed in charity to the genteel beggars that constantly infested his doors.

The reactionary fury of 1815 at length abated, and from 1816 to 1820 France was governed by more moderate and constitutional counsels. But the assassination of the Duc de Berri brought about a second reaction, and, at the request

Digitized by Google

of the Comte d'Artois, the dismissal of the minister Decazes. "*Les pieds lui sont glissé dans le sang!*" cried Chateaubriand, who had unceasingly denounced him in his journals. Censorship of the press and a general undoing of liberal measures, confusion, Carbonari plots, general discontent—such is the tale of the remainder of Louis the Eighteenth's reign until his death in 1824.

In our judgments of this King too little allowance has, as a rule, been made for the influences under which his character was formed, and the circumstances under which he reigned. Born and educated under the *ancien régime*, he had been taught to believe the authority of kings divine and irresponsible. The march of revolutionary ideas, as they came upon his quiet English home of exile, were not likely to find a convert in him, since they were antagonistic to all his interests. Mounting the throne at an age when men find it impossible to adopt new principles and remodel their minds, surrounded by furious and bigoted partisans of absolutism, the wonder is that he governed as constitutionally as he did. He supported art and letters, his judgment was correct, his conversation frequently *spirituelle*, and manifesting great knowledge of men. But it must be confessed that there is little to praise in his character, either as monarch or man.

One felt in his presence [says Chateaubriand] a mixture of confidence and respect; the kindness of his heart was manifested in his speech, the greatness of his race in his air. Always calm and reasonable, one could say that he knew how to understand all. Egotist and devoid of all prejudices, Louis the Eighteenth desired tranquillity at any price; he sustained his ministers while they could command a majority, but dismissed them as soon as that majority was shaken and his repose deranged. His grandeur consisted in his patience; he did not go to events, events came to him. Without being cruel this king was not humane; tragic catastrophes neither touched nor astonished him. He contented himself by saying to the Duc de Berri who apologized for the misfortune of troubling, by his assassination, the sleep of the king, "*J'ai fait ma nuit.*" Yet this tranquil man, when he was opposed, fell into terrible passions, and this prince, so cold, so insensible, had attachments which resembled passions.

Soon after the second Restoration Chateaubriand had been appointed ambassador to Sweden, and afterwards to Berlin, and in 1822 he filled the same high post at the Court of Great Britain. In that very capital, where a score and a half of years before he had been a penniless, famishing, unknown wanderer, and had almost perished of hunger, he was now the representative of France, and hailed as one of the most illustrious geniuses of Europe.

As a man of literature his career was ended, but as a journalist he stood in the first and most influential rank, as the pages of *La Conservateur* testified. Spite of occasional crotchets and backslidings, he was always the consistent champion of rational liberty.

In this same year of 1822 he represented France at the Congress of Verona, where he warmly pleaded the cause of the Greeks. He was afterwards made minister of foreign affairs, from which post he was almost ignominiously dismissed by the minister Villèle. In the *Journal des Débats* he vigorously attacked the reactionary and unconstitutional acts of the government.

And so we come to the accession of Charles the Tenth, whereat, spite of his well-known absolute divine-right proclivities and intolerant bigotry, Paris went wild with joy, and shouted itself hoarse. Chateaubriand penned his "Le Roi est mort, Vive le Roi"—a somewhat over-jubilant and fulsome offering to the new King, and as a "chevalier of the orders," assisted at the coronation at Rheims. "Charles having some difficulty in removing his gloves to take my hands, said, smiling, *Chat ganté ne prend point de souris*" (the gloved cat catches no mice). Coldly received at Court, he retired to Lausanne, where he remained some time. "Upon my return to Paris," he writes, "my time was occupied between my establishment in the Rue d'Enfer, my combats in the Chamber, renewed against the different projects inimical to public liberty, my discourses and writings in favour of Greece, and in preparing the complete edition of my works."

After the fall of Villèle he was appointed ambassador to Rome, where, in the society of a delightful coterie of refined and intellectual Frenchwomen, foremost amongst whom was his dearest and truest friend, Madame Récamier,* the months

* Madame Récamier was one of the most celebrated French women of the early part of the nineteenth century. Married at sixteen to a millionnaire, her *salons* under the Directory and the Consulate were the most splendid and exquisite of Paris, and the resort of all that was famous and beautiful; she herself most beautiful of all, "she, whose angelic face could bear no other name," says Lamartine, "and of whom it was said that one look sufficed to bind your heart to her forever." She was one of Madame de Staël's most devoted friends, and shared with her the Napoleonic

Digitized by Google

passed pleasantly away. Upon the accession of Polignac to the ministry he returned to France and resigned his appointment, feeling himself unable, with any consistency, to retain office under a man whose principles were so opposed to his own. He now retired to Dieppe, from which he was speedily summoned by the news of the fatal ordinances of July (1830), and arrived in Paris just in time to be a spectator of the Revolution, and to be carried in triumph to the Palais de Justice upon the shoulders of the people, who hailed him as the deliverer of the press.

Here ends his political life. He disapproved of the Orleanist accession, and wrote several *brochures* against the banishment of the elder branch of the Bourbons, for which Louis Philippe at length ordered his arrest; his detention, however, lasted only a few days. Previous to this he had published his "*De la Restauration et de la Monarchie élective*," in which he made the following curious confession of political faith: "I am a Bourbon by honour, a Royalist by reason and conviction, a Republican by taste and character."

In this conflict of utterly opposite principles lies the secret of the unsatisfactoriness of his political career and of the apparent inconsistency of his conduct and principles, which now inclined to the side of Absolution, now to the side of extreme Liberalism; his dream was to harmonize these discords: a dream hopeless of realization.

The remaining years of his life, some sixteen, were spent in privacy, and, sad to say, in poverty; he was now a creature of the past; he had outlived his age, almost his fame; new schools of writing had sprung up, and other, and great writers, had taken his whilom place in the literary world. He lived abroad in Switzerland and elsewhere, for several years, but ultimately returned to Paris to die.

The only distraction of his monotonous life consisted in passing two or three hours of each day at the Abbaye aux Bois. There he found himself under the charming influence of Madame Récamier, the sole object of whose existence was to *désennuyer* this Louis the Fourteenth of literature, who was as *ennnyé* as the great king himself. Each day, with the exactness of a clock, the inhabitants of the Rue de Sévres saw him pass, elegantly dressed in a short riding-coat, towards the Abbaye. But as old age advanced upon him he came in a coach, and found the aid of a stick necessary to ascend the stairs. At length, when his limbs became utterly decrepit, he was carried up in a chair by a couple of servants. This helplessness, so odious to his poetical imagination, brought on an incurable melancholy. As his faculties grew weaker he retired more and more within himself, and fearful lest people should see that his mind like his body was sinking beneath the weight of years, he imposed silence upon himself and seldom spoke. That old age, so sad and silent, was a pitiable sight; but it had always something imposing in it which commanded respect. It was neither the fussy egotistical old age of Voltaire, nor the calm and egotistical old age of Goethe; it was an egotistical old age, but of an egotism more elevated and less presumptuous; it was the egotism of a genius who had worked fifty years to live in the memory of men, and who suffered because he doubted of his glory, because the present interested him no more, because the future disquieted him.*

He died in the year 1849. His remains were carried to St. Malo, and deposited in the sepulchre which he himself had chosen upon a neighbouring island, called Le Grand Bé. The wild Atlantic, which had moaned the lullaby of his infancy, now chants a perpetual dirge around his tomb.

Shortly after his death the "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe," were published, and created considerable sensation throughout Europe. The book is a history of his life and of his age, beginning with his birth and ending with the revolution of 1830; it is wonderfully interesting, more especially the first volumes, as being a chronicle of a most varied and remarkable career. It is one of many popular fallacies that true genius is modest. Our knowledge of celebrated men by no means carries out this theory, but rather leads us to the conclusion that the greater number, if not all, have been very vividly impressed with the consciousness of their exceptional gifts. What is called modesty is, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, simply self-suppression. Chateaubriand's power of self-suppression was exceedingly small, even for a Frenchman; consequently his autobiography is, from beginning to end, suffused with the purest egotism; he is ever pursued by the phantom of depreciation, and bitterly resents not only hostile criticism but the absence of laudation in contemporary writers. For instance, he considers him-

frowns and banishment. At the Restoration she returned to Paris. It was at this period that she first met Chateaubriand; an enduring friendship sprang up between these two kindred spirits which only death dissolved. He died first, and a few months afterwards Madame Récamier followed him to the grave.

* Biographie universelle.

Digitized by Google

self greatly injured because his name is omitted in Madame de Staël's "*De l'Allemande*," although at the period that book was composed "Atala" had not appeared and he was a writer unknown to fame, save by his "Essay upon Revolutions," a work of no striking merit. His brilliancy was that of a shooting star, dazzling but evanescent. It is scarcely a quarter of a century since the tomb closed over him, and already he is little more than a *memory*.

From Chambers' Journal.

ABOUT RETRIEVERS.

HAVING been a dog-fancier from my youth upwards, I should like to say a little about the retriever, which is, to my mind, by far the most universally sagacious of the tribe. I am never without two or three specimens of the animal to help me in my shooting operations, and at present I may speak of Bob as being at the head of the list.

Bob made his appearance at the early age of about two months old, or thereabouts, in a butcher's cart. I do not know to what indignities he was exposed between the period of his birth and his being weaned, but certain it is that he has ever borne a rooted and offensive dislike to tradesmen's carts in general, and to butchers' in particular. Tramps, too, are the objects of much display of temper. Don't talk to me of mere instinct; that animal knows the difference between a tramp and an honest steady workman better than anybody. So high are his own notions of integrity, that even if we are walking miles distant from home, it is not an easy matter to prevent Bob from attacking a tramp if one comes in his way.

As to his pedigree, he is the son of Sam, which was the son of Wisdom, which was the son of Dash. Dash was one of those wonderful beings who live once in a generation, rather to shew to what a height breeding may go, than as ordinary creatures. The special use of a retriever, as is well known, is to search for and pick up the game that has fallen. He accordingly must not only be a good finder but a good carrier. If possessing proper natural genius, he may be easily educated to carry a glove, a pocket-handkerchief, or any other trifle. I have even known a retriever able to carry a written order to a particular tradesman, and faithfully bring back an answer. Dash was a retriever of this sort — a most accomplished dog. He would retrieve a glove or a pocket-handkerchief if he had to go a day's journey for it; and to see him on the moors circumventing an old cock-grouse near the end of the season, beats all description. Dash's day was almost over when I knew him, and although he would occasionally put a pack of meaner mortals to shame, his feets of extraordinary skill were getting few and far between. The prettiest thing I ever saw him do myself was on an occasion when a partridge was wounded by one of the party, but apparently not mortally so. Dash stood at "'tention," his paws lightly but firmly planted on the ground, and his head on one side, with his ears cocked. He remained thus for two or three minutes, long after the birds had disappeared over the brow of the hill. He then started off in pursuit and came back in a short time with the bird in his mouth. He had evidently waited until he heard the bird flop on the ground, dead or dying.

Wisdom, the son of Dash, I am sorry to say, belied his name; he was a stupid, heavy animal, and degenerated at length into the position of watch-dog in the stable-yard. The glories of the family, thus for a short time tarnished by the inaction of Wisdom, were, however, greatly revived in Sam, who, if he had come after Dash would have been a marvellous dog too. As an instance of the practical turn which Sam's intellect took, I may relate the following anecdote: One evening his master went to a friend's house to escort his sister home, and, after remaining half an hour or so, went away with his sister, but forgetting to call Sam, who lay asleep under the hall-table. Samuel, being aroused by the servants when they came to lock up the house for the night, went home in high dudgeon, maintaining a dignified silence for several days. Another evening shortly afterwards my friend had the same errand to perform, and Sam again condescended to accompany him. On leaving the house, his master did not forget to ask where he was, and was informed that he was, as usual, asleep under the hall-table. "But," said the servant, "he is determined you shan't go without him to-night." On looking under the table, Sam was discovered fast asleep, but with my friend's cap and stick under his muzzle!

Sam was, however so little an improvement on Wisdom, that it was thought

Digitized by Google

necessary to import some new blood into the family; and of the union thus achieved, Bob is the result. What, as I have said before, were the conditions of the first eight weeks of this animal's career, I know not; but he is certainly the handsomest of all dogs since the days of Dash. Coming here as a puppy, and brought up with the children, he has the sweetest of tempers; and if increasing years have added a dignity to his deportment which Beauty has not, it certainly does not detract from his appearance. When visitors come to the house, he permits them to pat him to some extent, but he receives the attention rather as proper homage than as anything pleasant, and has no scruple in saying when he has had enough of it. Being now upwards of nine years old, he has discarded active gamboling, save, as has been said before, when there is an accumulation of irritation in a portion of his skin, or on other occasions of a like nature; but he was known recently to fetch a stick off the pond to oblige a little gipsy of a niece of mine. It was done, however, with so much deliberation, and so decidedly regarded as a favour, that the hint was taken, and the request was not repeated.

But what shall we say of Beauty, the curly-haired, hazel-eyed little siren? I found the little monkey about four years ago on the road-side, deserted by some brute or another, and evidently not more than three weeks old. I put her in my pocket, and carried her home, and fed her with warm milk off the point of my finger. She had a long struggle for life, but conquered in the end, and grew into a wonderful beauty. She is very small, being not much larger than a spaniel, but her points are perfect. Although nearly four years of age, she is as lively still as a puppy, and honest Bob often looks with astonishment, but not with disfavour, on her perpetual gambols.

Living as she has done with the children, of course she has been taught all sorts of tricks. My irreverent first-born, thinking to instil good principles into her, taught her that she should not eat if she was told it is Friday. So perfect is she now, that she will drop the most delicious morsel out of her mouth if any one says it is Friday, and only take it up again when she is assured by some one (on whom she can rely) that it is Sunday. Being a spoiled pet all her life, she has learned none of the sterner qualities, and makes a poor show in a turnip-field. She looks upon a day's shooting as something got up entirely for her own amusement, and much disconcerts gamekeepers and dogs like Bob by her inattention to the demands of sport. She much prefers leaping on an old gentleman's shoulders, and walking off with his hat, to stalking the largest covey of partridges that ever settled in stubble. I am afraid she is incorrigible; but I cannot help owning that the fault is my own, for we never had the heart to let her go through the flogging necessary to train the best dogs. Her mouth is as soft as butter, and when she can be made to take a serious view of anything, she carries beautifully without making a single mark, however soft the article may be. She carries an egg very well indeed, if any one is watching her; but if she thinks she is unobserved, her partiality for its contents overcomes her, and she transfers them from the shell to her own mouth. Last year, we were attempting to hatch and rear two or three settings of eggs of a very rare and peculiar kind of ducks, and Miss Beauty, who had some family matters of her own to attend to at the time, was locked up in the inclosure where their pond is. Every morning the two or three nests were regularly empty, and suspicion fell on every one about the place in his turn. Old Charlie, my handy man, got particular injunctions to watch the place well, because, as I said to him, it must be some one about the place, as Beauty would never let a strange thief get in. The place was accordingly watched, and at length Charlie came and said he had caught the delinquent. This was none other than the gardener's boy; about whom, however, an elaborate *alibi* was set up immediately, and attested beyond the possibility of doubt. I then determined to watch the nests myself, and, putting an egg in one of them, I withdrew to a room in the house, having a window which overlooked the scene. After waiting an hour or so, I saw Beauty come out of her kennel, go sniffing about the place till she came to the nest with the egg in it. She looked surprised to see it there, gave a hasty look round, to see that no one was looking, and bolted it shell and all. I confess this was too much for me; I went down, armed with a whip, and gave her a sound flogging. I expressed to her my surprise that she who had been placed there partly as a custodian of the eggs against rats, &c., should have so degraded her trust; and upon my word, I think she knew what I said to her. We never lost another egg. Indeed, so anx-

Digitized by Google

lous did she become about their safety, that she began scraping holes all round the pond—old rat-holes, which I had stopped up. At length she so tore the ground at the roots of a willow which hung over the pond, that I held a consultation with Charlie as to the advisability of putting her elsewhere. Next morning, however, that functionary came to me before breakfast, and said: "I've found out what Beauty's a-scratching at, sir; there's a weasel in the 'ole, sir, right underneath that 'ere willow; but she can't get at it, sir, on account of them roots. I seed it this morning; and if we don't get it, sir, we shan't have many young ducks." It was true; and Beauty accepted an apology for having been suspected of mischief.

At my feet, just now, alongside of Beauty, lies a *bijou* little black-and-tan English terrier, weighing about five pounds, and answering to the name of Mid—short for Semiramide—which name was playfully given to it as being the first one we could think of which, spelled in large capitals, was considerably larger than itself. In the lawn, at a respectful distance from Bob, and ever and anon trotting off to see what is going on in the stable, dozes Gyp, a very pure little Dandie, about whom a thousand stories might be told. Mop is near him; she is a French poodle, and her likeness to that stable implement gave her the name. And at the end of the group, basking in the sun, and dreaming of goodness knows what, lies a handsome St. Bernard of enormous size. She came to me quite a puppy, and received the name of Buda, because in her growing days her appetite was so dreadfully large that I could think of no title more appropriate than that which serves for a capital of Hungary. But, handsome and docile and intelligent as Buda is, she never has had, and never will have, the same position in our domestic arrangements that Bob and Beauty have. "The dog alone," says the writer of a charming article on the Dog, in an old *Quarterly Review*, "of all the brute creation, shews a perfect attachment, alone understands our wishes, adapts himself to our habits, waits upon our commands, associates with us as a friend." This is true of dogs in general, but I think of sporting dogs in particular, and of retrievers in the highest degree. After them comes the shepherd's dog. The Newfoundland, the St. Bernard, the Mastiff, are all exceedingly sagacious, but they lack that refining touch which a good education gives even to dogs. The collie-dog, with his homely teaching, does wonderful things, no doubt, and is both an assistant and a dear friend to the simple shepherd, his master; but he has not that polish which makes a man or a dog at home in any society. Beauty, for instance, without any training at all, is a first-rate sheep-dog, and will bring the few sheep in the plantation to order, whenever they are encroaching on the young trees. But I do not think that any but a very exceptional sheep-dog could be got, without any training, to point, carry game, "down charge," and so forth, as Bob did in his infancy. Poor old Bob and little Beauty! They have made many a long trip with me over hill and dale, in summer and in winter; and many a pleasant memory do I have, and so I have little doubt have they, as I sit in the library of a winter's night, and they lie snoring at my feet.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER XV.

A MORNING MEETING: THE LETTER AGAIN.

THE scarlet and orange light outside the malthouse did not penetrate to its interior, which was, as usual, lighted by a rival glow of similar hue, radiating from the hearth.

The maltster, after having lain down in his clothes for a few hours, was now sitting beside a three-legged table, breakfasting off bread and bacon. This was eaten on the plateless system, which is performed by placing a slice of bread upon the table, the meat flat upon the bread, a mustard plaster upon the meat, and a pinch of salt upon the whole, then cutting them vertically downwards with a large pocket-knife till wood is reached, when the severed lump is impaled on the knife, elevated, and sent the proper way of food. The maltster's lack of teeth appeared not to sensibly diminish his powers as a mill. He had been without them for so many years that toothlessness was felt less to be a defect than hard gums an acquisition. Indeed, he seemed to approach the grave as a hyperbolic curve approaches a line—sheering off as he got nearer, till it was doubtful if he would ever reach it at all.

In the ashpit was a heap of potatoes

Digitized by Google

roasting, and a boiling pipkin of charred bread, called "coffee," for the benefit of whomsoever should call, for Warren's was a sort of village clubhouse, there being no inn in the place.

"I say, says I, we get a fine day, and then down comes a snapper at night," was a remark now suddenly heard spreading into the malthouse from the door, which had been opened the previous moment, and the form of Henery Fray advanced to the fire, stamping the snow from his boots when about half-way there. The speech and entry had not seemed to be at all an abrupt beginning to the maltster, introductory matter being often omitted in this neighbourhood, both from word and deed, and the maltster having the same latitude allowed him, did not hurry to reply. He picked up a fragment of cheese, by pecking upon it with his knife, as a butcher picks up skewers.

Henery appeared in a drab kerseymere great-coat, buttoned over his smockfrock, the white skirts of the latter being visible to the distance of about a foot below the coat-tails, which, when you got used to the style of dress, looked natural enough, and even ornamental — it certainly was comfortable.

Matthew Moon, Joseph Poorgrass, and other carters and waggoners followed at his heels, with great lanterns dangling from their hands, which showed that they had just come from the cart-horse stables, where they had been busily engaged since four o'clock that morning.

"And how is she getting on without a baily?" the maltster enquired.

Henery shook his head, and smiled one of the bitter smiles, dragging all the flesh of his forehead into a corrugated heap in the centre.

"She'll rue it — surely, surely!" he said. "Benjy Pennyways were not a true man or an honest baily — as big a betrayer as Joey Iscariot himself. But to think she can manage alone!" He allowed his head to swing laterally three or four times in silence. "Never in all my creeping up — never!"

This was recognized by all as the conclusion of some gloomy speech which had been expressed in thought alone during the shake of the head; Henery meanwhile retained several marks of despair upon his face, to imply that they would be required for use again directly he should go on speaking.

"All will be ruined, and ourselves, too, or there's no meat in gentlemen's houses!" said Mark Clark, in the manner of a man ready to burst all links of habit.

"A headstrong maid, that's what she is — and won't listen to no advice at all. Pride and vanity have ruined many a cobbler's dog. Dear, dear, when I think of it, I sorrows like a man in travel!"

"True, Henery, you do, I've heard ye," said Joseph Poorgrass, in a voice of thorough attestation, and with a wire-drawn smile of misery.

"'Twould do a martel man no harm to have what's under her bonnet," said Billy Smallbury, who had just entered, bearing his one tooth before him. "She can spaik real language, and must have some sense somewhere. Do ye conceive me?"

"I do, I do; but no baily — I deserved that place," wailed Henery, signifying wasted genius by gazing blankly at visions of a high destiny apparently visible to him on Billy Smallbury's smockfrock. "There, 'twas to be, I suppose. Your lot is your lot, and Scripture is nothing; for if you do good you don't get rewarded according to your works, but are cheated in some mean way out of your recompense."

"No, no; I don't agree with 'ee there," said Mark Clark, decisively. "God's a perfect gentleman in that respect."

"Good works good pay, so to speak it," attested Joseph Poorgrass.

A short pause ensued, and as a sort of *entr'acte* Henery turned and blew out the lanterns, which the increase of daylight rendered no longer necessary even in the malthouse, with its one pane of glass.

"I wonder what a farmer-woman can want with a harpsichord, dulcimer, pianner, or whatever 'tis they d' call it." said the maltster. "Liddy saith she've a new one."

"Got a pianner?"

"Ay. Seems her old uncle's things were not good enough for her. She've bought all but everything new. There's heavy chairs for the stout, weak and wiry ones for the slender; great watches getting on to the size of clocks, to stand upon the chimbley-piece."

"Pictures, for the most part wonderful frames."

"Long horse-hair settles for the drunk, with horse-hair pillows at each end."

"Looking-glasses for the pretty."

"Lying books for the wicked."

A firm loud tread was now heard stamping outside; the door was opened about six inches, and somebody on the other side exclaimed —

Digitized by Google

"Neighbours, have ye got room for a few new-born lambs?"

"Ay, sure, shepherd," said the conclave.

The door was flung back till it kicked the wall and trembled from top to bottom with the blow. Mr. Oak appeared in the entry with a steaming face, hay-bands wound about his ankles to keep out the snow, a leather strap round his waist outside the smockfrock, and looking altogether an epitome of the world's health and vigour. Four lambs hung in various embarrassing attitudes over his shoulders, and the dog George, which Gabriel had contrived to fetch from Norcombe, stalked solemnly behind.

"Well, Shepherd Oak, and how's lambing this year, if I may say it?" enquired Joseph Poorgrass.

"Terrible trying," said Oak. "I've been wet through twice a-day, either in snow or rain, this last fortnight. Cainy and I haven't tined our eyes to-night."

"A good few twins, too, I hear, so to speak it?"

"Too many by half. Yes, 'tis a very queer lambing this year. We shan't have done by Lady Day."

"And last year 'twer all over by Sexagessamine Sunday," Joseph remarked.

"Bring on the rest, Cain," said Gabriel, "and then run back to the ewes. I'll follow you soon."

Cainy Ball — a cherry-faced young lad, with a small circular orifice by way of mouth, advanced and deposited two others, and retired as he was bidden. Oak lowered the lambs from their unnatural elevation, wrapped them in hay, and placed them round the fire.

"We've no lambing-hut here, as I used to have at Norcombe," said Gabriel, "and 'tis such a plague to bring the weakly ones to a house. If 'twasn't for your place here, maltster, I don't know what I should do, this keen weather. And how is it with you to-day, maltster?"

"O, neither sick nor sorry, shepherd; but no younger."

"Ay — I understand."

"Sit down, Shepherd Oak," continued the ancient man of malt. "And how was the old place at Norcombe when ye went for your dog? I should like to see the old familiar spot; but faith, I shouldn't know a soul there now."

"I suppose you wouldn't. 'Tis altered very much."

"Is it true that Dicky Hill's wooden cider-house is pulled down?"

"O yes — years ago, and Dicky's cottage just above it."

"Well, to be sure!"

"Yes; and Tompkins's old apple-tree is rooted that used to bear two hogsheads of cider with its own apples, and no help from other trees."

"Rooted? — you don't say it! Ah! stirring times we live in — stirring times."

"And you can mind the old well that used to be in the middle of the place? That's turned into a solid iron pump with a large stone trough, and all complete."

"Dear, dear — how the face of nations alter, and what great revolutions we live to see now-a-days! Yes — and 'tis the same here. They've been talking but now of the mis'ess's strange doings."

"What have you been saying about her?" inquired Oak, sharply turning to the rest, and getting very warm.

"These middle-aged men have been pulling her over the coals for pride and vanity," said Mark Clark; "but I say, let her have rope enough. Bless her pretty face — shouldn't I like to do so —— upon her cherry lips!" The gallant Mark Clark here made a peculiar and well-known sound with his own.

"Mark," said Gabriel, sternly, "now you mind this: none of that dalliance-talk — that philandering way — that dandle-smack-and-coddle style of yours — about Miss Everdene. I don't allow it. Do you hear?"

"With all my heart, as the old woman said," replied Mr. Clark, heartily.

"I suppose you've been speaking against her?" said Oak, turning to Joseph Poorgrass with a very grim look.

"No, no — not a word I — 'tis a real joyful thing that she's no worse, that's what I say," said Joseph, trembling and blushing with terror. "Matthew just said ——"

"Matthew Moon, what have you been saying?" asked Oak.

"I? Why ye know I wouldn't harm a worm — no, not one underground worm!" said Matthew Moon, looking very uneasy.

"Well, somebody has — and look here, neighbours." Gabriel, though one of the quietest and most gentle men on earth, rose to the occasion, with martial promptness and vigour. "That's my fist." Here he placed his fist, rather smaller in size than a common loaf, in the mathematical centre of the maltster's little table, and with it gave a bump or two thereon, as if to ensure that their eyes all thoroughly took in the idea of fistiness before he went further. "Now — the first man in

Digitized by Google

the parish that I hear prophesying bad of our mistress, why" — (here the fist was raised and let fall, as Thor might have done with his hammer in essaying it) — "he'll smell and taste that — or I'm a Dutchman."

All earnestly expressed by their features that their minds did not wander to Holland for a moment on account of this statement, well knowing it was but a powerful form of speech; but were deploring the difference which gave rise to the figure; and Mark Clark cried, "Hear, hear, as the undertaker said." The dog George looked up at the same time after the shepherd's menace, and though he understood English but imperfectly, began to growl.

"Now, don't ye take on so, shepherd, and sit down!" said Henery, with a deprecating peacefulness equal to anything of the kind in Christianity.

"We hear that ye be a extraordinary good and clever man, shepherd," said Joseph Poorgrass with considerable anxiety from behind the maltster's bedstead, whither he had retired for safety. "'Tis a great thing to be clever, I'm sure," he added, making small movements associated with states of mind rather than body; "we wish we were, don't we, neighbours?"

"Ay, that we do, sure," said Matthew Moon, with a small anxious laugh towards Oak, to show how very friendly disposed he was likewise.

"Who's been telling you I'm clever?" said Oak.

"'Tis blowed about from pillar to post quite common," said Matthew. "We hear that ye can tell the time as well by the stars as we can by the sun and moon, shepherd."

"Yes, I can do a little that way," said Gabriel, as a man of medium sentiments on the subject.

"And that ye can make sun-dials, and prent folks' names upon their waggons almost like copper-plate, with beautiful flourishes, and great long tails. A excellent fine thing for ye to be such a clever man, shepherd. Joseph Poorgrass used to prent to Farmer James Everdene's waggons before you came, and 'a could never mind which way to turn J's and E's — could ye, Joseph?" Joseph shook his head to express how absolute was the fact that he couldn't. "And so you used to do 'em the wrong way, like this, didn't ye, Joseph?" Matthew marked on the dusty floor with his whip-handle

"And how Farmer James would cuss, and call thee a fool, wouldn't he, Joseph, when 'a seed his name looking so inside-out-like?" continued Matthew Moon, with feeling.

"Ay — 'a would," said Joseph, meekly. "But, you see, I wasn't so much to blame, for them J's and E's are such trying sons of dogs for the memory to mind whether they face backward or forward; and I always had such a forgetful memory, too."

"'Tis a very bad affliction for ye, Joseph Poorgrass — being such a man of calamity in other ways."

"Well, 'tis; but a happy providence ordered that it should be no worse, and I feel my thanks. As to shepherd, there, I'm sure mis'ess ought to have made ye her baily — such a fitting man for't as you be."

"I don't mind owning that I expected it," said Oak, frankly. "Indeed I hoped for the place. At the same time Miss Everdene has a right to be her own baily if she chooses — and to keep me down to be a common shepherd only." Oak drew a slow breath, looked sadly into the bright ashpit, and seemed lost in thoughts not of the most hopeful hue.

The genial warmth of the fire now began to stimulate the nearly lifeless lambs to bleat and move their limbs briskly upon the hay, and to recognize for the first time the fact that they were born. Their noise increased to a chorus of baas, upon which Oak pulled the milk-can from before the fire, and taking a small teapot from the pocket of his smockfrock, filled it with milk, and taught those of the helpless creatures which were not to be restored to their dams how to drink from the spout — a trick they acquired with astonishing aptitude.

"And she don't even let ye have the skins of the dead lambs, I hear?" resumed Joseph Poorgrass, his eyes lingering on the operations of Oak with the necessary melancholy.

"I don't have them," said Gabriel.

"Ye be very badly used, shepherd," hazarded Joseph again, in the hope of getting Oak as an ally in lamentation after all. "I think she's took against ye — that I do."

"O, no — not at all," replied Gabriel, hastily, and a sigh escaped him, which the deprivation of lamb-skins could hardly have caused.

Before any further remark had been added a shade darkened the door, and Boldwood entered the malthouse bestowing around upon each a nod, of a quality

Digitized by Google

between friendliness and condescension.

"Ah! Oak, I thought you were here," he said. "I met the mail-cart ten minutes ago, and a letter was put into my hand, which I opened, without reading the address. I believe it is yours. You must excuse the accident, please."

"O, yes — not a bit of difference, Mr. Boldwood — not a bit," said Gabriel, readily. He had not a correspondent on earth, nor was there a possible letter coming to him, whose contents the whole parish would not have been welcome to peruse.

Oak stepped aside and read the following in an unknown hand: —

"DEAR FRIEND, — I do not know your name, but I think these few lines will reach you, which I write to thank you for your kindness to me the night I left Weatherbury in a reckless way. I also return the money I owe you, which you will excuse my not keeping as a gift. All has ended well, and I am happy to say I am going to be married to the young man who has courted me for some time — Sergeant Troy, of the 11th Dragoon Guards, now quartered in Melchester. He would, I know, object to my having received anything except as a loan, being a man of great respectability and high honour — indeed, a nobleman by blood.

"I should be much obliged to you if you would keep the contents of this letter a secret for the present, dear friend. We mean to surprise Weatherbury by coming there soon as husband and wife, though I blush to state it to one nearly a stranger. The sergeant grew up in Weatherbury. Thanking you again for your kindness,

"I am your sincere well-wisher,
"FANNY ROBIN."

"Have you read it, Mr. Boldwood?" said Gabriel; "if not, you had better do so. I know you are interested in Fanny Robin."

Boldwood read the letter and looked grieved.

"Fanny — poor Fanny! the end she is so confident of has not yet come, she should remember — and may never come.'

"What sort of a man is this Sergeant Troy?" said Gabriel.

"H'm — I am afraid not one to build much hope upon in such a case as this," the farmer murmured, "though he's a clever fellow, and up to everything. A slight romance attaches to him, too. His mother, a French governess, was married to a poor medical man, and while money was forthcoming all went on well. Unfortunately for the boy, his best friends died; and he got then a situation as second clerk at a lawyer's in Casterbridge. He stayed there for some time, and might have worked himself into a dignified position of some sort had he not indulged in the wild freak of enlisting. I have much doubt if ever little Fanny will surprise us in the way she mentions — very much doubt. A silly girl — silly girl!"

The door was hurriedly burst open again, and in came running Cainy Ball out of breath, mouth red and open, like the bell of a penny trumpet, and coughing with noisy vigour and great distension of face.

"Now, Cain Ball," said Oak, sternly, "why will you run so fast and lose your breath so? I'm always telling you of it."

"O — I — A puff of mee breath — went — the wrong way, please, Mister Oak, and made me cough — hok — hok — hok!"

"Well — what have you come for?"

"I've run to tell ye," said the junior shepherd, supporting his exhausted youthful frame against the doorpost, "that you must come directly. Two more ewes have twinned — that's what's the matter, Shepherd Oak."

"O, that's it," said Oak, jumping up, and dismissing for the present his thoughts on poor Fanny. "You are a good boy to run and tell me, Cain, and you shall smell a large plum-pudding some day as a treat. But, before we go, Cainy, bring the tar-pot, and we'll mark this lot and have done with 'em."

Oak took from his illimitable pockets a marking iron, dipped it into the pot and imprinted on the buttocks of the infant sheep the initials of her he delighted to muse on — "B. E.," which signified to all the region round that thenceforth the lambs belonged to Farmer Bathsheba Everdene, and to no one else.

"Now, Cainy, shoulder your two, and off. Good morning, Mr. Boldwood." The shepherd lifted the sixteen large legs and four small bodies he had himself brought, and vanished with them in the direction of the lambing field hard by — their frames being now in a sleek and hopeful state, pleasantly contrasting with their death's-door plight of half-an-hour before.

Boldwood followed him a little way up the field, hesitated and turned back. He

Digitized by Google

followed him again with a last resolve, annihilating return. On approaching the nook in which the fold was constructed, the farmer drew out his pocket-book, unfastened it, and allowed it to lie open on his hand. A letter was revealed — Bathsheba's.

"I was going to ask you, Oak," he said, with unreal carelessness, "if you know whose writing this is?"

Oak glanced into the book, and replied instantly, with a flushed face, "Miss Everdene's."

Oak had coloured simply at the consciousness of sounding her name. He now felt a strangely distressing qualm from a new thought. The letter could of course be no other than anonymous, or the inquiry would not have been necessary.

Boldwood mistook his confusion: sensitive persons are always ready with their "Is it I?" in preference to objective reasoning.

"The question was perfectly fair," he returned — and there was something incongruous in the serious earnestness with which he applied himself to an argument on a valentine. "You know it is always expected that privy inquiries will be made: that's where the — fun lies." If the word "fun" had been "torture," it could not have been uttered with a more constrained and restless countenance than was Boldwood's then.

Soon parting from Gabriel, the lonely and reserved man returned to his house to breakfast — feeling twinges of shame and regret at having so far exposed his mood by those fevered questions to a stranger. He again placed the letter on the mantelpiece, and sat down to think of the circumstances attending it by the light of Gabriel's information.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALL SAINTS' AND ALL SOULS'.

On a week-day morning a small congregation, consisting mainly of women and girls, rose from its knees in the mouldy nave of All Saints' Church, Melchester, at the end of a service without a sermon. They were about to disperse, when a smart footstep, entering the porch and coming up the central passage, arrested their attention. The step echoed with a ring unusual in a church; it was the clink of spurs. Everybody looked. A young cavalry soldier in a red uniform, with the three chevrons of a sergeant upon his sleeve, strode up the aisle, with an embarrassment which was only the more accented by the intense vigour of his step, and by the determination upon his face to show none. A slight flush had mounted his cheek by the time he had run the gauntlet between these females; but, passing on through the chancel arch, he never paused till he came close to the altar railing. Here for a moment he stood alone.

The officiating curate, who had not yet doffed his surplice, perceived the newcomer and followed him to the communion-space. He whispered to the soldier, and then beckoned to the clerk, who in his turn whispered to an elderly woman, apparently his wife, and they also went up the chancel steps.

"'Tis a wedding!" murmured some of the women, brightening. "Let's wait!"

The majority again sat down.

There was a creaking of machinery behind, and some of the young ones turned their heads. From the interior face of the west wall of the tower projected a little canopy with a quarter-jack and small bell beneath it, the automaton being driven by the same clock machinery that struck the large bell in the tower. Between the tower and the church was a close screen, the door of which was kept shut during services, hiding this grotesque clockwork from sight. At present, however, the door was open, and the egress of the jack, the blows on the bell, and the mannikin's retreat into the nook again, were visible to many, and audible throughout the church.

The jack had struck half-past eleven.

"Where's the woman?" whispered some of the spectators.

The young sergeant stood still with the abnormal rigidity of the old pillars around. He faced the south-east, and was as silent as he was still.

The silence grew to be a noticeable thing as the minutes went on, and nobody else appeared, and not a soul moved. The rattle of the quarter-jack again from its niche, its blows for three-quarters, its fussy retreat, were almost painfully abrupt, and caused many of the congregation to start palpably.

"I wonder where the woman is!" a voice whispered again.

There began now that slight shifting of feet, that artificial coughing among several, which betrays a nervous suspense. At length there was a titter. But the soldier never moved. There he stood, his face to the south-east, upright as a column, his cap in his hand.

Digitized by Google

The clock ticked on. The women threw off their nervousness, and titters and gigglings became more frequent. Then came a dead silence. Every one was waiting for the end. Some persons may have noticed how extraordinarily the striking of quarters seems to quicken the flight of time. It was hardly credible that the jack had not got wrong with the minutes when the rattle began again, the puppet emerged, and the four quarters were struck fitfully as before. One could almost be positive that there was a malicious leer upon the hideous creature's face, and a mischievous delight in its twitchings. Then followed the dull and remote resonance of the twelve heavy strokes in the tower above. The women were impressed, and there was no giggle this time.

The clergyman glided into the vestry, and the clerk vanished. The sergeant had not yet turned; every woman in the church was waiting to see his face, and he appeared to know it. At last he did turn, and stalked resolutely down the nave, braving them all, with a compressed lip. Two bowed and toothless old almsmen then looked at each other and chuckled, innocently enough; but the sound had a strange, weird effect in that place.

Opposite to the church was a paved square, around which several over-hanging wood buildings of old time cast a picturesque shade. The young man on leaving the door went to cross the square, when, in the middle, he met a little woman. The expression of her face, which had been one of intense anxiety, sank at the sight of his nearly to terror.

"Well?" he said, in a suppressed passion, without looking at her.

"O, Frank — I made a mistake! I thought that church with the spire was All Saints', and I was at the door at half-past eleven to a minute, as you said. I waited till a quarter to twelve, and found then that I was in All Souls'. But I wasn't much frightened, for I thought it could be to-morrow as well."

"You fool, for so fooling me! But say no more."

"Shall it be to-morrow, Frank?" she asked blankly.

"To-morrow!" and he gave vent to a hoarse laugh. "I don't go through that experience again for some time, I warrant you!"

"But after all," she expostulated in a trembling voice, "the mistake was not such a terrible thing! Now, dear Frank, when shall it be?"

"Ah, when? God knows!" he said, with a light irony, and turning from her walked rapidly away.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

On Saturday Boldwood was in the Market-House as usual, when the disturber of his dreams entered, and became visible to him. Adam had awakened from his deep sleep; and, behold, there was Eve. The farmer took courage, and, for the first time, really looked at her.

Emotional causes and effects are not proportionable equations to all. The result from capital employed in the production of any movement of a mental nature is sometimes as tremendous as the cause itself is absurdly minute. When women are in a freakish mood, their usual intuition, either from carelessness or inherent defect, seemingly fails to teach them this, and hence it was that Bathsheba was fated to be astonished to-day.

Boldwood looked at her — not slily, critically, or understandingly, but blankly at gaze, in the way a reaper looks up at a passing train — as something foreign to his element, and but dimly understood. To Boldwood women had been remote phenomena rather than necessary complements — comets of such uncertain aspect, movement, and permanence, that whether their orbits were as geometrical, unchangeable, and as subject to laws as his own, or as absolutely erratic as they superficially appeared, he had not deemed it his duty to consider.

He saw her black hair, her correct facial curves and profile, and the roundness of her chin and throat. He saw then the side of her eyelids, eyes, and lashes, and the shape of her ear. Next he noticed her figure, her skirt, and the very soles of her shoes.

Boldwood thought her beautiful, but wondered whether he was right in his thought, for it seemed impossible that this romance in the flesh, if so sweet as he imagined, could have been going on long without creating a commotion of delight among men, and provoking more enquiry than Bathsheba had done, even though that was not a little. To the best of his judgment neither nature nor art could improve this perfect one of an imperfect many. His heart began to move within him. Boldwood, it must be remembered, though forty years of age, had never before inspected a woman with the very centre and force of his glance; they

Digitized by Google

had struck upon all his senses at wide angles.

Was she really beautiful? He could not assure himself that his opinion was true even now. He furtively said to a neighbour, "Is Miss Everdene considered handsome?"

"Oh, yes; she was a good deal noticed the first time she came, if you remember. A very handsome girl indeed."

A man is never more credulous than in receiving favourable opinions on the beauty of a woman he is half, or quite, in love with: a mere child's word on the point has the weight of an R. A.'s. Boldwood was satisfied now.

And this charming woman had in effect said to him, "Marry me." Why should she have done that strange thing? Boldwood's blindness to the difference between approving of what circumstances suggest, and originating what they do not suggest, was well matched by Bathsheba's insensibility to the possibly great issues of little beginnings.

She was at this moment coolly dealing with a dashing young farmer, adding up accounts with him as indifferently as if his face had been the pages of a ledger. It was evident that such a nature as his had no attraction for a woman of Bathsheba's taste. But Boldwood grew hot down to his hands with an incipient jealousy; he trod for the first time the threshold of "the injured lover's hell." His first impulse was to go and thrust himself between them. This could be done, but only in one way — by asking to see a sample of her corn. Boldwood renounced the idea. He could not make the request; it was debasing loveliness to ask it to buy and sell, and jarred with his conceptions of her.

All this time Bathsheba was conscious of having broken into that dignified stronghold at last. His eyes, she knew, were following her everywhere. This was a triumph; and had it come naturally, such a triumph would have been the sweeter to her for this piquing delay. But it had been brought about by misdirected ingenuity, and she valued it only as she valued an artificial flower or a wax fruit.

Being a woman with some good sense in reasoning on subjects wherein her heart was not involved, Bathsheba genuinely repented that a freak which had owed its existence as much to Liddy as to herself, should ever have been undertaken, to disturb the placidity of a man she respected too highly to deliberately tease.

She that day nearly formed the intention of begging his pardon on the very next occasion of their meeting. The worst features of this arrangement were that, if he thought she ridiculed him, an apology would increase the offence by being disbelieved; and if he thought she wanted him, it would read like additional evidence of her forwardness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOLDWOOD IN MEDITATION: A VISIT.

BOLDWOOD was tenant of what was called the Lower Farm, and his person was the nearest approach to aristocracy that this remoter quarter of Weatherbury could boast of. Genteel strangers, whose god was their town, who might happen to be compelled to linger about this nook for a day, heard the sound of light wheels, and prayed to see good society, to the degree of a solitary lord, or squire at the very least, but it was only Mr. Boldwood going out for the day. They heard the sound of wheels yet once more, and were re-animated to expectancy: it was only Mr. Boldwood coming home again.

His house stood recessed from the road, and the stables, which are to a farm what a fireplace is to a house, were behind, their lower portions being lost amid bushes of laurel. Inside the blue door, open half-way down, were to be seen at this time the backs and tails of half-a-dozen warm and contented horses standing in their stalls; and, thus viewed, presenting alternations of roan and bay, in shapes like a Moorish arch, the tail being a streak down the midst of each. Over these, and lost to the eye gazing in from the outer light, the mouths of the same animals could be heard busily sustaining the above-named warmth and plumpness by quantities of oats and hay. The restless and shadowy figure of a colt wandered up and down a loose-box at the end, whilst the steady grind of all the eaters was occasionally diversified by the rattle of a rope or the stamp of a foot.

Pacing up and down at the heels of the animals was Farmer Boldwood himself. This place was his almonry and cloister in one! here, after looking to the feeding of his four-footed dependents, the celibate would walk and meditate of an evening till the moon's rays streamed in through the cobwebbed windows, or total darkness enveloped the scene.

His square-framed perpendicularity showed more fully now than in the crowd

Digitized by Google

and bustle of the market-house. In this meditative walk his foot met the floor with heel and toe simultaneously, and his fine, reddish-fleshed face was bent downward just enough to render obscure the still mouth and the well-rounded though rather prominent and broad chin. A few clear and thread-like horizontal lines were the only interruption to the otherwise smooth surface of his large forehead.

The phases of Boldwood's life were ordinary enough, but his was not an ordinary nature. Spiritually and mentally, no less than socially, a commonplace general condition is no conclusive proof that a man has not potentialities above that level.

In all cases this state may be either the mediocrity of inadequacy, as was Oak's, or what we will venture to call the mediocrity of counterpoise, as was Boldwood's. The quiet mean to which we originally found him adhering, and in which, with few exceptions, he had continually moved, was that of neutralization: it was not structural at all. That stillness, which struck casual observers more than anything else in his character and habit, and seemed so precisely like the rest of inanition, may have been the perfect balance of enormous antagonistic forces — positives and negatives in fine adjustment. His equilibrium disturbed, he was in extremity at once.

Boldwood was thus either hot or cold. If an emotion possessed him at all it ruled him; a feeling not mastering him was entirely latent. Stagnant or rapid, it was never slow. He was always hit mortally, or he was missed. The shallows in the characters of ordinary men were sterile strands in his, but his depths were so profound as to be practically bottomless.

He had no light and careless touches in his constitution, either for good or for evil. Stern in the outlines of action, mild in the details, he was serious throughout all. He saw no absurd side to the follies of life, and thus, though not quite companionable in the eyes of merry men and scoffers, and those to whom all things show life as a jest, he was not intolerable to the earnest and those acquainted with grief. Being a man who read all the dramas of life seriously, if he failed to please when they were comedies, there was no frivolous treatment to reproach him for when they chanced to end tragically.

Bathsheba was far from dreaming that the dark and silent shape upon which she had so carelessly thrown a seed was a hotbed of tropic intensity. Had she known Boldwood's moods, her blame would have been fearful, and the stain upon her heart ineradicable. Moreover, had she known her present power for good or evil over this man, she would have trembled at her responsibility. Luckily for her present, unluckily for her future tranquillity, her understanding had not yet told her what Boldwood was. Nobody knew entirely; for though it was possible to form guesses concerning his spirited capabilities from old flood-marks faintly visible, he had never been seen at the high tides which caused them.

Farmer Boldwood came to the stable-door, and looked forth across the level fields. Beyond the first enclosure was a hedge, and on the other side of this a meadow, belonging to Bathsheba's farm.

It was now early spring — the time of going to grass with the sheep, when they have the first feed of the meadows, before these are laid up for mowing. The wind, which had been blowing east for several weeks had veered to the southward, and the middle of spring had come abruptly — almost without a beginning. It was that period in the vernal quarter when we may suppose the Dryads to be waking for the season. The vegetable world begins to move and swell and the saps to rise, till in the completest silence of lone gardens and trackless plantations, where everything seems helpless and still after the bond and slavery of frost, there are bustlings, strainings, united thrusts, and pulls-altogether, in comparison with which the powerful tugs of cranes and pulleys in a noisy city are but pigmy efforts.

Boldwood, looking into the distant meadows, saw there three figures. They were those of Miss Everdene, Shepherd Oak, and Cainy Ball.

When Bathsheba's figure shone upon the farmer's eyes, it lighted him up as a little moon lights up a great tower. A man's body is as the shell, or the tablet, of his soul, as he is reserved or ingenuous, overflowing or self-contained. There was a change in Boldwood's exterior from its former impassibleness; and his face showed that he was now living outside his defences for the first time, and with a fearful sense of exposure. It is the usual experience of strong natures when they love.

At last he arrived at a conclusion. It was to go across and enquire boldly of her.

Digitized by Google

The insulation of his heart by his reserve during these many years, without a duct of any kind for disposable emotion, had worked its effect. It has been observed more than once that the causes of love are chiefly subjective, and Boldwood was a living testimony to the truth of the proposition. No mother existed to absorb his devotion, no sister for his tenderness, no idle ties for sense. He became surcharged with the compound, which was genuine lover's love.

He approached the gate of the meadow. Beyond it the ground was melodious with ripples, and the sky with larks; the low bleating of the flock mingling with both. Mistress and man were engaged in the operation of making a lamb "take," which is performed whenever an ewe has lost her own offspring, one of the twins of another ewe being given her as a substitute. Gabriel had skinned the dead lamb, and was tying the skin over the body of the live lamb, in the customary manner, whilst Bathsheba was holding open a little pen of four hurdles, into which the mother and foisted lamb were driven, where they would remain till the old sheep conceived an affection for the young one.

Bathsheba looked up at the completion of the manœuvre, and saw the farmer by the gate, where he was overhung by a willow tree in full bloom. Gabriel, to whom her face was as the uncertain glory of an April day, ever regardful of its faintest changes, instantly discerned thereon the mark of some influence from without, in the form of a keenly self-conscious reddening. He also turned and beheld Boldwood.

At once connecting these signs with the letter Boldwood had shown him, Gabriel suspected her of some coquettish procedure begun by that means, and carried on since he knew not how.

Farmer Boldwood had read the pantomime denoting that they were conscious of his presence, and the perception was as too much light turned upon his new sensibility. He was still in the road, and by moving on he hoped that neither would recognize that he had originally intended to enter the field. He passed by with an utter and overwhelming sensation of ignorance, shyness, and doubt. Perhaps in her manner there were signs that she wished to see him — perhaps not — he could not read a woman. The cabala of this erotic philosophy seemed to consist of the subtlest meanings, expressed in misleading ways. Every turn, look, word, and accent contained a mystery quite distinct from its obvious import, and not one had ever been pondered by him until now.

As for Bathsheba, she was not deceived into the belief that Farmer Boldwood had walked by on business or in idleness. She collected the probabilities of the case, and concluded that she was herself responsible for Boldwood's appearance there. It troubled her much to see what a great flame a little wildfire was likely to kindle. Bathsheba was no schemer for marriage, nor was she deliberately a trifler with the affections of men, and a censor's experience on seeing an actual flirt after observing her would have been a feeling of surprise that Bathsheba could be so different from such a one, and yet so like what a flirt is supposed to be.

She resolved never again, by look or by sign, to interrupt the steady flow of this man's life. But a resolution to avoid an evil is seldom framed till the evil is so far advanced as to make avoidance impossible.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SHEEP-WASHING: THE OFFER.

BOLDWOOD did eventually call upon her. She was not at home. "Of course not," he murmured. In contemplating Bathsheba as a woman, he had forgotten the accidents of her position as an agriculturist — that being as much of a farmer, and as extensive a farmer, as himself, her probable whereabouts was out-of-doors at this time of the year. This, and the other oversights Boldwood was guilty of, were natural to the mood, and still more natural to the circumstances. The great aids to idealization in love were present here: occasional observation of her from a distance, and the absence of social intercourse with her — visual familiarity, oral strangeness. The smaller human elements were kept out of sight; the pettinesses that enter so largely into all earthly living and doing were disguised by the accident of lover and loved-one not being on visiting terms, and there was hardly awakened a thought in Boldwood that sorry household realities appertained to her, or that she, like all others, had moments of commonplace, when to be least plainly seen was to be most prettily remembered. Thus a mild sort of apotheosis took place in his fancy, whilst she still lived and breathed within his own horizon, a troubled creature like himself.

Digitized by Google

It was the end of May when the farmer determined to be no longer repulsed by trivialities or distracted by suspense. He had by this time grown used to being in love; the passion now startled him less even when it tortured him more, and he felt himself adequate to the situation. On enquiring for her at her house they had told him she was at the sheep-washing, and he went off to seek her there.

The sheep-washing pool was a perfectly circular basin of stonework in the meadows, full of the clearest water. To birds on the wing its glassy surface, reflecting the light sky, must have been visible for miles round as a glistening Cyclop's eye in a green face. The grass about the margin at this season was a sight to remember long — in a minor sort of way. Its activity in sucking the moisture from the rich damp sod was almost a process observable by the eye. The outskirts of this level water-meadow were diversified by rounded and hollow pastures, where just now everything that was not a buttercup was a daisy, losing this character somewhat as they sank to the verge of the intervening river. It slid along noiselessly as a shade, the swelling reeds and sedge forming a flexible palisade along its moist brink. To the north of the mead were trees, the leaves of which were new, soft, moist, and flexible, not yet having stiffened and darkened under summer sun and drought, their colour being yellow beside a green, green beside a yellow. From the recesses of this knot of foliage the loud notes of three cuckoos were resounding through the still air.

Boldwood went meditating down the slopes with his eyes on his boots, which the yellow pollen from the buttercups had bronzed in artistic gradations. A tributary of the main stream flowed through the basin of the pool by means of an inlet and outlet at opposite points of its diameter. Shepherd Oak, Jan Coggan, Moon, Poorgrass, Cain Ball, and several others were assembled here, all dripping wet to the very roots of their hair, and Bathsheba was standing by in a new riding-habit — the most elegant she had ever worn — the reins of her horse being looped over her arm. Flagons of cider were rolling about upon the green. The meek sheep were pushed into the pools by Coggan and Matthew Moon, who stood by the lower hatch, immersed to their waists; then Gabriel, who stood on the brink, thurst them under as they swam along, with an instrument like a crutch, formed for the purpose, and also for assisting the exhausted animals when the wool become saturated and they began to sink. They were then let out against the stream, and through the upper opening, all impurities thus flowing away below — Cainy Ball and Joseph, who performed this latter operation, being if possible wetter than the rest; they resembled dolphins under a fountain, every protuberance and angle of their clothes dribbling forth a small rill.

Boldwood came close and bid her good morning, with such constraint that she could not but think he had stepped across to the washing for its own sake, hoping not to find her there; more, she fancied his brow severe and his eye slighting. Bathsheba immediately contrived to withdraw, and glided along by the river till she was a stone's throw off: she heard footsteps brushing the grass, and had a consciousness that love was encircling her like a perfume. Instead of turning or waiting, Bathsheba went among the high sedges, but Boldwood seemed determined, and pressed on till they were completely past the bend of the river. Here, without being seen, they could hear the splashing and shouts of the washers above.

"Miss Everdene!" said the farmer.

She trembled, turned, and said "Good morning." His tone was so utterly removed from all she had expected as a beginning. It was lowness and quiet accented: an emphasis of deep meanings, their form, at the same time, being scarcely expressed. Silence has sometimes a remarkable power of showing itself as the disembodied soul of feeling wandering without its carcase, and it is then more impressive than speech. In the same way, to say a little is often to tell more than to say a great deal. Boldwood told everything in that word.

As the consciousness expands on learning that what was fancied to be the rumble of wheels is the reverberation of thunder, so did Bathsheba's at her intuitive conviction.

"I feel — almost — too much — to think," he said, with a solemn simplicity, "I have come to speak to you without preface. My life is not my own since I have beheld you clearly, Miss Everdene — I come to make you an offer of marriage."

Bathsheba tried to preserve an absolutely neutral countenance, and all the motion she made was that of closing lips which had previously been a little parted.

"I am now forty-one years old," he

Digitized by Google

went on. "I may have been called a confirmed bachelor, and I was a confirmed bachelor. I had never any views of myself as a husband in my earlier days, nor have I made any calculation on the subject since I have been older. But we all change, and my change, in this matter, came with seeing you. I have felt lately, more and more, that my present way of living is bad in every respect. Beyond all things, I want you as my wife."

"I feel, Mr. Boldwood, that though I respect you much, I do not feel — what would justify me to — in accepting your offer," she stammered.

This giving back of dignity for dignity seemed to open the sluices of feeling that Boldwood had as yet kept closed.

"My life is a burden without you," he exclaimed, in a low voice. "I want you — I want you to let me say I love you again and again!"

Bathsheba answered nothing, and the horse upon her arm seemed so impressed, that instead of cropping the herbage it looked up.

"I think and hope you care enough for me to listen to what I have to tell!"

Bathsheba's momentary impulse at hearing this was to ask why he thought that, till she remembered that, far from being a conceited assumption on Boldwood's part, it was but the natural conclusion of serious reflection based on deceptive premises of her own offering.

"I wish I could say courteous flatteries to you," the farmer continued in an easier tone, "and put my rugged feeling into a graceful shape; but I have neither power nor patience to learn such things. I want you for my wife — so wildly that no other feeling can abide in me; but I should not have spoken out had I not been led to hope."

"The valentine again! O that valentine!" she said to herself, but not a word to him.

"If you can love me, say so, Miss Everdene. If not — don't say no."

"Mr. Boldwood, it is painful to have to say I am surprised, so that I don't know how to answer you with propriety and respect — but am only just able to speak out my feeling — I mean my meaning; that I am afraid I can't marry you, much as I respect you. You are too dignified for me to suit you, sir."

"But, Miss Everdene!"

"I — I didn't — I know I ought never to have dreamt of sending that valentine — forgive me, sir — it was a wanton thing which no woman with any self-respect should have done. If you will only pardon my thoughtlessness, I promise never to ——"

"No, no, no. Don't say thoughtlessness! Make me think it was something more — that it was a sort of prophetic instinct — the beginning of a feeling that you would like me. You torture me to say it was done in thoughtlessness — I never thought of it in that light, and I can't endure it. Ah! I wish I knew how to win you! but that I can't do — I can only ask if I have already got you. If I have not, and it is not true that you have come unwittingly to me as I have to you, I can say no more."

"I have not fallen in love with you, Mr. Boldwood — certainly I may say that." She allowed a very small smile to creep for the first time over her serious face in saying this, and the white row of upper teeth, and keenly cut lips already noticed, suggested an idea of heartlessness, which was immediately contradicted by the pleasant eyes.

"But you will just think — in kindness and condescension think — if you cannot bear with me as a husband! I fear I am too old for you, but believe me I will take more care of you than would many a man of your own age. I will protect and cherish you with all my strength — I will indeed. You shall have no cares — be worried by no household affairs, and live quite at ease, Miss Everdene. The dairy superintendence shall be done by a man — I can afford it well — you shall never have so much as to look out of doors at hay-making time, or to think of weather in the harvest. I rather cling to the chaise, because it is the same my poor father and mother drove, but if you don't like it I will sell it, and you shall have a pony-carriage of your own. I cannot say how far above every other idea and object on earth you seem to me — nobody knows — God only knows — how much you are to me!"

Bathsheba's heart was young, and it swelled with sympathy for the deep-natured man who spoke so simply.

"Don't say it: don't! I cannot bear you to feel so much, and me to feel nothing. And I am afraid they will notice us, Mr. Boldwood. Will you let the matter rest now? I cannot think collectedly. I did not know you were going to say this to me. Oh I am wicked to have made you suffer so!" She was frightened as well as agitated at his vehemence.

"Say then, that you don't absolutely refuse. Do not quite refuse!"

Digitized by Google

"I can do nothing. I cannot answer."

"I may speak to you again on the subject?"

"Yes."

"I may think of you?"

"Yes, I suppose you may think of me."

"And hope to obtain you?"

"No — do not hope! Let us go on."

"I will call upon you again to-morrow."

"No — please not. Give me time."

"Yes — I will give you any time," he said earnestly and gratefully. "I am happier now."

"No — I beg you! Don't be happier if happiness only comes from my agreeing. Be neutral, Mr. Boldwood! I must think."

"I will wait," he said.

And then she turned away. Boldwood dropped his eyes to the ground, and stood long like a man who did not know where he was. Realities then returned upon him like the pain of a wound received in an excitement which eclipses it, and he, too, then went on.

CHAPTER XX.

PERPLEXITY: GRINDING THE SHEARS: A QUARREL.

"He is so disinterested and kind to offer me all that I can desire," Bathsheba said, musingly.

Yet Farmer Boldwood, whether by nature kind or the reverse to kind, did not exercise kindness here. The rarest offerings of the purest loves are but a self-indulgence, and no generosity at all.

Bathsheba, not being the least in love with him, was eventually able to look calmly at his offer. It was one which many women of her own station in the neighbourhood, and not a few of higher rank, would have been wild to accept and proud to publish. In every point of view, ranging from politic to passionate, it was desirable that she, a lonely girl, should marry, and marry this earnest, well-to-do, and respected man. He was close to her doors: his standing was sufficient: his qualities were even supererogatory. Had she felt, which she did not, any wish whatever for the married state in the abstract, she could not reasonably have rejected him as a woman who frequently appealed to her understanding for deliverance from her whims. Boldwood as a means to marriage was unexceptionable: she esteemed and liked him: yet she did not want him. It appears that men take wives because possession is not possible without marriage, and that women accept husbands because marriage is not possible without possession; with totally differing aims the method is the same on both sides. But the understood incentive on the woman's part was wanting here. Besides, Bathsheba's position as absolute mistress of a farm and house was a novel one, and the novelty had not yet begun to wear off.

But a disquiet filled her, which was somewhat to her credit, for it would have affected few. Beyond the mentioned reasons with which she combated her objections, she had a strong feeling that having been the one who began the game she ought in honesty to accept the consequences. Still the reluctance remained. She said in the same breath that it would be ungenerous not to marry Boldwood, and that she couldn't do it to save her life.

Bathsheba's was an impulsive nature under a deliberative aspect. An Elizabeth in brain and a Mary Stuart in spirit, she often performed actions of the greatest temerity with a manner of extreme discretion. Many of her thoughts were perfect syllogisms; unluckily they always remained thoughts. Only a few were irrational assumptions; but, unfortunately, they were the ones which most frequently grew into deeds.

The next day to that of the declaration, she found Gabriel Oak at the bottom of her garden, grinding his shears for the sheep-shearing. All the surrounding cottages were more or less scenes of the same operation; the scurr of whetting spread into the sky from all parts of the village as from an armoury previous to a campaign. Peace and war kiss each other at their hours of preparation, sickles, scythes, shears, and pruning-hooks mingling with swords, bayonets, and lances, in their common necessity for point and edge.

Cainy Ball turned the handle of Gabriel's grindstone, his head performing a melancholy see-saw up and down with each turn of the wheel. Oak stood somewhat as Eros is represented when in the act of sharpening his arrows: his figure slightly bent, the weight of his body thrown over on the shears, and his head balanced sideways, with a critical compression of the lips and contraction of the eyelids to crown the attitude.

His mistress came up and looked upon them in silence for a minute or two; then she said, —

"Cain, go to the lower mead and catch the bay mare. I'll turn the winch of the

Digitized by Google

grindstone. I want to speak to you, Gabriel."

Cain departed, and Bathsheba took the handle. Gabriel had glanced up in intense surprise, quelled its expression, and looked down again. Bathsheba turned the winch and Gabriel applied the shears.

The peculiar motion involved in turning a wheel has a wonderful tendency to benumb the mind. It is a sort of attenuated variety of Ixion's punishment, and contributes a dismal chapter to the history of gaols. The brain gets muddled, the head grows heavy, and the body's centre of gravity seems to settle by degrees in a leaden lump somewhere between the eyebrows and the crown. Bathsheba felt the unpleasant symptoms after two or three dozen turns.

"Will you turn, Gabriel, and let me hold the shears?" she said. "My head is in a whirl, and I can't talk."

Gabriel turned. Bathsheba then began with some awkwardness, allowing her thoughts to stray occasionally from her story to attend to the shears, which required a little nicety in sharpening.

"I wanted to ask you if the men made any observations on my going behind the sedge with Mr. Boldwood yesterday?"

"Yes, they did," said Gabriel. "You don't hold the shears right, Miss — I knew you wouldn't know the way — hold like this."

He relinquished the winch, and enclosing her two hands completely in his own (taking each as we sometimes clasp a child's hand in teaching him to write). grasped the shears with her. "Incline the edge so," he said.

Hands and shears were inclined to suit the words, and held thus for a peculiarly long time by the instructor as he spoke.

"That will do," exclaimed Bathsheba. "Loose my hands. I won't have them held! Turn the winch."

Gabriel freed her hands quietly, retired to his handle, and the grinding went on.

"Did the men think it odd?" she said again.

"Odd was not the idea, Miss."

"What did they say?"

"That Farmer Boldwood's name and your own were likely to be flung over pulpit together before the year was out."

"I thought so by the look of them! Why, there's nothing in it. A more foolish remark was never made, and I want you to contradict it: that's what I came for."

Gabriel looked incredulous and sad, but between his movements of incredulity, relieved.

"They must have heard our conversation," she continued.

"Well, then, Bathsheba!" said Oak, stopping the handle, and gazing into her face with astonishment.

"Miss Everdene, you mean," she said, with dignity.

"I mean this, that if Mr. Boldwood really spoke of marriage, I am not going to tell a story and say he didn't to please you. I have already tried to please you too much for my own good."

Bathsheba regarded him with round-eyed perplexity. She did not know whether to pity him for disappointed love of her, or to be angry with him for having got over it — his tone being ambiguous.

"I said I wanted you just to mention that it was not true I was going to be married to him," she murmured, with a slight decline in her assurance.

"I can say that to them if you wish, Miss Everdene. And I could likewise give an opinion to you on what you have done."

"I daresay. But I don't want your opinion."

"I suppose not," said Gabriel bitterly, and going on with his turning, his words rising and falling in a regular swell and cadence as he stooped or rose with the winch, which directed them, according to his position, perpendicularly into the earth, or horizontally along the garden, his eyes being fixed on a leaf upon the ground.

With Bathsheba a hastened act was a rash act; but, as does not always happen, time gained was prudence ensured. It must be added, however, that time was very seldom gained. At this period the single opinion in the parish on herself and her doings that she valued as sounder than her own was Gabriel Oak's. And the outspoken honesty of his character was such that on any subject, even that of her love for, or marriage with, another man, the same disinterestedness of opinion might be calculated on, and be had for the asking. Thoroughly convinced of the impossibility of his own suit, a high resolve constrained him not to injure that of another. This is a lover's most stocial virtue, as the lack of it is a lover's most venial sin. Knowing he would reply truly, she asked the question, painful as she must have known the subject would be. Such is the selfishness of some charming women. Perhaps it was some excuse for her thus torturing hon-

Digitized by Google

esty to her own advantage, that she had absolutely no other sound judgment within easy reach.

"Well, what is your opinion of my conduct?" she said, quietly.

"That it is unworthy of any thoughtful, and meek, and comely woman."

In an instant Bathsheba's face coloured with the angry crimson of a Danby sunset. But she forbore to utter this feeling, and the reticence of her tongue only made the loquacity of her face the more noticeable.

The next thing Gabriel did was to make a mistake.

"Perhaps you don't like the rudeness of my reprimanding you, for I know it is rudeness; but I thought it would do good."

She instantly replied sarcastically.

"On the contrary, my opinion of you is so low that I see in your abuse the praise of discerning people."

"I am glad you don't mind it, for I said it honestly, and with every serious meaning."

"I see. But, unfortunately, when you try not to speak in jest you are amusing—just as when you wish to avoid seriousness you sometimes say a sensible word."

It was a hard hit, but Bathsheba had unmistakably lost her temper, and on that account Gabriel had never in his life kept his own better. He said nothing. She then broke out,

"I may ask, I suppose, where in particular my unworthiness lies? In my not marrying you, perhaps!"

"Not by any means," said Gabriel, quietly. "I have long given up thinking of that matter."

"Or wishing it, I suppose," she said, and it was apparent that she expected an unhesitating denial of this supposition.

Whatever Gabriel felt, he coolly echoed her words—

"Or wishing it either."

A woman may be treated with a bitterness which is sweet to her, and with a rudeness which is not offensive. Bathsheba would have submitted to an indignant chastisement for her levity had Gabriel protested that he was loving her at the same time; the impetuosity of passion unrequited is bearable, even if it stings and anathematizes—there is a triumph in the humiliation, and a tenderness in the strife. This was what she had been expecting, and what she had not got. To be lectured because the lecturer saw her in the cold morning light of open-shuttered disillusion was exasperating. He had not finished, either. He continued in a more agitated voice:

"My opinion is (since you ask it) that you are greatly to blame for playing pranks upon a man like Mr. Boldwood, merely as a pastime. Leading on a man you don't care for is not a praiseworthy action. And even, Miss Everdene, if you seriously inclined towards him, you might have let him discover it in some way of true loving-kindness, and not by sending him a valentine's letter."

Bathsheba laid down the shears.

"I cannot allow any man to—to criticise my private conduct!" she exclaimed. "Nor will I for a minute. So you'll please leave the farm at the end of the week!"

It may have been a peculiarity—at any rate it was a fact—that when Bathsheba was swayed by an emotion of an earthly sort her lower lip trembled: when by a refined emotion, her upper or heavenward one. Her nether lip quivered now.

"Very well, so I will," said Gabriel, calmly. He had been held to her by a beautiful thread which it pained him to spoil by breaking, rather than by a chain he could not break. "I should be even better pleased to go at once," he added.

"Go at once then, in Heaven's name!" said she, her eyes flashing at his, though never meeting them. "Don't let me see your face any more."

"Very well, Miss Everdene—so it shall be."

And he took his shears and went away from her in placid dignity, as Moses left the presence of Pharaoh.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER XII.

A VISIT TO MURILLO'S HOUSE.

WHO, among painters, has done his work more nobly, or more skilfully, than the painter of Seville, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo?

It was a bright sunny evening in December, 1873, when, fresh from the contemplation of the fixed, dark, stedfast gaze of his "San Francisco receiving the Stigmata" (now in the Academia de Bellas Artes at Cadiz), and his exquisitely sweet "Angel de la Guarda," in the cathedral of Seville, I bent my hasty steps

Digitized by Google

towards the home of this great artist in Seville.

I passed through the narrow winding streets of the "Judería," or Jewish quarter, now no longer restricted to the Jewish population. The sun hardly ever looks upon these narrow paved paths, with their tall houses seeming almost to meet overhead: but they were growing wet with the evening dews, which fall heavily in winter, partly making up for the lack of rain.

In a little street, now called "Plaza de Alfaro," or running out of that little square, is the great painter's simple house, with "No. 2" written over its lowly Spanish portals. A Spanish manservant and a dark-eyed, good-natured Andalucian lassie were laughing and love-making at the door. I told them my errand, and the girl pointed lazily — and wondering evidently what on earth the English señor had come to see the house for — to a little marble tablet just inside the door, fixed in the wall, to the left hand as you enter.

Like the house itself, and all the surroundings, it was most unpretending and unobtrusive.

On it was the simple inscription —

En esta casa fué ciertamente
En la que murió
el dia 3 de Abril de 1682
el insigne pintor Sevillano
Bartolomé Esteban Murillo.

It is a plain, white-washed, modest Spanish house, consisting of a ground floor and two upper floors. The little street in which it stands, is narrow; part of the house fronts another house, the rest overlooks a garden, with a high wall around it, making the lookout from the lower rooms still duller than would a house fronting it. Under the wall of this garden a few muleteers and gitanos, in picturesque and gaudy costumes, their bronzed brown faces reminding one of the truthfulness of the great painter's colouring, were watering their donkeys and mules.

I asked leave to go over the house, and asked where, in which room, Murillo painted. "Why, how *can I* tell," said the good-natured lassie, "in which room he painted? *Everyone says* that he painted under the orange-trees in the old walled garden of the alcazar opposite; but *vamos!* — come over the house." So we went. On either side of the tiny "hall," as you enter, is a narrow door, each door opening into a small, narrow, ill-lighted room, with floors of common red tiles, and a dark cupboard in each room, if my memory serves me in good stead.

My Andalucian lassie trundled up the narrow winding stairs — *so* narrow, *so* dark, only the width of five bricks placed lengthways, and with a little fronting of worn wood-work. On the first storey the doors are still small, the rooms dark and narrow. They were inhabited by a Spanish family, and I did not more than step inside them.

To the top, or second storey, the staircase is little better than a creaking wooden ladder; but at the top my guide showed me a little niche in the wall. "Here," she said, "used to be one of his paintings." All the rooms have floors of red brick or tile; all are narrow and dark. On the top storey is the old kitchen, the only inhabitant of which was a black, white-breasted retriever puppy, who welcomed us with every noisy demonstration of delight, and evidently did not at all appreciate the honour of being a prisoner in Murillo's kitchen!

The lassie, romping with her mute companion, threw open a door, through which I crouched and squeezed, and we stood upon the roof — a tiny space, sloping down to the front, only five yards by three, looking straight down into the walled garden of the alcazar, a typical Spanish garden, with its gorgeous orange and lime trees, its rich irrigated plots of vegetables, its square regular beds, and neat evergreen borders.

Here, I thought, more likely than in the dark, narrow rooms, the great master wrought. The view was very beautiful — Spanish housetops, remember, are not like our smoky English housetops, fit only for sparrows, and smoke, and cats. Spanish cities are *smokeless, chimneyless;* no smuts fly about, and on Spanish housetops, we can safely dry our white snowy linen.

The view was very beautiful — over the old garden, over the tops of snow-white houses with flat, brown roofs; above was nothing but the cloudless blue sky, with the setting sun sinking below the distant sierra, in red and golden splendours to his rest.

And then I passed out; the dark-eyed hoyden locked up her dog once more in the classic kitchen, only too glad to return to her love-making.

This, then, was the humble house of the great painter. Here he lived, and here died in April, 1682, aged sixty-four,

Digitized by Google

by an unlucky fall from the scaffold, as he was painting one of his grandest, or at least most elaborate, paintings, the "Marriage of Santa Catalina," taken from its home in the Convent of Los Capuchinos in Cadiz during the Revolution of the summer of 1873, and now in the "Academia de Bellas Artes," in the same city. Here, in this humble house, lived and died the one perhaps of all painters who excelled in *every* style that he undertook: the *frio*, or dark and sternly marked, as in his "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata;" his earliest style, the *cálido*, defined outline, with warmer colour, as in his "Adoration of the Shepherds," in the Gallery at Madrid; and the *vaporoso*, or blending style, something akin to the style of our own Turner, of which, as an example, may be quoted his "Martyrdom of St. Andrew," also in the Madrid Gallery. Here dwelt and died the painter of *the* "Holy Family," a work full of peace and love; of more than one *exquisite* "Concepcion;" of "La Virgen de los Dolores," so full of mournful pathos, of "San Juan con el Cordero," full of fervour, of "St. Francis embracing his Crucified Son."

A few doors from the little house which "ciertamente" was that of Murillo, stands another, more pretentious, which claims the honour of having been the house in whose bright, quiet garden he was wont to paint. The kindly señora on my presenting my card, and asking leave to enter the garden, at once sent her servant to conduct me thither. We passed through the courtyard of the house and into the garden, which consisted of two small quadrangles, but, oh, so beautiful! Well might the great master exchange his dark narrow rooms, and his tiny strip of sunny roof aloft, for the peacefulness and beauty of this quiet spot. The orange-trees, crowded with green and yellow fruit, lent their shade; the lime-tree, with its larger fruit of sicklier hue, and the fig-tree, with its broad, cool leaves, grew in quiet profusion; hard by, sheltered by cypresses, was a tank, and a trickling, gurgling fountain of crystal water; the grape-vine climbed over a rustic trellis work: the pimiento, or pepper-tree, the most graceful of Spanish trees, like to, but more graceful than, the English weeping-willow, also lent its shade. Two fountains, with their trickling waters, soothed the ear of those who sate and worked, or read, in this shady spot; magnolias, camelias, climbed the walls; the sweet lemon-verbena, the scented geranium, or "malva-rosa" of the Spaniards, the heliotrope, the scarlet geranium, and the crimson and clove carnations, straggled over the trim box-hedges that enclosed their beds.

In the inner quadrangle — like the first very small — an ancient mule, under the shade of a fig-tree, still more ancient, was slowly turning round the water-wheel, with its shining, dripping caskets, of an old Moorish *noria;* all around him, and overhead, the lime-tree and the orange-tree showed their bright yellow fruit to the setting sun; truly, I thought to myself, here a painter might paint, a poet sing to the tune of the turning wheel and the gushing fountains, with the scent of exotic plants filling the balmy evening air.

A few doors from this house is an open, small, dusty space, a barren oval, belted in by stunted acacia-trees, with a solitary gas-lamp in its centre; it is called now "Plaza de Santa Cruz," Santa Cruz being the name of a tiny church, pulled down in 1858. On one of the walls (of a private house) fronting this little hovel, is a marble tablet, with the inscription,

Para perpetuar la memoria
de que en el ambito de esta plaza
hasta poco hace templo sagrado
hastan depositadas las cenizas
del celebre pintor Sevillano
Bartolomé Esteban Murillo
la Academia de Bellas Artes
Acordó poner esta lapida.
Modesto monumento, però el primero
Que se consagra a su ilustre fundador
1858.

And so, as the shades of eve drew on I left the haunts of the great painter — the painter of truth and of life as *he* saw it, and as those in Andalucia see it at the present day.

Of Murillo's life I know nothing; but no scandalous or libellous report has ever, I believe, currently attached itself to his name, as it did most falsely for a period to that of another exceedingly beautiful painter, Alonso Cano.

Murillo, however, neither needs nor claims any notice of his life; into his works he threw his life, and he lives in his works — works that have elevated and refined thousands of souls — and he cannot die; he needs no memorial stone, no tablet, no biography; as is the case with all the good and great, "his works do follow him;" and perhaps amid all his toils and labours to the last — for he died at the age of sixty-four of a fall from a scaffold while painting one of his master-

Digitized by Google

pieces — he looked forward to no reward for himself, but to the elevating and ennobling of others who should follow him, and could breathe that prayer *so* hard to be breathed by one living amid all the seductions of this present life, "Show Thy servants their *work*, and their *children* Thy *glory*."

LETTER XIII.

CHRISTMAS; AND ITS HOPES AND FEARS.

"PEACE on earth, goodwill to men" was not, alas! the burden of our Christmas carol and our New Year's greeting in the wilds of the Interior. How often, since that day when the angels sang songs of peace and joy, has the Divine Christmas greeting seemed an idle mockery, when the pale moon is looking down on fields of the suffering and the slain; or on the widow and the orphan crouching over the half-empty grate; or, as was the case but just now in Spain, on disquietude and plotting, and anxiety of every sort, misrule, disorder, and conspiracy, "men's hearts failing them for fear."

A few *Christmas episodes* in our life in the Interior might, I have thought, prove of sufficient interest to warrant me in jotting them down, without comment or adornment.

I was travelling much, both by day and by night, about Christmas time, and the most unobservant eye could not fail to see sufficient indications of some extraordinary movement; the *guardias civiles*, preservers of law and order throughout Spain, were being shifted about in bodies from place to place; here, a body of twenty, wrapped in their huge *capas*, rifle in hand and sword-bayonet by side, with their keen dark eyes scrutinizing every fresh face, would enter the railway carriage; at another station two, with a prisoner, would join them, silent and stern as ever. Every honest man welcomes and respects these brave, clever, truthful, sober, indefatigable preservers of peace and justice; they are a terror only to evil-doers!

I have already given a slight sketch of the services which these men are ever ready to perform, but I will recur to the subject again. Before Señor Martinez de la Rosa, the well-known author of "Poems for Children," and other poems, came to be connected with the Cabinet of Christina, he was robbed on the highway; when he came into power he was instrumental in forming a body of guards who, mounted or on foot, should keep the roads free from banditti; they were dressed after the fashion of the French gendarmerie, probably owing to the French influence then prevailing at Court, and numbered at first some five or six thousand. These men are chosen for (1) having been steady and good soldiers, (2) height and strength, (3) education; but they have all served in the Regular Army for a certain time, and are equally able to hunt in couples as policemen, or in large bodies as regular troops. Their pay is two pesetas per diem, and an allowance, if mounted, for fodder for their horses. Their chief occupation, of late, has been not so much to suppress robbery in the camp as to quarter themselves in disaffected towns, and prevent outbreaks and licenses.

Christmas eve came at last, or, as we call it here, *noche-buena;* the streets in the daytime were bright with the various dresses of those that bought and sold; at night, from every house in every street, came the tinkle of the guitar, the *rom rom rom* of the Zambomba,* and the rattle of the tambourine; at midnight, in each church, the "Child New-born," who came to bring "peace on earth, goodwill to men," was exhibited and adored by the sable crowd of worshippers; at midnight, too, strange contrast! marched into our town, with bayonets fixed, and gleaming bright as their well-ordered ranks passed each little oil-lamp, a body of guards.

Well, if we are to have peace, for the present, I suppose, it must be won and preserved by the sword.

Men *kept* their Christmas time, as usual; outwardly all was noise, and festivity, and glitter; but every eye was looking forward to one day: the day on which the Córtes would reassemble, and demand of Emilio Castelar an account of his arduous but nobly fulfilled stewardship.

Strange whispers went about; every Spaniard is a politician, whether he light his errant watch-fire, and strew his rough bed to leeward of a clump of prickly pear

* This is called a *musical* instrument, although why, except on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, I cannot understand. It is made of earthenware, and in shape just like a common English flower-pot. One end is open: over the other a piece of drum-parchment is tightly stretched; into this parchment is inserted a reed, which protrudes about eight or nine inches from the parchment; the *musician* wets his fingers, and rubs them up and down the stem of the reed, which gives a hoarse hollow sound, called by the Spaniards "the rom rom rom of the zambomba." No house is without these instruments, played by children, at Christmas time.

Digitized by Google

or aloe; or, wrapped in his manta, pass his nights on the stone floor of the roadside venta; or sip coffee in his casino among his sympathizers (for each casino is devoted to a separate phase of politics); or smoke his scented Havana over the brasero of his palacio — whatever be his rank or station he is a politician, and believes it to be his duty to interfere in the affairs of his country.

I heard one poor man — very poor, very ignorant — say, "Castelar will come down; he promised to sever Church and State, and give us liberty of thought; *he has not done so!* He promised to do away — O vast expense and useless tax! — with a standing army: *he has not done so.*" And the poor old fellow's tattered coat shook with indignation, and his eye grew moist with a tear as he said, "Poor Spain!" This sentiment about Castelar's non-fulfilment of his promise is a stereotyped one; I am constantly hearing it among the lower orders.

Speculations as to what change would take place on the 2nd and 3rd of January are rife among us; some believed power would be left with the Intransigentes; some, but few, that Castelar would continue Dictator for a few weeks, provisionally; some, that the "Infant" would be placed upon the throne. "Pi y Margall and the Cantonal system" was the watchword of the lower orders.

Strange photographs went up in the streets, the most remarkable of which I here transcribe: it is one of large dimensions, costing three or four pesetas. In one corner stands on a white pedestal a draped and graceful woman, flaring torch in hand, representing Liberty; on the pedestal is written, in French, "Les droits de" — I cannot decipher; bareheaded, or waving hats in the air, comes to her feet a long winding procession of men, women, and children, in working dress, the end of the long, snake-like line being lost in the distant hills; a church stands hard by; they disregard it; one solitary ploughman stops his oxen to wave his hat. Far away is the distant sea, with one or two flying sails, and the smoke of a steamer upon its calm bosom. At intervals, to the very end of the long line of human beings, are carried banners; on the first is written, "Francia" (considered by all Spaniards the champion of civil liberty); on the second, "España;" on the third, "Autriche;" on the fourth, "Siciles;" then "Romagna;" on the rest the letters are too dim to be deciphered.

In the foreground is a mass of crowns, sceptres, handcuffs, codes, &c., lying broken and in confusion on the ground, and looking like — what at first glance I deemed them to be — a heap of stones.

But the most striking feature of the photograph has yet to come. Borne on the clouds of heaven float gently earthwards hosts of angel-forms, some, pen in hand, as though coming to chronicle the new era of *La Libertad;* some pouring upon earth their rich cornucopias of fruit and flowers. In the midst of this heavenly host, a huge lion crouching beneath His feet, which are halfveiled in clouds, stands in majestic repose the figure of our blessed Lord; His right hand is raised to bless; in His left hand he bears His cross, and upon His head is the crown of thorns; above this Divine Rostro the clouds are bright, and in shadowy yet plain letters shines out of them the inscription, "Fraternité."

At the foot of the photograph is written, REPUBLICA UNIVERSAL DEMOCRATICA FEDERAL. EL PACTO; and the following terse sentence from Béranger:

> Pueblos, formád una santa alianza
> Y estrechád vuestra mano.

That is,

> Form an holy league, ye towns,
> And act in concert.

The idea of our blessed Lord being the Champion of Liberty is one common in Spain, and hence there is no blasphemy or culpable levity in the picture described; there is a couplet common in Spain at Christmas-tide,

> At this time on earth was He
> Born, *and with Him Liberty.*

The lines, or an equivalent, will be found in "Ecos Nacionales," by V. Ruiz Aguilera.

Beyond the rumours, the anxious faces, the photographs, and the movements of troops, there was but one incident to mark the reign of uncertainty about Christmas time, and that was an attack upon the train on its way to Madrid, which I chronicle merely as showing the lawless state of the country. The night-train to Madrid picks up, as is well known, money from various towns, all of which is sent in small boxes with padlocks and leather straps buckled over them. Some fifty armed brigands, finding their ways and means straitened, stopped the train by waving a red lamp, and demanded of the terrified guard the boxes of money, commanding no passen-

Digitized by Google

ger to put his head out of the window of his carriage: one rash person disregarded the injunction, and received a slash in the cheek from a sabre. It is needless to add that these men got safely to the mountains with their booty. It is not often one hears of such deeds on a large scale; but every now and then, in some parts of the Interior, some young fellow who is known to be rich is carried off, and a heavy ransom demanded. In the last case that came under my notice the young fellow was surprised in the Campo, while out for his afternoon paseo, carried off to the Olivares, or the Sierra, and 400*l.* demanded and paid for his release. This system of "levying black-mail," so common in Southern Italy, is still carried on in the wilder parts of Greece, and in the mountainous districts of the Levant. In Spain, if you desire a walk over the hills — and a walk is very enjoyable in spring and winter, when (as now) the tints of the mountains are *simply exquisite*, varying from the deepest purple to the brightest roseate hue, and the earth is just putting on its robe of vernal green — it is best to walk with a friend, and to carry arms, equally serviceable against dogs or men; and it is safer not to be outside the city walls after dusk; you may be robbed, or at least annoyed.

One more "Christmas episode." On Christmas Eve the Alcalde of a town not far from here was enjoying his coffee, cigarillo, and politics in his casino; he was popular with the masses, and so, to do him all honour, a party of gipsies came in, chaired him, carried him round the room, and then *insisted on his dancing the fandango with them!* The whole scene, when recounted to me by an eye-witness the following night, struck me as so thoroughly Spanish, and worthy of these dark-eyed daughters of the sunny South, that I have ventured to mention it.

At last the eventful day, January 2nd, 1874, arrived, and at evening-time club, casino, and venta were thronged with little knots of eager and expectant politicians, waiting for a telegraph; but, as subsequently transpired, nothing definite had taken place. On that day the only sign of excitement that came under my notice was the shout of some fervid artificer on his way to his work, "Down with Castelar." Silently another body of guards marched into our town that night, or the night after, and then came the news of the Spanish *coup d'état* of 1874, awakening general surprise and bewilderment.

On Monday some apprehensions were felt as to the possibility of an insurrection, and the guards, leaving their barracks in the narrow streets of the town, fortified themselves in a walled spot a few hundred yards outside the walls, where they could act more freely. I walked at evening, about 4.30, down the streets which were almost deserted, and — rare sound in Andalucian streets at that hour — echoed to my footfall; the shutters were up in many of the private houses, and nearly every shop was closed. I wanted some coffee — a modest wish, surely! — and at last found a grocer's shop with the door only half closed.

Then came the news of the clever way in which the *coup d'état* at Madrid on January 3 had been managed. It was thus graphically related to me by a Spanish gentleman. The Córtes had listened to Señor Castelar's magnificent speech, his defence of his own short administration: the votes were taken, Señor Salmeron being in the chair, and it was found that there were one hundred for, to one hundred and twenty against, Castelar's continuing in office. He then rose and said, "I have one favour to ask, that you will construct a Ministry before you leave the room." "That we will do," was the quiet answer of the President. Just then two aides-de-camp entered the chamber, and gave a note to Señor Salmeron, who handed it to his secretary to read aloud to the assembled diputados.

The note was terse and soldier-like, and to this effect: — "That those assembled in the Córtes should, *within five minutes*, disperse to their own homes. (Signed) PAVIA, Governor-General of Madrid."

Loud cries of "Shame, shame!" were heard, and great uproar prevailed; the President proposed to arraign General Pavía himself at once, and deprive him of his position. At this juncture the two aides-de-camp left the chamber, and met the General himself, who was in waiting close by. They told him what it was proposed to do to him. "Oh, that is it, is it?" said he; "come along, men." At the head of two trusty regiments — and with officers and soldiers alike, as a rule, Pavía is very popular — the General entered the Córtes, and, at the word of command, the first rank fired a volley into the ceiling above the heads of the diputados. The effect was magical. In a moment the diputados were seen hurrying out as fast as they could, and even leaping over any obstacles, as a

Digitized by Google

chair or bench, that came in their way. Only one or two foreigners were left in the Córtes, and they were courteously escorted home by some of the troops, with their band playing the *Marcha Real* (Royal March) down the thronging streets.

Castelar was summoned to appear, and was asked by General Pavia to form a Ministry, which of course, he could not undertake. Marshal Serrano then appeared, coming from the house of the Russian ambassador.

Outside the Córtes the streets were lined with troops. At the head of other streets cannon frowned. Every volunteer was ordered to render up his arms at certain depôts named, and that order was acted upon quietly and instantly. Volunteers were hurrying, arms in hand, to the depôts, and giving up their insignia in the greatest haste.

The Marshal, it is said, rode through one or two of the principal squares and shouted, "Viva la Republica Española!" and it is also said, that people, foregoing their favourite term "democratica federal," took up the cry "Viva la Republica de España!"

Perhaps the populace are weary of all this long-continued unrest, of trade suspended, and lines cut, and posts stopped, and are glad to espouse the first hope of a settled Government. At any rate, the soldiers will be glad of the turn things have taken, and will follow their Generals.

> Non, si male nunc, et olim
> Sic erit,

we have been saying for a long time, and, it may be, the "nunc" has passed, and the "olim" is at hand; at any rate, we all thirst for order, justice, and peace, and perhaps these are near at hand.

But there has already been twelve hours' fighting at Zaragóza, between the volunteers and the regulars, resulting in a victory for the latter!

Jan. 6th, 1874.

POSTSCRIPT TO LETTER XI.

"ON THE DECAY OF FAITH IN SPAIN."

FROM a communication sent to the Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and forwarded by him to the author of "Spanish Life and Character," it would appear that some of the leading members of the committee of the "Spanish Christian Church" have taken exception to the following statement in the letter above-mentioned: "He who leaves the one fold in Spain has *no* place to flee unto, and no man cares for *his* soul. In his reading, in his thought, in his hope, in his prayer, in his belief—*for him* there is simple, sheer, utter loneliness; it is *chacun pour soi* in everything."

The writer of the statement complained of here begs to assure the members of the "Spanish Christian Church" that he intended neither to disparage nor to ignore their generous and devoted efforts to spread evangelical truth. Before writing his Paper, he had not only made himself acquainted with parts of their good work, but he had also attended some of their places of worship, and joined in the services there performed with sincere gratification.

His reason for not mentioning their labours is simply this: that the centres of Protestant Church life and work are so few and far between that they can hardly be considered as havens for the majority of the Spaniards who have broken with their old faith. What, the writer would ask, is one room set aside for service in one of the largest towns of Spain?

But to the self-devotion and earnestness of many of the members of the "Spanish Christian Church," the writer is happy here to bear warm and favourable testimony; and especially he would speak of their success as regards *schools* for the children.

March 7, 1874.

IN particulars recently published, of the production of salt in Cheshire, we learn that, in 1871, a million and a half tons of salt were sent out of that country to foreign lands and the home market. The demand increases, and the supply as yet shews no sign of failure, for the salt district occupies about twenty-six square miles, of which not more than five have hitherto been worked. As a single square yard of surface is reckoned to cover one hundred and twenty tons of salt, it will be understood that the total quantity is amazing.

Digitized by Google

SHAKESPEARE'S GAMES.—Primero—a game of the same family as piquet—trump, or ruff, the parent of whist—and gleek were the card games chiefly played in England during the age of Shakespeare. But in his youth the playing of cards, except at Christmas, was confined to the upper classes of society. John Heywood, the epigrammatist of Shakespeare's age, was accustomed, according to Camden, to say "that few men played at cardes but at Christmasse, and then almost all, men and boyes." It is quite evident that some such simple foolish game as "noddy" or "beggar my neighbour" would be the highest attainable flight to those who played cards "but at Christmasse." For this reason, and for no natural disinclination to games of chance, we must ascribe Shakespeare's ignorance of cards. For these are things that, if not acquired young, men rarely care to acquire in after life. Had he lived in our days, Shakespeare would have played whist. Our Shakespeare is no dicer either. He mentions the pastime here and there, but brings in none of the slang expressions familiar to dramatists of a similar period. Dicing and card-playing, indeed, came not to full flood in England till the Stuarts came in, and with them a general change of manners and modes of feeling. Shakespeare only saw the opening scenes of this new drama of national life. We find no indications that Shakespeare was a player at tables—our backgammon—or draughts. We are pretty certain that he was not a chess-player. The sole reference we can find to chess is in the "Tempest," act v. scene 1. Ferdinand and Miranda are discovered in the cell of Prospero playing at chess. Miranda says: "Sweet lord, you play me false." Ferdinand replies: "No, my dearest love, I would not for the world" No chess-player would have put into the mouths of other players such phrases. "Playing false" at chess has ever been unknown; and a writer conversant with the game would have had no difficulty in finding some pleasant technical allusion for the lovers. Shakespeare seems to have known something of tennis, but does not admire the game, which was somewhat of a modern French importation. The travelled courtiers are called upon to put away "The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings" ("Henry VIII." act i. scene 3). "There falling out at tennis" ("Hamlet," act ii. scene 1). "The old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls" ("Much Ado," act iii. scene 2). He goes somewhat deeply into the technical terms of the game in his "Henry V.," but he is rather driven to that by the traditionary account of the origin of Henry's invasion. The Dauphin sends the young king, in answer to his claim to certain dukedoms of France, a ton of treasure, which turns out to be—tennis balls. Henry rejoins:

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.

Football we should fancy to be too rough a game for gentle Shakespeare. A man who has brains hardly cares to be kicked and knocked down for nothing. We have traced one allusion to the game in "King Lear." Kent, tripping up the heels of Oswald, cries, "Nor tripped neither, you base football-player." That he was a practised sportsman, our knowledge of the busy engrossing nature of his career forbids us to believe; but he had a keen appreciation of the pleasures of the chase. Witness these lines in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," hackneyed and yet ever fresh, where he describes those hounds of Sparta:

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn.

Belgravia.

THE annual Report of the Director of the Imperial Mint at Osaka, Japan, has been published with details, shewing that the Japanese are as active in improving their coinage as in adapting themselves to the new circumstances brought into existence by railways and under-sea telegraphs. The number of gold and silver pieces coined in 1873 was more than twenty-six million, worth more than twenty-nine million dollars. The value of the silver pieces is indicated by Japanese characters on one side, and by Roman numerals on the other. Excellence of quality and workmanship are alike cared for; and by order of the Imperial Minister of Finance, specimens of the metals were sent to England with a request that they might be tested at the Royal Mint. The leading places in the Japanese mint are filled by thirteen Englishmen, who direct the native workmen, and find them apt to learn. Besides coining, they make assays of all kinds of minerals, including coal; and we are informed that laboratories are in successful operation, and that sulphuric acid and nitric acid are manufactured in quantities which will soon render importation from Europe unnecessary. It seems clear that ere long Japan will play an important part in the commerce and arts of the world.

THE German Polar Navigation Society has bought a station on the island of Averö, on the west coast of Norway; this harbour, named Kristvig, is commodious enough to protect all the largest ships of the Society, and will in future be the starting-point for the German scientific expeditions to the Arctic Regions.

Academy

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. } No. 1561.—May 9, 1874. { From Beginning, Vol. CXXI.

CONTENTS.

I. On Wordsworth. By Walter H. Pater, . *Fortnightly Review*, . . . 323
II. Disorder in Dreamland. Part IV., . *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . 330
III. International Vanities. IV.—Decorations, ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . 340
IV. A Rose in June. Part III., . . . *Cornhill Magazine*, . . . 353
V. The Philology of Slang, ... *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . 367
VI. Impulsive People, ... *Queen*, ... 377
VII. Sir John Lubbock on "The Little Busy Bee," . . . . . *Spectator*, ... 379
VIII. The Busy Bee, ... *Spectator*, ... 381
IX. Prognostications by Leeches, . . . *Chambers' Journal*, . . . 382

POETRY.

The Easter Decorations, . . . 322 | Revenant, ... 322
Tired, ... 322 | After Heine, ... 322

Correspondence, ... 384

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For Eight Dollars, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the Living Age with another periodical.

An extra copy of The Living Age is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of Littell & Gay.

Digitized by Google

THE EASTER DECORATIONS.

O TAKE away your dried and painted garlands!
The snow-cloth's fallen from each quickened brow,
The stone's rolled off the sepulchre of winter,
And risen leaves and flowers are wanted now.

Send out the little ones, that they may gather
With their pure hands the firstlings of the birth,—
Green-golden tufts and delicate half-blown blossoms,
Sweet with the fragrance of the Easter earth;

Great primrose bunches, with soft, damp moss clinging
To their brown fibres, nursed in hazel roots;
And violets from the shady banks and copses,
And wood-anemones, and white hawthorn-shoots;

And tender curling fronds of fern, and grasses,
And crumpled leaves from brink of babbling rills,
With cottage-garden treasures — pale narcissi,
And lilac plumes, and yellow daffodils.

Open the doors, and let the Easter sunshine
Flow warmly in and out, in amber waves;
And let the perfume floating round our altar
Meet the new perfume from the outer graves.

And let the Easter "Alleluia!" mingle
With the sweet silver rain-notes of the lark;
Let us all sing together! — Lent is over,
Captivity and winter, death and dark.

Good Words. ADA CAMBRIDGE.

TIRED.

O FOR wings, that I might soar,
A little way above the floor —
A little way beyond the roar —

A little nearer to the sky!
To the blue hills, lifted high,
Out of all our misery.

Where alone is heard the lark,
Warbling in the infinite arc,
From the dawning to the dark.

Where the callow eaglets wink
On the bare and breezy brink,
And slow pinions rise and sink.

Where the dim white breakers beat
Under cloud-drifts at our feet,
Singing, singing, low and sweet.

Where we see the glimmering bay
Greyly melting far away,
On the confines of the day.

Where the green larch-fringes sweep
Rocky defiles, still and steep,
Where the tender lichens creep.

Where the gentian-blossoms blow,
Set in crystal stars of snow;
Where the downward torrents flow

To the plains and yellow leas,
Glancing, twinkling, through the trees,
Pure, as from celestial seas.

Where the face of heaven has smiled,
Aye on freedom, sweet and wild,
Aye on beauty, undefiled.

Where no sound of human speech,
And no human passions reach;
Where the angels sit and teach.

Where no troublous foot has trod;
Where is impressed on the sod
Only Hand and Heart of God!

Sunday Magazine. ALICE CAMPBELL.

REVENANT.

YOU ask me why at our first meeting
A sudden dimness seemed to veil
My eyes, and why they shunned your greeting,
And why my lips were strangely pale?

Who sees the shade of a lost lover,
May well be pale for hope or fear;
You seemed a ghost from days gone over
When first I looked upon you, dear!

Because, before a word was spoken,
And almost ere I saw you plain,
I thought you her whose heart was broken,
The day that mine was snapped in twain.

Now, like a ghost let loose from prison,
And strange below the common skies,
You see my dead youth re-arisen,
To meet the magic of your eyes

Macmillan's Magazine.

AFTER HEINE.

I'VE written couplets to my lady's eyes,
Her foot I've sung in half a score romances,
And on her little hand, bewitching prize!
I've lavished dozens of poetic fancies.

I've sung her little cheek, in verse apart,
Her little mouth, what rhymes I've made upon it!
And if my lady had a little heart,
Why, I would celebrate it in a sonnet.

Macmillan's Magazine.

Digitized by Google

From The Fortnightly Review.

ON WORDSWORTH.

BY WALTER H. PATER.

SOME English critics at the beginning of the present century said a great deal concerning a distinction, of much importance, as they thought, in the true estimate of poetry, between the Fancy and another, profounder faculty, the Imagination. This metaphysical distinction, borrowed originally from the writings of German philosophers, and perhaps not always clearly apprehended by those who talked of it, involved a far deeper and more vital distinction, with which indeed all true criticism more or less directly has to do, the distinction namely between higher and lower degrees of intensity in the poet's perception of his subject, and in his concentration of himself upon his work. Of those who dwelt upon the metaphysical distinction between the Fancy and the Imagination, it was Wordsworth who made the most of it, assuming it as the basis for the final classification of his poetical writings; and it is in these writings that the deeper and more vital distinction which, as I have said, underlies the metaphysical distinction, is most needed and may best be illustrated.

For nowhere is there so perplexed a mixture as in Wordsworth's own poetry, of work touched with intense and individual power, with work of almost no character at all. He has much conventional sentiment, and some of that insincere poetic diction against which his most serious critical efforts were directed; the reaction in his political ideas, consequent on the excesses of 1795, makes him at times a declaimer on moral and social topics; and he seems sometimes to force an unwilling pen and write by rule. By making the most of these blemishes it is possible to obscure the real æsthetic value of his work, just as his life also, a life of much quiet delicacy and independence, might easily be placed in a false focus, and made to appear a somewhat tame theme in illustration of the more obvious parochial virtues. And those who wish to understand his influence, and experience his peculiar savour, must bear with patience the presence of an alien element in Wordsworth's work, which never coalesced with what is really delightful in it, nor underwent his special power. Who that values his writings most has not felt the intrusion there from time to time of something tedious and prosaic? Of all great poets, perhaps he would gain most by a skilfully made anthology. Such a selection would show perhaps not so much what he was, or to himself or others seemed to be, as what by the more energetic and fertile tendency in his writings he was ever tending to become; is, therefore, to the imaginative reason. And the mixture in his work, as it actually stands, is so perplexed that one fears to miss the least promising composition even, lest some precious morsel should be lying hidden within, the few perfect lines, the phrase, the single word even, to which he often works up mechanically through a poem, almost the whole of which may be tame enough. He who thought that in all creative work the larger part was *given* passively to the recipient mind, who waited so dutifully upon the gift, to whom so large a measure was sometimes given, had his times also of desertion and relapse, and he has permitted the impress of these too to remain in his work. And this duality there, the fitfulness with which the higher qualities manifest themselves in it, gives the effect in his poetry of a power not altogether his own, or under his control, which comes and goes when it will, lifting or lowering a matter poor in itself; so that that old fancy which made the poet's art an enthusiasm, a form of divine possession, seems almost literally true of him.

This constant suggestion of an absolute duality between higher and lower moods, and the work done in them, stimulating one always to look below the surface, makes the reading of Wordsworth an excellent sort of training towards the things of art and poetry. It begets in those who, coming across him in youth, can bear him at all, a habit of reading between the lines, a faith in the effect of concentration and collectedness of mind in the right appreciation of poetry, an expectation of things in this order, coming to one in the way of a true discipline

Digitized by Google

of the temper as well as of the intellect. He meets us with the promise that he has much, and something very peculiar, to give us, if we will follow a certain difficult way, and seems to have the secret of a special and privileged state of mind. And those who have undergone his influence, and followed this difficult way, are like people who have passed through some initiation, a *disciplina arcani*, by submitting to which they became able constantly to distinguish in art, speech, feeling, manners, that which is organic, animated, expressive, from that which is only conventional, derivative, inexpressive.

But although the necessity of selecting these precious morsels for oneself is an opportunity for the exercise of Wordsworth's peculiar influence, and induces a kind of just criticism and true estimate of them, yet the purely literary product would have been more excellent had the writer himself purged away that alien element. How perfect would have been the little treasury shut between the covers of how thin a book! Let us suppose the desired separation made, the electric thread untwined, the golden pieces, great and small, lying apart together. What are the peculiarities of this residue? What special sense does Wordsworth exercise, and what instincts does he satisfy? What are the subjects and the motives which in him excite the imaginative faculty? What are the qualities in things and persons which he values, the impression and sense of which he can convey to others in an extraordinary way?

An intimate consciousness of the expression of natural things, which weighs, listens, penetrates, where the earlier mind passed roughly by, is a large element in the complexion of modern poetry. It has been remarked again and again; it reveals itself in many forms, but is strongest and most attractive in what is strongest and most attractive in modern literature; it is exemplified almost equally by writers as unlike each other as Senancour and Théophile Gautier; as a singular chapter in the history of the human mind, its growth might be traced from Rousseau to Chateaubriand, from Chateaubriand to Victor Hugo; it has doubtless some latent connection with those pantheistic theories which have largely exercised men's minds in some modern systems of philosophy; it is traceable even in the graver writings of historians; it makes as much difference between ancient and modern landscape as there is between the rough masks of an early mosaic and a portrait by Reynolds or Gainsborough. Of this new sense the writings of Wordsworth are the central and elementary expression; he is more simply and entirely occupied with it than any other. There was in his own character a certain contentment, a sort of religious placidity, seldom found united with a sensibility like his, which was favourable to the quiet, habitual observation of inanimate, or imperfectly animate, existence. His life of eighty years is not divided by profoundly felt incidents; its changes are almost wholly inward, and it falls into broad, untroubled spaces. What it most resembles is the life of one of those early Italian or Flemish painters, who just because their minds were full of heavenly visions, passed, some of them, the better part of sixty years in quiet, systematic industry. This placid life matured in him an unusual, innate sensibility to natural sights and sounds, the flower and its shadow on the stone, the cuckoo and its echo. The poem of *Resolution and Independence* is a storehouse of such images; for its fulness of imagery it may be compared to Keats's *Saint Agnes' Eve*. To read one of his longer pastoral poems for the first time is like a day spent in a new country; the memory is crowded for a time with precise and vivid images: —

The pliant harebell swinging in the breeze
On some grey rock; —

The single sheep and the one blasted tree
And the bleak music from that old stone wall; —

In the meadows and the lower ground
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn; —

And that green corn all day is rustling in thine ears.

Subtle and sharp as he is in the outlining of visible imagery, he is most subtle and delicate of all in the noting of sounds; so that he conceives of noble sound as

Digitized by Google

even moulding the human countenance to nobler types, and as something actually "profaned by visible form or image." He has a power likewise of realizing and conveying to the consciousness of the reader abstract and elementary impressions, silence, darkness, absolute motionlessness; or, again, the whole complex sentiment of a particular place, the abstract expression of desolation in the long white road, of peacefulness in a particular folding of the hills. In the airy building of the brain, a special day or hour even, comes to have for him a sort of personal identity, a spirit or angel given to it, by which, for its exceptional insight, or the happy light upon it, it has a presence in one's history, and acts there as a separate power or accomplishment; and he has celebrated in many of his poems the "efficacious spirit" which, as he says, resides in these "particular spots" of time.

That sense of a life in natural objects, which in most poetry is only a rhetorical artifice, is in Wordsworth the assertion of what for him is almost literal fact. To him every natural object seemed to possess more or less of a moral or spiritual life, to be capable of a companionship with man full of finesse and expression, of inexplicable affinities and subtle secrets of intercourse. An emanation, a particular spirit, belonged not to the moving leaves or water only, but to the distant peak arising suddenly by some change or perspective above the nearer horizon, to the passing space of light across the plain, to the lichened Druid stone even, for a certain weird fellowship in it with the moods of men. It was like a "survival" in him of that primitive condition, which some philosophers have traced in the history of human culture, in which all outward objects alike, even the works of men's hands, were believed to be endowed with life and animation, and the world was full of souls; that mood in which the old Greek gods were first begotten, and which had many strange aftergrowths. In the early ages this belief, delightful as its effects in poetry often are, was but the result of a crude intelligence. But in Wordsworth this power of seeing life, this perception of a soul, in inanimate things, came of an exceptional susceptibility to the impressions of eye and ear, and was at bottom a kind of sensuousness. At least it is only in a temperament exceptionally susceptible on the sensuous side that this sense of the expressiveness of outward things comes to be so large a part of life. That he awakened "a sort of thought in sense" is Shelley's just criticism of this element in Wordsworth's poetry.

And it was through nature thus ennobled by a semblance of passion and thought that he approached the spectacle of human life. Human life indeed is, at first, but an additional, accidental grace on this expressive landscape. When he thought of man, it was of man as in the presence and under the influence of these effective natural objects, and linked to them by many associations. The close connection of man with natural objects, the habitual association of his thoughts and feelings with a particular spot of earth, has sometimes seemed to degrade those who are subject to its influence, as if it did but reinforce that physical connection of our nature with the actual lime and clay of the soil, which is always drawing us nearer to our end. But for Wordsworth these influences tended to the dignity of human nature, because they tended to tranquillize it. He raises nature to the level of human thought to give it power and expression; he subdues man to the level of nature, and gives him thereby a certain breadth and coolness and solemnity. The leech-gatherer on the moor, the woman *stepping westward*, are for him natural objects, almost in the same sense as the aged thorn, or the lichened rock on the heath.

Religious sentiment, consecrating the affections and regrets of the human heart, above all that pitiful care and awe for the perishing human clay, of which relic-worship is but the corruption, has always had much to do with localities, with the thoughts which attach themselves to actual scenes and places. What is true of it everywhere, is truest of it in those secluded valleys where one generation

Digitized by Google

after another maintains the same abiding-place; and it was on this side that Wordsworth seized religion most strongly. Consisting, as it did so much, in the recognition of local sanctities, in the habit of connecting the stones and trees of a particular spot of earth with the great events of life, till the low walls, the green mounds, the half-obliterated epitaphs seemed full of voices and a sort of natural oracles, the very religion of these people of the dales seemed but another link between them and the earth, and was literally a religion of nature. It tranquillized them by bringing them under the placid rule of traditional and narrowly localized observances. "Grave livers," they seemed to him under this aspect, with stately speech, and something of that natural dignity of manners which underlies the highest courtesy.

And seeing man thus as a part of nature, elevated and solemnized in proportion as his daily life and occupations brought him into companionship with permanent natural objects, his very religion forming new links for him with the narrow limits of the valley, the low vaults of his church, the rough stones of his home, made intense for him now with profound sentiment, he was able to appreciate passion in the lowly. He chooses to depict people from humble life, because, being nearer to nature than others, they are on the whole more impassioned, certainly more direct in their expression of passion, than other men; it is for this direct expression of passion that he values their humble words. In much that he said in exaltation of rural life he was but pleading indirectly for that sincerity, that perfect fidelity to one's own inward presentations, to the precise features of the picture within, without which any profound poetry is impossible. It was not for their tameness, but for this passionate sincerity, that he chose incidents and situations from common life, related in a selection of language really used by men. He constantly endeavours to bring his language near to the real language of men; but it is to the real language of men, not on the dead level of their ordinary intercourse, but in select moments of vivid sensation, when this language is winnowed and ennobled by excitement. There are poets who have chosen rural life for their subject for the sake of its passionless repose, and there are times when Wordsworth extols the mere calm and dispassionate survey of things as the highest aim of poetical culture; but it was not for its passionless calm that he chose the scenes of pastoral life; and the meditative poet, sheltering himself from the agitations of the outward world, is in reality only clearing the scene for the exhibition of emotion, and what he values most is the almost elementary expression of elementary feelings.

And so he has much for those who value highly the concentrated expression of passion, who appraise men and women by their susceptibility to it, and art and poetry as they afford the spectacle of it. Breaking from time to time into the pensive spectacle of their daily toil, their occupations near to Nature, come the great elementary feelings, lifting and solemnizing their language and giving it a natural music. The great, distinguishing passion came to Michael by the sheepfold, to Ruth by the wayside, adding these humble children of the furrow to the true aristocracy of passionate souls. In this respect Wordsworth's work resembles most that of George Sand in those novels which depict country life. With a penetrative pathos, which puts him in the same rank with the masters of the sentiment of pity in literature, with Meinhold and Victor Hugo, he collects all the traces of vivid excitement which were to be found in that pastoral world; the girl who rung her father's knell; the unborn infant feeling about its mother's heart; the instinctive touches of children; the sorrows of the wild creatures even, their home-sickness, their strange yearnings; the tales of passionate regret that hang by a ruined farm-building, a heap of stones, a deserted sheepfold; that wild, gay, false, adventurous outer world, which breaks in from time to time to bewilder and deflower these quiet homes; not "passionate sorrow" only for the overthrow of the soul's beauty, but the loss of or carelessness for personal beauty itself, in those whom men have wronged, their pathetic wanness; the sailor "who, in his heart, was half a shepherd on the stormy seas;" the wild woman teaching her child to pray for her betrayer; incidents like the making of the shepherd's staff, or that of the young boy laying the first stone of the sheepfold;—all the pathetic episodes of their humble existence, their longing, their wonder at fortune, their poor pathetic pleasures, like the pleasures of children, won so hardly in the struggle for bare existence, their yearning towards each other in their darkened houses, or at their early toil. A sort of biblical

Digitized by Google

depth and solemnity hangs over this strange, new, passionate, pastoral world of which he first raised the image, and the reflection of which some of our best modern fiction has caught from him.

He pondered much over the philosophy of his poetry, and reading deeply in the history of his own mind, seems at times to have passed the borders of a world of strange speculations, inconsistent enough, had he cared to note such inconsistencies, with those traditional beliefs, which were otherwise the object of his devout acceptance. Thinking of the high value he set upon customariness, upon all that is habitual, local, rooted in the ground, in matters of religious sentiment, you might sometimes regard him as one tethered down to a world, refined and peaceful indeed, but with no broad outlook, a life protected, but somewhat narrowed, by the influence of received ideas. But he is at times also something very different from this, and something much bolder. A chance expression is overheard and placed in a new connection, the sudden memory of a thing long past occurs to him, a distant object is relieved for a moment by a random gleam of light — accidents turning up for a moment what lies below the surface of our immediate experience — and he passes from the humble graves and lowly arches of "the little rock-like pile" of a Westmoreland church on bold trains of speculative thought, and comes from point to point into strange contact with thoughts which have visited from time to time far bolder and more wandering spirits.

He had pondered deeply, for instance, on those strange reminiscences and forebodings which seem to make our lives stretch before and behind us, beyond where we can see or touch anything, or trace the lines of connection. Following the soul backwards and forwards on these endless ways, his sense of man's dim, potential powers became a pledge to him, indeed, of a future life; but carried him back also to that mysterious notion of an earlier state of existence, the fancy of the Platonists, the old heresy of Origen. It was in this mood that he conceived the oft-reiterated regrets for a half-ideal childhood, when the relics of Paradise still clung about the soul — a childhood, as it seemed, full of the fruits of old age, lost for all in a degree in the passing away of the youth of the world, lost for each over again in the passing away of actual youth. It is this ideal childhood which he celebrates in his famous *Ode on the Recollections of Childhood*, and some other poems which may be grouped around it, like the lines on *Tintern Abbey;* and something like what he describes was actually truer of him than he seems to have understood; for his own most delightful poems were really the instinctive productions of earlier life; and most surely for him "the first diviner influence of this world" passed away more and more completely in his contact with experience.

Sometimes, as he dwelt upon those moments of intense imaginative power, in which the outward object seems to take colour and expression, a new nature almost, from the prompting of the observing mind, the actual world seemed to dissolve and detach itself, flake by flake, and he himself seemed to be the creator, and when he would the destroyer, of the world in which he lived; — that old isolating thought of many a brainsick mystic of ancient and modern times.

At other times, again, in those moments of intense susceptibility, in which he seemed to himself but the passive recipient of external influences, he was attracted by the thought of a spirit of life in outward things, a single all-pervading mind in them, of which man, and even the poet's imaginative energy, are but moments,— that old dream of the *anima mundi*, the mother of all things and their grave, in which some had desired to lose themselves and others had become indifferent to the distinctions of good and evil. It would come sometimes like the sign of the *macrocosm* to Faust in his cell; the network of man and nature was pervaded by a common universal life; a new, bold thought lifted him above the furrow, above the green turf of the Westmoreland churchyard, to a world altogether different in its vagueness and vastness, and the narrow glen was full of the brooding power of a universal life.

And so he has something also for those who feel the fascination of bold speculative ideas, who are really capable of rising upon them to conditions of poetical thought. He uses them, indeed, always with a very subtle feeling for those limits within which alone philosophical imaginings have any place in true poetry, and using them only for poetical purposes, is not too careful even to make them consistent with each other. To him, theories which for other men bring a world of technical diction, brought perfect form and expression, as in those two lofty books of the *Prelude*, which de-

Digitized by Google

scribe the decay and the restoration of Imagination and Taste. Skirting the borders of this world of bewildering heights and depths, he got but the first exciting influence of it, that joyful enthusiasm which great imaginative theories prompt, when the mind first comes to have an understanding of them; and it is not under the influence of these thoughts that his poetry becomes tedious or loses its blitheness. He keeps them, too, always within certain bounds, so that no word of his could offend the simplest of those simple souls which are always the largest portion of mankind. But it is, nevertheless, the contact of these thoughts, the speculative boldness in them, that constitutes, at least for some minds, the secret attraction of much of his best poetry — the sudden passage from lowly thoughts and places to the majestic forms of philosophical imagination, the play of these thoughts over a world so different, enlarging so strangely the bounds of its humble churchyards, and breaking such a wild light on the graves of christened children.

And these moods always brought with them faultless expression. In regard to expression, as of feeling and thought, the duality of the higher and lower moods was absolute. It belonged to the higher, the imaginative mood, and was the pledge of its reality, to bring the appropriate language with it. In him, when the really poetical motive worked at all, it united with absolute justice the word and the idea, each in the imaginative flame becoming inseparably one with the other, by that fusion of matter and form which is the characteristic of the highest poetical expression. His words are themselves thought and feeling; not eloquent or musical words merely, but that sort of creative language which carries the reality of what it depicts directly to the consciousness.

The music of mere metre plays but a limited, yet a very peculiar and subtly ascertained function in Wordsworth's poetry. With him metre is but an additional, accessory grace on that deeper music of words and sounds, that moving power, which they exercise in the nobler prose no less than in formal poetry. It is a sedative to that excitement, an excitement sometimes almost painful, under which the language of poetry and prose alike attains a rhythmical power, dependent on some subtle adjustment of the elementary sounds of words themselves to the image or feeling they convey, and independent of their metrical combination. Yet some of his pieces, pieces prompted by a sort of half-playful mysticism, like the *Daffodils* and *The Two April Mornings*, are noticeable for a certain quaint gaiety of metre, and rival by their perfect execution in this respect similar pieces among our own Elizabethan or contemporary French poetry. Those who take up these poems after an interval of months, or years perhaps, may be surprised at finding how well old favourites wear, how their strange inventive turns of diction or thought still send through them the old feeling of surprise. Those about Wordsworth were all great lovers of the older English literature, and oftentimes there came out in him a noticeable likeness to our earlier poets; he quotes unconsciously, but with new power of meaning, a clause from one of Shakespeare's sonnets; and, as with some other men's most famous work, the *Ode on the Recollections of Childhood* has its antitype.* He drew something too from the unconscious mysticism of the old English language itself, drawing out the inward significance of its racy idiom, and the not wholly unconscious poetry of the language used by the simplest people under strong excitement, language therefore at its source.

The office of the poet is not that of the moralist, and the first aim of Wordsworth's poetry is to give the reader a peculiar kind of pleasure. But through his poetry, and through this pleasure in it, he does actually convey to the reader an extraordinary wisdom in the things of practice. One lesson, if men must have lessons, he conveys more clearly than all, the supreme importance of contemplation in the conduct of life.

Contemplation, impassioned contemplation, — that is with Wordsworth the end in itself, the perfect end. We see the majority of mankind going most often to definite ends, lower or higher ends as their own instincts may determine; but the end may never come, and the means not be quite the right means, great ends and little ones alike being for the most part distant, and the ways to them in this dim world somewhat vague. Meantime, to higher or lower ends, they move too often with something of a sad countenance, with hurried and ignoble gait, becoming unconsciously something like thorns, in their anxiety to bear grapes; it being possible for individuals in the

* Henry Vaughan's *Retreat*.

Digitized by Google

pursuit of even great ends, to become themselves thin and impoverished in spirit and temper, thus diminishing the sum of perfection in the world at its very sources. We understand this when it is a question of mean or of intensely selfish ends, of Grandet or Javert. We think it bad morality to say the end justifies the means, and we know how false to all higher conceptions of the religious life is the type of one who is ready to do evil that good may come. We contrast with such dark, mistaken eagerness, a type like that of Saint Catherine of Siena, who made the means to her ends so attractive, that she has won for herself an undying place in the *House Beautiful*, not by her fairness of soul merely, but by those quite different qualities which commend themselves to the poet and the artist.

Yet for most of us the conception of means and ends covers the whole of life, and is the exclusive type or figure under which we represent our lives to ourselves. Such a figure, reducing all things to machinery, though it has on its side the authority of that old Greek moralist who has fixed for succeeding generations the outline of the theory of right living, is too like a mere picture or description of men's lives as we actually find them to be the basis of the higher ethics. It covers the meanness of men's daily lives, and much of the dexterity and the vigour with which they pursue what may seem to them the good of themselves or of others; but not the intangible perfection of those whose ideal is rather in *being* than in *doing;* not those manners which are in the deepest as in the simplest sense morals, and without which one cannot so much as offer a cup of water to a poor man without offence; not the part of "antique Rachel," sitting in the company of Beatrice; and the higher morality might well endeavour rather to draw men's attention from the conception of means and ends in life altogether.

Against this predominance of machinery in life Wordsworth's poetry, like all great art and poetry, is a continual protest. Justify rather the end by the means, it seems to say; whatever may become of the fruit, make sure of the flowers and the leaves. It was justly said therefore by one who had meditated more profoundly than others on the true relation of means to ends in life, and on the distinction between what is desirable in itself and what is desirable only as machinery, that when the battle which he and his friends were waging had been won, the world would need more than ever those qualities which Wordsworth was keeping alive and nourishing.*

That the end of life is not action but contemplation, *being* as distinct from *doing*, a certain disposition of the mind, is in some shape or other the principle of all the higher morality. In poetry, in art, if you enter into their true spirit at all, you touch this principle in part; these, by their very sterility, are a type of beholding for the mere joy of beholding. To treat life in the spirit of art, is to make life a thing in which means and ends are identified. This then is the true moral significance of art and poetry. Wordsworth, and other poets who have been like him in ancient or more recent times, are the masters, the experts, in this art of impassioned contemplation. Their work is, not to teach lessons, or enforce rules, or even to stimulate us to noble ends, but to withdraw the thoughts for a little while from the mere machinery of life, to fix them with appropriate emotions on the spectacle of those great facts in man's existence which no machinery affects, "on the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature,"—on "the operations of the elements and the appearances of the visible universe, on storm and sunshine, on the revolutions of the seasons, on cold and heat, on loss of friends and kindred, on injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, on fear and sorrow." To witness this spectacle with appropriate emotions is the aim of all culture; and of these emotions poetry like Wordsworth's is a great feeder and stimulant. He sees nature full of sentiment and excitement; he sees men and women as parts of nature, passionate, excited, in strange grouping and connection with the grandeur and beauty of the natural world: images, in his own words, "of man suffering amid awful forms and powers."

Such is the figure of the more powerful and original poet, hidden away in part under those weaker elements in Wordsworth's poetry which for some minds determine its entire character; a poet somewhat bolder and more passionate than might at first sight be supposed, but not too bold for taste or poetry; an unimpassioned writer, you might sometimes fancy, yet thinking the chief

* Fortnightly Review, June, 1873. *The Death of Mr. Mill.*

Digitized by Google

aim, in life and art alike, to be a certain deep emotion; seeking most often the great elementary passions in lowly places; having at least this condition of all impassioned work, that he aims always at an absolute sincerity of feeling and diction, so that he is the true forerunner of the deepest and most passionate poetry of our own day; yet going back also, with something of a protest against the conventional fervour of much of the poetry popular in his own time, to those older English poets, whose unconscious likeness often comes out in him.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DISORDER IN DREAMLAND.

PART IV.

At length came Hardinge's last week. It was now the middle of May. His successor was to arrive and relieve him of his charge in three or four days; and the Wetton Club conceived a great idea. It would give a picnic to which the old and the new recruiting officer should both be invited. The picnic should be an exceptionally sumptuous one even among Wetton picnics. The members' subscription to these festivities was a fixed thing which could not conveniently be exceeded, and therefore when extra splendour was designed it was notified that the committee would receive donations from members disposed to give of their substance for the honour of the institution. On this occasion Mr. Saunders came down so handsomely both in money and in wine presented from his cellar, that the disposition to call him names was greatly lessened, and some of the more impressionable members ventured in their impulsive way to say that the fellow was not such a bad fellow after all. Ben, you observe, was applying the means which fortune had given him to the attainment of the end which he was now keeping steadily in view. It is a wonderful power, the power of giving. He is a mighty donkey who, having a little spare cash in his coffers, cannot manage to buy opinion. How many of us are there that are proof against gifts discreetly offered? Some, we know, spread their palms unblushingly for a half-crown or a sovereign; others who would scorn to do that may be obliged in more delicate ways. Whether you desire to win a general, or a particular, good opinion, your money cleverly spent will help you, I am afraid, more than all your virtue and all your philanthropy, if these last take any other form than the utterance of the current coin of the realm. You may ignore or resist, or be offended at, a man's moral claims to respect or goodwill, but it requires an Apemantus or an Apostle to say, "Thy money perish with thee." It is another question whether opinion is worth buying, as a rule: the wisest men probably would tell us that it is not, especially if the buyer invest in it so largely and with so mistaken a conception of its nature as to make himself a beggar and a misanthrope like old Timon. Howbeit, "let sage or cynic prattle as he will," I have known, and so I doubt not has my reader, clowns and louts keeping their footing in society, old muffs without a military idea commanding regiments with success, the most selfish and vicious of men lauded as patriots and great ensamples, because they had money to spend, and spent it freely and judiciously. Some men too I have known attempting to buy opinion without the means to pay for it, and these have generally come to grief just as do those who indulge in any other extravagance. Our friend Saunders, however, (I venture to call him our friend in the hope that some little pity may have been aroused for him, upstart as he was; for the lines had fallen to Ben in rather slippery places — his bringing-up had not been calculated to correct the faults of his disposition, and that unlucky dream was a snare to him) — our friend Saunders was not rushing into extravagance; he could lay his hand upon a little ready money, and he chose to spend it in buying up, as it were, an edition of his character that was in circulation, and endeavouring to publish a revised one with considerable alterations. And the success of his efforts was remarkable. Already, at the time of this picnic, men, although they would wink at each other by way of protesting against the supposition of their opinion of him being altered, had left off speaking of "that intolerable young cub," or "the swell builder," and instead thereof made jests about *Saunders's entire*, or *the shades below*, which last periphrasis intimated that Ben's house was a hell,— which was all nonsense, for the play there, though tolerably frequent, was mild enough. Indeed, Ben was getting on very well towards the attainment of his object. He didn't hear, or didn't understand, or didn't care about, the nicknames which were given to himself or his house: those who invented

Digitized by Google

them did so to vent their contempt of themselves for going after his entertainments, under cover of satirizing him who gave them: and he did get a good many young men who thought themselves chiefs in Wetton to consent to companionship with him. They amused themselves with his vulgarity and his solecisms, but they ate his dinners and drank his wine for all that. His mother, not having any ambition for herself, was never visible except to some old cronies of her own who would drink tea with her in the kitchen about six o'clock in the afternoon; but she looked carefully to the preparation of Benjamin's dinners, if indeed superintendence was all she contributed to the cooking. I have some idea that she had been cook in a gentleman's family, and did not now object to brightening up once more the science that had grown dull within her. But this has become rather an unwarrantable digression: let us go back to the picnic. There was scarcely a vehicle private or public in Wetton or within three miles of it that was not in requisition on the morning of that acted idyl. Everybody who, according to the rigid code of Wetton ceremonial, was admissible to the festival, had been invited and took care to be there. And Devonshire, as if in pitying scorn of the Wettons and Slushtons and similar nomenclature, chose to show what sort of a spring day she could turn out when so minded (which it must be confessed that she seldom was). The drizzle and sleet and mist were as foreign to that day as if such atmospheric treats were unknown in the neighbourhood. The sky was charmingly blue, and the few great lazy clouds that floated over it had not a sign of vice in them, but served just to prevent glare, and to nourish the hopes of such gentlemen as were taking their fishing rods with them. The breeze, a veritable zephyr, floated about in the most easy, well-bred manner, making things very pleasant, without obtruding himself in the least; cooling a soft cheek without stirring a ringlet; breathing on the young foliage so gently, that its motion could be perceived only by watching the sportive shadows. The chestnut blossoms were not quite past, although their bloom was waning; but the thorns, pink, red, white, were the glory of the fields and hedges that day. And the hedges — Devonshire hedges, you remember, some of them as tall and as thick as the ramparts of a town — were all smiling with leaves and flowers, drowsy with the hum of winged things, and dispersing the "good smell" which is associated with the singing of birds and the voice of the turtle. Delicious as they are, such days are apt slightly to sadden a man who is rash enough to trust himself alone and unsupported to their influence; but with lively company, with a large party bent on making holiday, they are simply enchanting. Indeed everybody seemed to have faith in his or her power of keeping enjoyment alive, for the expedition started tolerably early in the day, and no soul thought of being at home again till dark, or perhaps a trifle after, for some of the more romantic were heard asking if there wouldn't be a moon.

The reader doesn't, of course, suppose that the Club and the guests stole quietly into the country, and there by degrees grew to be a cavalcade large enough to attract notice. Certainly not; all Wetton and its environs were astir, determined to see the start if they could have nothing else to do with the select entertainment; for, after the races, and the calling out of the militia, a picnic given by the Club was perhaps the most exciting event.

"Lar, neow!" said one girl to her fellow, both being appurtenances of the establishment of Mrs. Tucker, the dressmaker and milliner — "Lar, neow! if there isn't Miss Lyddy in her new shot-silk; a lovely thing it be, but her's ventursome to go so fur from home in en the fust time. I wouldn't ef 'twas mines, I knaw!"

"Lar! what odds? 'Tisn't a-gwain to rain, and her isn't a fewl to go squattin' in the green grass with en on, trest she for that. Do 'ee see how sweet like the young passon look'th upon her? Her'th amade the most of herself, tew, han't her? I don't knaw the gentleman and lady what's long with 'em; whew be they?"

"I think they'm Mr. and Mrs. Yeo, what's uncle and aunt to Miss Lyddy. A little ways in the country they lives. I can't abide that there Miss Lyddy."

"What fur?"

"Her's false. There, now; there be the tew Miss (I never can call their name). They be daughters of the great waryer that everybody's afeard uv. They dresses wasn't made to Wetton, I'll wage. Ben't 'em smart? and the bunnets and all, oh my, it's handsome!"

"Betsey, Betsey, look here, chiel! here's six young men, I vow, all in one carridge. That's lawyer Phillips a-driv-

Digitized by Google

ing; and there's young Mr. Simmons, and Mr. Phil Tarraway, and Mr.——oh, Betsey, don't look upon en, he's the imperentest"—(then, as the vehicle passed by)—"like your persumshum, I'm sure; what next, I wonder! Oh, Betsey, turn away!"

"What's making of 'ee laugh, Fanny, and hide away your face? Imperent is he? I daresay. Think I didn't see en nod his head to 'ee? Look'th as if yew was fond of imperent fellers."

"Betsey, be quiet. I didn't laugh, please sure; but turn away my head I did, for that's a bould man; he'd make any maiden colour up. There's Miss Bell and Miss Susey Woolcock a-gettin' into the pony-carridge. Miss Susey's my favrite. Dressed alike and in light summer dresses, made up by theirselfs for sartin; but they do sit well, sure 'nough. Miss Bell is a keen one for cuttin'; I knaw she of ould."

"Here's a cloud o' dust. What's this, I wonder? Well, if it isn't Mr. Carryten's son! Es, and Ben Saunders. He's a pretty man if you like, Fanny, Ben is; but he's terrible proud now—dothn't look upon a body."

"Betsey, for shame. What's Ben Saunders to yew? A proud fop is Ben, that's what *he* is!"

And so these damsels—or maidens, as a Wettonian would call them—went on criticising all who passed to the *fête* by the road which their gaze commanded. And many another group of critics was there scattered about the exits from Wetton, most of them favourably disposed, and admiring the gay passengers, but not all; there were a few young ladies who inhabited a debatable ground between the *haut ton* and *bourgeoisie* of Wetton, and who thought they might have been asked: the sarcasms of these fair beings, who had been provoked if they had not been invited, would have made any simple person's hair stand on end. But we will hurry past these groups, if you please, and the fluttering dresses and flying ribbons in the carriages, and get on to this moor-stone (*i.e.*, granite) post lying on the ground, and not yet set in the gateway, on which Uncle Jack Varco and one or two of his friends sat viewing the departures.

"What a thing vanity is now!" said a middle-aged female of the party. "This is very lovely for the minnit; but can yew fancy, Uncle Jack, any raisonable beins a-wasting their lifes and their substance in sich fervolities? Vie upon mun!" (This was said rather with a view of chiming with Uncle Jack's severe humour, and eliciting his favourable response.)

"My dear," answered Uncle Jack, "I've a-seed the day when yew wasn't a-drove so wild by the sight uv a little vinery. Do 'ee mind when you and me went upon a Easter Monday to zee a woman hanged vor puysenin' of her husband? *I* do. Us was so vain as anybody then."

"Do I mind it? Shell I ever forget it? Iss, I do mind it; and I mind all the vine things yew said to me, and how yew giv'd me beer and ginger-breads. I hope yew've a-repented uv your cruel conduck: I hope yew hev."

"My dear, I repented before I was a day oulder; but there, now; leave the past alone. We shall all be jedged, never fear. Look here, now; here's the Colkatton carridge. Madame Fulford do look buxom still, don't her? and not so young nither: onny dree months between she and our Jenny—Jenny Cook, that is now!"

"But look at the young Miss. Dear, dear, there's vine volks ef you like; but her is a perty maiden, isn't her? and desarv'th vine things if anybody dew. Her dothn't look zo plump and fresh though, arter all, now that her draw'th near. I do hope there's nothin' the metter. 'Twas a decline the Squire died of. Isn't her bunnet lovely? the blew trimmin' 'ud be more becomin' ef her chacks wasn't quite so white."

"Uncle Jack," observed a labourer whom we have not before heard, "us hevn't a-seed thy dear and tender master yet. I spose th' ould tyrant 'll be there a-droppin' about his blessin's, and sugarin' everybody as ef they was green gooseberries."

"Whew be yew a-speakin' uv, Richard Harvey? A man that hath had the leadin' an orderin' of hundreds of other men, and hev a-brought mun to glory by makin' of mun do their dewty. Is that one for the likes o' yew to be makin' of your jokes upon? Waryers uv all soarts, sawgers and sailors tew, be apt to deal in ungodly words, the Lord forgive mun; but most of et they saith without thort, and mean'th no harm. I knaws they that seed th' oul' tyrant, as you calls en, zail into Plymouth Sound a-draggin' after'n a French ship o' war twice the zize uv hes own, what he'd a-took'd in a battle."

"Lord, whe'er a did or no!" exclaimed the female.

Digitized by Google

"Iss fy, my dear, he den it; his bones hev a-bin broken, and his bled a-drawed. I've a-seed the cuts and dents upon the arms of 'n when he've a-turned up his sleeves in the gair'n. Yew don't know what that there man is a-made of," quoth old Plummybag.

"My conscience!" broke in the female in rather a subdued voice, "ef here esn't our young lord that es to be! Bless the boey; and a-dreavin' of tew hosses, tew; as ef one, or a jackass for that metter, wasn't enough for the likes of he. Ben's a good-lookin' young man tho', say what they will of 'n. What bewtiful hair he've a-got!"

"Ould Saunders's line is a-rennin' off the reel to a perty pace, I reckon," answered Uncle Jack. "That's fine encouragement to fathers to pinch and make money for their children. What the poor oul' man saved in a year this gay slip'll squander in a week."

"Ennyhow, Uncle Jack, yew took'd care when yew was stout and strong not to save money for nobody: yew enjuy'd et yourself, I reckon," put in Harvey, who had not quite got over old Plummybag's set down.

"Perhaps I did, my dear. A sinful mortal I've a-bin, the Lord know'th. The only comfort I've a-got is to think that there's other feullisher than me, bad as I be. I've heerd of men that couldn't nither save nor enjuy; steupid neddies that pearts wi' their money because they ha'n't the sense to kip et after arnin' et with the sweat o' their breow."

"Bless 'ee, Richard, you catched that," said the female. Richard Harvey, who was a sober, hard-working man in general, would get lively once in six weeks or so; and the anecdotes current of his sufferings in keel* alleys and wrestling-rings did not bear witness to his extreme prudence or sharpness. The quick succession of the vehicles, however, kept producing new ideas, and left but little time for sparring. Before half-past eleven the last of them had gone by. Even the lawyers and the auctioneer, who were tied, or wished to make it appear that they were tied, to their offices by great press of business, managed to be on the road before noon. It was a drive of between two and three hours, and there were a great many things to be done to pass the afternoon. The principal thing (of course after eating and drinking) was to ascend a high hill which was part of a moor, and a sort of Pisgah from whence might be seen an immense extent of beautiful country. No one had ever seen the use of making a carriage-road to its summit, and so it would be necessary to climb thither on foot. Then there were plenty of trout in the stream, and the gentlemen would, of course, endeavour to bring it to pass that the ladies should catch some of them. And there was, skirting the moor, a wood full of glades, where something sentimental might possibly take place, and from which there were glorious peeps of landscape. Miss Tarraway, I have reason to believe, privately reconnoitred this wood some days before the picnic, and by means of that preliminary and prophylactic measure was not only prepared to lead her curate unerringly to the views which would delight his soul, but also to express the emotions and observations proper to each of them. This wood was the quarter which the party first made for; indeed, it was properly the goal or point of reunion of the picnic. By the time it had been cursorily examined everybody might be expected to have become hungry and thirsty, and the attendants would be prepared to administer to those necessitous conditions. Some of the party managed to put up their horses at a small village a mile off, or in farm stables; but the greater part brought their forage with them, and found some shade where the horses were much more refreshed than they would have been within stone walls. High spirits were the order of the day, but they were not quite universal. Gertrude Fulford, although she would not on any account have absented herself, had come with an aching heart. Her mother could not walk much or fast; of course Gertrude accommodated herself to this infirmity, which was also known to the crafty Admiral, who turned it to account, and managed to keep with the two ladies in the first saunter about the wood. I think it was the Misses Tautbrace whom Hardinge was squiring at that time, their parent having cleverly placed them under his convoy in order that he (Tautbrace) might attend to his own affairs. Mr. Ben Saunders also was somewhat depressed on first alighting from his carriage and encountering the company. He had learned by this time that ladies did not particularly care to be accosted in the style which he thought ought to delight them; he was doubtful about his powers of pleasing in any other style,

* Skittle.

Digitized by Google

and so was silent and ill at ease. There were one or two ladies present who, though they had contrived to get invitations, were, like himself, rather out of their element. These would have, of course, welcomed his attentions, as they were not likely to get anything better; and Ben, a simple person might have fancied, would hail them as a refuge in his desolate condition; but no, his mind was set upon other things. There had been times, too, when Ben, if he had felt awkward on such an occasion, would have joined himself to some other spirits of about his own breeding, and smoked cigars and laughed noisily, and have certainly drunk too much wine. But he did none of these things. He had found out that, small as might be his opportunities however careful he might be, he certainly would spoil his case altogether by any vulgarity such as no doubt entered into his mind. He had faith, too, in his dream, and quite expected that what he could not do for himself, the power that sent the vision would do for him. So he restrained his dispositions, and, if he seemed rather out of his element, was at any rate not offensive. Trusting his luck, he hovered within view of the Colkatton party, inwardly chafing at his friend the Admiral, who, of all men, was the greatest barrier to his approach. The day was, however, but young as yet, and none could say how circumstances might alter before night. He would see. And while this was passing in Ben's mind, the merry-makers were saluting each other, and forming into gay groups. Some of the ladies' first impulse was, I am afraid, to fasten their observation on other ladies' dresses, and be as critical as the milliner's two girls had been; and there was plenty there to engage such minds; for not only did Wetton display its best, but several strangers contributed some foreign matter for dissection. Believe me, it was a pretty party to look at, and, what was better, it was on the whole a joyous one. As happened at the Butterfly's Ball, of which we have all heard, the repast was spread "beneath a green oak, which for ages had stood." It was unpacked and ready, just in time to prevent the groups from straying too far away; and when an accomplished youth (articled clerk to Mr. John Roe the attorney, but who liked to be called *solicitor*) sounded on his cornet "The Roast Beef of Old England," a trifle out of time and tune, and with one or two of the notes breaking loose in a wild unearthly manner, the company came chirruping in like a flock of poultry at the voice of the farm dame. A little scrambling and shuffling, but not much, and they were all seated on the grass, except Mrs. Fulford, who experienced a little pain in stooping and rising, and who therefore sate on an exposed part of the oak's roots, cushioned on wraps. I need not say how briskly the gentlemen moved about, or how pleased the ladies were with their attentions. I need not record the pretty protests against filling the glasses with champagne, or the gentle violence with which that outrage was nevertheless accomplished; neither does it matter to repeat much of the conversation or to advert to the bill of fare; and more especially may these things be passed over as I have something to relate which directly affects the story. I said, I think, that Mrs. Fulford had a seat of state prepared for her which could not easily be moved; but I did not say, neither did anybody perceive at the time when it was arranged, that just there, taking advantage of a tiny opening in the branches, the May sun looked through so impudently as would have put a Front de Bœuf out of countenance; how much more then must he have abashed poor Mrs. Fulford! That good lady, soon perceiving this affront, instinctively spread her parasol, which motion the Admiral perceiving, he insisted upon holding the screen, in order that the lady might proceed with her refreshment. But this gave rise to an amiable dispute, because Mrs. Fulford contended that the Admiral could get no refreshment himself, neither render assistance to any other person, if she monopolized him thus, which she protested she would not do; Gertrude said *she* could hold the parasol perfectly well without interrupting her attentions to the viands. And the Admiral of course made a solemn declaration that he would rather have the honour of being thus employed than partake of the daintiest meal ever put before an epicure, and positively refused to relinquish his office. Then the ladies declared they would not eat a bit more, and would move away immediately, which Tautbrace said would break his heart. And at last the contention, all in the most kind and considerate way, waxed very sharp, and Gertrude had actually risen, much to the Admiral's horror, with the intention of assisting her mother to shift her berth, when *presto!* the amiable row was brought to an end by the disappearance of the cause of it. Mr. Benja-

Digitized by Google

min Saunders, a witness of the scene, had quietly got his dust-coat out of the drag, mounted into the tree, and so disposed the garment that it acted effectually as a blind.

There were murmurs of applause at this act of gallantry. The two ladies, without seeing, and, perhaps, without caring who it was that had come to the rescue, said — "Oh, *thank* you; so *very* kind:" and Tautbrace, who couldn't but be thankful in his heart, called out, "Done in seaman-like style, sir; thank you." But they were not destined to get off with this anonymous sort of acknowledgment; for Mr. Benjamin, in swinging himself down, came upon a hole or a stump, or some other inequality, and fell prostrate — not a bit hurt you know. He was up and brushing his knees in a second, "not a rap the worse," as he assured everybody; but then, don't you see, it was impossible any longer to rest satisfied with impersonal thanks. While a dozen voices asked Ben whether he had hurt himself, the Fulford ladies couldn't do less than express sorrow at his accident, and tell him how obliged they felt. Even Tautbrace condescended to say, "Ah, glad it was no worse: I could teach you to come out of the rigging on to the deck in better style than that." As Gertrude resumed her place after this little episode, she caught Lydia's eye, who gave her a nod and a meaning smile, which made her feel uncomfortable. Benjamin after this thought he might venture to do a little of the duty of a host, and commenced handing round some of the viands, not foolishly offering them straight to Mrs. Fulford or her daughter, but beginning some way from them and dispensing his aliment "quite promiscuous," as he called it, till he brought it to them in turn. It wouldn't have been like them if, when he reached them, they hadn't again said something civil. "Egad," said Mr. Saunders to himself, "the retiring ticket is the right one after all;" and he resolved that he wouldn't even take a glass of champagne lest that might lead to another glass, and the other glass to a relaxation of the guard which he was desirous of keeping over himself. So delighted was he with this quiet way of doing things that he became inventive and diplomatic in a small way, and actually had some change out of his friend the Admiral, whom he out-manœuvred and thwarted. This was the way he did it. The ladies having risen from the banquet, strolled about by themselves a little, to give the gentlemen a chance of getting some of the good things. Ben remained, and got something to eat beside Tom Coryton. As soon as the edge was off most of their appetites, the great idea seemed to be challenging the two recruiting officers — in whose honour the entertainment had been given — to drink champagne. Hardinge, who saw the fashion that was likely to prevail, made his escape after a glass or two, leaving his successor — to whom this mode of enjoyment seemed more congenial — to bear the brunt of the hob-nobbing. Ben, as I have said, wholly refrained from wine, and so he also had soon done with the provisions, and got up to have a few sly puffs at a weed. Going into shadow for this purpose, he got his fire up, and immediately after perceived Lieutenant Hardinge leaning against the trunk of a tree endeavouring to ignite some German tinder with a flint and steel (light wasn't so easily produced in those days as it is now), and chipping away ineffectually.

"Allow me to offer you a light, sir," said Ben, going up to him. "I hope you're enjoying of yourself. We've got a jolly fine day, and it looks as if everything was well greased, and likely to work smoothly."

"Nothing could go off better," answered Hardinge; "yes, thank you, I'm enjoying it very much, and so I think is everybody. I never saw ladies enter into a thing of the kind with more spirit."

"The very thing I was saying to my friend Coryton. Tom, says I, no trouble to amuse 'em to-day; frisky as young lambs. There's one poor lady, though, a little foundered, and I'm afraid she's rather spoiling her daughter's amusement. I would gladly see if I couldn't assist 'em, only perhaps they mightn't like it."

This hint was enough for Hardinge's good-nature. He ascertained that Mrs. Fulford was the lady spoken of, and set off in quest of her. She and Gertrude had only moved to the other side of the oak. The Admiral was still busy with his prog as he called it. Poor Gertrude coloured to the temples when she saw Hardinge approach. Mrs. Fulford, in answer to his inquiries, said she had been suffering from a slight sprain which rather crippled her (I believe that she was subject to rheumatic gout), and could not move about very freely. Then she talked all about the morning's adventures, and asked if it wasn't kind of Mr. Saunders to put up his coat to shade her. It was hanging on the boughs still.

Digitized by Google

"I say," called Hardinge to Ben, who was within call, "you'll be forgetting your dust-coat; hadn't it better come down?"

Ben thought it would be better down, and straightway proceeded to mount and fetch it. While he was doing so, he could not help overhearing what was being said so close to him, and he was aware that another amicable altercation was in progress, the question being this time, what should be done about mounting the hill and seeing the prospect. Mrs. Fulford could not walk up, that was certain. Gertrude insisted upon staying with her; but Hardinge offered to do this, and begged that Gertrude would join a party about to ascend. The elder lady declared that she would allow of no such arrangement. She was perfectly well able to amuse herself for three quarters of an hour, and would have nobody detained on her account. But the opposition persisted, and the debate became animated.

"Look here, sir," said Ben, going up to the group with his coat on his arm and addressing Hardinge, "I shan't go up the hill. I've seen it hundreds of times. I'm going to keep about here and save my legs, he, he! Now, if Madame Fulford 'll trust herself to my care while you walk with the young lady, I think that'll about meet the difficulty, eh?"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Fulford, who was probably not ignorant that the proposed walk might be very agreeable to her daughter. "That will do charmingly. Mr. Saunders will, I am sure, do any service that I may need of him; and now I insist that you two go on. I've quite determined, Gertrude."

Well, it wasn't perhaps quite the arrangement that Gertrude would have preferred — that is, she would rather not have had Mr. Saunders take a part in it; but a good deal of it was agreeable beyond her hopes. Is it wonderful that she allowed herself to be driven away?

"I shall be somewhere to hand, ma'am," said Ben; "call when you want anything."

There were many of them getting in motion by this time, some bound for the stream, some for the wood. The Tautbrace ladies not finding Hardinge return, had betaken themselves to the parent wing, and so rather hampered the Admiral, who did not know what had been doing in relation to his lady-love. Miss Tarraway hadn't quite done with the wood, and again plunged the curate into its recesses. Mr. Tom Coryton, while sitting at meat, had been visited with the idea of a certain curve which had taken fast hold of him, and he was seen strolling along in a rapt condition, his hands clasped behind him, his eyes on the grass, trying to work out mentally the equation thereof. Him, without ceremony, his friend Saunders awoke with a shout. "Look here, Tom," said Ben, and then went on with a confidential communication of some two minutes' duration, and ended with "See, old fellow?" Tom, it is to be presumed, saw; for he nodded his head and moved swiftly off along the edge of the wood.

It was a pretty sight, that sylvan scene, with the little groups vanishing into the mazes, and becoming partially visible again here and there as they sauntered on. You heard a merry laugh, and casting your eyes toward the sound, just caught the flutter of a gay summer robe, which was lost again in the green immediately; or, perhaps, you saw a shoulder and arm in broadcloth, stretching up among the prickles of a thorn-tree, and rifling it of its profuse blossom. Some of those bound for the hill had broke cover in a few minutes, and might be seen scattered over the moor treading on heather and spring flowers, and throwing back in the landscape the purple brow of the eminence to which they were strolling. Many-coloured parasols had to be spread as soon as the shelter of the wood was quitted; and these added much to the variegated prospect. Mrs. Fulford from where she stood was able to see for some way her daughter and Hardinge wending along quite by themselves. She sighed as she thought what an unpromising affair this looked, and wished that Gertrude's fancy had taken a more practicable turn. Perhaps the outline of the Admiralty House at Plymouth crossed her mind's eye at this time: I don't know. If it did, she didn't let it remain there long. But, all at once, as she saw some of the dresses in the distance moved by the wind (which was a little fresher on the moor), she thought how stupid she had been in not making her daughter take a warm shawl with her, and she so delicate just now. She had not, however, to fret long over this, for I have a suspicion that another pair of eyes besides hers had caught sight of Gertrude and her companion; at any rate, Miss Tarraway and her reverend attendant crossed her path just then, making for the moor.

"Oh, Mr. Norcott," called the lady,

Digitized by Google

and at the sound of her voice, Ben Saunders, issuing from some convenient retreat, ran and fetched the curate, who, without his intervention, might not have heard the summons, for Lydia seemed in haste to get on. Lydia, however, gladly charged herself, or rather her attendant, with the wraps, and moved off at once, saying that she wouldn't lose a moment lest Gertrude should take cold on that bleak, exposed hill. It rejoiced the curate to see a proof of the goodness of Lydia's heart, in that she, although certainly not over strong, and with delicate lungs, kept him almost at a trot in her anxiety to overtake her friend and cover her with the warm shawl. On the hillside they met Admiral Tautbrace and one of his daughters (the other having secured a beau), who said they had been looking also for Gertrude, who must, however, have taken another path round the hill, as they had been some way further on to a point where there was a long view of the hillside, but could not see her. The Admiral had deceived himself about the course taken by Gertrude, and he consequently put Miss Tarraway on a somewhat devious track, which would have pained that young lady's kind heart had she suspected it.

When Mrs. Fulford saw Ben Saunders appear at her call, it began to prick her conscience a little — or rather, let me say, her natural kindness was pained — that Mr. Saunders, who was remaining there entirely on her account, should be treated with such extreme frigidity as this. Of course she had not forgotten Ben's former mistake; but notwithstanding that, she couldn't bear to let him sneak about there in the background, and was just thinking what excuse she could make for calling him up and saying something gracious, when the hero made his appearance unsolicited, and accompanied by Mr. Coryton, another person unknown who looked like a farm-labourer, and a wheel-chair.

"We've took the liberty, ma'am," said Benjamin, taking off his hat, "of having up this little convenience, which you'll find nice and easy, if you'll please to step in. I'll answer for't, and so will Mr. Coryton" (Tom uncovers), "that we'll get you to the hill-top with less jolting than you had in your carriage coming out. There's no hoss-road, but we'll manage the chair right enough."

Well, the dowager was much pleased (how could she help being so?) by this attention, and at sight of the ready conveyance, which seemed to have come out of fairyland. There it stood, however, quite material, and very fit for the transport designed. "Really, Mr. Saunders, I don't know how to ——" she was beginning, when Ben put in gently, "If you should think proper to get in, ma'am, I'll tell you where the chair came from as we walk along." Mrs. Fulford did get in, very willingly, the labourer took the handle of the chair, and Mr. Coryton and Mr. Saunders brought up the rear, prepared to push and lift when necessary. The lady was profuse of her acknowledgments, and of her admiration at the readiness with which the chair had been procured.

"You wouldn't think much of it, ma'am," explained Ben, "if you knew how well acquainted I am about here. There's people living just below there — Parsons their name is — which had a boy to school at Mr. Coryton's. Holiday times me and Tom (that's Mr. Coryton) used to come out here with Parsons, and range about the moor and fish. I said, you may remember, that I'd been over the hill hundreds of times, and so, I suppose, I have."

"Oh, indeed! but that does not explain how the Bath chair came to be here, so much to the purpose. Your friend Parsons didn't use it, did he?"

"No; he used to hate it, and so did me and Tom; because, you see, when we wanted to go a-fishing, we was often kept in for two hours, dragging of his old grandmother about the sunny garden walks."

"Yes, now I see; and you kindly and cleverly remembered the chair, and borrowed it for me. How surprised they all will be to see me amongst them — my daughter especially, who will be fretting so about me that she will lose all enjoyment of the view! By the by, the sun which dazzled me so much I can't see at all now; where is it?"

"Just entering *Gemini*," answered Tom Coryton; "declination twenty degrees, twenty minutes, north, or thereabouts; right ascension ——"

"Nonsense, Tom," interrupted Ben. "The sun's behind you, ma'am; you'd soon find that out if you was outside the chair."

The above surmise of the dowager was, however, not exactly accurate. Miss Fulford's heart was so full of other emotion during this ramble, that it is probable she thought but little even of her mother, supposed to be sitting solitary under the trees. Ben Saunders had not,

Digitized by Google

of course, a suspicion of how dangerous an escort he had selected, or he would have wished that his "dodge," as he called it, for disappointing Admiral Tautbrace, had never entered his brain. It looked almost as if the Dream-agency had moved Ben to this, to try and correct the grievous misdirection that had occurred, and put an end to the comedy of errors now being enacted.

The fresh moorland air had made Hardinge more lively than usual, so that his humour didn't harmonize at all with Gertrude's dejected spirit. He told her, as they moved over the velvet carpet of the moor, of the last good regimental jokes as communicated by a correspondent at headquarters; asked her if she didn't think the hill before them would be a pleasant place in a snow-storm; and said that towards evening she must certainly throw a fly and catch a trout. In reply to which remarks he was only requested to observe how soothing were the air and the scene; how they disposed one to serious thought; and, after all, how much more real enjoyment there was in contemplation than in material things, or in the active pleasures of life. Hardinge agreed, but observed that there was nothing in the sentiment which Miss Fulford had expressed prejudicial to fishing, which, as everybody knew, was "the contemplative man's recreation." Gertrude sighed; it was plain that in this, probably their last, unobserved interview, he would show nothing but levity. Hardinge observed the sigh, though, and immediately expressed his apprehension that the ascent was becoming too much for her: he asked if she would like to return — which idea she refused to entertain, saying that she was quite able to proceed, and would not on any account lose the view from the crest of the hill. "Then," said Hardinge, "take a rest before you do the remainder; under this tall rock we shall find a soft seat — nay, I think I see a bench there; in a few minutes we will ascend again." So they sat on the seat under the rock, and that was why the Admiral could not see them when he took his look-out. Here they remained some little time; and Hardinge, who thought, silly fellow, that the beauties of nature appeared to be the subject most agreeable to his companion, pointed out the course of the trout-stream which wound away below them, and gave her the names of certain farms and villages lying around them, with which he had become acquainted in his shooting excursions. Ten minutes were consumed in this way: the unhappy girl felt that she must soon move on again, but the despair within her made her cling yet to the seat which seemed to afford her last chance.

"You will have but little more fishing in the Devonshire streams," said Gertrude; "shall you regret them?"

"That shall I; but our fellows tell me they have some fishing near headquarters. I fancy it is nothing like this."

"Perhaps," said Gertrude, faltering a little, "perhaps you may come back to revisit the old scenes."

"Well, I should like to, and to revisit some of my old friends too, if they will permit me to call them so; but ——"

"But what? I am sure all of us quite admit your right to call us your friends. You will surely come again when the sporting season returns; it would hardly be kind or even civil not to do so."

"Do not imagine, Miss Fulford, that it would be other than the sincerest pleasure to me to come hither again if the opportunity were afforded me, but ——"

"But again," said Gertrude, pettishly.

"Well, you know, I can't help the accidents of my profession; I wish I could. But I much fear we shall have gone abroad before another winter."

If he had been looking at Gertrude's face, he would have seen that it became suddenly as pale as death. "Abroad! what, where?" she said, rather wildly.

"I am told that we are to go to India, which is a villanous shame, for, properly speaking, it is not our turn; there are two regiments before us. It's all because —— Miss Fulford, you are ill; I'm sure of it."

The poor girl had given way. Hardinge had to support her with his arm to prevent her falling back, and her weight came so heavily upon him, that he was persuaded that she had fainted. But she wasn't quite insensible, for he heard her murmuring (his face being very close to hers), "No, it is nothing, nothing; it will pass."

I have said that Hardinge was no lady-killer, that he was not a coxcomb: nevertheless, I cannot say that an idea did not cross his mind connecting this emotion with his departure. He dismissed that thought, however, and reflected that Gertrude had been ailing for some time, that the exertion of climbing the hill must have been too great for her strength, and that it was a shame to him to impute such folly to a girl known to be sensible and discreet. How long he could have

Digitized by Google

shut his eyes to the truth it is impossible to say; but he had not much opportunity for pondering the matter, being disturbed by voices above them and behind the rock, whereof one said, "They may be below the rock; there is a seat there;" that was the Curate's; and another called out, "Hollo! anything afloat here? give a hail, or make a signal, will you?" that was the Admiral's. Gertrude rallied with a strong effort and sat up — just in time, for, in a second, Lydia was round the rock and upon her.

"My dear, dear girl!" exclaimed Miss Tarraway, almost beside herself at sight of Gertrude's condition, "I was afraid it would be so. Here you are, poor darling, almost starved to death. So, so; now another" (almost smothering her with wraps); "and this about your poor white neck. Oh, what a pity we didn't find you sooner! We have been looking everywhere, indeed we have. There, are you warmer now, dear? Chafe her other hand, Minnie" (this to Miss Tautbrace). "Oh, whatever will Mrs. Fulford say? and I walked as fast as my legs would carry me."

"That indeed you did," said the Curate; "I am witness that no time was lost."

Meanwhile the Admiral, who didn't entirely like the look of things, referred to Hardinge for explanation; but so candid and ingenuous was that young man's account, that Tautbrace, although, as he said, no milksop, and knowing what was what, could not think there had been anything more than a very intelligible accident. "Poor child! more out of sorts than was suspected; these confounded hills very trying; if there had been an older man beside her he would have known what to do and might have taken the attack in time, by George! but these sprawling youngsters, especially soldiers, who were notoriously unhandy, what the devil good were they?"

He got Lydia off her by means of Minnie, who obeyed her parent's signal; and now perceiving that her eyes were wide open and her face certainly not deficient in colour, the gallant old tar took Gertrude's hand in his, and said everything to comfort and reassure her. She said she had been but momentarily overcome: it was nothing, really: she could walk quite well now, she was sure.

"Then, I think," said Tautbrace, kindly, "that I must take the command. There must be no more risk run till you are once more safe with your mother. Here, soldier, you take these two young ladies in tow — that's a good fellow; and you and I, Mr. Norcott, will see if we can't get our fair friend here under way and take her gently back to the wood."

In vain did Gertrude protest that she was ashamed of causing all this fuss, and that she was quite able now to follow the rest of the party to the hill-top, which was not so far off. The Admiral was peremptory, and said he wouldn't for all the world run the risk of another attack: neither would Gertrude have escaped the fate of being taken to the rear ready to be lodged in an ambulance, if the party hadn't been all surprised at meeting Mrs. Fulford, who, aided by her vigorous propellers, was coming up the hill at a round pace and with a delightful degree of comfort.

Disappointment, come how it may, is hard enough to bear. When we have toiled and hoped and failed, and then toiled and hoped again and again failed, and this not twice nor thrice but many times, the disappointment, become familiar, is not less bitter, though it may be less acutely felt. But when, after hope has been long deferred, the much-desired object has been suddenly presented to us, brought within a hand-grasp, and then as suddenly dashed away and dissipated, the anguish of disappointment is struck in with a triple dart. If delay makes the heart sick, the pangs of Tantalus pierce it through and through. Don't expect me to describe what Gertrude Fulford felt when she was taken away from that seat under the rock, because I can't do it. Cruelly stricken she was, as may be imagined; and the stroke was none the less cruel because her nature abhorred outward manifestation of suffering. In all her misery she was prompted to preserve a quiet demeanour; the effort in this direction may have cost her much, yet she could not but make it. The unexpected sight of her mother was, perhaps, the greatest relief that could have come to her. It delivered her at any rate from Admiral Tautbrace's stupid attentions, and assured her of the presence of a sympathizing bosom, albeit she might not rest her head on it at once and tell out her piercing sorrow. Mrs. Fulford could only guess at the nature of her daughter's mischance. She listened to the Admiral's account — short, to the point, and intended to be as little alarming as possible — and to Lydia's regrets at not having overtaking the poor dear girl before she became so shockingly

Digitized by Google

chilled. But she perceived that there was more than bodily affliction troubling the patient; and she understood, when Gertrude expressed a decided wish to go on to the hill-top, that it was better to let her have her way. To concede somewhat to the Admiral's solicitude, she insisted upon leaving the chair and leaning upon that old gallant's arm for a while (which she could do very well, being now near the brow of the hill, and clear of the steepest and roughest ascent), and on placing Gertrude in the chair. "Well, I'll be hanged," said Ben Saunders to himself, "if things ain't working bravely! I thought coaching up the old lady was a good bit of luck, and now here I am in attendance upon the young one. My fortune 'll do things for me better than I can do 'em for myself. I made a mess of it when I tried to push on matters. Keep quiet's the game, and let the pixies do things their own way. Very well, pixy gentlemen and ladies, I'm your most obedient." So, if anything required to be done in front, Ben made a sign to Tom and Tom did it, Ben scrupulously keeping himself in the background. Once when Tom at the front wheel and Ben straining at the axle behind were enabling the labourer to get the little vehicle over a channel without much of a jerk, Gertrude began, "Oh, it was so very kind of you to find a chair, Mr. ——," and then perceiving that it was not Ben, but a person with whom she was not acquainted, she stopped short.

"You thought it was a known quantity instead of an unknown, ma'am, didn't you?" observed Tom. "Mr. Saunders is behind assisting the progression. You may put *x* for me till you ascertain my value."

And then Ben, stepping forward, most respectfully asked if there was anything he could do for her. Partly bewildered by Tom's jargon, and partly confounded by her own thoughts, Gertrude answered a little incoherently, and was vexed with herself for so doing, and stammered, and blushed. Ben observed her answers, too, when Lydia or any of the party came to the side of the chair, and he thought them rather odd. "If I know anything about females," thought Benjamin, "that girl's in love. The next question is, with who? Perhaps it's one of the gentlemen on the right of the chair; perhaps it's one on the left; or it may be the gentleman in front" (the labourer—this of course was a pleasantry); "or suppose it should be the gentleman behind, eh?" Ben, we remember, hadn't a bad opinion of himself, and his attendant sprites seemed bent on using his vanity to foment ridiculous and mischievous mistakes.

Well, there is not much more to be said about the picnic. After a while Gertrude gave up the chair to her mother, and walked down the hill very bravely on the Admiral's arm, who, to amuse her, told her of a stern chase of a Frenchman which he had executed in the Capricious frigate, both ships going at exactly equal speed for ninety-six hours, at the end of which time the chase disappeared in a fog off Ushant. She was, of course, particularly interested in the various luffings, portings, pipings, and bracings with which the account was studded, as well as in the "dozen apiece," which the Captain of the Capricious thought it his duty to administer to the three seamen who were the last men down off the fore, main, and mizzen yards respectively. At even the fishing was done, and the whole plan carried out; and the party got home, as well as I can recollect, without further accident,—most of them delighted with the day's pleasure—one, as we know, bringing back a barbed arrow in her breast.

"A junkettin," quoth Uncle Jack Varco, "most al'ays end'th in a quar'l, or a accident, or at laist in a thender storm that send'th mun hawme streamin', leakin' wet. 'Tis one of the traps that the devil teel'th * for poor mortals. But his reverence must ha been aslaipd o' Tuesday, for I've a-heerd of no calamity whatever."

* Sets.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.

NO. IV.—DECORATIONS.

THE gold chain that Pharaoh put on to Joseph is the earliest "decoration" of which history distinctly speaks; yet, judging from what we now know of human nature, it is reasonable to suppose that marks of personal distinction were invented long before the time of Potiphar. It is, however, scarcely worth our while to speculate as to the nature of the exterior tokens of rank or merit which may possibly have been employed by the sovereigns or the patriarchs who preceded Jacob; for, even if we content

Digitized by Google

oarselves with adopting the chain in question as the starting-point of our present subject, it still presents a reasonable antiquity, and opens a capacious field for curious inquiry. But here we need not seek either to trace out the beginnings of the institution before the Deluge, or to follow up its growth amongst the ancients; we do not want to talk of crowns or diadems of linen, laurel, oak, or myrtle, or of the rings of Roman knights; we can even omit oriental turbans and pelisses, Chinese buttons, swords of honour, and the scalps and bear's claw collars with which an Indian brave adorns himself. We can leave all these shapes of vanity alone, because they are outside our immediate study; they have doubtless been as tempting to their wearers as "stars and garters" now are to our fellow Europeans; but they have all been purely local; they have formed no part of the international development of pride; and, consequently, they cannot be included in the enumeration of its main elements which we are making here.

The present meaning of the word decoration is limited, as everybody knows, to ribbons, stars, and crosses; but, though its sense has become so restricted, though all the various adornments which men have worn successively, as indications of personal value or of a monarch's favour, are now replaced by this one badge, the use and influence of such signs have not diminished; on the contrary, they have now acquired a universal character of which we have never seen the like before, and which gives to them an importance of which we find no trace in former usages of the same character. The reason is that, instead of being confined to a favoured few, decorations are now accessible to everybody, and that the competition for them has increased in proportion with the facility of obtaining them. It should also be remarked, that as the idea of recompensing merit by this means has grown and spread, so the quantity of merit to be recompensed has simultaneously increased; there is vastly more of it upon earth in our time than in former ages, not perhaps in the strict old meaning which once limited the word to military and moral virtues only, but in the new elastic sense which the rush of science, literature, and industry has recently created, especially during the present century. The constantly growing number of claimants for reward has necessitated a corresponding multiplication of available rewards. Of course, all this is not superb in principle; but it is fact. In theory it would be very grand to see people practise excellence for nothing, to reach a period of the world's life when the now deceptive phrase, "virtue is its own reward," would stand out as a glorious truth; to live in a society in which the offer of remuneration for good conduct would be regarded as an insult. But things in our time go just the other way; a good many of us do our duty simply because it pays well to be virtuous: so long therefore as the desire to earn prizes stands foremost amongst our springs of action, it would be altogether nonsense to suppress the prizes. And this argument applies in every land; for, though the main development of the prizes known as decorations has thus far occurred upon the Continent, the use of them is spreading rapidly into other longitudes, and made its first step in England when the Bath was opened to civilians. We English would do well not to scoff at it too violently, for it is probable that we shall follow some day the example of our neighbours in the matter. Twenty years ago a beard was a loathsome object to an Englishman; he shrank from it with contemptuous disgust; it was only fit for "filthy foreigners:" then happened a certain war; our soldiers found it difficult to shave, and came home with hair; the nation copied them; and, though the treaty which wound up the war has disappeared, as treaties sometimes do, the beards that the war provoked have grown into solid British customs. We may expect that in some such fashion decorations will jump one day into use amongst us, not perhaps to-morrow or just yet, but hereafter; so let us moderate our scorn of those who, in other countries, are setting us an example which, whatever we may think about it now, we are doubtless destined to ultimately follow.

But this very universality of orders supplies one more example of the unvarying certainty with which everything tends to vanity; their history shows us that even such origins as hard fighting, devotion to the Church, and sick-nursing, conduce, like all else, to this one inevitable result. Orders began with charity, piety, and battle: they terminate in a button-hole! The contrast between effect and cause does seem very violent, but it disappears directly we remember that, as "all roads lead to Rome," so do all roads lead to vanity. The monkish, chivalric, half-legendary knights of eight

Digitized by Google

hundred years ago are for the most part represented now by highly respectable gentlemen in black coats or uniforms, who wear special jewellery at Continental evening parties. The knights would be surprised if they could contemplate their successors; they might even be grievously offended at the sight: but the successors would not hesitate for that, and would continue to regard themselves as serious real chevaliers, without caring for the opinion of their ancestors thereon. Yet those ancestors are worth consulting, for they were the inventors of the whole thing, and had fancies of their own as to what a knight should be,—fancies which certainly did not correspond with present notions on the subject, and which, indeed, we should find it a little awkward to realize in these days. For this reason we may as well begin the story at the beginning; otherwise we should be unable to clearly see how the institution has gradually changed, and how such commencements should have been followed by such an end. The tale will show us that orders have presented three separate aspects: first came the monastic military brotherhoods; then the great aristocratic knighthoods, limited to a favoured few; and, finally, the present purely remunerative and decorative system, open to all the world. The two latter stages merge into each other, and are not separated by any certain line; but the former stands alone in history, and cannot possibly be mistaken for or confounded with anything else whatever.

There are grave old chroniclers who proclaim that the Order of the Holy Sepulchre was the first established, and that it was devised in the year 69 by St. James the Apostle, Bishop of Jerusalem. Others, after discussing this statement critically, after calling our attention to the absence of all allusion to it in the Acts, assert triumphantly that St. James did nothing of the kind, and that the real authentic originator of chivalry was John, King of Ethiopia, who started an Order of St. Anthony in 370. This second group of authors is so certain of its facts that it goes on to tell us how John's knights were dressed. We learn that they wore black, with a blue cross edged with gold, and that their black banner bore a lion holding a crucifix in his paws. A third school urges that this Ethiopian story is all imagination, that Clovis was the true inventor, that he created the order of the Sainte Ampoule to commemorate his baptism in 496, and that his example was at once followed by Lisoye de Montmorençi, who was christened with him, and who, to testify his watchfulness and his fidelity to heaven and to Clovis, set up the knightly confraternity of the Dog and Cock, and took for his house the famous motto, "Dieu aide au premier baron chrétien." Then come the legends of the Round Table, and of the orders said to have been founded by Charles Martel, by Charlemagne, by Garcias of Navarre, and half a dozen others. Unfortunately stern history rejects all these pleasant fables, and declares that, according to probabilities, orders were unknown until the eleventh century. From that date, however, there is no doubt about them, for then began the strange romance of the Hospitallers of St. John, the half-intoxicating, half-saddening tale of the triumphs and the defeats, the wealth and misery, the pride and sorrow of the soldiers of the White Cross, ending, after eight hundred years of fierce fight and wild adventure, in a "decoration" of black moire! We all have read the story, but as some of us may have forgotten it, and as it is the starting point of the entire subject, there may be utility in recalling its main details.

When Monstaser Billah was caliph of Egypt and Palestine, certain charitable merchants of Amalfi obtained from him permission to establish a refuge in Jerusalem for the use of Latin pilgrims. So these worthy Christians built two hospitals at their own cost in 1048, placed them under the invocation of St. John the Almoner, and handed them over to Benedictine Monks, who undertook to tend the sick and to feed the poor. If we may judge by the results, they must have done much good, for thankful visitors gave gifts and aid to the young establishment, and it had become prosperous and solid when in 1099 the Crusaders took the Holy City. Then down rained generous endowments for the faithful hospital. Godfrey de Bouillon gave to it the domain of Montboise in Brabant, and his followers imitated him so energetically, that, in a few years, it became possessed of manors' rights, and privileges in nearly all the countries of Europe. People were, in those days, particularly grateful; they did what we don't do now, for the rich offered not only lands and money, but personal service too; and many a hard-hitting Crusader became a nurse inside the walls of the hospital of St. John. Then Gérard, the Rector, bethought himself that, having much money and many men, he

Digitized by Google

ought to constitute his community into a regular religious order, bound by the three vows. At the head of his new monks he received from the Patriarch of Jerusalem a black gown, with an eight-pointed white linen cross on the left breast; and in 1113 the Pope approved the organization of the fraternity by a special Bull. Gérard died in 1118, and was succeeded by Raimond du Puy, a gentleman of Dauphiné, who, badly wounded at the taking of Jerusalem, had been so well cared for in the Hospital of St. John, that he had stopped there out of gratitude. On the whole, however, he appears to have preferred soldiering to doctoring, and to have had no difficulty in persuading his fellow monks that they had better take up the sword again; so a fourth vow was added to poverty, chastity, and obedience, and "defence by arms of the Holy Faith" became an additional duty of the Hospitallers. Warriors of this sort of stuff, "faith inside and iron outside," as St. Bernard put it, were likely to be useful; so King Baldwin eagerly accepted their proffered swords, the Pope gave them a constitution, and such was the origin of "Orders."

At least a hundred treatises on the Hospitallers have been published in various languages, but, notwithstanding the attraction of the subject, all of them are desperately heavy reading; the only one which is at all diverting is an English compilation by Major Porter, who has carried tremendous writing to a pitch which makes the reader forget the story in bewilderment at the style. He begins by saying of the order that "its career, like a meteor's flash, dazzles the page of history;" and then he tells us that the new Knights took a share in the battle of Antioch, in order to "flesh their newly consecrated swords, and to win the first laurel of that chaplet which centuries of heroic warfare has since twined for their brows." It does not seem easy to fill two volumes with this sort of English, but Major Porter has done it with such complete success, that one joyfully reverts to the heavy French of the Abbé de Vertot, who, at all events, tells the great story without converting it into a caricature. We learn from him that, after brave old Raimond died, the fighting got thicker every year, until the capitulation of Jerusalem in 1187, and that, meanwhile, all sorts of strange things happened to the order. One of the legends is, that Saladin having penetrated into the Holy City, in the disguise of a Syrian peasant, in order to examine the inside of the defences which his army was attacking from without, coolly went to lodge at the Hospital of St. John. There, in order to test the knightly charity of which he had heard so much, he pretended to be very ill, and to be unable to eat at all. Finally, however, yielding to the solicitations of his nurses, who urged him to mention any sort of food that could excite his weakened appetite, he murmured, with an exhausted voice, "Yes, there is one thing that would please my fevered tongue; give me a fried steak off the Grand-Master's charger." The animal was immediately ordered to be slaughtered, but Saladin, who had satisfied his curiosity, and who was not the man to cut up a good horse for nothing, then said that he had changed his mind, and that he would content himself with a chicken.

From Jerusalem the Knights withdrew to Margat, abandoning the hospital forever,* and in 1191 removed again to St. Jean d'Acre. It was from about this time that dated the beginning of their quarrels with the Templars (who had been established in 1118): the red cross warriors, though they were rich themselves, grew jealous of the 19,000 manors which the Order of St. John then possessed in Europe; the two communities soon got to blows; and it was not till the Pope had been appealed to, and had declared both wrong, that they left off killing one another. But, as soon as this first difficulty was smothered another one broke out with the Teutonic Order (which dated from 1190); fighting with various pagans went on, however, all the time, till, in 1242, the Korasmins came down from the Caspian steppes, routed the Christian armies at the battle of Gaza, and left only sixteen Hospitallers alive to seek shelter within the walls of Acre. Major Porter describes in the following remarkable words the condition of the Holy Land at this disagreeable moment: "Spread like so many locusts over the province, the Korasmins destroyed far and wide everything which fell within their grasp, and, wherever they turned their steps, a heart-rending wail of distress and misery arose upon their fell track, which, like that of the Destroying Angel, showed the dark traces of their blasting power." Things went on in this way until the seventh crusade was over, when a lull took place

* The site of the building put up by the good Samaritans of Amalfi was transferred a few years ago to France, as a testimony of the Sultan's gratitude for her intervention in the war of 1854.

Digitized by Google

in the battling with "the accursed Moslem," and Hospitallers and Templars profited by it to fight out their private quarrel between themselves. After a good deal of private combat and what we should now call "outpost engagements," the two Orders had a pitched battle in 1259; White had the best of it, and Red was so nearly blotted out that "à peine resta-t-il un Templier pour porter au loin l'annonce d'un tel massacre." This could scarcely be called warring "for the defence of the Holy Faith;" but, in those times, gentlemen liked fighting so very much that they took it wherever they could find it, and were not at all particular about its object.

In 1287 began the last campaign which was to be fought in Palestine; the Saracens captured successively all the fortresses still remaining in Christian hands, and laid siege to Acre, the last foothold of the military Orders. Acre seems to have become a very wicked place at that day; its inhabitants carried luxury to such an outrageous height that, amongst other things, they positively had glass windows in their houses; the ladies of the town had become celebrated along the Mediterranean shores; and, generally, its reputation had grown so detestable, that the time for punishment had evidently arrived. The defence was long and gallant; the bearers of different coloured crosses had enough hard blows to give and take to satisfy even their large appetites; but, at last, on 18th May 1291, after 60,000 people had been slaughtered, the infidels got in, and Jean de Villiers, 21st Grand Master, was forced to embark for Cyprus with the few Hospitallers who remained unkilled. So ended the first part of the strange history of the Order of St. John.

Henry of Lusignan, King of Cyprus, received the remnants of the Order with much affection: he gave them the town of Limisso for a residence; and there they called for men and money from their commanderies on the continent. Ships were built, and the Knights began to try their hand at naval warfare against their old enemies; they took many prizes and much pillage; but, under the influence of the relatively easy life they had begun to lead, their discipline became relaxed, their morals grew very loose, and most improper stories began to circulate about their doings. Chapters were held to check their practices; no Knight was permitted to have more than three horses, or to wear gold or silver ornaments, and strong penalties were enacted against debt; but these very edicts prove that the brave warriors had got a long way from their starting-point of "poverty, chastity, and obedience." Still, they faithfully carried out their fourth vow of warring against the infidel; for they rapidly acquired an almost complete mastery of the sea, drove the Egyptian galleys into port, and rendered navigation safe in the waters of the Levant, to the satisfaction of the Venetians and other traders. In 1303 they even tried a descent upon Palestine, but were driven back, and then turned their eyes on Rhodes, which, though a fief of the Greek Empire, possessed a local government which was in alliance with the Saracens. This latter motive was of course sufficient to justify the conquest of an island which was so well placed for operations against the East, and whose possession would give the Hospitallers an independent home. So they tried it, and after a good deal of uncertain fighting, captured the town of Rhodes on the 13th April 1309, the legend being that several of them got inside the walls disguised as sheep, and then, throwing off their wool, opened the gates to their friends outside.

At the moment when the Hospitallers were thus getting up in the world again, their rivals of the Temple were violently suppressed by torture and burning alive, and their possessions were divided between the sovereigns of Europe and the Order of St. John. The extra income thus obtained went to pay for the rebuilding of the fortifications of Rhodes; but before the knights were ready, the Turks were down upon them, and tried to drive them out of their new home. The effort failed; and then came a period of tranquillity, during which the maritime power of the Order increased from year to year, and with it the commercial prosperity of Rhodes. Tempted by the new glory, and, perhaps, by the enormous wealth which the Order had now obtained, the noblest houses in Europe sent their sons to join its ranks; and under the title of Knights of Rhodes, which it adopted about 1312, it became more powerful than ever. Then came the brilliant Grand-Mastership of Hélion de Villeneuve, who divided the Order into the seven "languages" of France, Provence, and Auvergne, Italy, Aragon, Germany, and England; who carried on hard fighting, built new hospitals, launched new galleys, and by his admirable management in-

Digitized by Google

creased the revenues of the Corporation to a relatively enormous sum. It was in Villeneuve's time that Dieudonné de Gozon is said to have killed the famous dragon of Rhodes, after preparing himself for the combat, according to the well-known legend, by teaching his dogs and horse to attack a wooden dragon made on the model of the real one. In this way Gozon earned the title of "extinctor draconis," and, having been elected Grand Master after Villeneuve, did a tremendous deal of fighting against the Turks. So things went on till the middle of the fifteenth century, when Mahomet II. frightened Europe by the threat of "Constantinople first, then Rhodes." He realized the former half of this menace in 1453, and, after a succession of wars and truces with the Order, during which it once more got frightfully into debt by the vast cost of its warlike preparations, he attempted to carry out the second part in 1480. But Pierre d'Aubusson, thirty-eighth Grand Master, was ready for him, and after 89 days of siege, the Turkish army was hopelessly defeated. This, however, was the last success of the Knights of Rhodes; in 1522 Solyman came against them with an immense force, and though that grand soldier Villiers de l'Isle Adam fought magnificently for six months, he had to capitulate at last, and to move the Order once more westward.

After hovering about the coast of Sicily for eight years, the homeless Knights obtained a grant of Malta from Charles V., and proceeded to re-establish there the independent sovereignty which the Order had acquired at Rhodes two centuries before. Fortresses and ships were built, and vigorous fighting was carried on against the corsairs of the Barbary shore. But these successes put Solyman out of temper: he had imagined that the Order was destroyed when he turned it out of Rhodes, and he had the disappointment to discover, after forty years, that it was as powerful as ever. He hesitated, however, to besiege Malta; and he might perhaps have left the Knights alone, if they had not presumed to capture a rich galley laden with precious merchandise for the ladies of the harem. "A cette annonce," says M. de Villeneuve-Bargemon, in his "Monuments of the Grand-Masters," "tout s'emeut dans Constantinople; les agas, les imans, le mufti même, crient vengeance; les odalisques embrassent les genoux de Soliman, et la guerre est résolue." A fleet of 193 ships, carrying 46,000 men, was sent against the Order; the corsairs of Tripoli and Tunis, led by Dragut, joined the Turks; and the siege began in earnest. The furiousness of the fighting attained an unimaginable height, but the cruelties of both sides were more furious still. Amongst other remarkable inventions, La Valette cut off the heads of his Turkish prisoners, and fired them, as cannon balls, into the tent of the Moslem general. A corps of swimmers was formed by Admiral de Monte; its members, carrying a dagger in their teeth, floated about the harbour watching for Turks to kill. The resistance was so incredible that, after three months of vain attacks and prodigious slaughter, Moustapha, the Ottoman general (who seems to have been a very excitable person), flung himself three times off his horse with rage. At last, when there were left in Malta 600 combatants out of the 9000 who had formed the garrison at the commencement, when all hope was lost, a Spanish fleet suddenly arrived, and the Turks raised the siege, after losing 30,000 men. La Valette was saved, but, as he expected to be attacked again, he immediately planned and commenced to build new fortifications, and a new town which still bears his name. And then he died in all the glory of his fame, leaving behind him the reputation of "the first warrior, and the most pious knight of the sixteenth century."

With La Valette ended the successes of the order; after him the decadence began, not regularly and steadily, but by starts, with momentary reactions toward the old vigour. England had been lost to the Hospitallers since the Reformation; their British commanderies had been seized, their properties confiscated: but they were still rich enough elsewhere to be able to get on; and if internal disputes had not arisen between the knights of different "languages," the Order might have continued prosperously for some time longer. But they got to blows between themselves, and their jealousies and bitternesses were fomented by the Inquisition and the Jesuits, who had successively established themselves in Malta, and by the Bishop, who was independent of the Order. The result of all this was that, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Grand Master had lost the greater part of his authority in the island, and that his position as a sovereign was diminished in proportion to the influence acquired by the three other local Powers

Digitized by Google

which were contending with him. Then, to make things worse, the Grand Masters quarrelled with the Pope, who began to seize the Italian commanderies, and to distribute them amongst his favourites. Fighting with the Moslem slowly ceased, partly because the Order had no more ships, partly because there were no more Moslems — none at least that were worth attacking. The fraternity had outlived its usefulness; and when the Revolution came in France, and the French properties of the Order were, in their turn, taken from it, the Knights, in their extremity, were reduced to appeal to Russia. Then humiliations and disasters followed quickly: the schismatic emperor Paul became protector of the great brotherhood of Catholicity; and when, in 1798, Bonaparte, on his way to Egypt, stopped for a few days at Malta, took it, and drove out the Order, Paul appointed himself Grand Master, and the Pope approved his nomination. In the next year Paul was murdered, and Jean de Tommasi was selected in his place; he was the seventy-first and last chieftain of the Hospitallers. He had no home, and he died in Sicily in 1805. Then all sorts of wild schemes were suggested in order to restore the independence of the Order; but they failed, and it was transferred quietly to Rome, where it still continues to describe itself as the Sovereign Order of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, and to grant its decorations not only to well-born gentlemen, but to well-born ladies too. Some English Protestants started an "English language" for their own account in 1831; but the Roman managers of the relics of the real Order scoff at this usurpation, which reminds one of little children playing at king and queen. During the Franco-German war, two white crosses, duly bestowed by Rome, were to be seen in the Prussian ambulances on the breasts of two well-known English Catholics; and that was the last public appearance of the famous badge of Jerusalem, Rhodes, and Malta.

So ends this splendid story: it began in one hospital; it fitly finishes, for the moment, in another.

If all orders were like this one; if other knighthoods had such a past as this behind them; even if modern chivalry could point to any moral or charitable use in its extensive applications, — we might then regard present institutions with respect, and own that they serve another cause than vanity. But, alas! the grand legend of the eight-pointed cross is the only one of its sort; there is no other like it: it is the type of Orders, the starting-point of stars; but it has been a progenitor without descendants, a model without copies, a germ without reproduction. So, finding that no one has imitated it, that it stands alone in its traditions and its duties, it has silently permitted both to drop, and has assumed the usual nineteenth-century form of an ordinary "decoration."

After such a tale as this, it would be idle to narrate in detail the pale doings of the other religious Orders, for all their adventures were but imitation. Still, a list of the imitators may as well be given, in order to show the spread of the new idea of associated knighthood which the Crusades provoked. The catalogue is a short one; but, despite its brevity, it contains two totally distinct elements — the Orders formed in the Holy Land, and those which were simultaneously established in Spain and Portugal. There were four of each: the Hospitallers, the Templars, the Teutonic Knights, and the Lazarists in Palestine; and the brotherhoods of Calatrava, Santiago, Alcantara, and Avis in the Peninsula. All these fraternities were established in order to help the weak and fight the Saracen; yet, notwithstanding this general similarity of object, each of them had a special character of its own which distinguished it from the others.

The Order of the Temple was started at Jerusalem in 1118 by nine French gentlemen, who united themselves in society, under the name of the Brothers of Christ, in order to protect pilgrims and defend the faith. They took the three monastic vows; and though they began most modestly in a little house which the second Baldwin gave them near the Temple, the usual donations soon arrived, and enabled them to form themselves into a regular military Order, the distinctive sign of which was the red cross on a white robe. They rapidly became famous, and acquired the reputation of possessing "the gentleness of lambs, the patience of hermits, and the courage of lions." But they had the misfortune to grow rich, and, in consequence, jumped suddenly from humility and austerity to every sort of vainglory and licentiousness. Richard Cœur de Lion said of them at this epoch, that, "wishing to banish vices from his court, he had married pride to a Templar;" the proverb, "boire comme un Templier," get into circulation at the same time.

Digitized by Google

The Order grew in wealth, in strength, in disorder, and in thirst for domination. Suddenly a coalition was formed against it; the Templars were condemned by both Pope and kings, and were extinguished in 1312 with even more than the usual cruelty of the period.

The fraternity of St. Lazarus was founded in 1119, with the object of tending lepers. Its members wore a green cross, took to fighting like the others, and in the same way grew celebrated, and obtained lands and houses. Amongst the latter was a chateau close to Paris, which became the headquarters of the Order, and has given its name to the Rue St. Lazare. The knights went on warring till they were turned out of Palestine; and then, as lepers were very scarce, and there was hardly anything for them to do, the Pope proposed to amalgamate them with the Hospitallers. This idea was not realized; but in 1572 the Lazarists were joined to the Order of St. Maurice of Savoy, and the two together constitute the present Italian Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazare.

The Teutonic Order appears to date from 1190, when some gentlemen of Bremen and Lubeck formed a field-hospital with the sail of a ship, in order to nurse wounded German soldiers. Others joined them; and then grew up the idea of founding a third great Order, purely German, on the model of the Hospitallers and the Templars. The new knights bore the black cross on a white cloak, and acquired so much glory that the Emperor allowed them to add the Imperial Eagle to their arms, and St. Louis granted them the *Fleur-de-Lys*. But though the order commenced in the Holy Land, it soon moved into Livonia; and its real reputation dates from its establishment as a sovereign power at Marienburg. In 1510 the Grand Master became Protestant, and the Catholic knights were turned out of their commanderies. The institution lingered on, however, till 1805, when it passed to Austria; and though it was abolished by Napoleon in 1809, it was reconstituted in 1834, and is now one of the Austrian Orders. It served to propagate the principle of fighting brotherhoods in Central and Northern Europe; but its influence was military and political rather than chivalric, and it did not contribute in the same degree as the Order of St. John did to the gradual establishment of the idea of knightly association as a form of honour and distinction.

The Lusitanian and Iberian confraternities were directed against the Moors. The earliest of them was formed in 1143, when some Portuguese gentlemen joined in a league against the soldiers of Morocco; and, having received from Alfonso II. the castle and tower of Avis as a residence, took the title of Knights of Avis. The association was transformed in 1789, and became the Order of Military Merit of Portugal.

The three great military Orders of Spain come next in date. In 1158 the Moors of Andalusia announced that they were going to attack Calatrava, and the news frightened away the Templars, who then formed its garrison; they declared the place to be untenable, and abandoned it. Thereupon the King of Castille grew vexed, and, in his worry, published to the world that he would make a present of the town to anybody who would defend it. Two Cistercian monks accepted the proposal, and got leave to collect a regiment for the purpose. Such was the origin of the Order of Calatrava, which did good service against the Moors, grew very rich, and was annexed to the Spanish Crown, in 1489, by Ferdinand the Catholic. It still exists.

Santiago dates from 1170. Its history is analogous to that of Calatrava. It is now the most important of the Spanish military Orders.

The Order of Alcantara is seven years younger. It began in 1177.

These four institutions have lived on through events and centuries. With the one exception of the Hospitallers, they are the most ancient of all present Orders. The reason of their durability evidently is, that the idea of chivalric association has fitted in with Spanish tendencies and Spanish character, and has consequently been sustained in the Peninsula, while it has died out, in its older forms, in most other countries. And yet there is nothing in the history of these four brotherhoods which can be compared with the glorious legend of the White Cross. They have supplied a home necessity, they have adapted themselves to a national disposition; but their action has been strictly limited to an outlying corner of the Continent. Never has their flag been seen or their cry been heard in battle beyond the frontiers of their own land. The whole world of six centuries ago echoed with the deeds of the Knights of Palestine. Their reputation was as international as that of the Knights of Spain was solely local; and

Digitized by Google

yet the four Orders of the Peninsula are still extant, while of the four stately knighthoods of the Holy Land, one only still maintains an unacknowledged and lingering existence. All Europe supplied the wearers of the black, white, red, and green crosses — they came from all its provinces without distinction; and it was perhaps precisely because they had no true home that they all have disappeared, while the purely Spanish banners of Santiago, Calatrava, and Alcantara have never ceased to wave, because they appealed to the pride of one nation only, and that nation by far the proudest which history has known. For these motives we should feel no surprise either at the vigorous longevity of the Spanish military Orders, or at the disappearance of the other far grander associations which originally served as models for the Spanish knights.

The great aristocratic Orders — those which are limited to a small fixed number of decorations, and are accorded only to sovereigns or great nobles — form the second category; but though we can all see where that category begins, it is not very easy to determine where it ends. To take our own case as an example: everybody will admit that neither the Thistle nor St. Patrick are equivalent to the Garter; and that, like a number of other most worthy knighthoods on the Continent, they are evidently not entitled to be included in the foremost rank. But, though we may think it rather harsh to leave them in the crowd of ordinary Orders, there is no other way of dealing with them, unless we create a new class on purpose for them, which would drag us on to an endless variety of other subdivisions. Counting strictly, without any pity, there are, in all Europe, only eight Orders which are indisputably entitled to stand by themselves in front. These are the Garter, the Seraphim of Sweden, the Annonciade of Savoy, the Golden Fleece, the Elephant of Denmark, St. Andrew, the Black Eagle, and St. Stephen. About these no doubt is possible; they are all immensely lofty. But really, with all their present splendour, their history is not remarkable; there is nothing in it that is worth learning, and very little that amuses. It has a use, however, for it is an important link in the chain which stretches from 1113 to 1874, from the Hospital of St. John to the Ladies' Order which the Shah of Persia so politely offered to the various queens he visited last summer. It helps to show us how we have slowly grown from a white linen cross to the enamels, gold, and diamonds of to-day; how time and progress have led us gradually from the badges of the soldiers of Holy Church to the decorations by which democratized honour is now offered as a bait to everybody who is worthy enough or lucky enough to win what are supposed to be its emblems.

Of the great chivalric institutions of to-day, the Garter and the Seraphim are the oldest: they are twins, for both saw the light in 1334; both occupy the highest place in European reverence; and if the Garter is admitted on the Continent to be the more glorious of the two, it is not because, as Selden urged, "it exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame, all chivalrous Orders in the world," but, in reality, because England is a bigger and a stronger country than Sweden, and because what belongs to the former inspires, consequently, more awe abroad than the latter is competent to provoke. Next to these patriarchs follows the Annonciade, another most illustrious fraternity, with two legends for its origin: it dates from 1362. The Golden Fleece comes fourth: it was set up in Bruges in 1429 by Philip III. of Burgundy; but it passed to Spain with the provinces of Flanders, and was transferred again to Austria in 1713 by the Emperor Charles VI., when he acquired the Low Countries. Spain, however, would not consent to lose it, and, after much wrangling, it was tacitly agreed that it should become the joint property of both the Spanish and Imperial Governments. The Elephant claims to have come into existence in 1159, when a Danish Crusader having slain an elephant single-handed with his sword, Canute VI. is said to have established this very noble Order in memory of that remarkable event. But this story is not admitted by the annalists of chivalry; they allow the Order to date only from 1478. St. Andrew of Russia and the Black Eagle are very modern: the former was established in 1698 by Peter the Great; and the latter in 1701, to commemorate the coronation of the first King of Prussia. St. Stephen of Austria is still more recent; it was set up by Maria Theresa in 1764.

But though these eight majestuous Orders are alone included in the first class, there are, as was said just now, several other knighthoods whose antiquity is as great and whose merit is almost as real as theirs. Though we group them here with the great mass of Orders of every

Digitized by Google

kind, some of them deserve a special mention. St. Hubert of Bavaria, which dates from 1444; the extinct "Ordres du Roi," in France, St. Michael, St. Louis, and the St. Esprit; the Daneborg of Denmark, with its legend of a flag which fell miraculously from heaven in 1219, in the middle of a fierce battle which it helped the Danes to win; the Spanish Order of Montesa and the Christ of Portugal, which two replaced the Temple when it was extinguished in the Peninsula in 1315; the White Eagle, established in 1325 in Poland, but now absorbed by Russia; our own Bath; — all these are examples of Orders of this class which possess or have possessed much dignity, and there are several others like them. And, subsidiarily, there are the purely military decorations, such as St. George of Russia and our Victoria Cross, which have a merit and a value of a special kind, and must not be confounded with the mass of ribbons which constitute the third category.

This one category includes, at the present moment, nearly 120 Orders. The number fluctuates; for, though it is increased almost every year by the creation of new institutions, it is diminished, from time to time, by the absorption of independent states, and by the consequent suppression of the Orders belonging to those states. These two conflicting causes make it somewhat difficult to ascertain the exact number of Orders in existence on any given day. The books which have been published on the subject (and there are a good many of them, copied from each other, in all the languages of Europe) are all far behind the times; the only list which can be admitted as probably correct is the one furnished by the "Almanach de Gotha" for 1874; and even that one will doubtless become inexact before the year is out. It shows that on last New Year's Day 43 countries possessed Orders; of these countries 33 are in Europe, 4 in America (Brazil, Honduras, Venezuela, and Hawaii); 5 in Asia (Siam, Birmah, Persia, Cambodge, and China); and 1 in Africa (Tunis). These 43 countries dispose of 138 Orders, not including medals of any kind, or commemorative crosses. Furthermore, the states which have been recently suppressed (Naples, Hanover, Hesse, Mexico, Modena, Nassau, Parma, and Tuscany) possessed 23 others, all of which are at present in abeyance, and ought not to be worn by those who hold them. And it must be remembered that the 138 Orders now in force, represent very little more than half the total of all the Orders which have existed; for, without including any of the mythical or legendary brotherhoods, the special books present catalogues which, though they vary somewhat between themselves, reach a general total of about 260 Orders, of which about 120 have become extinct. But, though these figures show the quantities in which Orders have disappeared, other figures indicate that they sprout up again even faster than they fade; for when we analyze the composition of the 138 existing Orders, we find that 86 of them have been created during the 19th century, that 23 were made in the 18th century, and that only 29 of them are anterior to the year 1700. Most of the old religious and strictly noble confraternities have vanished out of sight; but they have been replaced by modern institutions more in harmony with the spirit of the age. And when we look still closer into the subject, and examine the geographical distribution of all these Orders, we naturally find that, as the rush for them is everywhere the same, the development of their number has been everywhere alike, with one exception. That exception, strangely, is in France — in frivolous, vainglorious France — the very place where we should least expect to find it. While sturdy cross-despising England owns 7 Orders, Sweden 6, Russia 8, Bavaria 13, Austria 9, Prussia 11, Spain 10, Portugal 7, Italy 5, Wurtemberg 4, and little Denmark 2, France, alone of the real nations, has but *one*. Proportionately to their population, their power, or their pride, all other European states have gone on multiplying their ribbons; France contents herself with the single cross of Honour. And while most other countries have created special decorations for women (out of the 138 there are 13 for ladies only, and 4 others to which they are promiscuously admitted, making 17 in all, or twelve per cent. of the entire number), France has declined to participate in that pretty court and ball-room form of chivalry; and in the rare cases in which women have been considered worthy of it, they have been specially admitted into "the Legion," whose cross is at this moment worn by Rosa Bonheur the painter, and Sœur Rosalie the Nun.

The Hospitallers, the Garter, and the Legion of Honour represent the three aspects which Orders have successively assumed; they are typical of the reli-

Digitized by Google

gious, the aristocratic, and the democratic forms of chivalry; no examples better illustrate those essential stages of the development of decorations. We have now reached the last of them, and it is by far the most interesting of the three, for it leads us straight into the actual situation of the question. The Legion of Honour was the starting-point of popularized Orders, the original of knighthood for the masses; all other similar institutions are mere copies from it. And it is not for this reason only that it must be regarded as a model; it possesses another rare peculiarity — it has retained its prestige. It has been squandered, it has been ill-bestowed, it has been cut into many shapes, to suit the political necessities of ever-changing Government; and yet it has always held its ground as the foremost Order of the third category. This opinion may be denied by those indigenous enthusiasts who, in every country, proclaim that what their own land owns is superior to what any other land can offer; but its truth would become apparent if Europe could be polled upon the subject; for, just as the Athenians, when called upon to determine who were the two bravest men amongst them, voted, first, each one for himself, and then each one for Alcibiades — so each European, if he claimed the front rank for his own country's Order, would surely give the second to the Legion of Honour. This instinctive preference is no consequence of antiquity, of historic glories, of national associations; the Legion has no such qualities; it is brought about by the universal consciousness that this Order has done thoroughly the work for which it was invented, and by the respect which we all involuntarily feel for duty well performed. Whether the duty be great or little does not affect the question. The fact that this particular duty is a very small one in no way diminishes the excellence of the means by which it is discharged. The object is to distribute honorific rewards to everybody who is supposed to merit them; and that, in its present extensive and elastic sense, is in no way more practically and satisfactorily attained than by the grant of the decoration of the Legion of Honour. In measuring a subject of such a nature, on which opinions are both relative and arbitrary, each of us unconsciously applies his own theories and his own prejudices. There is no common rule to guide us — no standard to invoke. The assertion that the whole principle of Orders is illogical and absurd in our actual state of civilization, would be received by many people as an indisputable reality, by many more as an abominable injustice. Others, again, would say that truth lies half-way between these two extremes; that however much Orders may be in contradiction with certain of the principles and ideas which now guide our public life, they are in close accordance with others of these principles and ideas; that they correspond to one of the weak necessities of human nature; and especially, that, by habit and long usage, they have become a generally recognized and easy form of manifesting Governmental gratitude and national approbation. And if these arguments possess — as indisputably they do — a certain value in their home bearings, it will be recognized that they assume still greater force in their international applications. This consideration brings us back to the special element of the subject which we are pursuing here.

Nations, like individuals, receive services from strangers, and, more than individuals, consider themselves bound to recognize those services. But nations, as a consequence of their loyalty, cannot pay such debts as private persons do; they cannot offer an embroidered purse (even with nothing in it) as a recompense to ambassadors; they cannot give a dozen pairs of gloves to an allied general who has aided them to win a battle; they cannot present a bouquet of blush roses to a foreign judge who has been sent over to help to negotiate an extradition treaty; they cannot offer a bag of bon-bons or a pair of braces to the equerry of a king who visits them. It is true that usage authorizes them, in such cases, to employ a service of Dresden china, a vase of malachite, or a curtain of Gobelins tapestry; but as these things cost many thousand pounds, they are employed only on rare occasions. Another solution has been invented, a cheap and satisfactory one, with which both giver and receiver are content, which is neither beneath the acceptance of a sovereign nor above the merits of the lowest citizen,— a solution which has the enormous merit of fully satisfying the recipient without any outlay for the donor. The gift thus employed is the only one of the kind which the world's ingenuity has thus far devised — the only one yet discovered which possesses the admirable quality of "costing little, but seeming very dear" — the only one which has found out the

Digitized by Google

secret of amalgamating much vanity with much dignity. A decoration unites all these rare characters; it alone, of all the gifts which women or men can make, combines these contradictory attributions. But it attains them usually by means of a great variety in its own composition, so as to fit itself to all the shades and shapes of possible necessities. It is mainly to acquire this variety of adaptability to all sorts of exigencies that so many Orders have been created, each of them representing one of the many shades of honour, each of them possessing a certain well-recognized degree of value, each of them (except the very highest) subdivided into farther ranks within itself. By this means every large State has now at its disposal, in one of the degrees of one of its several Orders, the means of satisfying, with critical precision, all the claims which are addressed to it, whatever be the hierarchical position of the claimant, whatever be the nature of the obligation towards him, whatever be the measure of courtesy intended to be shown to him. And yet, though some nations require to have nearly a dozen Orders at their disposal for the due discharge of this delicately graduated service, France contrives to reach the same result with the sole aid of the five classes of the Legion of Honour.

Everywhere throughout the Continent there is the same demand for decorations; and as vice and virtue have the reputation of existing in all countries in equal quantities, it may fairly be supposed that, proportionately to the population, the number of people who merit to be decorated is everywhere the same. But certain Governments are open-handed in the matter, while others are rather niggardly, so that the quantity of decorated citizens follows no universal rule. In France there are now about 52,000 men who have the cross; in Italy about as many; in Spain the proportion must be larger still; while in each of the great German States it is somewhat less. Not counting war-medals, it may be guessed that in all Europe one man in every three hundred possesses a decoration, though this in no way means that the three-hundredth part of the male population has in any way deserved a national reward. The number of *décorés* who have rendered any appreciable service to their country, though increasing, is still very limited; the great mass of them get their cross, in every land, simply because they have spent twenty or thirty years in some inferior military or civil employment; because they are ancient captains or worn-out mayors, or long-persisting members of an agricultural committee, or senior beadles of a province, or white-haired clerks in an office under Government, or because they are friends of a prefect or a minister. The small minority of really meritorious knights is made up of soldiers who have won their cross in action, of leading civil servants, of energetic manufacturers who have extended trade, of engineers who have executed great public works, of chiefs in literature, art, and science, and of a few other truly useful citizens; the rest acquire a ribbon because they have grown rusty in fifteenth-rate State functions, and because it has become a habit to smooth over their discharge by making them chevaliers. This is how certain decorations have become discredited; they have not descended to their actual level because they have been democratized, because the simple soldier and the general-in-chief aspire after the same recompense, because equality in honour is an accepted principle of our century;—such orders have sunk in value and opinion because they are bestowed without any kind of reasonable ground or motive, and solely to content stupid vanities.

Each nation uses decorations in its own way. The Italian wears no sign upon his coat, but he takes the title of Commander or Chevalier, and if he holds the former of those two ranks, his wife becomes a countess (though he does not become a count). The Spaniard and the Frenchman put into their button-hole a knot or a rosette according to their grade, but assume no sort of knightly designation. The Germans, when in plain clothes, sometimes show a ribbon; but that habit is, perhaps naturally, unfrequent amongst populations of whom so many live in uniform, and who, consequently, bear the cross itself, which civilians never do, except at parties or on ceremonious occasions. We in England have a fashion of our own of indicating the possessors of our Orders: we give "Sir" to our Grand Crosses and our Commanders, and, as in Italy, we include their wives in the effects of the decoration by bestowing on them the rank of "Lady;" furthermore, we append various capital letters to the name of every holder of a British Order. Every country has its own way of manifesting

Digitized by Google

the ownership of these adornments; the manner varies, but the intent is everywhere identically the same.

All these details are, however, purely local. The international elements of the question do not come into view until we look at the uses of decorations outside the land to which they indigenously belong. These uses are very frequent. In France alone there are about 8000 natives who hold foreign crosses; while, on the other hand, the Legion of Honour is possessed by about 4,000 strangers. France alone, consequently, offers about 12,000 examples (giving and receiving both included) of the use of decorations as international expressions of compliment, of gratitude, or of flattery. It is computed that, including all the Orders, about 55,000 crosses, of all grades, are now bestowed outside their native soil. This figure is large enough to supply clear testimony of the tendency of Governments to employ this handy means of showing courtesy to strangers; and it is a new evidence of the marvellous development of contact and communication which has taken place of late years between the members of European States. Indeed this latter consideration assumes a character of political importance when we follow it up a little further, and ask ourselves how it has become possible that 55,000 people can have rendered services enough to Governments other than their own to have merited a recompense from those Governments. Of course we all well know that a large number of such decorations, including especially the higher ranks, are given as mere formalities of ceremonial to diplomatists and soldiers; but at least three-fourths of the entire number are simple crosses of Chevalier, which have been bestowed in recognition of some real or imaginary service. It is this latter category which is puzzling, and it would be both amusing and instructive to look through the list of motives for which all these distinctions have been conferred. Such a study would explain to us, with the most gratifying indiscretion, what are the particular services which are most freely offered to or accepted by Continental Governments, and would, in this way, afford a curious insight into a hitherto uninvestigated side of human nature. A well-made catalogue of these motives and these services would be a revelation, but in the actual condition of society there is little prospect of its publication; for, in many cases, neither givers nor receivers would have anything to gain by supplying such details to the world. A few of them are, however, known, and curious stories circulate on the Continent as to the way in which decorations have been sometimes obtained: some of them are droll, and some are sad; some are marvellous inventions, some are lamentable facts. A couple of them may be repeated here as examples.

Napoleon met one day an old soldier with one arm; he stopped, and said to him, "Where did you lose your arm?" "Sire, at Austerlitz," was the reply. "And you were not decorated?" asked the Emperor. "No, Sire; I was forgotten." "Then," rejoined Napoleon, "here is my own cross for you: I make you Chevalier." "Ah, Sire," exclaimed the soldier, "your Majesty names me Chevalier because I have lost one of my arms; what would your Majesty have done if I had lost them both?" "I should have created you officer of the Legion," answered Napoleon. Thereupon the soldier instantly drew his sword and cut off his other arm!!

As a contrast to this nonsense, here is a very different tale; it is said to be strictly true. During the late war, a French General had upon his staff a certain volunteer civilian, who had several times shown signs of unwillingness to expose his person. One morning the General said to him, "Get on horseback, sir; ride beyond our lines till you see the Prussians; draw fire if you can; and then, when you have made out where their outposts exactly are, come back and report to me." The gentleman trotted for two hundred yards, pulled up, and thought he would go no farther. Finally, after a quarter of an hour of fear, he decided to ride home again. As he reached the cottage where the General was waiting for him, the latter looked out, saw him, and exclaimed, "What? not gone yet? Start instantly, sir." Thereupon the individual in question glanced with terror at the General, and, after a few seconds of hesitation, turned his horse sharp round and rode off at full gallop towards the rear. The General snatched out his revolver, fired at him, and put a ball through his throat. He was carried to an ambulance; remained there for six months, until, in the excitement of the Commune, he was quite forgotten. He then came out with a doctor's certificate, obtained with that document the influence of people who knew nothing of the facts, and finally, on the ground that he had

Digitized by Google

been "wounded before the enemy," obtained the cross.

The need which Orders satisfy is spreading rapidly over all the parallels of longitude. We have already seen that South American republics and Asiatic monarchies are adopting this form of payment for services or politenesses; it is pretended that even in the Soudan there is a decoration called "The Palm Tree and the Alligator," which, locally, is reputed to be "the most sublime title that a mortal can obtain." Ceremonial, forms, and titles are diminishing, but stars are multiplying; the shapes of vanity, like the shapes of bonnets, change as time goes on; the nineteenth century pretends to have become indifferent on points of precedence or of royal denominations; but it compensates that sacrifice in this new way, and takes its joy in abundance of decorations. There is neither more nor less absurdity in one vanity than in the other; all such manifestations are of the same family: but, in our day, they have changed their principle, and, like most other details of public action, have ceased to be the exclusive property of a class. Politically, this is advantageous, for free competition makes more useful citizens than monopolies can produce; but, morally, the effect is probably the other way, for it can scarcely be supposed that vanity is not increasing with the increasing nourishment which is everywhere being given to it. It is true that crosses are becoming something more than a means of Government; it is true that they are assuming in some degree the character of a friendly and almost personal tie between peoples. But, however much we may appreciate this element of the subject, we shall never manage to efface its other aspects; we shall never be able to deny that mean and unworthy consequences are resulting, all over Europe, from the popularization of a sort of vanity which originally influenced only a restricted section of each nation.

And yet it is idle to regret it, for the usage of democratized decorations forms now an essential characteristic of Continental life, and seems likely to go on developing and extending as naturally as the consumption of tea and candles. In ceasing to be the privilege of a class, ribbons have gradually taken their place amongst the general objects of existence. It is true that something must be done to get them, but that something has ceased to be beyond the reach of ordinary people; almost everybody in the middle ranks of European society can dream now that he will be decorated some day; and it is probable that the process will grow still easier, as the world rolls on. Such a result carries us a long way from the white linen cross of Jerusalem, but it is one of the progresses of our epoch; and after all, the founders of the fighting Orders would have no more reason to complain of it, if they were to come back to earth, than of newspaper correspondents or vote by ballot or universal exhibitions, or any other product of our time. We require all these things, and decorations too — so we have them: and, apparently, shall go on using them until something better is invented.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. DAMEREL thought it her duty, a few nights after this, to speak to her husband of Rose's suitors. "Mr. Incledon has spoken so plainly to me that I can't mistake him," she said; "and in case you should not have noticed it yourself, Herbert ——"

"I notice it!" he said, with a smile; "what chance is there that I should notice it? So my Rose in June is woman enough to have lovers of her own!"

"I was married before I was Rose's age," said Mrs. Damerel.

"So you were, Martha. I had forgotten the progress of time, and that summer once attained is a long step towards autumn. Well, if it must be, it must be. Incledon is not a bad fellow, as men go."

"But, I think — there is another, Herbert."

"Another!" said the Rector, leaning back in his chair with gentle laughter. "Why, this is too good; and who may he be, the No. 2?"

"It is young Wodehouse, the sailor ——"

"The widow's son on the Green! Come now, Martha, once for all this is absurd," said Mr. Damerel, suddenly rousing himself up. "This is out of the question. I say nothing against Incledon; but if you have been so foolishly romantic as to encourage a beggar like young Wodehouse ——"

"I have not encouraged him. I disapprove of it as much as you can do," said Mrs. Damerel, with a flush on her

Digitized by Google

cheek; "but whether Rose will agree with us I dare not say."

"Oh, Rose!" said her husband, dropping into his easy tone; "Rose is a child; she will follow whatever lead is given to her. I am not afraid of Rose. You must speak to her, and show her which way you intend her mind to go; be very plain and unequivocal; an unawakened mind always should be treated in the plainest and most distinct way."

"But, Herbert — you have more influence than I have ever had over her. Rose is more your companion than mine. I am not sure that it is the best thing for her, so far as practical life is concerned ——"

"My dear," said Mr. Damerel, benignly, "Rose has nothing to do with practical life. You women are always excessive, even in your virtues. I do not mean to throw any doubt upon your qualities as the most excellent of wives; but you have not the discrimination to perceive that duties which suit you admirably would be quite out of place in her. It is a matter of natural fitness. The practical is adapted to forty, but not to nineteen. Let the child alone, my love, to enjoy her youth."

"I think you argue like a Jesuit, Herbert," said Mrs. Damerel; "but whether you are right or wrong on this point does not affect what I ask — which is, that you would speak to her. She is much more likely to attend to you than to me."

"Who — I?" said Mr. Damerel, with a fretful line in his fine forehead. "It is totally out of the question, Martha. *I* speak to Rose about her lovers! It would be quite indelicate, in the first place; and in the second, it would be most disagreeable to me."

"But, still, we have a duty to our child, even if it is disagreeable," said his wife, not willing to give up her object without a struggle.

"My dear Martha, spare me! I knew you would say something about duty. You are very didactic, my love, by nature; but this, you must remember, is rather a reversal of positions between you and me. Let Rose see," he continued, once more relaxing in tone, "that her path is quite clear before her. Incledon is a very good fellow; he will be of use to me in many ways. Nothing could be more desirable. There is a new box of books which I must look over, Martha; do not let me detain you. You will manage the matter admirably, I am sure, in your own sensible way."

And the Rector lighted his wife's candle, and opened the door for her with a suavity and almost gallantry which would have brought tears to the eyes of the parish had they been there to see. "How perfect Mr. Damerel's behaviour is to that rather commonplace wife!" Such was the kind of thing people said. He went to look over his box of books from the London library after his talk with much amusement in his mind as to Rose's lovers. He thought his child perfect as a child; but the idea that a serious man like Incledon should think of her in the serious position of a wife tickled the Rector's fancy. He thought over the matter as he glanced at the books which had been unpacked for him, leaving nothing for his delicate ivory hands to do but turn the volumes over. There was an agreeable and a disagreeable side to it. Incledon, for one thing, would be a capable referee in all money matters, and would help to arrange about the boys and get them on in the world, which was a great relief to think of; for ere now Mr. Damerel had felt the painful reflection thrust upon him that some time or other he must do something about the boys. The other side of the question was, that he would lose the society of his Rose in June, his pretty companion, whose ornamental presence lent a new charm to his pretty house. He shrugged his shoulders a little over this, saying to himself that it must be sooner or later, and that, after all, he had done without Rose for many years, and had been much of a sufferer in consequence. It was the way of the world; and then he smiled again at the thought of Rose in the serious position of Mr. Incledon's wife.

Mrs. Damerel had very different feelings on the subject as she went upstairs with the candle he had so politely lighted for her, in her hand. I am afraid she was not so softened as she ought to have been by his charming politeness, which made her slightly angry, and she was deeply disturbed by the task he had thrown back upon her. Mrs. Damerel knew that girls were not so easily moulded as their fathers sometimes think. She felt by instinct that, according to all precedent, Wodehouse, who was young and gay and penniless, must be the favourite. She knew, too, that to endeavour to turn the current in favour of the other was almost enough to decide matters against him; and, beyond all this, Mrs. Damerel felt it hard that everything that was painful and disagreeable should

Digitized by Google

be left on her shoulders. Rose was separated from her; she was her father's companion; she was being trained to prefer refined but useless leisure with him to the aid and sympathy which her mother had a right to look for; yet, when it came to be needful to do any disagreeable duty for Rose, it was the mother who had to put herself in the breach. It was hard upon Mrs. Damerel. All the reproof, the unpleasant suggestions of duty, the disagreeable advice, the apparent exactions to come from her side; while nothing but indulgence, petting, and fondness, and unlimited compliance with every desire she had, should be apparent on the side of the father. I think Mrs. Damerel was right, and that hers was a very hard case indeed.

The Wodehouses came hastily to the Rectory the very next day to intimate the sad news of Edward's approaching departure. His mother fairly broke down, and cried bitterly. "I hoped to have had him with me so much longer," she said; "and now he must go off about this slave trade. Oh! why should we take it upon us to look after everybody, when they don't want to be looked after? If those poor African wretches cared as much for it as we suppose, wouldn't they take better care of themselves? What have we to do, always interfering? When I think of my boy, who is all I have in the world, going out to that dreadful coast to risk his life, for the sake of some one he never saw or heard of——"

"My dear lady, we cannot be altogether guided by private motives," said the Rector; "we must take principle for something. Were we to permit the slave trade, we should depart from all our traditions. England has always been the guardian of freedom."

"Oh, Mr. Damerel!" said the poor lady, with tears in her eyes, "freedom is all very well to talk about, and I suppose it's a great thing to have; but what is freedom to these poor savages, that it should cost me and other women our boys?"

"It will not cost you your boy," said Mrs. Damerel; "he will come back. Don't take the gloomiest view of the question. He has been there before, and it did not hurt him; why should it now?"

"Ah! who can tell that?" said poor Mrs. Wodehouse, drying her eyes. She was a woman who liked the darker side of all human affairs, and she felt it almost an insult to her when any one prognosticated happiness. Her son was doing all he could to bear up under the depressing influence of her predictions and his regret at leaving her, and disappointment in having holiday shortened — along with a deeper reason still which he said nothing about. He tried to be as cheerful as he could; but when he turned to Rose and met the one piteous look the girl gave him, and saw her lip quiver — though he did not know whether it was out of sympathy with his mother, or from any personal feeling of her own — he very nearly broke down. He had still ten days to make his preparations for leaving, and before that time he thought to himself he must surely find out whether Rose cared anything for him more than she did for the others whom she had known like him almost all her life. He looked anxiously into her face when he shook hands with her; but Rose feeling, she could not tell why, more inclined to cry than she had ever been before, without any reason, as she said, would not meet his looks. "This is not my farewell visit," he said, with an attempt at a laugh. "I don't know why I should feel so dismal about it; I shall see you all again."

"Oh, many times, I hope!" said Mrs. Damerel, who could not help feeling kindly towards the poor young fellow, notwithstanding her conspiracy against his interests. The Rector did not commit himself in this foolish way, but took leave of the young sailor solemnly. "However that may be," he said, "God bless you, Edward; I am sure you will do your duty, and be a credit to all that wish you well."

This address chilled poor Wodehouse more and more. Was it his dismissal? He tried to bear up against that too, talking of the garden party he was coming to on Wednesday, and of the repeated visits he still hoped for; but, somehow, from the moment he received the Rector's blessing he believed in these farewell visits, and the explanations they might give rise to, no more. When he went away with his mother, Rose ran upstairs on some pretext, and her father and mother were left alone.

"Martha," said the Rector, "your usual careful solicitude failed you just now. You as good as asked him to come back; and what could possibly be so bad for Rose?"

Digitized by Google

"How could I help it?" she said. "Poor boy, he must come again, at least to say good-bye."

"I don't see the necessity. It will only make mischief. Rose is quite cast down, whether from sympathy or from feeling. We should take care not to be at home when he calls again."

Mr. Damerel said this in so even a voice that it was delightful to hear him speak, and he went out and took his seat under the lime-trees as a man should who has discharged all his duties and is at peace and in favour with both God and man. Rose did not venture to face her mother with eyes which she felt were heavy, and therefore stole out of doors direct and went to her father, who was always indulgent. How good and tender he was, never finding fault! If perhaps, as Rose was beginning to fear, it must be confessed that he was deficient in energy — a gentle accusation which the fondest partisan might allow — yet, to balance this, how good he was, how feeling, how tender! No one need be afraid to go to him. He was always ready to hear one's story, to forgive one's mistakes. Rose, who did not want to be catechised, stole across the lawn and sat down on the grass without a word. She did not care to meet anybody's look just at that moment. She had not cried; but the tears were so very near the surface, that any chance encounter of looks might have been more than she could bear.

Mr. Damerel did not speak all at once. He took time, the more cunningly to betray her; and then he entered upon one of his usual conversations, to which poor Rose gave but little heed. After a while her monosyllabic answers seemed to attract his curiosity all at once.

"You are not well," he said; "or sorry, is it? Sorry for poor Mrs. Wodehouse, who is going to lose her son?"

"Oh yes, papa! Poor old lady — she will be so lonely when he is away."

"She is not so very old," he said, amused; "not so old as I am, and I don't feel myself a Methuselah. It is very good of you to be so sympathizing, my dear."

"Oh, papa, who could help it?" said Rose, almost feeling as if her father would approve the shedding of those tears which made her eyes so hot and heavy. She plucked a handful of grass and played with it, her head held down and the large drops gathering; and her heart, poor child, for the moment, in the fulness of this first trouble, felt more heavy than her eyes.

"Yes, it is a pity for Mrs. Wodehouse," said Mr. Damerel, reflectively; "but, on the other hand, it would be very selfish to regret it for Edward. He has not a penny, poor fellow, and not much influence that I know of. He can only get his promotion by service, and in this point of view his friends ought to be glad he is going. Look across Ankermead, Rose; how soft the shadows are! — the most delicate grey with silvery lights. If you were a little more ambitious as an artist, you might get your sketch-book and try that effect."

Rose smiled a wan little smile in answer to this invitation, and looking down upon the landscape, as he told her to do, saw nothing but a bluish-green and yellow mist through the prismatic medium of the big tear, which next moment, to her terror and misery, came down, a huge unconcealable wet blot, upon her light summer dress. She was herself so struck by consternation at the sight that, instead of making any attempt to conceal it, she looked up at him, her lips falling apart, her eyes growing larger and larger with fright and wonder, half appealing to him to know what it could mean, half defying observation. Mr. Damerel saw that it was necessary to abandon his usual rule of indulgence.

"You are too sympathetic, my dear," he said. "If any one but me saw this, they might say such feeling was too strong to be lavished on Mrs. Wodehouse. Don't let us hear any more of it. Have you finished *Balaustion?* You have no book with you to-day."

"No, papa — I came out — the other way ——"

"What does that mean? Not through the drawing-room, where you left it, and where your mother was? I think you were right, Rose," said Mr. Damerel, dropping back in his chair with his easy smile; "your mother has little patience with Mrs. Wodehouse's despairs and miseries. You had better keep your sympathy to yourself in her presence. Look here; I want this read aloud. My eyes ache; I was up late last night."

Rose took the book obediently, and read. She saw the white page and letters clear without any prismatic lights. Her tears were all driven away, forced back upon her heart as if by a strong wind. She read, as Milton's daughters might have read his Latin, if they did not understand it, as some people say — not missing a word nor seeing any meaning in one; going on as in a dream, with a conscious-

Digitized by Google

ness of herself, and the scene, and her father's look, and not a notion what she was reading about. It was very good mental discipline, but so sharp that this poor soft child, utterly unused to it, not knowing why she should suddenly be subjected to such fierce repression, wretched and sick at heart, and sorry and ashamed, never forgot it all her life. She read thus for about an hour, till her father stopped her to make some notes upon the margin of the book; for he was one of those elegantly studious persons who weave themselves through the books they read, and leave volumes of notes on every possible subject behind them. He had been entering into every word, though Rose had not understood a syllable; and he smiled and discoursed to her about it, while she kept silent, terrified lest he should ask some question which would betray her inattention. Rose had been learning smilingly, with happy bewilderment, for some months back, to consider herself an independent individual. She felt and realized it without any difficulty to-day. She stood quite alone in all that bright scene, apart from the real world and the ideal both — neither the lawn, nor the book, nor the landscape, nor her father's talk having power to move her; frightened at herself — still more frightened for him, and for the tone, half sarcastic, half reproving, which for the first time in her life she had heard in his voice; and without even the satisfaction of realizing the new sentiment which had come into her mind. She realized nothing except that sudden dismay had come over her; that it had been checked summarily; that her tears, driven back, were filling her head and her heart with confusing pain; that there was something wrong in the strange new emotion that was at work within her — and this without even the melancholy sweetness of knowing what it was.

Poor Rose in June! It was the first storm that had ever disturbed her perfect blossom. She began to get better after a while, as at her age it is easy to do, and gradually came out of her mist and was restored to partial consciousness. By the evening of that day she was nearly herself again, though much subdued, remembering that she had been very unhappy, as she might have remembered a very bad headache, with great content yet wonder, that it should be gone or almost gone. The cessation of the active pain gave her a kind of subdued happiness once more, as relief always does — which the heart never feels to be negative, but positive. What a thing ease is, after we are once conscious of having lost it even for an hour! This brought Rose's colour back, and her smile. All mental pain, I suppose, is spasmodic; and the first fit, when not too well defined nor hopeless in character, is often as brief as it is violent. Rose got better; her mind accustomed itself to the shadow which for one short interval had covered it with blackness. She began to perceive that it did not fill all earth and heaven, as she had at first supposed.

CHAPTER V.

Rose grew very much better, almost quite well, next day. There was still a little thrill about her of the pain past, but in the meantime nothing had yet happened, no blank had been made in the circle of neighbours; and though she was still as sorry as ever, she said to herself, for poor Mrs. Wodehouse (which was the only reason she had ever given to herself for that *serrement de cœur*), yet there were evident consolations in that poor lady's lot if she could but see them. Edward would come back again; she would get letters from him; she would have him still, though he was away. She was his inalienably, whatever distance there might be between them. This seemed a strong argument to Rose in favour of a brighter view of the subject, though I do not think it would have assisted Mrs. Wodehouse; and, besides, there were still ten days, which — as a day is eternity to a child — was as good as a year at least to Rose. So she took comfort, and preened herself like a bird, and came again forth to the day in all her sweet bloom, her tears got rid of in the natural way, her eyes no longer hot and heavy. She scarcely observed even, or at least did not make any mental note of the fact, that she did not see Edward Wodehouse for some days thereafter. "How sorry I am to have missed them!" her mother said, on hearing that the young man and his mother had called in her absence; and Rose was sorry too, but honestly took the fact for an accident. During the ensuing days there was little doubt that an unusual amount of occupation poured upon her. She went with her father to town one morning to see the pictures in the exhibitions. Another day she was taken by the same delightful companion to the other side of the county to a garden party, which was the most

Digitized by Google

beautiful vision of fine dresses and fine people Rose had ever seen. I cannot quite describe what the girl's feelings were while she was going through these unexpected pleasures. She liked them, and was pleased and flattered; but at the same time a kind of giddy sense of something being done to her which she could not make out—some force being put upon her, she could not tell what, or for why, was in her mind. For the first time in her life she was jealous and curious, suspecting some unseen motive, though she could not tell what it might be.

On the fourth day her father and mother both together took her with them to Mr. Incledon's, to see, they said, a new picture which he had just bought—a Perugino, or, it might be, an early Raphael. "He wants my opinion—and I want yours, Rose," said her father, flattering, as he always did, his favourite child.

"And Mr. Incledon wants hers too," said Mrs. Damerel. "I don't know what has made him think you a judge, Rose."

"Oh! how can I give an opinion—what do I know?" said Rose, bewildered; but she was pleased, as what girl would not be pleased? To have her opinion prized was pleasant, even though she felt that it was a subject upon which she could pass no opinion. "I have never seen any but the Raphaels in the National Gallery," she said, with alarmed youthful conscientiousness, as they went along, "and what can I know?"

"You can tell him if you like it; and that will please him as much as if you were the first art critic in England," said the Rector. These words gave Rose a little thrill of suspicion—for why should Mr. Incledon care for her opinion?—and perplexed her thoughts much as she walked up the leafy road to the gate of Whitton Park, which was Mr. Incledon's grand house. Her father expatiated upon the beauty of the place as they went in; her mother looked preoccupied and anxious; and Rose herself grew more and more suspicious, though she was surprised into some exclamations of pleasure at the beauty and greenness of the park.

"I wonder I have never been here before," she said; "how could it be? I thought we had been everywhere when we were children, the boys and I."

"Mr. Incledon did not care for children's visits," said her mother.

"And he was in the right, my dear. Children have no eye for beauty; what they want is space to tumble about in, and trees to climb. This lovely bit of woodland would be lost on boys and girls. Be thankful you did not see it when you were incapable of appreciating it, Rose."

"It is very odd, though," she said. "Do you think it is nice of Mr. Incledon to shut up so pretty a place from his neighbours—from his friends?—for, as we have always lived so near, we are his friends, I suppose."

"Undoubtedly," said the Rector; but his wife said nothing. I do not think her directer mind cared for this way of influencing her daughter. She was anxious for the same object, but she would have attained it in a different way.

Here, however, Mr. Incledon himself appeared with as much demonstration of delight to see them as was compatible with the supposed accidental character of the visit. Mr. Incledon was one of those men of whom you feel infallibly certain that they must have been "good," even in their nurse's arms. He was slim and tall, and looked younger than he really was. He had a good expression, dark eyes, and his features, though not at all remarkable, were good enough to give him the general aspect of a handsome man. Whether he was strictly handsome or not was a frequent subject of discussion on the Green, where unpleasant things had been said about his chin and his eyebrows, but where the majority was distinctly in his favour. His face was long, his complexion rather dark, and his general appearance "interesting." Nobody that I know of had ever called him commonplace. He was interesting—a word which often stands high in the rank of descriptive adjectives. He was the sort of man of whom imaginative persons might suppose that he had been the hero of a story. Indeed, there were many theories on the subject; and ingenious observers, chiefly ladies, found a great many symptoms of this in his appearance and demeanour, and concluded that a man so well off and so well looking would not have remained unmarried so long had there not been some reason for it. But this phase of his existence was over, so far as his own will was concerned. If he had ever had any reason for remaining unmarried, that obstacle must have been removed; for he was now anxious to marry, and had fully made up his mind to do so at as early a date as possible. I do not know whether it could be truly said that he was, what foolish young people call, "very much in love" with Rose

Digitized by Google

Damerel; but he had decided that she was the wife for him, and meant to spare neither pains nor patience in winning her. He had haunted the Rectory for some time, with a readiness to accept all invitations which was entirely unlike his former habits; for up to the time when he had seen and made up his mind about Rose, Mr. Incledon had been almost a recluse, appearing little in the tranquil society of the Green, spending much of his time abroad, and when at home holding only a reserved and distant intercourse with his neighbours. He gave them a handsome heavy dinner two or three times a year, and accepted the solemn return which society requires; but no one at Dinglefield had seen more of his house than the reception rooms, or of himself than those grave festivities exhibited. The change upon him now was marked enough to enlighten the most careless looker-on; and the Perugino, which they were invited to see, was in fact a pretence which the Rector and his wife saw through very easily, to make them acquainted with his handsome house and all its advantages. He took them all over it and showed the glory of it with mingled complacency and submission to their opinion. Rose had never been within its walls before. She had never sat down familiarly in rooms so splendid. The master of the house had given himself up to furniture and decorations as only a rich man can do; and the subdued grace of everything about them, the wealth of artistic ornament, the size and space which always impress people who are accustomed to small houses, had no inconsiderable effect at least upon the ladies of the party. Mr. Damerel was not awed, but he enjoyed the largeness and the luxury with the satisfaction of a man who felt himself in his right sphere; and Mr. Incledon showed himself, as well as his house, at his best, and, conscious that he was doing so, looked, Mrs. Damerel thought, younger, handsomer, and more attractive than he had ever looked before. Rose felt it, too, vaguely. She felt that she was herself somehow the centre of all — the centre, perhaps, of a plot, the nature of which perplexed and confused her; but the plot was not yet sufficiently advanced to give her any strong sensation of discomfort or fear. All that it did up to the present moment was to convey that sense of importance and pleasant consciousness of being the first and most flatteringly considered, which is always sweet to youth. Thus they were all pleased, and, being pleased, became more and more pleasant to each other. Rose, I think, forgot poor Mrs. Wodehouse altogether for the moment, and was as gay as if she had never been sad.

The house was a handsome house, raised on a slightly higher elevation than the Rectory, surrounded by a pretty though not very extensive park, and commanding the same landscape as that which it was the pride of the Damerels to possess from their windows. It was the same, but with a difference; or, rather, it was like a view of the same subject painted by a different artist, dashed in in bolder lines, with heavier massing of foliage, and one broad reach of the river giving a great centre of light and shadow, instead of the dreamy revelations here and there of the winding water as seen from the Rectory. Rose gave an involuntary cry of delight when she was taken out to the green terrace before the house, and first saw the landscape from it, though she never would confess afterwards that she liked it half so well as the shadowy distance and softer sweep of country visible from her old home. Mr. Incledon was as grateful to her for her admiration as if the Thames and the trees had been of his making, and ventured to draw near confidentially and say how much he hoped she would like his Perugino — or, perhaps, Raphael. "You must give me your opinion frankly," he said.

"But I never saw any Raphaels except those in the National Gallery," said Rose, blushing with pleasure, and shamefacedness, and conscientious difficulty. It did not occur to the girl that her opinion could be thus gravely asked for by a man fully aware of its complete worthlessness as criticism. She thought he must have formed some mistaken idea of her knowledge or power; "and I don't — love them — very much," she added, with a little hesitation and a deeper blush, feeling that his momentary good opinion of her must now perish forever.

"What does that mean?" said Mr. Incledon. He was walking on with her through, as she thought, an interminable vista of rooms, one opening into the other, towards the shrine in which he had placed his picture. "There is something more in it than meets the ear. It does not mean that you don't like them ——"

Digitized by Google

"It means — that I love the photograph of the San Sisto, that papa gave me on my birthday," said Rose.

"Ah! I perceive; you are a young critic to judge so closely. We have nothing like that, have we? How I should like to show you the San Sisto picture! Photographs and engravings give no idea of the original."

"Oh, please don't say so!" said Rose, "for so many people never can see the original. I wish I might some time. The pictures in the National Gallery do not give me at all the same feeling; and, of course, never having seen but these, I cannot be a judge; indeed, I should not dare to say anything at all. Ah, ah! ——"

Rose stopped and put her hands together, as she suddenly perceived before her, hung upon a modest grey-green wall with no other ornament near, one of those very youthful, heavenly faces, surrounded by tints as softly bright as their own looks, which belong to that place and period in which Perugino taught and Raphael learned — an ineffable sweet ideal of holiness, tenderness, simplicity, and youth. The girl stood motionless, subdued by it, conscious of nothing but the picture. It was doubly framed by the doorway of the little room in which it kept court. Before even she entered that sacred chamber the young worshipper was struck dumb with adoration. The doorway was hung with silken curtains of the same grey green as the wall, and there was not visible, either in this soft surrounding framework, or in the picture itself, any impertinent accessory to distract the attention. The face so tenderly abstract, so heavenly human, looked at Rose as at the world, but with a deeper, stronger appeal; for was not Mary such a one as she? The girl could not explain the emotion which seized her. She felt disposed to kneel down, and she felt disposed to weep; but did neither, only stood there, with her lips apart, her eyes abstract yet wistful, like those in the picture, and her soft hands clasped and held unconsciously, with that dramatic instinct common to all emotion, somewhere near her heart."

"You *have* said something," said Mr. Incledon, softly, in her ear, "more eloquent than I ever heard before. I am satisfied that it is a Raphael now."

"Why?" said Rose, awakening with great surprise out of her momentary trance, and shrinking back, her face covered with blushes, to let the others pass who were behind. He did not answer her except by a look, which troubled the poor girl mightily, suddenly revealing to her the meaning of it all. When the rest of the party went into the room, Rose shrank behind her mother, cowed and ashamed, and instead of looking at the picture, stole aside to the window and looked out mechanically to conceal her troubled countenance. As it happened, the first spot on which her eye fell was the little cottage at Ankermead, upon which just the other evening she had looked with Edward Wodehouse. All he said came back to her, and the evening scene in which he said it, and the soft, indescribable happiness and sweetness that had dropped upon her like the falling dew. Rose had not time to make any question with herself as to what it meant; but her heart jumped up in her bosom and began to beat, and a sudden momentary perception of how it all was flashed over her. Such gleams of consciousness come and go when the soul is making its first experiences of life. For one second she seemed to see everything clearly as a landscape is seen when the sun suddenly breaks out; and then the light disappeared, and the clouds redescended, and all was blurred again. Nevertheless, this strange momentary revelation agitated Rose almost more than anything that had ever happened to her before; and everything that was said after it came to her with a muffled sound, as we hear voices in a dream. A longing to get home and to be able to think took possession of her. This seemed for the moment the thing she most wanted in the world.

"If ever I have a wife," Mr. Incledon said, some time after, "this shall be her boudoir. I have always intended so; unless, indeed, she is perverse as my mother was, who disliked this side of the house altogether, and chose rooms which looked out on nothing but the park and the trees."

"I hope, as everything is ready for her, the lady will soon appear," said Mrs. Damerel; while poor little Rose suddenly felt her heart stop in its beating, and flutter and grow faint.

"Ah!" said Incledon, shaking his head, "it is easier to gild the cage than to secure the bird."

How glad she was when they were out again in the open air, walking home! How delightful it was to be going home, to get off this dangerous ground, to feel that there was a safe corner to fly to! Nobody said anything to her, fortunately

Digitized by Google

for Rose, but let her walk off her excitement and the flutter of terror and dismay which had come over her. "Easier to gild the cage than to secure the bird." The poor little bird felt already as if she had been caught in some snare; as if the fowler had got his hand upon her, and all her flutterings would be of no avail. How little she had thought that this was what was meant by their flattering eagerness to have her opinion about the Perugino! She kept close to her mother till they got safely out of the park, for Mr. Incledon attended them as far as the gates, and Rose was so much startled that she did not feel safe near him. It seemed to her that the plot must be brought to perfection at once, and that there was no escape except in keeping as far off as possible. She resolved to herself as she went along that she would never approach him if she could help it, or let him speak to her. Her sensations were something like those with which a startled hare might, I suppose, contemplate from beneath her couch of fern the huntsman gathering the hounds which were to run her down. Rose had no sense of satisfaction such as an older woman might have felt, in the love of so important a personage as Mr. Incledon. She was neither flattered nor tempted by the thought of all the good things she might have at her disposal as his wife — his beautiful house, his wealth, his consequence, even his Perugino, though that had drawn the very heart out of her breast — none of those things moved her. She was neither proud of his choice, nor dazzled by his wealth. She was simply frightened, neither more nor less — dead frightened, and eager to escape forever out of his way.

It was now afternoon, the most languid hour of the day, and the village roads were very hot, blazing, and dusty, after the soft shade of Whitton Park. Mr. Damerel, who was not much of a pedestrian, and hated dust, and abhorred all the irritations and weariness of excessive heat, came along somewhat slowly, skirting the houses to get every scrap of shade which was possible. They were thus quite close to a row of cottages when Mr. Nolan came out from the door of one so suddenly as almost to stumble over his Rector.

"Just like a shot from a cannon is an Irishman's exit from a visit," said Mr. Damerel, peevishly, though playfully. "Nolan, you salamander, you who never feel the heat, you may at least have some pity upon me."

"You are the very man I want," said the Curate, whose brow was clouded with care. "The poor creature's dying. You'll go and say a word to her? I was going to your house, wondering would I find ye? and lo! Providence puts ye here."

"I hope I shall feel as much obliged to Providence as you do," said the Rector, still more peevishly. "What is it? Who is it? What do you want?"

"Sure it's only a poor creature dying — nothing to speak about in this dreary world," said good Mr. Nolan; "but she has a fancy to see you. I have done all I could to pacify her; but she says she knew you in her better days."

"It is old Susan Aikin," said Mrs. Damerel, in answer to her husband's enquiring look. "She has always wanted to see you; but what good could you do her? and she has had a bad fever, and it is a miserable place."

"Not that you'll think twice of that," said Nolan hurriedly, "when it's to give a bit of comfort to a dying creature that longs to see you;" though indeed it would puzzle the world to tell why, he added in his heart.

"Certainly not," said the Rector — a quantity of fine wrinkles, unseen on ordinary occasions, suddenly appearing like a network on his forehead. His voice took a slightly querulous tone, in spite of the readiness with which he replied. "You need not wait," he said, turning to his wife and daughter. "Go on gently, and perhaps I may overtake you if it is nothing important. What is it, Nolan — a case of troubled conscience? Something on her mind?"

"Nothing but a dyin' fancy," said Mr. Nolan. "She's harped on it these three days. No, she's a good soul enough; there's no story to tell; and all her duties done, and life closing as it ought. It's but a whim; but they will all take it as a great favour," said the Curate, seeing that his superior officer looked very much in the mind to turn and fly.

"A whim!" he said, querulously. "You know I am not careless of other people's feelings — far from it, I hope; but my own organization is peculiar, and to undergo this misery for a whim — you said a whim ——"

"But the creature's dying!"

"Pah! what has dying to do with it? Death is a natural accident. It is not

Digitized by Google

meritorious to die, or a thing to which every other interest should yield and bow. But, never mind," the Rector added, after this little outbreak; "it is not your fault — come, I'll go."

Rose and her mother had lingered to hear the end of this discussion; and just as the Rector yielded thus, and putting as good a grace as possible on the unwillingly performed duty, entered, led by Mr. Nolan, the poor little cottage, the ladies were joined by Mrs. Wodehouse and her son, who had hurried up at sight of them. Mrs. Wodehouse had that reserved and solemn air which is usual to ladies who are somewhat out of temper with their friends. She was offended, and she meant to show it. She said "Good morning" to Mrs. Damerel, instead of "How do you do?" and spoke with melancholy grandeur of the weather, and the extreme heat, and how a thunderstorm must be on its way. They stood talking on these interesting topics, while Rose and Edward found themselves together. It seemed to Rose as if she were seeing him for the first time after a long absence or some great event. The colour rushed to her face in an overwhelming flood, and a tide of emotions as warm, as tumultuous as bewildering, rushed into her heart. She scarcely ventured to lift her eyes when she spoke to him. It seemed to her that she understood now every glance he gave her, every tone of his voice.

"I almost feared we were not to meet again," he said, hurriedly; "and these last days run through one's fingers so fast. Are you going out to-night?"

"I do not think so," said Rose, half afraid to pledge herself, and still more afraid lest her mother should hear and interpose, saying, "Yes, they were engaged."

"Then let me come to-night. I have only four days more. You will not refuse to bid a poor sailor good-bye, Miss Damerel? You will not let them shut me out to-night?"

"No one can wish to shut you out," said Rose, raising her eyes to his face for one brief second.

I do not think Edward Wodehouse was so handsome as Mr. Incledon. His manners were not nearly so perfect; he could not have stood comparison with him in any respect except youth, in which he had the better of his rival; but oh, how different he seemed to Rose! She could not look full at him; only cast a momentary glance at his honest, eager eyes; his face, which glowed and shone with meaning. And now she knew what the meaning was.

"So long as *you* don't! —" he said, eagerly, yet below his breath; and just at this moment Mrs. Damerel put forth her hand and took her daughter by the arm.

"We have had a long walk, and I am tired," she said. "We have been to Whitton to see a new picture, and Mr. Incledon has so many beautiful things. Come, Rose. Mr. Wodehouse, I hope we shall see you before you go away."

"Oh, yes, I hope so," the young sailor faltered, feeling himself suddenly cast down from heaven to earth. He said nothing to her about that evening; but I suppose Mrs. Damerel's ears were quick enough to hear the important appointment that had been made.

"My dear Rose, girls do not give invitations to young men, nor make appointments with them, generally, in that way."

"I, mamma?"

"Don't be frightened. I am not blaming you. It was merely an accident; but, my dear, it was not the right kind of thing to do."

"Must I not speak to Mr. Wodehouse?" she asked, half tremblingly, half (as she meant it) satirically. But poor Rose's little effusion of (what she intended for) gall took no effect whatever. Mrs. Damerel did not perceive that any satire was meant.

"Oh, you may speak to him! You may bid him good-bye, certainly; but I — your papa — in short, we have heard something of Mr. Wodehouse which — we do not quite like. I do not wish for any more intimacy with them, especially just now."

"Do you mean you have heard some harm of him?" said Rose, opening her eyes with a sudden start.

"Well, perhaps not any harm: I cannot quite tell what it was; but something which made your papa decide — in short, I don't want to take too much notice of the Wodehouses as a family. They do not suit your papa."

Rose walked on with her mother to the Rectory gate, silent, with her heart swelling full. She did not believe that her father had anything to do with it. It was not he was to blame, whatever Mrs. Damerel might say.

CHAPTER VI.

NATURE took sides against Love on that evening, and made Mrs. Damerel's warning unnecessary, and all the antici-

Digitized by Google

pations of the young persons of no avail. Instead of the evening stroll about the darkling garden which Wodehouse at least had proposed to himself, the party were shut up in the drawing-room by the sudden outbreak of that expected thunderstorm on which Mrs. Wodehouse and Mrs. Damerel had discussed so earnestly. The ladies had both felt that it must come, and the young sailor I suppose ought to have been more clearly aware of what was impending; but there are, no doubt, states of the mind which make a man totally indifferent to, and unobservant of, the changes of the atmosphere. Anyhow, though he arrived in the sweet beginning of the twilight, when all was still, poor Edward had not only to stay indoors, but to take a seat next to Mrs. Damerel in the drawing-room; while Rose, who was somewhat nervous about the thunder, retired into a dark corner to which he dared not follow her boldly under the very eyes of her father and her mother. He did what he could, poor fellow: he tried very hard to persuade her to come to the other end of the room and watch the storm which was raging gloriously on the plain below, lighting up the whole landscape in sudden brilliant gleams; for one of the windows had been left uncurtained, and Mr. Damerel himself placed his chair within reach of it to enjoy the wonderful spectacle. Rose at one time longed so much to venture that her desire overmastered her fears; but the Rector, who was somewhat fretful that evening, presumably on account of the storm which affected his fine sensibilities, sent her away hurriedly. "No, no, Rose — what have you to do with storms?" he said; "go back to your mother." When she obeyed, there was silence in the room; and though the elders did not care very much for it, I think the sharp disappointment of these two — a pang, perhaps, more keen and delicate than anything we can feel when the first freshness of youth is over — made itself spiritually felt somehow in the atmosphere of the place.

"Roses have nothing to do out of the rose garden," said Mr. Damerel, with an attempt to overcome his own fretfulness, and perhaps a compunction over the suffering he caused. He was not in a humour for talking, and when this was the case he seldom gave himself the trouble to talk; but some covert feeling or other made him willing to attempt a diversion, for the moment at least. "I wish people had a more general conception of the fitness of things. Your namesakes out of doors take no pleasure in the storm. Poor roses, how it will batter and beat them down, and strew their poor helpless petals about!"

"I do not find fault with Rose for being timid," said her mother; "but your craze about her name is fantastic, Herbert. She will have a good many storms to brave which she cannot escape from if she is to do her duty in life."

"Then I hope she will not do her duty," said the Rector — "don't, my Rose in June. I had rather see you sweet and fresh, with your rose heart unruffled, than draggled and battered with the rain. I'll take the moral risk upon my own head."

Mrs. Damerel uttered an impatient little exclamation under her breath. She turned to Wodehouse with an arbitrary and sudden change of the subject. "Do you expect to be long away?" she said.

"Two years at the very least," said the young man, piteously, looking at her with such imploring eyes that she felt his look, though her own eyes were fixed upon her work, and neither could nor would see. She felt it; and as she was but a woman, though stern in purpose, she winced a little and was sorry for him, though she would not help him. Her voice softened as she replied —

"I am very sorry for your poor mother. How she will miss you! We must do our best to keep her cheerful while you are away."

"The storm is going off," said the Rector; "did you ever remark, Wodehouse, how seldom we have a complete thunderstorm to ourselves here? There have been three going on to-night — one towards London, one northwards, the other east. We never have more than the tail of a storm, which is somewhat humbling when you come to think of it. I suppose it has something to do with the *lie* of the ground as you call it — eh?"

Edward answered something, he did not know what, while his opponent regarded him with amused observation. Now that the matter was tolerably safe in his own hands, Mr. Damerel was not without a certain enjoyment in the study of character thus afforded him. It was to him like what I suppose vivisection is to an enterprising physiologist. He had just enough realization of the pain he was inflicting to give interest to the throbbing nerves upon which he experimented. He was not old enough to have quite forgotten some few pangs of a simi-

Digitized by Google

lar kind which he had experienced in his day; but he was old enough to regard the recollection with some degree of amusement and a sense of the absolute folly of the whole which neutralized that sense of pain. He liked, rather, to hold the young man in talk about scientific facts, while he knew that the young man was longing to escape, and watching, with dismay and despair, every hope disappearing of another kind of conversation which seemed like the balance of life and death to the foolish youth. Mr. Damerel saw all these symptoms of torture, and his sense of humour was tickled. He was almost sorry when at length, the rain still continuing to fall in torrents and the storm roaring and groaning in the distance, young Wodehouse rose to go away. "I will not give you my blessing again," he said, smiling, "as I was rash enough to do before; for I daresay we shall meet again, one way or another, before you go away."

"Oh, I shall call when the last moment, the absolute good-bye, comes!" said poor Edward, trying to smile.

Rose put out a timid little hand to him, rising from her chair when he came up to her. She had grown bewildered again, and disconcerted, and had fallen far from the light and illumination which had flashed over her in the afternoon. The storm had frightened her; something malign seemed in the air; and she was disappointed and mortified, she scarcely could have told why. Was this to be the end of the evening to which they had both looked forward? Alas! such clouds will drop over even the brightest skies. I think both of the young people could have wept with sheer misery, disappointment, and despite, when they realized that it was over, and could not now be mended, whatever might happen. He went home, and she stole up to her room, enveloped by the mists of a suppressed excitement which seemed to wrap them round and round, and afforded no way of escape.

That, however, was the last bright day known in the Rectory for a very long time. The Rector had not been quite himself that night. His very pleasure in the torture of the poor young lovers was perhaps a sign that the fine organization upon which he prided himself was somehow out of gear. I do not believe, though many people were of that opinion, that his hurried visit to the poor woman who was dying of fever was the reason why Mr. Damerel took the fever, and of all that followed. He could not have fallen ill so immediately if poor Susan Aikin's death chamber had been the cause of his malady. Next day he was ill, feverish, and wretched, and was reported to have a bad cold. The next after that the village and all the houses on the Green were struck dumb by the information that the Rector had caught the same fever of which Susan Aikin died. The news caused such a sensation as few warnings of mortality produce. The whole neighbourhood was hushed and held its breath, and felt a shiver of dismay run through it. It was not because Mr. Damerel was deeply beloved. Mr. Nolan, for example, was infinitely more friendly and dear to the population generally; yet had he encountered the same fate, people would have grieved, but would not have been surprised. But the Rector! that he should fall under such a disease — that the plague which is born of squalor, and dirt, and ill nourishment, and bad air should seize upon him, the very impersonation of everything which was opposite and antagonistic to those causes which brought it forth! — this confused everybody, great and small. Comfortable people shuddered, asking themselves who was safe? and began to think of the drainage of their houses, and to ask whether any one knew if the Rectory was quite right in that respect. There was an anxious little pause of fright in the place, every one wondering whether it was likely to prove an epidemic, and neighbour enquiring of neighbour each time they met whether "more cases" had occurred; but this phase passed over, and the general security came back. The disease must "take its course," the doctor said, and nothing could be prognosticated at so early a stage. The patient was still in middle age, of unbroken constitution, and had everything in his favour — good air, good nursing, good means — so that nothing need be spared. With such words as these the anxieties of the neighbourhood were relieved — something unwillingly it must be allowed, for the world is very exigeant in this as in many other respects, and, when it is interested in an illness, likes it to run a rapid course, and come to an issue one way or other without delay. It was therefore with reluctance that the Green permitted itself to be convinced that no "change" could be looked for in the Rector's illness for some time to come. Weeks even might be consumed ere the climax, the crisis, the real dramatic point at which the patient's fate

Digitized by Google

would be concluded, should come. This chilling fact composed the mind of the neighbourhood, and stilled it back into the calm of indifference after a while. I am not sure now that there was not a little adverse feeling towards the Rector, in that he left everybody in suspense, and having, as it were, invited the world to behold the always interesting spectacle of a dangerous illness, put off from week to week the *dénouement*. Such a barbarous suggestion would have been repulsed with scorn and horror had it been put into words, but that was the feeling in most people's hearts.

Indoors, however, Mr. Damerel's illness was a very terrible matter, and affected every member of the household. Mrs. Damerel gave up everything to nurse him. There was no hesitation with her as to whether she should or should not postpone her family and cares to her husband. From the moment that the dreadful word "fever" crossed the doctor's lips she put aside the house and the schoolroom and every other interest, and took her place by the sick bed. I do not know if any foreboding was in her mind from the first, but she never paused to think. She went to the children and spoke to them, appealing to their honour and affection. She gave Dick and Patty permission to roam as they liked, and to enjoy perfect immunity from lessons and routine, so long as they would be quiet indoors, and respect the stillness that was necessary in the house; and to Agatha she gave the charge of the infants, exacting quiet only, nothing but quiet. "The house must be kept quiet," she said to them all imperatively. "The child who makes a noise I shall think no child of mine. Your papa's life may depend upon it. It will be Rose's part to see that you all do what I tell you. No noise! that is the chief thing. There must be no noise!"

The children all promised very solemnly, and even closed round her with great eyes uplifted to ask in hushed tones of awe, as if he had been dead, how papa was? The house altogether was strangely subdued all at once, as if the illness had already lasted for weeks. The drawing-room became a shut up, uninhabited place, where Rose only entered now and then to answer the enquiries of some anxious parishioners not too frightened to come and ask how the Rector was. The tide of life, of interest, of occupation, all flowed towards the sick room — everything centred in it. After a few days it would have seemed as unnatural to Rose to have gone out to the lawn, as it was at first to sit in the little ante-room, into which her father's room opened, waiting to receive her mother's commissions, to do anything she might want of her. A few days sufficed to make established habits of all these new circumstances of life. Mr. Damerel was not a bad patient. He was a little angry and annoyed when he found what his illness was, taking it for granted, as so many people did, that he had taken it from Susan Aikin. "I wish Providence had directed me anywhere else than to that cottage door at that particular moment," he said, half ruefully, half indignantly, "and put me in the way of that fanatic Nolan, who can stand everything. I knew my constitution was very different. Never mind, it was not *your* fault, Martha; and he is a good fellow. I must try to push him on. I will write to the Bishop about him when I get well."

These were heavenly dispositions, as the reader will perceive. He was a very good patient, grateful to his nurses, cheerful in his demeanour, making the best of the long struggle he had embarked upon — indeed, few people could have rallied more bravely from the first shock and discouragement, or composed themselves more courageously to fill the first position which was forced upon him, and discharge all its duties such as they were. His illness came on not violently, but in the leisurely, quiet way which so often distinguishes a disease which is meant to last long. He was ill, but not very ill, on the fourth day, descending into depths of it, but going very quietly, and retaining his self-command and cheerfulness. The particular day, on which he was a little worse than he had been before, was mild and rainy and warm, very unlike the wonderful blaze of summer which had preceded it. Rose sat by the open window of the little ante-room which was now her general position. The rain fell softly outside with a subdued perpetual sound, pattering upon the leaves. The whole atmosphere was full of this soft patter. The door of the sick room was ajar, and now and then Rose heard her father move in the restlessness of his illness, or utter a low little moan of suffering, or speak to Mrs. Damerel, who was with him. Everything was hushed downstairs; and the subdued stirring of the rain outside, and the sounds of the sick room within, were all that Rose could hear. She had a book in her hand, and

Digitized by Google

read now and then; but she had come for the first time to that point in life when one's own musings are as interesting as any story, and often the book dropped on her lap, and she did nothing but think. She thought it was thinking, but I fancy that dreaming was more like it. Poor Rose! her dreaming was run through by sombre threads, and there was one shadow of wondering doubt and suspicion mingled in it. As she sat thus, one of the maids came softly to the door to say that Mrs. Wodehouse and her son were in the drawing-room, and would she tell Mrs. Damerel? Rose's heart gave a sudden leap; she hesitated a moment whether she should not run down without saying anything to her mother, as it was she, up to this moment, who had answered all enquiries; but the habit of dependence prevailed over this one eager throb of nature. She stole into the sick-room under shade of the curtains, and gave her message. The answer had invariably been, "Go you, Rose, and tell them I am very sorry, but I cannot leave your papa." She expected to hear the same words again, and stood, half turned to the door, ready, when authorized, to rush down-stairs, with her heart already throbbing, and nature preparing in her for a crisis.

"What is it?" said the patient, drowsily.

"It is Edward Wodehouse come to say good-bye," answered his wife. "Herbert, can you do without me for a moment? I ought to go."

"Yes; go, go; Rose will stay with me instead," said Mr. Damerel. He put out his hot hand and drew the girl towards him, who almost resisted, so stupefied was she. "Do not be long, Martha," he said to his wife; and before Rose could realize what had happened she found herself in her mother's chair, seated in the shaded stillness near the sick-bed, while Mrs. Damerel's step going softly along the passage outside testified to the bewildering fact that it was she who was to receive the visitors. It was so sudden, so totally different from her expectations, so cruel a disappointment to her, that the girl sat motionless, struck dumb, counting the soft fall of her mother's steps, in the stupor that fell upon her. Her father said something, but she had not the heart to answer. It seemed incredible, impossible. After ten minutes or so, which seemed to Rose so many hours, during which she continued to sit dumb, listening to her father's stirrings in his restless bed and the pattering of the rain, the same maid came to the door again and handed in a little scrap of paper folded like a note. She opened it mechanically. It was from Mrs. Wodehouse. "Dear Rose, dearest Rose, come and bid my boy good-bye, if it is only for a moment," it said. She put it down on the table, and rose up and looked at her father. "If only for a moment,"—he was not so ill that any harm could happen to him if he were left for a moment. He did not look ill at all, as he lay there with his eyes closed. Was he asleep?—and surely, surely for that moment she might go!

While she looked at him, her heart beating wildly, and something singing and throbbing in her ears, he opened his eyes. "What is it?" he said.

"It is—oh, papa! may I go for one moment—only for a moment—I should come back directly; to bid—poor—Mr. Wodehouse good-bye?"

"What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" said the Rector, with perhaps unintentional profaneness, smiling at her a smile which seemed to make Rose wild. He put out his hand again and took hers. "Never mind poor Mr. Wodehouse," he said; "he will get on very well without you. Stay with me, my Rose in June; to see you thus does me good."

"I should only stay one moment." Her heart beat so that it almost stifled her voice.

"No, my darling," he said, coaxingly; "stay with me."

And he held her hand fast. Rose stood gazing at him with a kind of desperation till he closed his eyes again, holding her tightly by the wrist. I think even then she made a little movement to get free—a movement balked by the closer clasping of his feverish fingers. Then she sat down suddenly on her mother's chair. The pulsations were in her ears like great roars of sound coming and going. "Very well, papa," she said, with a stifled voice.

I do not know how long it was before she heard steps below, for her senses were preternaturally quickened—and then the sound of the hall door closed, and then the rain again, as if nothing had happened. What had happened? Nothing, indeed, except that Mrs. Damerel herself had seen the visitors, which was a great compliment to them, as she never left her husband's side. By-and-by her soft steps came back again, approaching

Digitized by Google

gradually up the stairs and the long corridor. The sound of them fell upon Rose's heart — was it all over then? ended forever? Then her mother came in, calm and composed, and relieved her. She did not even look at Rose, as if there were anything out of the ordinary in this very simple proceeding. She told her husband quietly that she had said good-bye to young Wodehouse; that he was going early next morning; that she was very sorry for his poor mother. "Yes, my dear; but if mothers were always to be considered, sons would never do anything. Mayn't I have something to drink?" said the patient: and thus the subject was dismissed at once and forever.

"Go and see if Mary has made some fresh lemonade," said Mrs. Damerel. Rose obeyed mechanically. The pulses were still beating so that her blood seemed like the tide at sea beating upon a broad beach, echoing hollow and wild in huge rolling waves. She went down-stairs like one in a dream and got the lemonade and carried it back again, hearing her own steps as she had heard her mother's. When this piece of business was over, and Rose found herself again in the little ante-room, all alone, with nothing but the sound of the rain to fill up the silence, and the great waves of sound in her ears beginning to die into moans and dreary sobbing echoes, what can I say of her feelings? Was it possible that all was over and ended — that she would never more see him again — that he was gone without even a good-bye? It was not only incredible to her, but it was intolerable; must she bear it? She could not bear it; yet she must. She stood at the window and looked out, and the bluish-grey world and the falling rain looked in at Rose, and no other sound came to console the aching in her heart. He was gone, and there was no hope that he would come back; and she could not, dared not, go to him. The evening went on while she sat in this train of excited feelings, wondering whether the anguish in her heart would not call for an answer somehow, and unable to believe that neither God nor man would interfere. When it was dark she broke forth from all control, and left her post, as she could not do when leaving it was of any use; but there is a point at which the intolerable cannot be borne any longer. She put a blue waterproof cloak on her, and went out into the rain and the dark; but what was poor Rose to do, even when her pain became past bearing? She strayed round the dark lawn, and looked, but in vain, for the lights of the cottage at Ankerwyke; and then she ventured to the gate, and stood there looking out helpless and wistful. But no good angel whispered to Edward Wodehouse, heartsore and wounded, what poor little watcher there was looking helplessly, piteously out upon the little gulf of distance which separated them as much as continents and oceans could have done. He was packing for his early journey, and she, poor maiden soul, could not go to him, nor would the cry of her heart reach him. When she had waited there a while, she went in again, speechless and heartbroken, feeling indeed that all was over, and that neither light nor happiness would ever return to her more.

Poor child! I don't think it occurred to her to blame those who had done it, or even to ask herself whether they knew what they were doing. Perhaps she did not believe that they had done it willingly. I do not think she asked herself any question on the subject. She had to bear it, and she could not bear it. Her mind was capable of little more.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE PHILOLOGY OF SLANG.

SLANG, despised and ignored till lately by the lexicographers, is a genuine and influential branch of speech. It is one of the feeders of what may be called standard language, which with little scruple adopts and adapts the words it happens to want, whether from the technical terms of shopmen and artisans, or out of the quainter vocabularies of costermongers and prize-fighters, schoolboys and fops. This practical importance entitles it to be treated linguistically, like any other working dialect. Nor is its theoretical value inconsiderable to the student. Like other dialects, slang is developed according to the general laws of language, and very striking are some of its illustrations of those laws. Many a philological hint may be gleaned from the talk of factories and stables, music-halls and thieves' kitchens and pawnbrokers' shops, which would be more hardly sought from the super-refined English of the schoolroom. My present task, *experimentum in corpore vili*, is to choose a few typical examples out of the

Digitized by Google

multitude of slang words in the published vocabularies,* and to treat them etymologically in groups, so as to display in each group a philosophical principle, or the operation of a common cause.

Like other dialects, slang increases its store of words by formation at home and adoption from abroad. Looking at its newly-created words first, we shall meet with good cases of a principle which it is really worth while to impress on English philologists — namely, that English is a language in a freely growing state, and capable of adding to itself by almost any process found in any language of the whole world, old or new. Thus, taking examples only from slang, we find operating in modern as in præ-historic ages that elementary process of language, the use of direct imitations of sound to form grammatical words (namely, substantives, adjectives, adverbs, and even full verb-roots). Such are *chink* for money, *hubble-bubble* for a hookah, to *hum and haw* for to hesitate, to *te-he* for to titter ("upon this I *te-he'd*," writes Madame d'Arblay), and *tantwivy*, an imitation of the hunter's horn, used to mean at full speed ("Away they went *tantwivy*"). There are also good cases of this modern primitive speech to be found in the French *argot*. A puppet is there called a *bouisbouis*, which imitates the well-known squeak of the Punch-and-Judy man. An omnibus is called an *aie-aie*, from the shout which hails it, like the old French term *hay-hay*, the fine levied on those who disturbed the public peace by an outcry in the night. How long ago the natural interjection *fi! fi!* became an adjective, may be seen in the name of "maistre *fifi*" given to the scavengers in an official ordinance of 1350, "De l'estat des vuidangeurs appellez maistres FIFI." The next stage in the origin of language is also represented by slang, where it takes from ordinary speech words which are direct imitations of sound, and turns them to fresh use; thus comes the verb to *fie-fie* — *i.e.* to scold; to *puff*, in the sense of advertising; such terms as *bang*-up, *bang*-full; or such a noun as *ticker* for a watch (French *tocquante*).

The abbreviation or contraction of words, a most effective agent in the development of language, is to be seen at its best in slang. Thus *cab* from *cabriolet*, *bus* from *omnibus*, *mob* from *mobile*, "the fickle crowd," were originally slang formations, in which primary stage a mass of others remain waiting their promotion; *cure* for *curiosity*, *tench* for *penitentiary*, *sal* for *salary*, *rad* for *radical*, *rit* for *ritualist*, &c. So in French, *démoc*, *soc*, *réac*, are short for three kind of politicians, while *es* and *jar* stand for *escroc* and *jargon*. North American Indians, or Tatars, can hardly run a sentence into a word more polysynthetically than we can, as witness the names of the *hugmeclose*, which is a fowl's merrythought; the game of *knockemdowns* played at fairs and races; the fly-papers which street-boys sell under the name of *catchemalivos*, and that general category of things known as *whatdyecallems*. It is true that, as to this class of words, our language is much governed by what Dr. Latham aptly calls printer's philology. By a liberal use of hyphens and apostrophes, the printer does in a measure succeed in preventing the full agglutination of such compounds as the above, type thus setting asunder what speech has joined together. So in French, the humorous compound word for an old clothes' shop, a *décroche-moi-ça*, is cut up by hyphens. But some similar formations are left whole, such as *castus* for a hospital, from the doctor's first question, *Qu'as tu?* So the name by which Franz Schubert, the composer, went among his companions was "Kanevas," because of his habit of asking, when he met a man for the first time, "Kann er 'was?" — "What can he do?" Indeed, various words of the same class have come into polite language without being vivisected; such as *affaire*, *affair* (though we divide the English equivalent word, a *to-do*); Italian *saltimbanco*, *montimbanco*, whence French *saltimbanque*, English *mountebank* — that is, simply a "mount-on-the-bench." As if in facetious rivalry of the old Semitic type of language, slang shows an absurd desire to vary its internal vowels. The Winchester schoolboy feels bound in honour to adopt the traditional school dialect, which indeed forms part of the now famous *notions* he must come up for examination in, on pain of *tunding*; one great rule of this jargon is to mispronounce vowels, to call a *twist*-marked stick a *twoster*, a *tallow*-candle a

* Among the special dictionaries of Slang here used, are Mr. J. C. Hotten's "Slang Dictionary," (London, 1865); New Ed. 1874 (Chatto and Windus); Captain Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" (London, 1785, and recently reprinted); and Mons. Francisque-Michel's "Etudes de Philologie comparée sur l'Argot" (Paris, 1856). There are many slang words in Mr. J. O. Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words" (4th ed., London, 1860); Dr. A. Hoppe's "Englisch-Deutsches Supplement Lexikon" (Berlin, 1871); Mr. J. R. Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms" (Boston, 1859); and Prof. Schele de Vere's "Americanisms" (New York, 1872).

Digitized by Google

tolly, a *chance* a *chintz*, to *sweat* (in the sense of hard work at lessons) to *swot*, and an *umbrella*, a *brolly*. (The two last have even strayed beyond the college precincts, and been taken up into the general *copia verborum* of English slang.) As for the old English "strong perfect," the tendency of common English to fall away from it has been met by a contrary tendency in slang, especially of the American school, to revive and imitate it: so that while common folks will say *heaved* and *laughed*, rather than *hove* and *lugh*, the facetious classes find an evident pleasure in remarking that it *snew* hard, that the preacher *praught* full forty minutes, or the young man *arrove* and *squoze* tenderly his beloved's hand. Lastly, as might be expected, slang shows examples of difficult or unfamiliar words being altered into shapes better suited to the vulgar ear. Some of these come down to the stupidest jingles, such as *nine shillings* for *nonchalance*, or *jemmy-john* for *demijohn*, a large wicker-cased bottle, as though this word had not suffered enough already in its transition from Arabic *damagan*, itself taken from the Persian glass-making town of *Damaghan*. Some of these altered words, however, are fitted to new sense, with a touch of humour; such are *have-his-carcase* for *habeas corpus*, and *roratorios* and *uproars* for *oratorios* and *operas*.

In slang, however, as in other dialects, increase is comparatively seldom made by such new creation and altering of words as have just been instanced. The hundredfold more effective means is to take ready-made words and adapt them skilfully to new ideas. For this end, slang uses freely the grammatical devices of general language. To describe a horse as a *prauncer* (a *prigger* of *prauncers* is old thieves' cant for a horse-stealer); a foot as a *trotter* (French, *trottin*); a feather as a *volante;* a biscuit as a *cassant* (like the modern American *cracker*); and the earth as the *produisante*, shows a kind of verbal formation quite after the manner of the Sanskrit dictionary. The converse formation in English is even more instructive, as carrying our minds back to a primitive state of language in which there was little distinction between parts of speech, and any word could be conjugated; for instance, to *knife* is to stab; to *fork out* was originally a kind of pocket-picking by sticking in two straight fingers forkwise; to be *cornered* is to be hemmed in a corner; to be *fullied* is to be fully committed for trial; to be *county-courted* is to be *summoned*, or to use the exactly descriptive slang term, *summonsed*, *i.e.* served with a *summons* in the *County Court*. Some of the slang adjective-substantives are well-chosen: a *hardy* for a stone, a *flimsy* for a banknote, *milky ones* for white linen rags; French *dure* for iron, *basse* for the earth, *curieux* for a judge, and *incommode* for a lantern; Italian *dannoso* (the dangerous) for the tongue, *divoti* (the devout ones) for the knees, *perpetua* (the everlasting) for the soul. Thence we come to trope and metaphor, which slang uses much, and often with fair skill. Of course, the case is one of "natural selection." Burlesque-writers and thimble-riggers, the chaff-grinders of the club smoking-room and the cab-stand, are forever at work on new epithets and similes; but the percentage of such that even slang will accept and give currency to is infinitesimal — not one success to a thousand failures. The public is, on the whole, no bad judge of point and humour; and the word or phrase which it thus admits to public life is apt to have its little merits. No one without an ear for a joke would have given to that dirty fluff which gathers on undusted furniture the names of *beggar's velvet* or *slut's wool;* would have described a rogue set on high in the pillory as an *overseer*, and slave-trading as *blackbird-catching;* would have applied the expressive term of *horse-godmother* to "a large masculine woman, a gentlemanlike kind of a lady;" would have named a publican an *ale-draper* or a *beggarmaker*, or solemnly entitled a pack of cards "*The History of the Four Kings; or, Child's Best Guide to the Gallows.*" There is something neat in the use of the word *granny*, to signify conceit of superior knowledge and importance, as in the remark quoted by Mayhew, "to take the *granny* off them as has white hands." Any one who has watched the tiny girls sent on errands in city streets, stretching up on tiptoe to reach a knocker high above their heads, will appreciate the term "*up to the knocker*," as describing one well up to his work, or dressed out in the height of fashion. A man is said to marry for *love* who has no fortune with his wife; and in this way the word *love* has come to be equivalent to "nothing." Not only is the phrase used "to play for *love*," but the billiard-marker reckons by it as a numeral in scoring the game, five-*love*, eight-*love*, &c. It was butcher's slang to call the heart, liver, and lights the *pluck*, as being *plucked* out together;

Digitized by Google

then courage came to be called *pluck*, till now everybody talks of *pluck* and *plucky;* and why not indeed?—for they have as good a right to exist as *heart* and *hearty*. There is no need to explain why to *peel* means to strip, why a *'tater trap* is a mouth, why to be *floored* or *gravelled* (French *terrassé*) is to be knocked down metaphorically as well as materially, to die in a *horse's nightcap* is to be hanged, and to be *planted* by the parson is to be buried. A policeman being called a *blue bottle*, by mere inversion a blue-bottle receives the name of a *policeman*. A crown and a half-crown are known among London cabmen as a *hind-wheel* and a *fore-wheel*, as in Paris a *roue de derrière* and a *roue de devant* are a 5f. and a 2f. piece; so the name of *red rag* for the tongue is French *chiffon rouge*, and "balancer le *chiffon rouge*" is to talk; the French give the name of *accroche-cœur* to the hook-like little curl which Germans call a *bubenträtzerlein*, and English a *beau-catcher*. There is a whole sarcastic homily implied in calling a finger-post by the wayside a *parson*, in that he showeth other men the way they should go, but goeth not himself. Slang is hard on the parson in various ways. He is known as a *devil-driver* or *devil-scolder*, otherwise as the *ungrateful man*, inasmuch as once a week, at least, he abuses his best benefactor, the Devil.

The record of time-honoured jests preserved in Slang Dictionaries must sometimes interfere with good stories of more modern date. Thus with the following famous passage in Carlyle's "Life of Sterling:"—"I have heard one trait of Sterling's eloquence, which survived on the wings of grinning rumour, and had evidently borne upon Church Conservatism in some form: 'Have they not?'—or, perhaps it was, 'Has she (the Church) not'—'a black dragoon in every parish, on good pay and rations, horse-meat and man's meat, to patrol and battle for these things?'" Very likely, as Carlyle says, the *black dragoon* "naturally at the moment ruffled the general young imagination into stormy laughter;" but the joke was somewhat elderly, for in Grose's Dictionary, long before Sterling was born, "a review of the *black cuirassiers*" is set down as slang for a visitation of the clergy. The same classical authority (its date is 1785) sets down *Turkey merchant* as slang for a poulterer. I must leave it to more precise antiquaries to settle the question whether the story can be true that Horne Tooke (who was born in 1736) made this joke for the first time when he went to school, and the Eton boys asked him the awful social question, "What's your father?"

It used to be a common habit of etymologists, when a word was troublesome, to alter it a little, so as to put sense into it—to do, in fact, with scientific pretension just what we have noticed the costermongers doing for colloquial purposes. One of these clever scholars (the great mistake of philologists lies in being too clever) was puzzled that a *Welsh rabbit* should mean a piece of toasted cheese, so he decided that it must be a corruption of *Welsh rare-bit*. The public believed him, and took to spelling it accordingly, so that even now the best edition of Webster's Dictionary (Bell and Daldy's) gives it as "properly *Welsh rare-bit*." Now, the whole of this is stuff and nonsense; the very name *rare-bit* is a fiction, and *Welsh rabbit* is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large group which describe in the same humorous way the special dish or product or peculiarity of a particular district. For examples: an *Essex stile* is a ditch, and an *Essex lion* a calf; a *Field-lane duck* is a baked sheep's head; *Glasgow magistrates*, or *Gourock hams*, or *Norfolk capons*, are red herrings; *Irish apricots* or *Munster plums* are potatoes; *Gravesend sweetmeats* are shrimps; and a *Jerusalem pony* is a donkey.

Puns produce odd new terms, as when the old hangman's machinery of cart and ladder was superseded by the "drop," and the appreciating crowd spoke of its being *autumn* with the criminal, meaning the *fall of the leaf;* or, to take a pleasanter instance, when a vamped-up old shoe came to be called in France a *dix-huit*, as being *deux fois neuf*. The slang-dealer likes wrapping up his meaning in a joke for his customer to unwrap, generally finding something unpleasant inside. You want your money back from him, and he offers a *draught* on Aldgate pump; you confess yourself a fool for trusting him, and he blandly recommends you to go to Battersea (famous for its herb-gardens) to have your *simples* cut. Puns on names of places are a class by themselves. To be off to *Bedfordshire* or to the *Scilly* Isles requires no explanation; a *Greenlander* is a novice, and to have a holiday at *Peckham* is to go without your dinner. Just so in France, "aller à *Versailles*" is to be upset, a dunce has "fait son cours à *Asnières;*" and it is a recognized hint of sending a man about his business to

Digitized by Google

promise him a prebend in the Abbey of *Vatan*. Not to dwell on this rather poor stuff, we may look next to the relics of history in slang words which have their origin in the name of some person or place, or carry the record of some event, custom, or idea.

Some of these historical derivations are modern and familiar, such as the names of the *bobby* or *peeler*, or the phrase of *burking* an unpleasant subject. It is not so generally known that there was a General *Martinet*, who left his name to other strict disciplinarians; that the iron door or blower of a stove used to be called a *sacheverel*, after the famous blower of the coals of dissension in Queen Anne's time; that the spotted blue and white neckerchief still called a *belcher* bears the name of a famous prize-fighter; and that the hoisting apparatus called a *derrick*, which ship-builders use in masting vessels, is so styled from a noted hangman, named *Derrick*, the Calcraft of the seventeenth century, whose name passed to this gallows-like machine. The vagrant's word *bastille* for a union workhouse; the common name of *Billingsgate* for foul language; and the verb to *chivey*, from the boys' game of *Chevy* Chase, are pieces of obvious history. Others are not so obvious. Thus the thieves' jargon, which describes people in church as "*hums* in the autem," belongs perhaps to the days when the congregation still applauded a favourite preacher with a *hum*; "the *devil to pay*, and no pitch hot" is not the sheer nonsense landsmen make of it, for it applies to a certain seam called by sailors the "devil" for its awkwardness to caulk; the word *cocksky* keeps up a record of the once popular sport of throwing with cudgels at live cocks; and *cock-and-bull-story*, a term now applied to any silly rambling tale, illustrates the contempt which fell on the ancient beast-fables, the very delight of mankind in the lower grades of civilization all round the globe. Many words of this class, had not their origin been noted down by people who happened to know them, might have remained in language thenceforth as undecipherable mysteries. No doubt there are such historical words with lost origins in all languages, which consideration may serve to warn philologists against their besetting sin of expecting to find the etymology of everything.

The purists, conservators of English undefiled, do their best to keep out of the language of literature and polite society the low-lived words which slang brings forth. With praiseworthy sternness they elbow back these linguistic pariahs, when they come up from their native gutter to struggle for a footing among the respectabilities of the pavement. Yet some of the low-bred intruders are strong enough to hold their own, while tolerance on easier terms is given to the technicalities of trades and crafts, and the made-up words of fashionable chit-chat. Thus *donkey*, *conundrum*, *fun*, now unquestioned English, made their first appearance as slang; though how they came into existence there, no etymologist has proved for certain. There is no such doubt about *drag*, now the regular name of a well-appointed private coach-and-four; it was a cant term, quite intelligible as such, for a cart or carriage; and *dragsmen* were a class of thieves who followed carriages to cut away luggage from behind. From the wretches who made a trade of stealing children, polite society has adopted their cant word to *kidnap* — *i.e.* to *nab kids*; the verb to *knab* or *nab*, to snatch, is good provincial English, borrowed by the canting crew; but *kid* for child may possibly be a term of their own devising. Not long since, to take another pair of examples, it was as "slangy" to speak of a *tie* as it now is to speak of a *choker*. Even the word *drawers* was originally cant, meaning long stockings. Curiously enough, words analogous to this last are found as cant terms in other countries. Thus in the Argot (cant or slang) of France, we find *tirant*, "stocking," and *tirantes*, "breeches," these latter being in like manner called *tirante* in the Furbesco (thieves' jargon) of Italy. Thus, in French as in English, the same word adapted itself to both the breeches or "haut-de-chausses," and the stockings or "bas-de-chausses," which are now for shortness called "bas." But whereas the English term *drawers* was taken up by the hosiers, and made its way into ordinary language, the corresponding French and Italian words were never admitted into society, but were left in the slang vocabularies, to which they originally belonged. When once such a slang word fairly makes its way into the authorized *copia verborum*, it may stay forever and a day. Naturally, however, most newly-coined terms gain but a local and temporary currency, and soon fall out of circulation. What Captain Grose says in his Preface is quite true, that favourite expressions of the day, "as they generally origi-

Digitized by Google

nate from some trifling event, or temporary circumstance, on falling into disuse, or being superseded by new ones, vanish without leaving a trace behind." But it is not so easy for a contemporary to *spot* (by the way, this neat verb of the billiard-room is wanted in standard English, and will probably hold its own there) the words which will keep their place. In fact, three out of Grose's four examples prove not the transient, but the permament nature of slang formations. He goes on to say, "Such were the late fashionable words, a Bore and a Twaddle, among the great vulgar, Macaroni and the Barber, among the small." It appears that, much as in our time slang-mongers have been apt to express approval by the phrases "that's the *thing*, or the *cheese*," so a century ago they used to say "that's the *barber*;" this silly phrase has certainly been forgotten — no great loss. But, on the other hand, the name of *macaroni*, as denoting a fop, is by no means a silly word. Grose says it "arose from a club called the *Macaroni* Club, instituted by some of the most dressy travelled gentlemen about town." So far so good, but can we trust the authority for this neat piece of etymology? Grose, with his antiquarian tastes, his keen sense of humour and his blunt sense of decency, was cut out to be the lexicographer of all vagabonds and roysterers. He was that same "fine, fat, fodgel wight" of whose visit to Scotland his boon companion Burns warned his countrymen: —

> A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
> And, faith, he'll prent it!

But burly Grose printed some highly imaginative etymologies for his slang words. Granting the existence of his "*Macaroni* Club," it may have had its name from the very meaning of fop or coxcomb which he derives from it. It appears from a remark of the sober Archdeacon Nares, that the Italianized form *macaroni* did come into use in England, between 1700 and 1750, but *macaroon* was in use long before, not only as meaning a delicate cake but a delicate coxcomb; it occurs in an elegy on Donne, who died in 1631: —

> . . . a *macaroon*,
> And no way fit to speak to clouted shoon.

Anyhow, the word *macaroni* proves the prevalence of Italian fashion in England at the time it was introduced. Thus the word carries its bit of history about with it; and if it ever falls out of common English, it will at least remain fossil in the song of "Yankee Doodle" —

> They stuck a feather in his cap,
> And called him *macaroni*.

As for the word *bore*, it is now established in English, root and branch, verb and noun, and its earliest definition carries its etymology — "a tedious, troublesome man or woman, one who *bores* the ears of his hearers with an uninteresting tale." At first, *twaddle* seems to have meant more nearly the same as "bore" than it now does; but it has long since settled down as one of a group, to express a special kind of talk rather "slower" than *twattle*, and rather less mischievous than *tattle*.

Many a word whose antiquity is proved by its place in literature, or the almost equal testimony from its diffusion in provincial dialects, finds a home for its old age, and sometimes a renewal of its youth, in the Slang Dictionary. This is the case with the verb to *lift* in its old sense of to steal; it has died out of modern talk, and is chiefly known to polite society through tales of the extinct race of Border heroes, who *lifted* droves of cattle. But modern town-thieves retain it in their jargon. According to Hotten, "There's a clock been *lifted*" means that a watch has been stolen. Out of this thieves' slang the word found its way back into common language in the term *shoplifting* — *i.e.* stealing from the counter on pretence of buying.*

To *tout* is a good old word meaning to pry, peep, look out; in old days a man would *tote* in at a tavern, or *toot* for birds in bushes; then it came to be applied specially to the men sent by tradesmen or innkeepers to look out for customers on the high-road; and thus it has sunk to slang. Halliwell sets down the word *tommy*, meaning provisions, as belonging to various dialects. It is now current among the "navvy" class in general, and seems to belong especially to the Irish. A year or so ago, one Hugh Hagan knocked an illegitimate child on the head with a wooden balk, he having told his mother before he killed it, "The child ought not to live, as it is eating good children's *tommy*." Hence we have the name of an institution righteously abhorred by political economists, the store belonging to an employer where his work-

* Another slang form, to *clift*, is remarkable as keeping the initial guttural, as in Gothic *hlifan*, to steal; *hliftus*, thief; Greek, κλέπτο, κλέπτης.

Digitized by Google

men must take out part of their earnings in kind, especially in *tommy* or food, whence the name of *tommy-shop*.* Again, the clown who declares, "That's a *swinging* lie," and the pleader who demands for his client most "exemplary and *swingeing* damages," are using what is now a slang term carrying a good powerful sound with it, but which they would probably be puzzled to explain the precise sense of. This sense is, really, what modern slang would convey by "a *whopping* lie," "*whacking* damages," for *swinging* or *swingeing* or *swinjin* (the last two forms give the proper pronunciation) is the participle of the old English verb to *swinge*, — *i.e.* to beat soundly: —

An often dede him sore *swinge*.

For a last example of this antiquarian group, were it not for the slang word *cockney*, we should almost forget the wondrous land of *Cokaygne*, French *Cocagne*, Italian *Cuccagna*, so called because its very houses were roofed with *cakes* (a cake is called in Catalan *coca*; in Picardy, *couque*; in Germany, *kuchen*; in Scotland and America, *cookie*, — all from the Latin *coquere*). Under heaven was no such land as Cocaigne, where there was choice meat and drink for every one and welcome, where there was no night and no bad weather, and nobody quarrelled and nobody died, and they all lived happy ever after. The following lines, quoted in Mr. Thomas Wright's "St. Patrick's Purgatory," describe the peculiar architecture to which Cocaigne owes its name: —

Ther is a wel fair abbei
Of white monkes and of grei.
Ther beth bowris and halles:
Al of pasteiis beth the walles,
Of fleis, of fisse, and rich met,
The likfullist that man mai et;
Fluren cakes beth the schingles alle,
Of cherche, cloister, boure, and halle:
The pinnes beth fat podinges,
Rich met to princez and kinges.

In our time, the term "Land of Cakes" has been shifted to mean Scotland, and to commemorate oat-cake; but in old days it was in London that the wondering natives of the English shires localized the city of the *cockneys*, the Lubberland of Old England — that famous but ever-distant region where the larks, done to a turn, fly into one's mouth, and the little pigs run about ready roasted, and crying "Come eat me!" A *cockney* is now considered to mean a walled-in kind of *cit*, of narrow ideas and wide conceit. Not long since, I was present at a lecture where the orator, commenting on certain opinions of mine, accused me by implication of the curiously combined offences of "scientific philistinism and cockney impudence."

Among the non-English languages whence slang has drawn words, the Keltic dialects of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland have the first place by right of our common nationality. The Keltic element is not extraordinarily strong in the Slang Dictionary, but it is well marked, and every word of it sets before the historian's eye a lively picture of the meeting of Kelt and Saxon. Thus *bother* seems to me most likely a Keltic word, the original signification of which may be seen in the Welsh root *byddar*, Irish and Gaelic *bodhair*, to deafen; thus, in the latter idiom, "Na *bodhair* mi le d' dhrabhluinn" — "Don't deafen me with your nonsense!" This first sense is almost lost in modern English, where *bother* has come to mean to tease, annoy, perplex; but examples from the last century show that it was plain enough then. Grose's absurd etymology of it, as being *both ear'd* — that is, talked to by two people at once — at any rate proves that the old sense was not yet forgotten in his day; and this is no less evident in Swift's lines about an ear-trumpet: —

With the din of which tube my head you so *bother*,
That I scarce can distinguish my right ear from t'other!

The word *galore* sounds picturesque to English ears, as in the line of Dibdin's sea-song, "I'll soon get togs *galore*;" but it comes down again to plain prose when traced to its origin in Irish *go leor* — *i.e.* enough. The verb to *twig* conveys to our ears a comic notion of 'cuteness and spryness, as in the classical example where Mr. Pickwick is made aware that Dodson and Fogg's clerks are inspecting him over the screen — "'They're a *twiggin'* of you, sir,' whispered Mr. Weller." The word seems to have got into English through the ugliest kind of jargon, as in this choice morsel of thieves' cant, "*twig* the cull, he's peery" — *i.e.* "observe the fellow, he is watching." But there is nothing really roguish about the word, if, as I am disposed to think, it is merely the Irish and Gaelic verb *tuig*, to discern or perceive. Two Keltic words, lastly, have

* If the word is Keltic, it may belong to Irish *tiomallaim*, I eat, *tiomaltas*, eatables.

Digitized by Google

become slang terms, and then good English, to denote peculiar kinds of speech. The Irish *brog*, "a sort of shoe made of the rough hide of any beast, commonly used by the wilder Irish," came into England first with its proper meaning of a rough shoe or *brogue;* afterwards, by a quaint turn of metaphor, an Irishman's *brogue* came to signify his way of talking English. The other word, *cant*, has been curiously mystified by the etymologists, much too ingenious to work out a plain piece of history. The dictionaries (till Wedgwood's) derive it by corruption from the beggars' *chaunt* or whine, although this is not in the least what beggars mean by *canting* — what they mean by it is to talk jargon among themselves, which is as different a thing as may be. In fact, to *cante* was known in the sixteenth century as a rogue's word meaning to speak, and as such it has its natural origin in Keltic dialect; Irish *caint*, speech, language, vulg. "cant;" Gaelic *cainnt*, language, dialect. From meaning among vagabonds to speak, the word came naturally to the sense of speaking as vagabonds do — that is, in rogues' slang. As naturally, but long afterwards, *cant* took the sense in which we oftenest use it, that of any peculiar jargon, and especially that of sham holiness and windy philanthropy.*

The stream of French which has poured into English ever since the Norman Conquest has drifted some curious words into our mediæval and modern slang. We still hear used at cards and dice the French numerals which our gamesters borrowed so many ages since: — *ace*, *deuce*, *tray*, *cater*, *cinque*, *size*. It used to be an accepted way of "chaffing" a glazier to call him a *quarrel-picker;* but a modern Englishman, to understand the joke, must go back in memory to the time when the French word for a *carreau*, or square of glass, still remained in its older form *quarrel*, in which form we borrowed it. The word *vamp* was at first a slang word, and even in Grose's time it meant, in general, to refit or rub up old hats, shoes, &c.; while after this is added "likewise to put new feet to old boots." It is to this latter meaning that the curious French origin of the word really belongs, as is proved in Mr. Wedgwood's Dictionary, by the definition from Palsgrave — "*vampey* of a hose, *avant pied*." Thus, *vamp* meant at first the upper leather of a shoe; and to *vamp* was a special cobbler's word for putting new "uppers," as they say; thence, in course of time, it became a recognized dictionary word, meaning to furbish up anything. Captain Grose put on record several French words which belonged to the slang of his time, but have dropped out since. Such are *nysey*, a simpleton, French *niais*, which pretty word originally meant an unfledged nestling (from Latin *nidus*); also the unsavoury word *hogo* for the smell of tainted meat — "It has a confounded *hogo*" (Fr. *haut goût*). Other words have kept their place: thus shamming sickness is still known in London hospitals as *malingering* (Fr. *malingre*); and *savey* (Fr. *savez*) is current both as verb and noun — "Do you *savey* that?" — "He has plenty of *savey*."

Considering how strong was the influence of Italian fashions in mediæval England, one wonders to find but two Italian words in Harman's Vocabulary of English Slang in the 16th century. One is worth mention, *commission*, a shirt — an amusingly Anglicized form of Italian *camicia*, thus mentioned by Taylor, the water poet, in 1630: —

As from our beds we doe oft caste our eyes,
Cleane linnen yeelds a shirt before we rise,
Which is a garment shifting in condition;
And in the canting tongue is a *commission*.

In modern slang, this is cut down to *mish*. English thus has in the cant word *commission*, and the polite term *chemise*, both the Italian and French forms of Low Latin *camisa* or *camisia*, which in the course of its history has also stood for a soldier's linen garment, a linen night-gown, a priest's alb, and the cover of a book. Of late years, however, the invading swarms of Italian image-sellers and organ-grinders have made their language so familiar to the English streets, that Mr. Hotten has been able to collect a curious list of words, whose Italian nature is disguised under outlandish spelling and the phonetic habits of our native costermongers, tramps, and thieves. Thus the *omey* of the *cassey* is the man

* A third word might probably be added to these two — viz. French *baragouin* = unintelligible jargon, Dutch *bargoensch* = slang, English Slang *barricane*, *barrikin*, as when costermongers will say, confessing themselves "floored" by phrases beyond their comprehension — "we can't tumble to that *barrikin*." Diez, and Littré after him, derive *baragouin* from the words *bara*, *gwin*, meaning in Breton bread and wine, and so often heard in Breton mouths as to become a French term for talking Breton ("*Baragouinez*, guas de basse Bretagne"), and thence for any jargon. But neither Diez nor Littré seem to be aware (though Pott is) of the Gaelic *beargna* = the vernacular language of a place, which may indicate a Keltic origin for the whole group, and that a less far-fetched one than the bread-and-wine story.

Digitized by Google

of the house (*uomo* della *casa*); a baker's shop is a *mungarly casa*, properly an eating-house (*mangiare*); to *voker* is to talk (*vocare*); *catever* or *kertever* is bad (*cattivo*). This latter word corresponds with our French form *caitiff*, so that we have in English three derivatives, two of them curiously shifted in signification, from Latin *captivus*, *captive*. But the most remarkable instance of Italian influence on our language is the adaption among London street folk of a set of Italian numerals wherewith to count pence or *saltee* (soldi); they go up to six, *oney*, *dooe*, *tray*, *quarterer*, *chinker*, *say* (*uno*, *due*, *tre*, *quattro*, *cinque*, *sei*;) having reached the limit of the silver sixpence they begin afresh; so that, for instance, *say dooe saltee* is eightpence. There are Spanish words, too, in English slang, but, unlike the Italian, they seem all old. The time of Spain's glory as a seafaring and colonizing nation is brought back to us by words redolent of the Gold Coast and the Spanish Main. Such are *calaboose* for a prison (Sp. *calabozo*); *picaroon*, a pirate, a sharper (Sp. *picaron*); *picaninny* for a child (Sp. *pequeñino*, a diminutive of *pequeño*, little); *palaver*, talk (Sp. *palabra*, word). To *box*, a nautical term for to sail round, is no doubt Spanish *boxar*, *boxear;* and this is clearly the meaning of to *box* the compass — that is, to go round and call all the points. From Sir Richard Hawkins' writing of the undisciplined rabble of his crew as *besonios* — a word distinctly Spanish in form — it is evident that he was taking from the Spaniards their term *bisoño*, which they used to denote a raw novice, a new-comer to the Indies. But the word is not unknown to Italian, where *bisogno* meant a raw recruit. From whichever origin, it was adopted in English slang as *bezonian*, a beggar or scoundrel, as Ancient Pistol has it —

Under which king, *Bezonian?* — speak, or die!

So close is the kinship between English and other dialects of the Teutonic stock, that the unwary etymologizer of slang is liable to mistake some good old English word for a Dutch or German importation. He will derive the thieves' word for to steal, to *nim* (whence Corporal *Nym* has his name) from the German *nehmen;* whereas, in fact, it goes back directly to Anglo-Saxon *niman*, to take; or the old cant word *cranke*, for the falling sickness, &c., whence "to counterfeit *cranke*," *i.e.* to sham epileptic fits, from German *krank* (sick); whereas it is, no doubt, a genuine English word of old standing. In such cases the connection of the English and High or Low Dutch words is one of ancient collateral descent, not modern adoption. The really borrowed German words that have within the last few centuries found their way into English slang, mostly look as though they had been picked up by our soldiers in the Continental wars, and our sailors at Dutch ports. Such a slang sentence as "He left me without a *stiver*, but I didn't care a *rap*," may, perhaps, keep up the memory of these coins of Dutch and Swiss small change to the time when the originals are only to be seen in old metal shops and collectors' cabinets. Considering how the Germanisms of this class reached England, we need not be surprised to find many of them rather lively than reputable. Among them are *carouse*, from German *garaus* ("all out"), meaning to drink everything dry; *smear gelt*, a bribe, from German *schmiergeld* — *i.e.* "greasing money;" swindle, from German *schwindel*, which originally meant giddiness, then any giddy or extravagant scheme, and lastly, a cheat; *skellum*, a scoundrel or thief, "a Dutch *skelum*," as he is called in Coryat's "crudities" (Dutch and German, *schelm*):

But if a drunkard be unpledged a kan,
Draws out his knife, and basely stabs a man,
To runne away the rascall shall have scope;
None holds him, but all cry, *Lope, scellum, lope!*

It seems to have been from High Dutch that the technical language of flirtation was enriched with the verb to *ogle* (Ger. *äugeln*, *liebäugeln*), "to make eyes at one." The word was certainly slang at first, and the noun *ogles*, for eyes, has never ceased to be so, but seldom reaches a higher literary level than the newspaper report of a prize-fight. The original meaning of the adjective *spooney* no doubt belonged exclusively, as the verb to *spoon* still does, to the happy fatuity of courting; though it has come since to describe the symptoms without reference to the disease. How did our language do so long without the word, and whence did it come at last? I do not quite know, but at any rate the idiom is also Swiss-German. To make love is *löffeln*, that is, to *spoon;* and the proverb says that Love turns many a proud lad into wood to make a spoon of ("Liebe macht Löffelholz aus manchem jungen Knabe stolz"). I have been amused to hear from an Englishwoman's mouth, as a facetious

Digitized by Google

bit of German translation, "Sie löffelten mit einander," "They were spooning together;" the translator being quite unaware how far she was really going back into the early ages of Alemannic love. For last examples of the German group, we may take those quaint Americanisms which are, after all, only Low or High Dutch words brought by early or late settlers. A *cookey-shine*, which is funny for a tea-party, means a feast where *cookeys*, little cakes (Dutch, *koekje*), are the staple. The American dislikes calling any man his master, wherefore he speaks of his *boss* (pron. *baus*), which is simply Dutch *baas*, and meant and means master all the same. These are both Low Dutch words; for High Dutch or German the two following will serve. In German packs of cards the *bauer*, or peasant, corresponds to our knave; thus it comes to pass that in America the two highest cards in the game of Euchre are called *bowers*. The *right bower* is the knave of trumps, and the *left bower* the knave of the suit of the same colour: —

> But the hands that were played
> By that heathen Chinee,
> And the points that he made
> Were quite frightful to see —
> Till at last he put down a *right bower*,
> Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

A good deal has been written — not more, indeed, than an art of such wide prevalence deserved — about the etymology of *loafer*, and its derived verb to *loaf*. There is no difficulty, however, as to the usual view, that they come from German *landläufer*, *läufer*, a vagabond, an unsettled roamer about the country. The etymologists who have sought to derive *loafer* from Dutch *looper*, *landlooper*, or from English slang *loper*, *landloper* (which were very likely borrowed from the Low Countries), might have saved their pains had they borne in mind the essential distinction of Grimm's Law as to *f* and *p* between High German dialects such as the language we call German, and Low German dialects such as Dutch or English. The American *loafer* and the English *loper* no doubt had a common ancestor, but neither is the descendant of the other.

The ways are various by which Latin words, good or bad, have filtered into slang. The sheriff's officer and the attorney's clerk brought their learned technicalities out of Cursitor Street and the Old Bailey, so that now *ipsal dixal* stands for *ipse dixit*, and a *davy* is an *affidavit*. Even the thief demands his *quota*, his share of the plunder, or may be he will be content if his comrade will "tip him some *quids*." This word *quids*, for money, "the wherewithal" (a *quid* stands for a sovereign), may be seen scholastically treated in the following French passage, cited by Francisque-Michel: —

> *Siméon.* — Que veut dire *conquibus?*
> *Thomas.* — J'entends des escus.

The verb to *fake*, meaning to do, is no doubt in some way from Latin *facere* (possibly through Norman French *faict*, done, *faked*). One remembers "pals *fake* away" as the burden of a low street-song years ago; the word is naturally given over to the kind of *doing* proper to rogues — namely, cheating and stealing. From it is derived *fakement*, a false begging letter or swindling document, such as fallen schoolmasters *screeve* (Law French, *scriver*) for a living in tramps' lodging-houses. Less repulsive in their associations are such Latinisms as *nostrum* for a medicine, from "our own" private recipe; or *conk* for a nose, no doubt from the spouting *concha* of the classical fountain. And others have positively a pleasant humour, such as the schoolboy class of which *omnium gatherum* may serve as an instance. I like the unsuspecting gravity of old Noah Webster, in his respectable and jokeless Dictionary, where he criticises the term driving *tandem*, with the remark that "*tandem* properly refers to time, and not to length of line."

Certainly it is not by literary dignity that we have to measure languages here. English slang took tribute from the speech of the great Aryan nations, classic and modern; but no Aryan dialect was more congenial to the English vagabond than that of the lowest and wildest of Aryan hordes, the Gipsies, who in the middle ages spread over Europe from the East. Their name for a man — of course, a gipsy man — is *rom;* and *chabo* is a lad, a son. Borrow, who knows more about the matter than other people, is probably right in saying that *rum chap*, now such thorough English slang, was originally nothing but a gipsy phrase, meaning *gipsy lad;* in Germany, also, the gipsies call themselves *Romanitschave* — *i.e.* "sons of men." The word *rum*, when first taken into English cant, meant fine or good; thus, "*rum* booze," or "a *rum* bung," meant good liquor or a full purse. Among the words brought by the gipsies into the slang of other nations, some

Digitized by Google

are very curious. Thus *jockey* is no doubt the gipsy horse-dealer's word for a whip, *chukni*, meaning especially that formidable instrument known as a *jockey*-whip. A *pal* is a brother (Gipsy, *pal*, *plal*). The term *bosh* for a fiddle, a word only used by the lower orders, is Gipsy. "Can you roker Romany, and play on the *bosh?*" means, "Can you talk gipsy, and play on the fiddle?" Of such tramps' words, now fallen to low estate, some have honoured relatives in the sacred language of India. Thus in the French Argot, *chouriner* (to knife a man), whence the name of the *Chourineur* in the "Mystères de Paris," goes back through Gipsy *churi* to Sanskrit *chhurî* (a knife). When the London costermonger calls a heavy shower a *dowry of parny*, the gipsy from whom the phrase was learnt meant a river (*doriove*) of *pani* (water); this latter word (Sanskrit, *pânîya*) is the same that Anglo-Indians have imported in brandy-*pawnee*. These gipsy words stand linguistically in the same rank as those our soldiers have of late years brought directly from India, such as *batty*, wages, perquisites (Sanskrit, *bhâti*, pay), and *loot* (Sanskrit, *lota*), plunder. If one asks for an instance of a slang word imported by Englishmen from China, the answer will be at once "first-*chop*." Now it is true that we did pick up the term in Chinese ports, but *chop* is no Chinese word for all that; it is Hindi *chhâpa*, a stamp or seal, especially a Custom-house stamp; thence, in the Chinese trade dialect, a boat-load of teas is called a *chop;* and the quality of teas and things in general is estimated as first-*chop*, second-*chop*, &c.

A real Chinese word in English slang is *kotooing*, or performing the *ko-too*. Everybody knows that to run *a-muck* is Malay, *amuk;* that *bosh* is Turkish for empty; that *chouse* is derived from a certain Turkish *chiaus*, or envoy, who came to England in 1609 and took in our merchants, or as we should say now, *chiselled* them; and that *nabob* for a rich, retired Indian official is Arabic, *nawâb*, used for the governor of a province. Mentioning Arabic, it is curious how little influence Hebrew has had on English slang. The Jewish doctors of the Middle Ages, the money-dealers, brokers, pedlars, and old-clothesmen since, have only left in our streets a few such terms as *shoful*, or *show-full*, bad money or sham jewellery (Hebrew, *shafal*, low, base). Positively, the languages of the North American Indians have contributed almost as much to English slang, for we talk quite naturally of a *pow-wow* or a *squaw;* and the street-folk can realize, without having it explained, the desperate condition of a "gone *coon*."

With these outlandish elements, I conclude this sketch of the Philology of Slang. Some of its proper topics, such as that of secret and artificial language, have been omitted for briefness, and others as being too repulsive. Much of the slang-maker's skill is spent on foul ideas, which make the Slang Dictionary, at its best, an unpresentable book; while, short of this limit, there is an ugly air about lists of words so largely coined by vagabonds and criminals, whose grotesque fancy plays fitfully round the real wretchedness of their lives, in sour jests on the "*skilly*" and the "*everlasting staircase*," and half-shrinking, half-defiant "chaff" of the hangman and the devil. Such details as I have given, however, are enough for my purpose, to show that whether the English Dictionary acknowledges slang or not, every serious student of English must take it up and treat it seriously. There is much more novelty in this essay than I expected when I began to write it; but the fact is, that hitherto the linguistic examination of new-fangled and outcast words has by no means kept pace with their compilation; and it will be some while before fresh students cease to find enough new points left to repay their pains.

E. B. TYLOR.

From The Queen.

IMPULSIVE PEOPLE.

NO people are more to be pitied, and none are more harshly judged, than those who to natural impulsiveness add limited means, a good heart, and that kind of instinctive unselfishness which never takes count of the difficulties or disagreeables standing in the way of kind actions — zeal for others dwarfing consideration for themselves, and imagination going the same way. In their honest desire to help where help is needed, they are always offering more than they can give, and undertaking more than they can make good. Being people of a lively imagination, they sink the details in the result, and overlook the obstacles standing between them and the fulfilment of their generous desires. They fancy they can clear a mountain at a leap, and ford a sea as if it were a millpond; but when

Digitized by Google

they come to measure the height of those inaccessible-looking crags, when they see how the waves are breaking against their frail boat, they then have to draw back and say that the thing is beyond them. On which they are accused of half-heartedness, unreliability, unfriendliness; they are turncoats and deserters; men of words and not of deeds — whereof the latest stage is "sudden death, and death indeed!" They blow hot and cold, and are the reeds which, leant on, break and pierce the hands of the leaner. No one remembers how ardent and how true was the kindly impulse which placed goods and service at the feet of the one in need; how desire ran before power, and how "cannot" has been forced to wait upon "I would." Had the thing been possible with only an ordinary amount of self-sacrifice, it would have been done; but when it came to the sacrifice of maybe more than the thing was relatively worth, and of more than the friend could afford, then the merest instinct of self-preservation, backed by the dictates of common sense, stepped in. The offer, which was to give one a few hours' pleasure at the cost of days of damage and weeks of pinching or pressure to the other, is withdrawn — vituperation, the loss of the warmest strain of friendship, and the casting of scornful proverbs notwithstanding. And in general the withdrawal is the right thing.

It is impossible for some people to see or hear of distress in any form without longing to relieve it. And from longing to offering it is only the passage of a breath. Is a friend ill? "Let me sit up with him to-night." Willingly. Your sitting up to-night will give ease and a good spell of rest to the tired watchers, and save the substitute standing reluctantly in the gap. Let us state, however, that the substitute is a stout and sturdy well-conditioned person who has the strength of a man and can bear any amount of fatigue without failing; or maybe a person of leisure, with nothing on earth to do but amuse herself and bury her hours with as much enjoyment and little ennui as is compatible with propriety. If she watches through the night she can sleep through the day, and by six o'clock next evening will be as blithe as a bird and as fresh as a daisy. You, on the contrary, are a frail fatigued little woman with a large family and the affliction of neuralgia. Every hour of your day is occupied with work that can neither be delegated nor laid aside. You have your lessons to give, your article to write, your part to study, even your puddings to make and your children's mouths to feed generally. But you are a warm-hearted impulsive little woman, worn out atom as you are, and you offer great things out of your great soul, which when searched for are not to be found within the compass of your small body. Your husband, who is not impulsive, and whose idea of masculine duty includes taking care of you, even against your will, laughs you and your Quixotic offer to scorn when he hears of it. He will have none of this folly, he says trenchantly; you have enough to do with your own affairs, and he will not suffer you to add your neighbour's load to your own. Forthwith your sick friend's household is informed that you are a defaulter, and that the well-constituted substitute must take your place; that you cannot receive the children: that you cannot do this or do that as you had offered — when you come to consider it your strength was not sufficient, and your husband would not allow it. From that hour you have lost your standing among them, and are ranked with those who make grand professions, then throw over the wretched dupes who trust to them, and at the eleventh hour back out of the agreement.

Nothing can be a more untrue way of putting it. You neither offered for brag nor drew back for selfishness. The first was honest sympathy, and the second incapacity; and the sole fault you committed was letting your kindly impulse run away with your judgment, and your desire to be of use obscure your power of calculation.

These are kindly impulses dealing with insufficient working power, consequently always sharing the fate of Icarus and coming to the ground because of defective "attachments." And of the two, the people who offer and cannot fulfil, and the people who trust in that offer and are disappointed, we confess we pity the former the more — always presupposing absolute sincerity and the simplicity of desire. They must suffer divers torments, of which the humiliating confession that they have grossly miscalculated their resources on the one hand, and the pain of having still to see the sorrow, the misery, the privation they have started forward to alleviate on the other, are about equal in grievous intensity. Both together, they may be certainly taken to outweigh the annoyance of having to go on again, after we had thought

Digitized by Google

to have made a pleasant little halt in the wearisome journey of disaster — of having to carry one's heavy burden unrelieved, after we had hoped to have shifted it for a spell to friendly shoulders voluntarily offered for the porterage. Doubtless this annoyance, this disappointment, is bad to bear; and for that reason the impulsive should be more careful than they are to restrain their flights of charitable fancy, and be less prodigal of their offers of rich and loving help grounded on desire and not on power. It is ill asking a hungry man to a naked board, but all the goodwill in the world will not cover it with food when there is no food in the cupboard. It would have been substantially kinder, then, to have left the poor famished creature to the elastic mercy of chance than to bring him as you have into a barren certainty, though backed by the most luxuriant setting of benevolent intentions. Benevolent intentions are like the fine words offered in lieu of butter when parsnips abound; and the Barmecide who gave a feast quenched no thirst and satisfied no hunger for all his verbal array of sparkling wines and luscious food.

If impulses of loving generosity are apt to come to grief, the impulses of unfriendly wrath are still more sure to find evil issues. It is strange how often an unkind impulse proves itself untrue. The suspicious fear, the passionate denunciation, the vague abhorrence, if acted on are almost certain to be found wrong before the thing is done with, and many an impulsive hater, hitting hard, and thinking he or she is hitting righteously, has had cause to regret to the last day of life the incautious acceptance of belief as truth, and the unfriendly "sincerity" which gave utterance to the same. Without being sentimental or sickly, there is no question the more generous the judgment the more likely it is to be true, and the fewer the hard words we have uttered the less we shall have wherewith to reproach ourselves when we come to measure the amount of unmerited mischief we have done our fellow-men. Undoubtedly, the less we yield to unfriendly impulses, the more safely we shall walk and the more surely we shall be right.

From The Spectator.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK ON "THE LITTLE BUSY BEE."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has been devoting his attention to the mental qualities displayed by bees and wasps, with a result which would be very far from satisfactory to Dr. Watts and those other orthodox admirers of the busy bee, who made that insect so obnoxious to our childhood by over-praise and invidious comparisons. In fact, the result of Sir John Lubbock's ingenious investigations may be said to have been, so far as they have yielded definite results, decidedly iconoclastic. The bees have always been idols of the moralists, from causes more or less accidental. Teachers have been discreditably overawed by the hexagonal cell of these excellent insects, which sheds a certain aureole of mathematical glory round their heads; and Mr. Darwin had not, in those days, explained that the distinction between the comparatively barbarous bees — the Mexican Melipona domestica — which make spherical cells partially moulded, at the side at which they come into contact with each other, into rectilineal forms, — and the hive bee of civilization, was not by any means so great as the distinction between the Esquimaux and the Englishman or Frenchman. The idea of the bee as an insect of only one remove from barbarism, is an entirely heterodox one. In the last generation it was the insect devoted to the moral improvement of little boys and little girls, and it would have been a far less shock to our grandmothers to be assured that schoolmasters were capable of idleness, — this they really knew, though they carefully concealed their knowledge of it from us, — than that bees were in any respect undeserving of the eulogium uniformly bestowed upon them in moral books for the young. Nor can we say that Sir John Lubbock has exactly attacked their moral character. He does not at all deny the bee's laborious qualities. He credits the bee with a complete ten hours' working day, even about the equinox, when the days are not at their longest, and does not suggest that they knock off work for any day in the week. But then an essential part of the glory of the bee in the days of our grandmothers was its wonderful ingenuity: —

> How skilfully she builds her cell,
> How neat she spreads her wax!

sang Dr. Watts, leading the chorus of the bee's didactic admirers, — immediate-

Digitized by Google

ly adding, too, as from his young disciple's mouth,—

> In works of labour and of skill
> I would be busy too,

and evidently never dreading the advent of the day when the pre-eminence of the bee in such matters might possibly be rudely assailed.

But that day has at length come. Sir John Lubbock has done a fair stroke of work towards exposing the Bees. The unreasoning enthusiasm for bees, on the strength of their gift for architecture and organization, has so prejudiced the eyes of naturalists, that they have been credited with all sorts of qualities not in the least borne out by facts. In fact, there has been something in the blind deference for bees analogous to the blind deference for the clergy. What with their monarchical constitution, and their ancient repute, and their formidable stings, and their impressive love for hexagons, it has been held a sort of impiety not to take example by the bees, and still more to speak lightly of their virtues. As Sir John Lubbock shows, bees have been assumed to possess the power of communicating ideas freely to each other on the slenderest evidence in the world. We suspect that these kinds of qualities were ascribed to them rather *honoris causâ*, — as honorary degrees are given to distinguished preachers, — rather than from any clear testimony in favour of the honorific opinion thus formed of them. Sir John Lubbock has taken great pains to test their capacities of communicating very simple ideas to each other, and has proved either that they do not possess it, — or, that if they do, they are even more purely devoted to the selfish system, and are less of communists, than men themselves. And as we shall see, the last opinion is not very probable, unless we attribute very great inequalities of intellectual capacity to the bees, and suppose at least one individual selected accidentally to have been by chance a bee-idiot. First Sir John Lubbock brought eight bees separately to some honey which he had placed in his sitting-room near the open window. In each of these cases the little busy bee fed with much satisfaction, flew away, and returned no more. Sir John then brought a hive of bees to his sitting-room, placing it between the open window and the honey, while he left open a little postern door in the back of the hive by which those of them which were of an inquiring and enterprising turn might find their way to the honey and then back again into the hive. Sir John Lubbock found that very few bees found their way through the postern at all, while of those which did so, the greater part flew straight to the window and did not discover the honey. The few, however, which did find out the honey went and returned to the hive at regular intervals, but did not communicate their discovery to their friends in the hive. Clearly either they were like Lord Byron, who, when he met a friend in Rome, humorously explained in his journal, "Did not invite him to dine with me to-day, because I had a fine young turbot which I wished to eat myself;" or if they were less governed by selfish instincts, they were also less competent to gratify generous instincts. One experiment of Sir John Lubbock's, if it were made on a bee of average ability and culture, would be decisive on this point of intellectual capacity. "He put a bee into a bell-glass, 18 inches long, with a mouth 6 1-2 inches in diameter, turning the closed end to the window." If, then, the bee had had sufficient sagacity to explore its prison, it would have found that at the end furthest removed from the light there was no obstacle to its escape at all, though at the end turned towards the light there was no escape. It does not seem, however, to have occurred to the bee to try for an egress on the dark side, "The bee buzzed about for an hour, when, as there seemed no chance of her getting out, he released her," — clearly, a bee quite without scientific method, and destitute even of that familiarity with the paradoxes of the universe which might have suggested to her that her best way towards the light might well be to begin by retiring from it. Sir John Lubbock, musing on these phenomena, suggests that the bees and wasps which so often seem to be idling frivolously in our rooms have simply lost their way, and are not so much unprincipled loafers, as dull, laborious red-tapists, which cannot originate anything when once off the beaten track of regularly-organized instinct.

We confess to a feeling of satisfaction in the result. Thanks to the didactic writers of the early part of this century, we have been so "sat upon" by bees, as to feel quite a new sense of self-respect at discovering that after all they can't go even a hair's breadth or two out of the beaten track of immemorable Conservatism, without coming to signal grief. But

Digitized by Google

there is an inference from these facts of even more importance than any touching simply our private vanity, supposing that what Sir John Lubbock has observed should be confirmed by future observation. The favourite theory amongst an influential school of naturalists, — Mr. Lewes, for instance, insists very eagerly upon it in his "Problems of Life and Mind," — is that instinct is nothing but the organized and hereditarily transmitted experience of ancestors who have learned to adapt their habits to their needs. Thus the sure and elaborate instincts of the bees of to-day would be nothing but the confirmed predispositions to habit, due to the ingenuity and resource of the primitive bees of many centuries ago, hereditarily transmitted to their descendants. Now we are not going to refer to the difficulty that unless you start from certain instincts as a fixed point of departure, you can hardly find any explanation of the growth and building-up of any other instincts, — though it is obviously difficult to conceive what you could do, without assuming the instincts of sex, and either those of parental care, or of a ready-made power of discriminating the proper food and the best way to find that food, towards explaining the genesis of any other instinct at all. But without regard to that further difficulty, one is compelled by Sir John Lubbock's facts to ask oneself, — How is it that if bees were once so ingenious and skilful as to invent the architectural and organizing habits which they have now transmitted as instincts to their descendants, those descendants should be so utterly devoid of any similar intelligence of their own, that they cannot communicate to their fellows the best way to a store of honey, nor even find their way out of an open bell-glass, simply because the opening is at the end furthest from the light? Surely if Mr. Lewes's theory of the origin of instinct were true, the only thing to say of these bees would be that their instincts have been so completely sufficient for their life, that, by being saved from necessity, they have lost that invention which is said to flow from necessity; — in other words, that the bees have been degraded through the very perfection of the instincts formed for them and transmitted to them by their ancestors. No doubt it is not the only case in which the transmission of a valuable method has caused the complete loss of the originating faculty to which that method owed its origin. Chinese science is said to be in the same condition as the instinct of the bees would be on this hypothesis, — a system of valuable rules with the originating principle lost. But still it is difficult to suppose that even the most degenerate descendant of a creature which helped to organize the hive, could have become so stupid as not to find its way out of a bell-glass with the mouth turned away from the light. Why, indeed, should not common sense be hereditary as well as instinct? With us it is so, and the bee must have plenty of occasion for the exercise of common sense in its little perplexities. There is clearly a great difficulty in ascribing the origin of very recondite and artistic insects to the wit of a creature which has transmitted absolutely no wit along with the traditions it invented. If Mr. Lewes's theory of the origin of instinct be true, some Lycurgus among the bees must have sworn the aboriginal hive to a system of rules which he deemed useful for them, and then departed never to return, — without calculating that the result would be to kill out mind amongst them, through the blighting force of overpowering custom. Anyhow, if Sir John Lubbock's views of the bees be true, we must infer that if the instinct which now guides bees be not original in the species, the species must at one time have been vastly superior in general intelligence and resource to what it now is; and that the accumulation of experience, instead of promoting, must have diminished the general mental resources of the bees. Even that inference would itself be of the greatest moment in estimating the worth of mere experience as the chief factor in the progress of races and the growth of organizations.

THE BUSY BEE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR, — I am diurnally compelled to read in silent indignation Radical and Revolutionary sentiments from which I vehemently dissent. When it comes, however, to disestablishing the Busy Bee, and indirectly suggesting a suspicion of the infallibility of Dr. Watts, it seems to me that the stones would cry out, were I to hold my peace. Even the impostor Mahomet (as I was very properly taught to call him in my youth) respected that exemplary insect, and ex-

Digitized by Google

cepted her from the curse he launched on other buzzing and stinging things. "All flies," he says in the Koran, "shall be burned in Hell-fire except the Bee." Sir, I feel for the worker bee as a spinster and a sister; and I am proud of her in spite of Sir John Lubbock, for labouring so industriously for ten hours a day for the good of the community and the support of those little grubs, her nephews and nieces. If she and her companions, like so many Danaïdes, do put the drones to death, it is no doubt because they agree with Mrs. Denner in "Felix Holt," that an idle male creature "straddling about the house on a rainy day" constitutes an insufferable nuisance, which must be abated before any good work can be done on the premises.

My object in breaking silence, however, is not merely to protest against your disparagement of a virtuous insect and a pious divine, but to ask whether those same bees do not form a serious stumbling-block in the way of our acceptance of the doctrine of the hereditary transmission of acquired instincts? You do not seem to remember it, judging from your remarks, but please, Sir, keep in mind the fact that the bees who accomplish all the wonders of the hive, who make the honeycomb and the honey, and provide for the nurture and admonition of the larvæ, are every one of them, without exception, Old-Maids. The married women, under the excellent Bee-Constitution, are well and richly provided for, and now and then take the lead in public affairs, as Dido, Boadicea, Zenobia, Catherine II., Maria Theresa, and our own Queen Victoria have done. But the bees think, like Mr. Forsyth, that it is for those who are free from domestic cares to concern themselves with the ordinary affairs of the nation, and accordingly we find that it is exclusively the single-lady bees (Mr. Bouverie's "failures") who exercise the franchise of the hive, and even elect a sovereign when the throne happens to be vacant. And now, Sir, will Mr. Darwin tell me whence these artisans and stateswomen derive their architectural and political instincts? Is it from their fathers? Certainly not. For thousands of generations their male ancestors have been good-for-nothing, loafing drones, who never turned their antennæ to an hour's work in their lives. Is it, then, from their mothers? Still less could this be the case, for they have lived like so many obese sultanas in their harems, not even attending to the wants of their own babies. In the direct lines both male and female, of her ancestry, a worker-bee may look back in vain for a grandfather or grandmother from whom she could have inherited one of her talents. Only her *maiden aunts* — a despised, but most meritorious class of relations — have preceded her in the paths of industry and the arts of hymenopteral life. And after this you say, in your very next article, on "Sex in Education," that "a system which is successful only with spinsters is in great part sterile, and does good to one generation, but not to all generations!"

Surely it is clear that the worker-bees cannot have "inherited" their instincts, in any sense in which the word "inheritance" is properly applied? And if they have not done so, and if this great scaffold of the doctrine of the Evolution of mind and morals breaks down in so crucial an instance as that of the cleverest of the insects, is it not possible that it may also fail to be the true explanation of those other instincts in larger beings, which we used to classify under the name of Conscience, before we had heard anything about the hereditary transmission of psychical habits? — I am, Sir, &c.,

A BUSY OLD-MAID.

From Chambers' Journal.

PROGNOSTICATIONS BY LEECHES.

THAT there is a sensitiveness to atmospheric changes in the leech, is generally admitted; and the idea of utilizing this little creature as a sort of weather-glass arose long ago, we have evidence, in one of the early volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. A correspondent of that venerable journal stated that if a leech be kept in a phial or bottle, partly filled with water, it will indicate approaching changes in the weather. He placed on a window-ledge an eight-ounce phial containing a leech and about six ounces of water, and watched it daily. According to his description, when the weather continued serene and beautiful, the leech lay motionless at the bottom of the phial, rolled in a spiral form. When it began to rain at noon, or a little before or after, the leech was found at the top of its lodging, where it remained until the weather became settled. When wind was approaching, the leech galloped about its limpid habitation with great liveliness, seldom resting until the wind

Digitized by Google

became violent. When a thunder-storm was about to appear, the animal sought a lodgment above the level of the water, displayed great uneasiness, and moved about in convulsive-like threads. In clear frost, as in fine summer weather, it lay constantly at the bottom; whereas, in snowy weather, like as in rain, it dwelt at the very mouth of the phial. The observer covered the mouth of the phial with a piece of linen cloth, and changed the water every week or two. He seems to have had faith in the correctness of his own observations and conclusions; but went no further in the attempt at explanation than to say: "What reasons may be assigned for these movements, I must leave philosophers to determine; though one thing is evident to everybody — that the leech must be affected in the same way as the mercury and spirit in the weather-glass; and has doubtless a very surprising sensation, that change of weather, even days before, makes a visible alteration in its manner of living."

This leech-philosophy appears to have had many believers in the last century. In a letter to Lady Hesketh, dated 1789, Cowper wrote in one of his (too-rare) cheerful moods, and among other gossip said: "Mrs. Throckmorton carries us to-morrow in her chaise to Chichely. The event must, however, be supposed to depend on the elements, at least on the state of the atmosphere, which is turbulent beyond measure. Saturday it thundered, last night it lightened, and at three this morning I saw the sky red as a city in flames could have made it. I have a leech in a bottle that foretells all these prodigies and convulsions of nature. Not, as you will naturally conjecture, by articulate utterances of oracular notices, but by a variety of gesticulations, which here I have not room to give an account of. Suffice it to say, that no change of weather surprises him, and that, in point of the earliest and most accurate intelligence, he is worth all the barometers in the world. None of them all, indeed, can make the least pretence to foretell thunder, a species of capacity of which he has given the most unequivocal evidence. I gave but sixpence for him, which is a groat more than the market-price; though he is, in fact, or rather would be, if leeches were not found in every ditch, an invaluable acquisition."

The celebrated Dr. Jenner did the leech the honour of embalming him in verse, as one among a singularly large group of weather prognosticators. The doctor declined an invitation because

The hollow mists begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in haloes hid her head,
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see — the rainbow spans the sky;
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel;
Hark how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh;
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how loud he sings!

And so on, for forty or fifty lines, crowded with folk-lore concerning weather-warnings: ending with

The leech, disturbed, is newly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison.

Dr. Merryweather (not a bad name for a weather-prophet) stated, in a pamphlet published in 1851, that these lines by Dr. Jenner first suggested to him the prosecution of a series of experiments on the behaviour of the leech under the influence of atmospheric changes. He noticed, in the neighbourhood of Whitby, that if the leech was restless in calm fine weather, a storm was coming; this, at any rate, was the inference which he drew from a number of observations. He procured twelve white glass bottles, seven inches high by three in diameter, of one pint capacity. He put one leech in each, and so arranged the bottles that the leeches could "see each other," perhaps that they might agree among themselves to make a grand united demonstration. A metal tube ascended from the mouth of each bottle, of such diameter that the leech could not easily enter it, but might do so if he determined on it. No fresh air could enter the bottle except through a small orifice in the tube. All the tubes were varnished inside, to facilitate cleaning. If a leech climbed up into his tube in the daytime, his movements might be watched by an observer; but how to know whether he had ascended during the night, and gone down again? An ingenious bit of apparatus was devised, to enable or compel each leech to register his own movements. A small bell was elevated above the middle

Digitized by Google

of the apparatus, and twelve little hammers around it; a gilt chain, descending from each hammer, passed round a pulley attached to a disk just above the bottle; across the lower end of the tube was a small piece of whalebone, held up by a bit of wire attached to its centre; this wire passed through an aperture in the top of the tube, and hooked on to the chain. Such being the mechanism, the action may be pretty easily comprehended: if the leech ascended, he dislodged the bit of whalebone, and caused the hammer to ring the bell. Supposing the observer to be in another room, and to hear the bell ring, he inferred that a particular change in the weather influenced the leech; and if two or more were set ringing at one time, the inference would be *pro tanto* stronger. This, we may remark, was not self-registering, as that term is usually employed in connection with scientific instruments; it signalled, but did not leave a permanent record.

On microscopically examining a leech, Dr. Merryweather considered that he could point to a particular part of the animal as the seat of sensitiveness to weather-changes; and carried away by his fancies, he declared that leeches are capable of affection; "for after they become acquainted with me, they never attempt to bite me. Some of them have, over and over again, thrown themselves into graceful undulations when I have approached them: I suppose an expression of their being glad to see me."

Dr. Merryweather described the mode in which he put his predictions to the test; but his definitions need not be gone into. There is no reason to doubt that his leeches *did* shew sensitiveness to the weather, or that he endeavoured to watch carefully the changes which supervened in the weather whenever any peculiar movements of the animals took place; but it is difficult to transform into definite language the relation which may appear to exist between the leech-movements and the weather-changes. His leeches do not seem to have been particularly sensitive to approaching rain; what they chiefly denoted was storm, another name for wind. Rain may be more important than wind in inland agricultural districts; but wind is more important than rain on the sea-coast, so far as concerns the safety of ships and of human lives. Dr. Merryweather, as a physician and a resident at Whitby, had many means of knowing the destructive effects of violent winds on the Yorkshire coast; and hoped to make his prognosticator available for foretelling the approach of storms, gales, or winds from particular quarters. He even indulged a hope that the Admiralty or the Board of Trade might be induced to place such weather prognosticators at various places along the coast, to act as storm-warnings.

The apparatus which Dr. Merryweather prepared for the Great Exhibition in 1851, was a stand of polished mahogany, about three feet in diameter by three feet and a half in height. Twelve leech-bottles were arranged in a circle on the base of the stand; while the tubes, chains, hammers, bell, &c., gave a kind of pyramid form to the whole. The Jury Report of the Great Exhibition stated that "it is proposed to place a leech" in each glass; if this means that the leeches were not actually sent with the rest of the apparatus, we can readily understand why the jury offered no opinion as to the value of the invention.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We take pleasure in inserting the following letter, from which it will appear that a singular piece of injustice has inadvertently been done to one of our American poets by a British reviewer:

Albany, April 15, 1874.

Messrs. Littell & Gay:

Gentlemen, — In the leading article of No. 1553, March 14, 1874, of the Living Age, entitled "Henry Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist," copied from the *British Quarterly Review*, the reviewer has made a singular mistake. At the close of the review he says, alluding to Thoreau: "And in his poems there is often a rarity and chastity of expression, and a quality such as we seldom meet with, as these few specimens will show." He then gives the specimens, which are all from my poems, as the book itself, "Thoreau the Poet-Naturalist, by William Ellery Channing," on pages 156 and 157 will show. The extracts are also continued on page 158.

Very sincerely yours,
Alfred B. Street.

P. S. There are other extracts from my poems in the same book by Mr. Channing, viz.: on page 137, "Where its long rings unwinds the fern," etc.; page 170, "The hickory shell cracked open by its fall," etc.; page 248 (these quoted by Mr. Channing himself), "A ceaseless glimmering near the ground betrays" etc.; and, page 250, "The squirrel chatters merrily," etc.; and there is mention of me by Mr. Channing on page 254.

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. } No. 1562.—May 16, 1874. { From Beginning, Vol. CXXI.

CONTENTS.

I. DAVID LIVINGSTONE, ... *British Quarterly Review*, . . . 387
II. THE WHITE CAT. By Miss Thackeray, . *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 402
III. MENDELSSOHN. By Ferdinand Hiller. Part IV., ... *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . . 424
IV. CHINESE DOMESTIC LIFE, ... *Temple Bar*, ... 436
V. HISSING, ... *Chambers' Journal*, ... 444
VI. COUNT BEUST'S NOTE, ... *Saturday Review*, ... 446

POETRY.

IN MEMORIAM, ... 386 | AN EASTER SONG, ... 386
A PLEA, ... 386

MISCELLANY, ... 448

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Digitized by Google

IN MEMORIAM.

"The Chimpanzee of the Zoological Gardens is dead!" — *Times, March* 21, 1874.

LAMENT our poor brother departed! —
From anthrōpoid anthrōpos began —
And DARWIN deep mourning has started,
For this "*Princeps editio*" of man!

It seems as if Nature had matched him
And his visitors, man against brute;
But those who most closely have watched him,
On the rivalry choose to be mute.

Look at him — thus peacefully lying,
Manhood hid quadrumànhood within!
If developed, he might have feared dying,
As it is, what a 'scape of our sin!

Had selection made *him* man of monkey,
And taught him to cringe, cheat, and lie —
A la mode of my lord and his flunkey, —
He had found it less easy to die.

No monkey speaks ill of a brother;
Chimpanzees hand o'er slander to man:
But could apes sit to cut up each other,
There he lies, let them say all they can!

He was *not* paid to slaughter and plunder,
He was not paid to lie in a wig;
He ne'er out-roared Truth with Press-thunder,
Milked a horse, or ran Stock Exchange rig!

He ne'er lived to be husband or father,
Or a model of both we had seen;
So much from his conduct we gather,
Since his home with the Zooloos has been.

Brother men, Chimpanzees though too plainly,
You ne'er, do your utmost, can be,
Yet aspire — may it not be all vainly —
As good as poor *Joey* to be!

Punch.

A PLEA.

The heights of great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night. — *Longfellow.*

ALAS! for those companions who have slept
Upon that weary way,
Who far into the night their vigil kept,
Yet slumbered ere the day!

Who, faint and spent with toil, lay down to rest,
Despairing of the goal;
With weight of human weakness sore oppressed,
And weariness of soul.

Alas for them! their lot is hard to bear —
Their cherished hopes all vain;
The sought-for laurel they must never wear,
The prize not hope to gain.

Oh! if it be that sweet success has crowned
Thine efforts, and that fame
Has traced upon her consecrated ground
The record of thy name,

Forget not that the praise is due alone
To Him Who gave thee strength,
Who stood beside thee till thy work was done,
Throughout the night's dark length.

Be not unmindful of the cheerless fate
Of those who, toiling still,
Have missed the path, or found it all too late,
To hope they can fulfil

The promise of their golden days of youth,
When all seemed fair and bright,
And nought was wanting — save the ray of truth
To guide their footsteps right.

And when thou canst a wand'ring brother guide,
Or help him on his way,
Let nothing turn the noble act aside,
Or cause thee to delay.

For toil is hard, and perseverance rare,
And failure frequent, too;
And those who would succeed have much to dare,
As well as much to do.

And help from those who stand aloft, secure,
Is ever doubly blest,
Enabling those who win not, to endure,
And leave to God the rest.

The Month. W. P. F.

AN EASTER SONG.

DEAR Lord, I have no Easter flowers to bring,
No roses fresh, nor lilies dewy sweet,
But still one offering I may gladly bear,
And lay, rejoicing, at Thy dearest feet.

Enfold my weary love in Thy sweet Will,
And keep it closely to Thy pierced side,
So shall I rest, nor sad and helpless mourn,
While safe in Thee my love and I abide.

Sunday Magazine. C. BROOKE.

Digitized by Google

From The British Quarterly Review.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

"*Their works do follow them.*" On that world of true life whither these words of hallowed comfort point, it is not our office to offer any speculations here. But the sense of eternity, which is never felt so strongly as in the silent presence of the noble dead has its earthly as well as its heavenly aspect. For men die; but man lives. And if private grief looks heavenward, craving for a personal reunion, public sorrow finds a consolation — not less strong, nor less divine — in the contemplation of that undying humanity, which shines the fairer and lives more fully the older it becomes; and which, whoever may be the loser, is always enriched, exalted, and ennobled by every great soul gathered to its bosom. Each busy generation, when it lies down to rest, leaves behind it not only accumulations of material or intellectual wealth, but new lines of character, faint or strong, which affect the whole being of mankind. And this generic moral growth, though it be far the slowest of all those movements which go to make up progress, is that which marks most deeply and clearly every real step in advance. It is only by a consideration of periods separated by centuries or even millenniums, that these far-reaching changes can be unmistakably discerned. But nevertheless they are constantly taking place. Neither the growth of commerce, nor the increase of knowledge, nor both together, could, apart from a great development of character, have produced the England of to-day out of the England of the Conquest. In this slow, moral progress it is not usually given to individual men to accomplish any great step in advance. Even great religious leaders do but raise a wave of feeling which too commonly seems to fall back to the former level. Yet in looking back upon the long roll of historic names, we cannot but feel that there have been many men whose characters have been a more precious legacy than any of their practical achievements. The contagious influence of Robert Bruce's indomitable spirit did more for Scotland than the victory of Bannockburn. The valour of the Black Prince obtained us no permanent conquests; but the fondness with which soldiers dwelt upon the memory of his self-forgetful daring cannot have been without its effect on the tone of military feeling. Sir Thomas More's name is associated with a fading superstition, and Cranmer's with the rise of a regenerated faith. Yet the noble though narrow integrity of the one is felt to this day as an example and a stay to the national character; while not even the martyrdom of the other can efface the shame of his shifty politics. Or to come down to our own times, who does not feel that the late Sir Robert Peel, by his sacrifice of party traditions to a higher view of duty, did more for the future of English statesmanship than even by his free trade legislation? And there are men now living, whose moral earnestness in the public life they lead has a deeper influence on their country than any special results they accomplish. They raise the standard of human life. They kindle afresh the too evanescent fire of self-forgetful devotion. They prove the reality of motives richer in moral power than any personal ambition. And when at the graves of such men we breathe the words, "Their works do follow them," we do not think so much of the actual results they have accomplished by their industry, but rather of the place and the power that their character has in the humanity that never dies.

Such a man was David Livingstone. It is remarkable to what an extent even during his lifetime his character divided with his achievements the public interest aroused by his travels. Those who came in contact with him during his brief visits to England were never tired of repeating that he was "every inch a man." Sir Roderick Murchison loved him with a warmth of affection which no merely scientific sympathy could have inspired. Henry M. Stanley, whose unworthy and ungenerous treatment by a section of the English public it is impossible to reprobate too strongly, loses all bitterness and kindles into enthusiasm as he recalls his personal intercourse with the departed

Digitized by Google

traveller by Tanganyika Lake. As to the African tribes that were familiar with his name they almost worshipped him as a god. In his intercourse with those demoralized by the slave trade, the triumphs of his self-control, his sympathetic patience, and his unflinching firmness put to shame the blustering arrogance and random bloodshed too often characteristic of English dealings with savage tribes. And in all the history of travel perhaps there is nothing more touching than the story of the faithful Makololo, who marched with their "father" across a continent, for the most part as much unknown to them as to him; who interposed their own bodies between him and hostile spears; who plunged headlong into a swollen river to rescue him from drowning; who dared to go with him down to that mysterious sea from which their stolen brethren had never returned; and who sat down by the eastern coast to wait in simple faith till he came back from a voyage that must have seemed to them like a journey beyond the grave. The character which produced effects like these on Englishmen, Americans, Portuguese colonists, and African barbarians alike, was certainly no common one, and must be well worth our study. It does not often happen in the case of any one distinguished for physical discovery that the interest attaching to character predominates over that excited by achievement. Such a predominance of moral interest is natural and indeed inevitable when we lament the loss of a great preacher like the late Thomas Binney. But this is not the case with pioneers of physical knowledge. We may indeed gather up with lingering remembrance all personal traits of departed genius. Its association with a noble moral nature, its habits of thought and feeling, its methods of work, are all eagerly remarked. But such traits are cherished only because of the reflected interest that they derive from splendid achievements to which they bear no necessary relation. Thus when Faraday died, the obscure religious denomination to which he faithfully adhered, derived an unwonted interest in the eyes of many from the fact of his connection with it. Yet every one felt that for some reason or other the great electrician's religious life and his scientific career were wholly dissociated. And the former had little interest for the world, except what was reflected upon it by his discoveries. The character of the man did no doubt make the work what it was. That always must be so. But the process was not evident; and the work was the more conspicuous. In the case of Livingstone, on the other hand, it might almost seem as though the work derived its popular interest from the man, rather than the man from the work. Or if such language is too strong, at any rate the connection between the character of the man and the work was so close, so clear, and striking, that the two cannot be separated in thought. And, putting on one side scientific societies, it is certainly not too much to say that the interest taken by the general public in the work accomplished, was very greatly stimulated by the fascination exercised by the character of the man. Yet the David Livingstone best known to the world at large was not a preacher nor a missionary; he was the explorer of unknown lands.

Of course one reason for the entirely secondary interest attached to personal character in the case of great discoverers is the dependence of such achievements upon those intellectual gifts which ensure insight and imagination, rather than sympathy and moral power. And we think it may be observed, that wherever great deeds are the result of moral earnestness, rather than of intellectual force, there the personal character always attracts a special and affectionate interest. George Washington could perhaps, hardly with justice, be called a great soldier. But he was something better: he was a great man. And his character has always had more interest than his actions. The same thing may be said of the only other American president yet arisen, who is likely to rival Washington in the affections of American patriotism. Abraham Lincoln was not a man of great intellect. But he was a man with a very clear moral insight into the secret of his country's woes, and with a courage that rose pre-

Digitized by Google

cisely in proportion as his convictions of duty were deepened. So in our warmest recollections of David Livingstone, we cannot attribute to him any transcendent intellectual powers. If, indeed, the word genius may be taken in such a comprehensive significance as to mean any pre-eminent fitness for a special work; or even if we may take in serious earnest the Carlylese doctrine, that it denotes an infinite capacity for taking pains — then certainly Livingstone was a man of genius. But he would himself have been so much startled and pained by being called anything of the sort, that we hasten to express our dissent from any such definition as could possibly have included him. His moral and spiritual qualities made his life and work what they were. And it is precisely because his achievements sprang from susceptibilities and energies lying at the living core and heart of personal character, that the whole man seems to be seen in every line of his work. We propose, therefore, here briefly to trace the growth of the work out of the nature of the man, and to note how at every step his soul shone through his deeds.

It is not without heartfelt sorrow that we speak him as gone. Encouraged by the falsity of former rumours, almost betrayed by his many escapes into the illusion that he bore a charmed life, measuring perhaps the ways of Providence too much by our own, and fondly thinking that now, so near the end of his labours, he could not die till we had seen him once more, we had hoped against hope, until the decisive news came that his body was on the way down to Zanzibar. But now that the will of the Most High is known, we begin perhaps to see in it a wisdom and a tenderness which in our suspense seemed inconceivable. The man who shrank from the publicity of missionary platforms, whom hardly any persuasion could induce to run the risk of being lionized, and whose temperament made him occasionally perhaps unduly susceptible, could hardly have found an unmingled solace for his weariness in the country which was so eagerly awaiting him. That he longed to see his native land again we can well believe. But the death that awaited him amongst the people of his pity and his love, was, after all, congruous with his life. His quiet departure when his labour was done, was just in accordance with his method of work. And if Westminster Abbey is to receive his bones, our satisfaction does not so much arise from any honour done to David Livingstone, but rather from the enrichment of that shrine of national memories with the record of a name that "England would not willingly let die."

The introductory chapter in Livingstone's "Journeys and Researches in South Africa" — a chapter consisting of only seven pages — presents as charming and characteristic a piece of autobiography as we have ever read. There is a kind of manly shyness about it, arising, not from any want of confidence in his claim to be heard, but just from that sort of sensitiveness which generally accompanies an honest self-contained pride, and which shrinks with dread from any appearance of ostentation. "My own inclination," he tells us, "would lead me to say as little as possible about myself; but several friends, in whose judgment I have confidence, have suggested that, as the reader likes to know something about the author, a short account of his origin and early life would lend additional interest to this book. Such is my excuse for the following egotism, and, if an apology be necessary for giving a genealogy, I find it in the fact that it is not very long, and contains only one incident of which I have reason to be proud." The "egotism" is of so very innocent a character, and is got over so very quickly, that doubtless many a reader has thought it would have been still more unobtrusive if the writer had made no apology at all, where certainly none was needed. But the narrative would not have been nearly so characteristic without it. For with all Livingstone's transparent simplicity of nature, we should entirely misconceive him if we regarded him as an overgrown artless child. His was the simplicity of an exceedingly strong-willed man, with no small amount of self-consciousness, that was kept sup-

Digitized by Google

pressed only by the ardour of an all-absorbing devotion. He could not talk about himself without feeling that he was doing so. And he shrank from this, not through any mere affectation of humility, but partly because by temperament he scorned to thrust himself on the attention of others; and partly because in the self-discipline of a spiritual life he had learned to subordinate all personal aims to the greatness of a mission he believed to be divinely imposed. The "genealogy" carries us back to the storm-beaten island of Ulva, where the ancestral Livingstones held a small farm; and where, if there be anything in Mr. Buckle's theories, we may imagine that a struggle with hostile elements for a precarious subsistence might well develop a traditional self-reliance, indomitable persistency, and general sturdiness of character. Certain it is, however the fact may be explained, that agricultural life in Scotland is much more favourable than in England to intelligent individuality, and to a high though somewhat narrow ideal of morality. The one incident of which Livingstone thought he had reason to be proud is thoroughly characteristic, and we give it in his own words:—

Grandfather could give particulars of the lives of his ancestors for six generations of the family before him; and the only point of the tradition I feel proud of is this:—One of these poor hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence, and it is related that when he was on his deathbed, he called all his children around him, and said, "Now, in my lifetime, I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you, or any of your children, should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: Be honest."

This moral heirloom of his family entered very deeply into the nature of the great traveller. In his face, as we remember it, there was with all its kindliness of expression, a sort of troubled earnestness of outlook, as though the upright soul within were always on the watch for the straightest way to the end in view. It was not suspicion; for his keen discernment of character was always exercised in detecting grounds of trust, rather than in analyzing the corrupt motives of hypocritical pretence. But he did not regard an honest life as an easy one. It was to him always the "fight of faith," not in any speculative, but in a strictly practical sense. And to a gentleness of nature, which exercised a wonderful charm over savage men, he added an unostentatious but indomitable firmness that always seemed standing front to front with some invisible foe. Said Stanley's servants to those of Livingstone, "Your master is a good man—a very good man; he does not beat you, for he has a kind heart; but ours, oh! he is sharp, hot as fire." Yet this man of a kind heart, more than once, when surrounded by hostile savages who brandished their weapons against him, completely overawed them by his resolute attitude and the serene confidence he displayed. And when, wearied out by homesickness and danger, his own followers for a moment broke into open mutiny, he roused himself from the stupor of fever, seized a double-barrelled pistol, and declaring he must maintain discipline at all hazards, quelled them in an instant, without firing a shot. Physiognomy illustrates character, even though we may not have insight enough to read the face apart from the life. If Livingstone's eyes suggested a kindly and even gentle heart, his strong Scotch underjaw marked a man with whom it might be dangerous to trifle.

These fundamental elements of character, practical truthfulness, a yearning earnestness of purpose, and deep susceptibility to human sympathy, appear to have been manifest in very early days. At the age of ten, with part of his first week's earnings as a "piecer" in a factory near Glasgow, whither his family had removed, he bought Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin." By studies pursued in the intervals of hard labour, he read during the next five or six years several classical authors. After that he seems to have given his attention more to general literature, especially however to "scientific works and books of travel." We suppose this kind of thing is not so uncommon among labouring youths in Scotland as it is in England. The proximate cause of this is no doubt to be found in the different habits of the two populations, and especially in the better tone of family life among the Scotch. But after all, popular habits of mind and forms of family life are largely affected by institutions. And the reason why the ecclesiastical and educational systems of Scotland have produced results so much more general and truly national than anything that we see in England, would be a fruitful subject of reflection; with sug-

Digitized by Google

gestions perhaps not altogether complimentary to the wealthier institutions of the South. Be that as it may, this Scotch boy, while working for his living, contrived to obtain a very fair general education.

It is perhaps suggestive of the amount of human nature there was in him, that not even the parental authority, for which he had a very profound reverence, could induce him to overcome his repugnance to "dry doctrinal reading." His father seems to have borne carefully in mind a tradition that their ancestors were converted "by the laird coming round with a man having a yellow staff," from Romanism to the Protestant faith, which went by the name of "the religion of the yellow stick." And like many other descendants of persecuted religionists, he appears to have inherited a very persistent confidence in the "argument *ad baculum*." Not even this, however, could turn young Livingstone's attention from his beloved books of travel to the "Cloud of Witnesses" or Boston's "Fourfold State." On the other hand, Dick's "Philosophy of Religion" won his interest at once through its confirmation of his own previously formed conviction that religion and science could not be hostile one to another. Thus, while he freely and willingly yielded himself to the good influences by which he was happily surrounded, it was plain enough already that he was likely to prove a man with opinions and purposes of his own.

It is characteristic of the man that in the brief autobiographical sketch to which reference has been made, Livingstone says very little indeed of his early religious feelings. And yet it is indisputable that religious devotion, far more than anything else, made him what he was. Under any circumstances, he would have risen in the social scale. A youth who could learn to read with pleasure the Latin classics amidst the whir and clatter of machinery, and who, during his summer labour, without receiving a farthing of aid from any one, laid by enough to support himself while attending medical and Greek classes during the winter, would certainly not have continued to be a factory operative. But that which gave decisive direction to his purpose in life was first and midst and last of all religious conviction. It would be a mistake as blind, as it would be cruel, to suppose that because his latter activity was diverted from the ordinary course of missionary labour to the career of a geographical discoverer, he ever lost the sacred inspiration that first drove him forth from home, or even suffered it to be dimmed by any greed of fame. The special motives which actuated him at a great crisis of his life may be considered presently. But certainly the whole story of his enterprises reveals transparently, as its one predominant motive, a pitying love of human nature, heightened and confirmed by a devout faith in God's purpose of world-wide regeneration. It is not from isolated passages of his writings, nor from the occasional testimony of friends, that we gather this; but from the whole scope, aims, and method of his labour. That labour reveals the heart and soul of the man as clearly as any work of art exhibits the genius of its creator. It is not only that when there was a prospect of his being left alone and destitute in the heart of Africa, he "went to his little hut with his mind directed to Him, who hears the sighing of the soul;" not only that when he thought it likely he might be "knocked on the head by savages" before the morrow, his main regret was, "it seemed such a pity—for a confirmation would thereby have been given to the idea that Africa is not open to the Gospel." It is not only that through all the thousands of miles he travelled, until the time when Stanley met him, and doubtless to the last, he gathered his little band around him every Sunday, that he might read to them, pray with them, and tell them of the love of God. But his whole interest in geographical discovery arose from its bearing on the welfare of African men and women, and on the spread of Christian civilization. How keenly he was alive to the beauties of nature, his rapturous remembrance of the Victoria Falls alone would show. And though he was not in any technical sense a scientist, his observations have been very highly prized by scientific men at home. But these were never his ultimate aims; and there was never a day in which his thoughts did not range beyond them. To him the various water-sheds and river courses, the central plateau, and lateral ridges of mid-Africa were so many strategic points to be noted and made the most of in the sacred warfare against sin and misery, and above all against "the sum of all villanies"—slavery. Never perhaps in all the history of human enterprise was a career of physical discovery so thoroughly inspired, so constantly guided, or so consistently crowned by religious devotion.

Digitized by Google

But as we might naturally expect, from what we have ventured to call the manly shyness of his character, he himself has told us scarcely anything about the beginnings of that spiritual life which pre-eminently made him what he was. And, frankly, we like him the better for it. His religion was not the morbid introspection, the records of which constitute a sort of spiritual narcotic, unnaturally stimulating and deceitfully lulling. His was the healthy practical devotion which forms the best comment on St. James' words, "Ye see then how that by works a man is saved, and not by faith only." Yet it is pleasant to note the fondness with which in the height of his fame he recalled the memory of two plain old Christian brethren who had been as ministers of Christ to him in his native village. "Now, lad!" said one of them on his deathbed to the future apostle of Africa, "make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for if you do not, temptation and other things will get the better of you." And there is one sentence of his own which coming from one so reticent, carries a world of meaning: "In the glow of love which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery." Thus the man was ready; and only waited some indication of his appointed work. Strong willed, honest, and sturdily independent as he was, influences had reached him that unsealed the larger life of love already latent within. A career of money-getting or the ambition of fame, or even the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, however honourable each may be in its place, was henceforth impossible for him. And he was throughout all his life a conspicuous illustration of the invariable law by which any genuine "enthusiasm of humanity" seems dependent on the love of God.

The purpose Livingstone had in view when he entered on a course of medical study was to fit himself "to be a pioneer of Christianity in China." Unaided, as we have seen, by any patronage, he finished that course, and was admitted a licentiate. His success, however, was nearly marred by the persistency with which in the presence of the examiners he adhered to an opinion of his own about the powers of the stethoscope. And in the same uncompromising spirit of independence he had intended to make his way to China unhampered by connection with any organized society. But some friends having commended to his consideration the unsectarian character of the London Missionary Society, which, as they assured him, "sent neither episcopacy, nor presbyterianism, nor independency, but the gospel of Christ to the heathen," he was induced to offer himself for the acceptance of that Society. Yet he says, "It was not without a pang that I offered myself; for it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent on others, and I would not have been much put about though my offer had been rejected." Difficulties created by the opium war prevented his going to China. The interest excited by the apostolic labours of Mr. Moffat in South Africa, diverted the young aspirant's enthusiasm to another field; and in 1840, David Livingstone first landed in Cape Town.

Let us now for a moment glance at the new world which dawned upon the youthful philanthropist. As far north as the Orange River the country was already very well known, the character of the population passing through many shades, from the European civilization of the colony to the untamed savagery of the border. Beyond that border, some hundred and fifty miles north of the great river, Mr. Moffat, whose daughter Livingstone married, and who now in venerable and honoured age survives both daughter and son-in-law, had established an advanced post of missionary effort at Kuruman. Northward and westward from this point extends the trackless Kalahari Desert, peopled only by a few wandering bushmen. North-east lay a more promising country, inhabited by the great family of Bechuana tribes, on whose southern borders the Trans-Vaal Boers, with some slight pretension to the arts, practised far more perfectly the vices, of civilized life. Otherwise the whole interior of the southern continent, from Kuruman to the equator — an extent of about 1,600 miles — and from the borders of Angola to the east coast, was practically an unknown world, a sheer blank on the map, varied only by some information about the sea-borders, by the dotted course of conjectured rivers, and by still more shadowy hints of rumoured lakes. North of the equator, the travels of Barth, Burton, Speke, Petheric, Baker, and later of Schweinfurth, have traced upwards the branching streams of the still mysterious Nile, until they are lost in a bewildering maze of water-courses and marshes, the southern watershed of

Digitized by Google

which does not seem as yet, unless Livingstone's posthumous papers should solve the question, to be by any means clearly settled. It is among the chief glories of the deceased discoverer, that while our knowledge of north-eastern Africa has been accumulated little by little through the journeys of successive explorers, aided for the most part by great wealth and armies of followers, David Livingstone, with an income of only some hundred pounds a year down to 1856, and until then unhelped by wealthy patrons, alone, and armed only by the power of character, solved the whole mystery of the southern continent, and laid down clearly the main configuration, the watersheds, and the approximate levels of a country covering some three million square miles. The great Zambesi River, with its Chobe, Liambai, Loangwa, and Shire tributaries, the central lakes from Ngami to Tanganyika, the great plateau with its eastern and western mountain ridges, giving the key to the more recent geological history, and the present physical constitution of equatorial Africa,—all were brought from the obscurity of rumour to the light of certainty by one man. In addition he threw such light upon the philological and political relations of the African tribes that no traveller hereafter need grope his way in the dark. And he contributed to science a variety of curious and important observations, which very considerably enlarge our knowledge of nature. When further we consider that far the larger and the more difficult part of this enterprise was accomplished while the traveller was still a humble missionary, in somewhat abnormal relations with the Society which sent him forth, for long periods without a base of operations, and wholly cut off from even the most distant communications with civilized life, we think we may venture to say that it was a feat unparalleled in the whole history of discovery.

The motives which led to this extraordinary enterprise will be best understood by a brief reference to Livingstone's early endeavours to establish a new missionary station in advance of Kuruman. His first and apparently promising attempt at Kolobeng (lat. 24 S., long. 26 E.), among the friendly tribe of the Bakwains, a branch of the Bechuanas, was frustrated by an outbreak of war. Thence he removed to the generally fruitful valley of Mabotsa, not far distant; where he continued for several years diligently to teach the people, not the gospel only, but the arts of civilization. A long drought, however, greatly distressed the tribe, and distracted their attention from his ministrations. It was here that his work was very nearly brought to an untimely end by the attack of a lion, which sprang upon him as he was in the act of loading his gun, and so severely injured his arm between the shoulder and elbow that the bone was never firmly re-united again. The curious description he has left on record of the effect of the shock, which, without depriving him of consciousness, destroyed all sense of pain and fear while he was in the grasp of the brute, affords an interesting study of the border-land between psychology and physiology. But more significant of the character of the man is the odd contempt with which he always spoke of lions, as on the whole sneaking and cowardly beasts, "somewhat larger than the biggest dog," "partaking very strongly of the canine features," and altogether a very much overrated sort of animal. He considered that our painters' "ideas of majesty are usually shown by making their lions' faces like old women in nightcaps." "To talk of the majestic roar of the lion is mere majestic twaddle." "The silly ostrich makes a noise as loud." We confess we have been unable to correct our prejudices in the Zoological Gardens, to which Dr. Livingstone refers us. And, as we cannot impute to him any imitation of the natives, who, when threatened by a lion, relieve their feelings by reviling the beast's character, his father and mother, and all his kith and kin, we are compelled to think that we have in such passages an illustration of the great traveller's almost morbid dread of sensationalism as a temptation of explorers.*

In addition to native wars and drought, the missionary work was hindered by a still more deadly influence through the vicinity of the Trans-Vaal Boers. These people, like many of their superiors, were convinced that they understood far better than any philanthropists, "the proper treatment of the blacks." This "proper treatment," of course, included slavery under some thin disguise, with a "spirited policy" of blood and iron when that was resisted. On one occasion, during the

* In connection with the above incident, we well remember how, when on a visit to England, he was eagerly questioned by a group of sympathetic friends as to what he was thinking of when in the lion's grasp, and how he quietly answered, that he was thinking, with a feeling of disinterested curiosity, which part of him the brute would eat first.

Digitized by Google

absence of Livingstone on one of his numerous shorter journeys, four hundred of these ruffians attacked the settlement, and besides carrying off two hundred mission school children into slavery, destroyed large quantities of stores, tore up the missionary's library, and robbed him of his whole stock of furniture and clothing. It became abundantly clear that nothing could be done until the country to the north, from which the Boers were resolved to exclude English influence, should be opened up in spite of them.

I do not mention these things [says Livingstone] by way of making a pitiful wail over my losses, nor in order to excite commiseration; for, though I do feel sorry for the loss of lexicons, dictionaries, and so on, which had been the companions of my boyhood, yet, after all, the plundering only set me entirely free for my expedition to the north; and I have never since had a moment's concern for anything I left behind. *The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who have been most successful in resolution — they or I.*

The words we have italicized illustrate not only the motives with which the great journey was undertaken, but also the temper in which it was accomplished. In Livingstone's "natural man" there was indisputably what would be vulgarly called, "a spice of the devil." Or at any rate, to put it more politely, there was a good deal of what a German philosopher has called the "demoniacal element" in human nature. He could not bear to be beaten. His blood rose at opposition; and when that opposition took the form of outrage on principles he held dear, still more of contempt for the divine hopes he cherished concerning the degraded humanity around him, his purpose became, not indeed a flaming passion, but a sort of calm white heat of resolve, which burned and bored its way unquenched through every obstacle. That purpose was strengthened year after year by a growing conviction that neither the arts of civilized life, nor even the religion that inspired his own soul, can ever do much for Africa until legitimate commerce has supplanted the horrible traffic in human flesh and blood which is the immemorial curse of the whole continent. And though his mission was one of peace, it derived all the ardour of martial zeal from the quenchless hatred he cherished to this intolerable wrong.

Livingstone's first idea when the impracticability of missionary work in the vicinity of the Boers became apparent, was to put the Kalahari Desert between himself and his unpleasant neighbours, in the hope of finding a healthful settlement beyond it. There can be little doubt that this desert, which no white man had ever crossed, and which the Bechuanas themselves declared to be impassable, had done much to encourage the old notion that the unknown interior of Africa was a worthless sandy waste, in which bewildered rivers lost themselves in vain. Livingstone, however, was not to be daunted. He had in his first tentative journeys the advantage of English companions in Messrs. Oswell and Murray. He succeeded, though at considerable risk, in carrying his wife and children with him; and was rewarded with the discovery of Lake Ngami, the first instalment of the water treasures which he was to be the means of unveiling to the world. But he had no idea at that time how vast was the river system with which this sheet of water was connected. These tentative efforts were a good discipline for the work that was to come. The Bechuana chiefs, on one pretext or another, refused him guides, and the bushmen whom he obtained ran away at a most critical time. On one occasion the oxen were four days without water. On another, his own family was in serious danger of perishing through thirst. Their bushman guide, Shobo, gave them no hope of water in less than a month. The rest of that adventure shall be told in the traveller's own language: —

Providentially, however, we came sooner than we expected to some supplies of rain water in a chain of pools. It is impossible to convey an idea of the dreary scene on which we entered after leaving this spot. The only vegetation was a low shrub in deep sand; not a bird or insect enlivened the landscape. It was, without exception, the most uninviting prospect I ever beheld; and to make matters worse, our guide, Shobo, wandered on the second day. We coaxed him on at night, but he went to all points of the compass on the trails of elephants which had been here in the rainy season; and then would sit down in the path, and in his broken Sichuána say, "No water, all country only — Shobo sleeps; he breaks down — country only," and then coolly curl himself up and go to sleep. The oxen were terribly fatigued and thirsty, and on the morning of the fourth day, Shobo, after professing ignorance of everything, vanished altogether. We went on in the direction in which we last saw him, and about eleven o'clock began to see birds; then the trail of a rhinoceros. At this we unyoked the oxen, and they, apparently knowing the sign, rushed along to find water in the river

Digitized by Google

Mahábe, which comes from the Yamunakle, and lay to the west of us. The supply of water in the waggons had been wasted by one of our servants, and by the afternoon only a small portion remained for the children. This was a bitterly anxious night; and next morning, the less there was of water, the more thirsty the little rogues became. The idea of their perishing before our eyes was terrible. It would almost have been a relief to me to have been reproached with being the entire cause of the catastrophe, but not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within. In the afternoon of the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some of the men returned with a supply of that fluid of which we had never before felt the true value.

It became clear that failing the discovery of a healthy station, the missionary must surrender the companionship of wife and children, to continue the work of exploration alone. Nor was it the character of the country only which made it difficult to obtain a settlement. One important condition of success was that the new station should be free from the Tsetse fly, as capricious in its *habitat*, as it is destructive in its ravages. The whole insect tribe, which the Hebrews feelingly consigned to the lordship of Beelzebub, contains apparently no creature so worthy of that dark patronage as this abominable Tsetse fly. Unable to harm mankind, it strikes at civilized men through the creatures most serviceable to them, and most generally honoured by their friendship. "Not much larger than the common house fly," its tiny jaws bring more certain death to ox, horse, or dog, than even the bite of a lion. Insidious as the great Spirit of mischief, it does not startle the ox as the gad-fly does. The poor dull brute grazes on in dumb stolidity, altogether unconscious that grim death is within the whisk of his tail. But in a little time, a few days at most, the animal seems smitten by a combination of catarrh, paralysis, and consumption. There is a running at the eyes and nose; the coat stares as though with cold; the beast is afflicted with staggering and blindness; emaciation commences; the muscles become flabby and soft as dough; the whole of the body throughout every tissue becomes a mass of disease; and a miserable death ensues. No care can guard against this plague; no medicine can meet it. Wherever it prevails, cattle become an impossible form of wealth. Happily its ravage is not unlimited; though the bounds which restrain it are as uncertain, as mysterious, and unaccountable as its powers of mischief. A district generally free from the insect may apparently have spots here and there to which it obstinately adheres. A stream only a few yards in width, and easily passable by any winged creature, forms a barrier as effective as Faust's pentagram. Nay, though numbers of the fly have been observed busily feeding on meat which was carried across such a stream, yet they never remained on that forbidden side, or if they did they lost all their power of evil. Another puzzle in the nature of this entomological paradox, is its harmlessness towards all wild beasts, however closely allied to the domestic ox; and also the immunity of the goat, the ass, and the mule. That the last should be altogether unaffected by a bite, which to the parent horse would be inevitable death, is surely one of the most curious phenomena of the organic world. But it was not as a curiosity; it was as a practical difficulty that Livingstone had to deal with the Tsetse fly. And it may perhaps share with the Boers the credit of the opposition which roused him to the great exploit of his life.

Finding that the duration of these tentative explorations must be uncertain, he sent his wife and children to England in the spring of 1852, and in June of that year left the Cape for his great northward journey. He had already discovered that the great Zambesi River, which, according to the Portuguese conjectural maps, was placed much farther to the east, actually rolled a lordly flood not far to the northwest of Ngami Lake. His first object was to reach that river once more, and make further observations of its course. Having cattle with him, he took a new route with a view of avoiding certain Tsetse districts which had been fatal before. And this plunged him into new difficulties, which, without involving any sensational elements of danger, were such as to illustrate, better even than his defiance of the Boers, the indomitable persistency of the man. The waters of Ngami find their way through sluggish channels, which often overflow vast plains, to the Zambesi River. Thus the country through which he had to pass consisted of wide flats, ankle deep in water, and covered with thick grass reaching above the knees. Every now and then this unpleasant sort of ground was varied by deep trenches, lined or filled with reeds six or eight feet in height, often bound together into a wall

Digitized by Google

of natural wattle by the climbing convolvulus, interspersed with serrated grass, which "cut the hands like a razor." What a country was this in which to be deserted by guides, and left with companions weakened by fever, in utter ignorance of everything but that the Chobe lay somewhere to the north-west, and must be got at and crossed somehow! A precipice, a rapid river, a burning desert would present definite obstacles capable of calculation. But probably nothing could be more trying to a man's resolve than the clogging and bewildering resistance of such a soft and sloppy wilderness. Leaving the waggon, he went on with a single companion, splashed through the long swampy grass for a whole day, was brought to a halt by impassable reeds, slept in a tree, struggled next day through reeds, brambles, and papyrus, like Gulliver amongst the Brobdignagian wheat-stalks; found all was no use, and tried an opposite direction, slept on an ant-hill, splashed for a third day through the swamp, finally found an opening to the Chobe, and coming back for a pontoon he had, launched it upon the bosom of the river. After paddling for half a day, he and his companion came upon a Makololo village, the inhabitants of which cried out, "He has dropped among us from the clouds, yet came riding on the back of a hippopotamus!" The waggon was afterwards taken to pieces and conveyed across the river, where the party soon found their way to the Makololo head-quarters of Linyanti.

As this was Livingstone's base of operations in his great march across the continent, it deserves a word or two of remark. Its history illustrates the fluctuations of war and conquest which keep African life in perpetual uncertainty, and the character of its people affords some encouragement to philanthropy amidst the generally hideous monotony of barbarism. Sebituane, the reigning chief at the time when Ngami was discovered, but who died during a subsequent visit of Livingstone, was in many respects a remarkable man. Born some eight or nine hundred miles to the south of the Zambesi, he was exposed in early life to all the vicissitudes of savage warfare; and at the same time had many opportunities of observing the advantages that were promised by friendly intercourse with white races. Gathering a band of warriors around him he fought his way northward to a settlement among the Bakwains. Here, however, the Boers and the Matabele, an exceedingly warlike branch of the Zulu family, alternately fell upon him; and at length he was forced to take the desperate resolve of crossing the Kalahari Desert with his followers. On a second attempt, after twice suffering the loss of all his cattle, which broke away in the madness of thirst, he succeeded in reaching the Zambesi country. Here the Batoka, under pretense of helping him across the river, endeavoured to separate his party, and leave them to perish on uninhabited islands. Sebituane, however, politely insisted on the honour of the island chief's company until the whole party was safely across; and then provoked, not unwillingly, by hostile manifestations, fell upon the Batoka, and subdued them. Here the Matabele, under the renowned warrior Mosilikatse, attacked him once more, and captured all his women and his cattle. Nothing daunted, he reinforced himself, pursued the victorious enemy, and returned triumphant with the recovery of his people and his property. Anticipating Livingstone, he now formed the design of following the great river into the country of the white men. Sharing the first Napoleon's confidence in the power of artillery, he believed that if he could only obtain a cannon, he would be secure of peace. It is curious to find the barbarism of civilization thus reproduced in the groping of barbarism towards civilization. Neither the "whiff of grape-shot," which blew away the French revolution, nor the paradoxical maxim, "*Si vis pacem para bellum*," had ever been reported to this African magnate. But both the precedent and the maxim were embodied in his policy as studiously as if he had been educated in the War Office, or in the circles of civilized diplomacy. Nor was there wanting the semblance of those supernatural blessings, for the sake of which a State church is supposed to be established. For Sebituane was warned from the eastward migration he had proposed, by a prophet, who, in the ecstacy of afflatus, exclaimed, pointing down the river, "There, I behold a fire: shun it; it is a fire that may scorch thee. The gods say, go not thither." Then pointing westward, the same prophet said: —

I see a city and nation of black men — men of the water; their cattle are red; thine own tribe, Sebituane, is perishing, and will be all consumed; thou wilt govern black men; and when thy warriors have captured red cattle,

Digitized by Google

let not the owners be killed: they are thy future tribe; they are thy city; let them be spared to cause thee to build. And thou, Ramosinii, thy village will perish utterly. If Mokari removes from that village he will perish first, and thou, Ramosinii, wilt be the last to die.

These personal predictions were curiously fulfilled in the course of a fresh attack by the Matabele; and after repelling this fresh invasion so effectually that Mosilikatse did not dare to renew it, Sebituane naturally enough followed the advice which seemed to be grounded on supernatural information. He established himself at Linyanti, and consolidated a strong dominion, extending over some five degrees of latitude and longitude in the very heart of Southern Africa. When he died, his son Sekeletu being only a youth, the chieftainship devolved upon a daughter. But she does not seem to have been educated up to the modern doctrines of woman's rights. Her position debarred her from an ordinary marriage, and gave her little satisfaction. In a three days' debate she stoutly maintained the claims of her brother; and ending in a passion of unqueenly tears, she cried, "I have been a chief only because my father wished it. I always would have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief, and build up your father's house." This Sekeletu was Livingstone's loyal friend and supporter during the eventful years that followed.

Nothing could have been more fortunate, or to speak with more reverent faith, nothing could have been more providential than the establishment of this Makololo dominion. It had destroyed a system of river piracy which would have made the great journey impossible. It had ensured a friendly reception throughout several hundred miles up and down the stream. The Makololo aristocracy, like the Normans in England, infused something of their own vigour and enterprise into the tribes whom they incorporated with themselves. And Sebituane's sagacious desire for intercourse and commerce with white races — a desire which neither the brutality of Boers, nor prophetic warnings of a fire in the East could eradicate — had descended to Sekeletu, and was shared by the whole of the tribe. Moreover, the vicissitudes of a wandering and warlike life had made these men more susceptible to discipline, and less fearful of the unknown than most of their sable brethren. Above all, they were as yet at least comparatively uncontaminated by slave dealers. And their frank confidence in the goodness of their white friend's purposes, even when they could not altogether understand them, did as much honour to their own intuition of character, as it did to the inspiring power of his deep human sympathies.

An excursion up the course of the Zambesi, called here the Liambai, discovered only a country continually exposed to inundations, against which the native Barotse protected themselves by raising their villages on mounds. The innumerable and generally sluggish streams, without any banks to speak of, looked like the last stage in the retirement of a great deluge. And this indeed suggests the theory which Sir Roderick Murchison had already formed, and which Livingstone verified, concerning the more recent physical history of Central Africa. But however interesting in a geological point of view, this state of things was not favourable to the establishment of a mission station.

I had thus a fair excuse, if I had chosen to avail myself of it, of coming home and saying that "the door was shut," because the Lord's time was not yet come. But believing that it was my duty to devote some portion of my life to these (to me at least) very confiding and affectionate Makololo, I resolved to follow out the second part of my plan now that I had failed in accomplishing the first. The Leeba seemed to come from the N. and by W., or N.N.W.; so, having an old Portuguese map, which pointed out the Coanza as rising from the middle of the continent in nine degrees south latitude, I thought it probable that when we had ascended the Leeba (from 14° 11m) two or three degrees, we should then be within one hundred and twenty miles of the Coanza, and find no difficulty in following it down to the coast near Loanda. This was the logical deduction; but, as is the case with many a plausible theory, one of the premises was decidedly defective. The Coanza, as we afterwards found, does not come from anywhere near the centre of the country.

There was another reason why such an expedition should be hastened. Although, as we have said, the Makololo were as yet comparatively uncorrupted by the slave trade, there were signs that this would not long continue to be the case. Touters of that vile traffic, Arabs from Zanzibar, and Mambari from Bihé and the West, had already met in this central region. Livingstone's influence was quite sufficient to hinder their business for the present. But he knew well

Digitized by Google

enough that nothing less than the establishment of legitimate commerce would neutralize the leaven of wickedness. The Makololo themselves were quite as anxious as he was for the accomplishment of his design, and for very much the same reason. The Mambari cheated them in the miserable prices paid for ivory; and they wanted to ascertain for themselves how prices ruled at the coast. Accordingly, a town's meeting was called to consider the subject. This is only one of many incidents which show how simply and confidently Livingstone was in the habit of throwing himself upon the sympathies of the people.

In these assemblies great freedom of speech is allowed; and on this occasion one of the old diviners said, "Where is he taking you to? This white man is throwing you away. Your garments already smell of blood." It is curious to observe how much identity of character appears all over the world. This man was a noted croaker. He always dreamed something dreadful in every expedition, and was certain that an eclipse or comet betokened the propriety of flight. But Sebituane formerly set his visions down to cowardice, and Sekeletu only laughed at him now. The general voice was in my favour; so a band of twenty-seven were appointed to accompany me to the West. These men were not hired, but sent to enable me to accomplish an object as much desired by the chief and most of his people as by me.

Two plagues were to be avoided on the route — the Tsetse fly and the slave dealer. This twofold condition prevented the adoption of the shortest route to the sea. Accordingly, the course of the Liambai and then of the Leeba was followed as far as the watershed between Central and Western Africa. Then the Coango, flowing in a wide valley between high lands, was crossed, Angola was reached, and the rest of the journey was comparatively easy. The different sections of that journey, and the main features of the country are now so familiar to us, that we are liable to forget how entirely unknown at that time was the greater part of the land through which the little band of explorers had to pass. After they had once passed the borders of the Makololo domain, they had to feel their way from village to village, throwing themselves generally on the good faith of the inhabitants, and trusting for general direction to the course of rivers and to astronomical observations. But it is not our purpose to recount the incidents of this exploit. Our aim has been to show how the work that made this man so justly famous grew out of the noble nature of his soul. And if we have at all succeeded in this we care not, while, as it were, standing by his open tomb, to catalogue the scientific results of his discoveries. We are anxious mainly to note how the same manly faith, sturdy independence, and large human heart, which had been his only armour hitherto, sustained the vigour of his purpose to the end.

The length of the journey from Linyanti to Loanda by the route adopted was about 1,200 miles. The start was made on November 11th, 1853, and the coast was reached in June, 1854. Seven months seem a long time for such a distance. But a traveller who at every step has to allay the suspicions, or overcome the hostility, or circumvent the caprices of natives to whom he appears like a vision from another world, is necessarily liable to vexatious delays. In these days of elaborate and expensive explorations, supported by armies of attendants, it sounds almost incredible, but it is true, that the whole amount of currency which Livingstone took with him on this journey, for the purpose of paying his way, was twenty pounds of beads, worth forty shillings. For the supply of food to his party, he generally relied on his rifle; but it must be confessed he was put to great straits before he arrived at his destination. "I had always found," he says, "that the art of successful travel consisted in taking as few 'impedimenta' as possible, and not forgetting to carry my wits about me." "I had a secret conviction," he adds, "that if I did not succeed it would not be for lack of the 'nick-nacks' advertised as indispensable for travellers, but from want of 'pluck,' or because a large array of baggage excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass." In this light marching order, the expedition descended the Chobe in canoes to the confluence with the Liambai (Zambesi). Then turning up stream they followed the river to about lat. 13 S. Here they entered a tributary called the Leeba, which comes from a north-westerly direction, while the main river is found flowing round an abrupt bend from the east. This tributary was followed up to Lake Dilolo (lat. 11, 30 S.), from which it issues; and which was found to be situated on the watershed between Western and Central Africa. This is a point of great interest, for, taken in connection with other observations, it led the traveller to the surmise that the whole south-

Digitized by Google

ern continent might be divided longitudinally into three districts — a central plateau, guarded by ridges of moderate height, having on either hand two strips of coast land with river systems of their own clearly distinguishable, though now enriched by the waters of the centre. This central plateau looks like the bed of an immense inland sea, of which the remaining lakes are remnants, and the river-courses the drains. At any rate, the bottom of any shallow pond, when emptied by a sluice, presents in its oozy banks of mud, separated by sluggish rills and interspersed with little pools, a miniature semblance of the impression made on our minds by the descriptions Livingstone and others have given of the watery regions of Central Africa.

It was after passing this watershed that the expedition was exposed to imminent danger by an ill-mannered and inhospitable tribe — the Chiboque — who had been exposed to slave-dealing influences, and who, with a formula to which Livingstone soon became accustomed, demanded "a man, an ox, a gun, powder, cloth, or a shell." By a skilful arrangement, quietly carried out, he obtained an interview with the chiefs, who were forthwith surrounded by the Makololo. "I then said," he continues, "that as one thing after another had failed to satisfy them, it was evident that *they* wanted to fight, while *we* only wanted to pass peaceably through the country; that they must begin first, and bear the guilt before God: we would not fight till they had struck the first blow. I then sat silent for some time. It was rather trying for me, because I knew that the Chiboque would aim at the white man first; but I was careful not to appear flurried, and, having four barrels ready for instant action, looked quietly at the savage scene around." It need scarcely be added that the Chiboque saw fit to accept a compromise, and the expedition went on its way rejoicing. And this is only one out of a number of cases which might be selected, did space permit, to illustrate the combination of reasonableness, sympathy, and persistent firmness, by which David Livingstone pushed his way unharmed through the stolidity of ignorant opposition. His policy was a practical comment on St. Peter's words, "So is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

After a somewhat lengthened stay in Loanda, where the Makololo supported themselves by a trade in firewood, and showed considerable aptitude for business, the expedition set out on the return journey, taking generally the same route. At one point, however, in crossing the ridge between the western and the central land, a detour was made, which, if it had been carried far enough, would have brought Livingstone to the verge, if not into the very midst of all his latest discoveries. From Cabango, the most northerly point of this detour in the return journey, a month's march E.N.E. would have brought him to the capital of Matiamvo's dominion, or as Schweinfurth calls it, "the half mythical empire of Mwata-Yanvo." This appears to be the largest kingdom in Central Africa, not excepting that of the Monbuttoo. Matiamvo is described by Livingstone himself as paramount chief of all Loanda;* and this, according to Stanley's information, extends to Lake Tanganyika. Thus, had the former been able to reach Matiamvo's capital from the west, he might have obtained at that early date all the information in pursuit of which he has now lost his life. But this was not to be. He considered himself, for the time, in the service of the Makololo tribe. The difficulties of procuring food by the way had proved greater than he anticipated. And though he had drawn £70 in Loanda, so much had already been expended in repairing losses and making provision for an immediate return to Linyanti, that he was unwilling to expose his faithful companions to the perils of an enlarged exploration. He therefore made his way back again to the Leeba River, and so down the stream to the Makololo country once more.

A great meeting was immediately called. And the party who had been nearly two years away from home had great wonders to relate. They had been to the end of the world; and had come back safely. "We marched along with our father," they said, "believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me.'" This was their description of their first sight of the sea. "They had seen the white men charming their demons." This was their impression of a ritualistic service in the Cathedral of Loanda. So charmed were they with the issue of their adventure that there was no lack of volunteers for a journey down the Zambesi to the eastern sea.

In November, 1855, the remaining half

* *Cf.* map of Livingstone's route across Africa.

Digitized by Google

of the march across the continent was commenced, a distance of about a thousand miles. This time 200 men were furnished for the expedition, all of them volunteers, or provided at the expense of Sekeletu. On Livingstone's mention of his inability to pay attendants, the chief's step-father said, "A man wishes, of course, to appear among his friends after a long absence with something of his own to show; the whole of the ivory in the country is yours; so you must take as much as you can, and Sekeletu will furnish men to carry it." This voluntary aid of the natives, given from a grateful appreciation of his motives, and from a really pathetic confidence in his wish and his power to serve them, gives a higher interest in a philanthropic point of view to this first exploration than to either of the two journeys which the great traveller afterwards undertook. Civilization can do little for barbarism unless it succeeds in arousing the interest of the natives themselves in the possibility of a higher life. And Livingstone's brightest laurel consists in the success with which he inspired these men with his own enthusiasm for their improvement. The journey down to the east coast need not detain us. Its most sensational incident was the discovery of the Victoria Falls, properly Mosyoatunya (sounding smoke). But these falls are now so familiar, from sketches and descriptions, that nothing need be said of their wonders here. Another and perhaps more important feature of this eastern travel was the confirmation of Sir Roderick Murchison's theory of Central Africa, by the discovery of the remaining boundary of the central plateau, in a moderately elevated ridge through which the Zambesi finds its way at Zumbo. A section across the whole continent giving the heights observed by Livingstone at various points makes the general construction clear. Thus the level of the central plateau seems to be for the most part about 2,500 feet above the sea. The ground rolls up east and west to about 5,000 feet, and thence rapidly descends to the flat and malarious coasts.

Certain tribes, at war with the Portuguese settlement, threatened to bring the expedition to a violent end; but Livingstone's usual frankness and firmness, as before, overcame their opposition, and turned them into friends. Thus he arrived safely at Quilimane, having traversed the whole continent of Southern Africa, without having to fire a single shot in self-defence. So devoted was the confidence of his native attendants, that several of them wished to adventure themselves with him across the terrible sea. One only, the head man, Sekwebu, was selected, and he unfortunately came to a tragic end. The almost supernatural wonders of an English man-of-war were too much for him and turned his brain. As they went in the boat across the bar, where the waves were unfortunately rolling to a terrific height, and threatening every moment to swamp them, poor Sekwebu kept asking Livingstone, "Is this the way you go, my father, is this the way you go?" Shortly afterwards, he showed symptoms of insanity; and as Livingstone was averse to having him confined in irons, he soon afterwards threw himself into the sea. What a power must this traveller have attained over the native heart and mind, when the novelties of the new world to which he was leading them might destroy their sanity, but could not shake their confidence in him!

The remainder of Livingstone's work in Africa was a continuance of the same great design to dry up the sources of the slave traffic, and to open up the interior of Africa to the educational influences of Christian civilization. The Zambesi and Shire mission, melancholy as many of its attendant circumstances were, did at any rate open up the course of the latter river, together with its head-waters Nyassa and Shirwa. Besides, it enabled Livingstone to keep faith with his Makololo friends, who had steadfastly awaited his return in the town of Tete. Numbers of them had died of small-pox, and six had been murdered by a neighbouring chief. But his return to Linyanti with the remainder served to deepen the path that had been made; and notwithstanding the great and dread sacrifices by which the first steps of humane enterprise are commonly sanctified, we cannot believe that the sufferings and losses which we have to mourn in the Zambesi district will be allowed to close against civilization the lands so bravely opened up. Livingstone himself was struck by a terrible blow in the loss of his wife, who came out to join him, and died very shortly after her arrival. He was also blamed, though surely without sufficient consideration, because for the first, and as we believe the only time, he allowed himself to be embroiled with the natives, and involved Bishop Mackenzie in hostilities. Yet when the occasion is remembered,

Digitized by Google

the passage of a slave coffle, consisting of manacled men, women with babes in their arms, and miserable children tottering with wretchedness and fatigue, who can wonder at the sudden indignation which sent the coward drivers flying into the bush? Of the judicious critics who condemn, the worst we wish to say is that, had they been present, they also would have found the common maxim reversed, and valour become the better part of prudence.

Returning from this survey of the Zambesi valley in 1864, Livingstone was encouraged by Sir Roderick Murchison and the Geographical Society to make Zanzibar the base of new operations, the object of which was to explore the neighbourhood of the still shadowy Tanganyika Lake. While all are awaiting the unsealing of those papers which will be like a voice from the dead, it would be almost an impertinence were we to attempt any estimate of the value of those later labours which have ended in the explorer's death. In April, 1866, he commenced the ascent of the Rovuma River, the sources of which are in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa. He was attended by thirty men, twelve of whom were sepoys, and the remainder principally Johanna men from the Comoro islands. Out of the whole thirty there seem to have been only two, Susi and Chumah, who proved faithful, and these appear to have come from the banks of the Zambesi. To the last of these it is that we owe the melancholy tidings sent to us in the beginning of this year. The country along the Rovuma is dense forest, and almost every step had to be cleared by the axe. The sepoys proved lazy, discontented, and useless. They were, therefore, speedily sent back. Near the Lake Nyassa, the Johanna men, alarmed at warlike rumours from the interior, deserted in a body, and carried back that lying report of their leader's death, the falsehood of which, though confidently affirmed by Murchison, was not satisfactorily proved for a considerable time. During the two years and a half in which he was completely cut off from the outer world, Livingstone was laboriously perambulating a hitherto unknown region, amazingly rich in lakes and streams, and more varied than the Zambesi country by mountain heights. He found that the Chambezi River, which at first he took for the head waters of Zambesi, emptied itself into Lake Bangweolo (lat. 12 S., long. 28 E.), a sheet of water guarded by lofty mountains from all access to the south or west. He discovered that the drainage of this lake was northwards, by a stream, the Luapala, which fell into another lake (Moero) about lat. 8 S. He then found the southern end of Tanganyika, and passing through the country of the Unyámwezi, he arrived in Ujiji in March, 1869. In June of that year, after despatching the letters that finally relieved our apprehensions for his safety, he crossed Tanganyika, and entered a country scarcely known except by vague report even to the Arabs. Here he ascertained that Bangweolo and Moero were but the first of a long chain of lakes connected by streams, the course of which was always towards the north. Two of these he appears to have visited, and he was within a few miles of a third (about lat. 3 S.), when the refusal of his attendants to go any further compelled him to retrace his steps to Ujiji. Arriving there in October, 1871, with the confident expectation of obtaining the supplies of which he was grievously in need, he was dismayed to find that the wretched Arabs who had his goods in charge had given him up for lost, and sold everything. When we remember the terrible toils of this weary journey, during a part of which he suffered agonies from ulcers in his feet, when we bear in mind the disappointment of his forced return, and the expectations that sustained his spirit during the march of 700 miles back to Ujiji, we cannot wonder that for once Livingstone gave way to some bitterness of feeling at what he believed to be the perverse mismanagement which had committed his supplies to untrustworthy hands. But it is only just to his old friend and companion, Dr. Kirk, to remember that before his death, Dr. Livingstone, with the generosity that never failed him, expressed himself as better satisfied with the explanations given.

It would be beside our purpose to offer any judgment on the miscarriage of the Livingstone relief expedition from England. But we will not withhold our tribute of grateful remembrance from the man who anticipated the traveller's own countrymen, and who, despising all timid counsels, plunged headlong into the wilderness, and evading or forcing his way through tribes inflamed by war, reached Ujiji at the very moment when Livingstone was desolate and despairing. Look at it in what light we may, no carping criticism ought to prevent our acknowledgment that the conception and the ex-

Digitized by Google

ecution of the *New York Herald* expedition originated in a generous thought, and culminated in a splendid achievement. Relief came just at the moment when it was most needed, and if fortune had anything to do with this we are bound to remember that fortune favours the brave.

For any satisfactory or indeed intelligible information concerning the brief period of activity which was yet in reserve, we must wait until the publication of the papers which we trust are safe. The voyage taken in Stanley's company round the northern shore of Tanganyika settled in the negative the question of a possible outlet there; and as fresh water lakes must have an outlet somewhere, Tanganyika remains still a puzzle to geographers, unless indeed the solution is contained in the papers so anxiously expected. All we can gather is that the persistently northward flow of the great water system he had observed led Livingstone to conjecture that he was near the real sources of the Nile, and encouraged in him the hope that by the discovery of the fountains mentioned by Herodotus he might add one more illustration to the many that have been given of the careful accuracy with which the "father of history" selected his sources of information. Whether he succeeded or not we cannot tell. In April or May of last year he seems to have been returning from a circuit round Lake Bangweolo; and through the effects of a long march over swampy ground, he was seized with the dysentery, which put an end to his earthly labours.

As we review this long career of heroic devotion and splendid discovery, we repeat that the nobility of the character arrests our attention even more than the greatness of the work. We believe that the story of that life, if simply recorded by a loving hand, will be rich in moral inspirations more precious to humanity than any enlargement of physical knowledge. Self-forgetful devotion to a great mission is not so common in any age that we can afford to make light of its illustrious examples. There is a great deal of sentimental benevolence in our time; nor is this to be altogether despised. Not unfrequently, too, we have bright conspicuous instances of self-denying enthusiasm in the pursuit of some special branch of knowledge. But the loyalty to God which is simply content to be an insignificant link in the chain of His eternal purpose, the largeness of heart which feels in the growing destinies of humanity the highest indications of that purpose, the generosity of sympathy which finds in the outcast or the barbarian the nearest brotherhood, the calm judgment which apportions means to ends, and the quenchless ardour which no slow delays can damp — these are not qualities commonly found in union; and when they do meet in one man, as they did in David Livingstone, they make the true hero. His career, if read aright, should teach the world that religion is not a speciality of dogmas and ceremonies, but a great sanctifying influence, catholic enough to embrace all forms of fruitful labour, and intense enough to touch them all with the peculiar energy of inspiration. The charm wielded by his manly frankness, his reasonableness, his firmness in intercourse with barbarous races, ought to be a lesson to the nation, which so often has to feel ashamed of petty victories over savage tribes. His faith in humanity, notwithstanding the falsehoods and treasons to which he was often exposed, is a rebuke to the lisping misanthropy by which our golden youth signify their sense of their own importance. And while his discernment of Africa's real needs condemns the futile dream of a civilization that should consist mainly in chapels and hymn-books, the triumph of his hardy and loving soul over both savage man and untamed nature revives afresh our ancient confidence in the supremacy of spiritual power. Familiar already in our mouths as household words, the name of David Livingstone, with all its heroic associations, will, we believe, be amongst the noblest and most inspiring traditions which this generation contributes to the future of the world.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE WHITE CAT.

I.

SOME years are profitless when we look back to them, others seem like treasuries to which we turn again and again when our store is spent out — treasuries of sunny mornings, green things, birds piping, friends greeting, voices of children at play. How happy and busy they are as they heap up their stores! Golden chaff, crimson tints, chesnuts, silver lights — it is all put away for future use; and years hence they will look back to it, and the lights of their past will reach

Digitized by Google

them as starlight reaches us, clear, sweet, vivid, and entire, travelling through time and space.

Our children have never ceased to speak of the delights of a certain August that some of us once spent in a Presbytery with thick-piled walls and deep-cut windows and an old enclosed courtyard. The walls and windows were hung with ancient clematis hangings, green, and starred with fragrant flowers. They were dropping from the stones where the monks, who once lived in the old Presbytery, and served the Church, had nailed them up, a century before. These sweet tangled hangings swayed when the sea-wind blew village-wards; sometimes a bird would start from some hidden chink, and send the white petals flying into the room where we were sitting at the open window, or upon the children's yellow heads, as they played in their shady corner of the courtyard. Played at endless games — at knights, kings and queens, sleeping beauties, fashionable ladies, owls in ivy towers, beggars and giants. Tiny Dodo and baby Francis are the giants, and Marjory and Binnie are the rescuing knights, and little Anne is the captive maiden with a daisy in her hat.

We have all been children at more or less distance of time, and we can all remember the wonderful long games, the roses and daisies of early youth — their sweet overpowering beauty. Once upon a time there was a great French cabbage rose at the end of a garden pathway, hanging to a wall behind which the sun always set. A little girl, a great many years ago, used to fly to that rose for silent consolation, and after half a lifetime, being still in need of consolation, came back to look for the rose — and found it. The rose was still hanging to the wall, scenting the air in conscious, sweet flush of dignity. The charm was still there. Something of the same aspect seemed to cling to the straight poplar roads, to the west and the east of that wide and tranquil land — where the lights broke into clearer changes day by day, where a family party had assembled after long separation. The elders and the children had come from two ends of the world; H. and I arrived first, then came Major Frank and his wife, with their Indian boxes, H. scarcely believing in her own tender heart's happiness as she clasped her son once more. Its happiness had been hardly earned by many a long hour of anxious watch; by many a cruel pang of terrified parting. But she may rest now for a time. Hence bats, owls, apprehensions, newts' tongues, evil things! — come peace, innocent pleasures, good coffee, and fine weather, golden content, friends meeting, and peaceful hours in the old Presbytery, which has opened its creaking gates to us.

There is a courtyard in front of the house, enclosed by crumbling walls, wreathed, as I have said, with clematis and straggling vines, in neglectful profusion. Outside our great gate the village passes by, in blouses, in cotton nightcaps and cart wheels, in chattering voices, that reach us, with the sound of bells from the Norman tower of the church. We can hear them from the garden at the back of the house, which Madame Valentin, our landlady, used to cultivate herself, with the assistance of her cook. Madame was to be seen opening her shutters in her camisole and nightcap, to the sound of many early chirrupings and singings, in the light of morning dewdrops and rainbows. The old Presbytery garden of a morning seemed all strung with crisp crystals. They broke from the mossy apple trees, flashed from the spiky gooseberry bushes, hung from trailing vine branches that the monks had nailed up against the grey stone. It was almost a pity the monks were gone and had given place to the very unpoetic and untidy old lady, whom we used to see clipping her lettuces from the Prior's room.

The children had never been abroad before, and to them (as to their elders, indeed) the commonest daily commonplaces of life in the little seaport were treats and novelties. The white caps, the French talk, the country-women and vegetables in the market-place, the swaddling babies, the fishermen coming up from the sea, with their brown bare legs and red caps, carrying great shining fish with curly tails. Madame Valentin, our landlady, herself was a treat to our children, though I must confess that their mother and H. and I all fled before her. There was also a certain Madame Baton next door who kept a poultry yard, and who for Marjory and Binnie, and the rest of them, seemed to be a person of rare talent and accomplishment. She milked a cow (she kept it in a room opening out of her kitchen); she made lace on a cushion; she was enormously rich — so the bathing woman had said in the water. She clacked about in her wooden shoes for hours before the children were up,

Digitized by Google

drove a cart, and had rabbits in a hutch. She wore a great white cotton nightcap, with a tassel at the end, which seemed to possess some strange attraction for little Binnie especially. One day I found the little girl standing alone with the old peasant woman in the courtyard, quietly facing Madame Baton, with little folded hands, and asking endless questions in her sweet whistle, to which Madame Baton answered in the gruffest French, while the cow stood by listening and nodding its stupid head. Binnie could not understand what Madame Baton was saying, but she invented it as she went along, and thought it was grandmamma's story (so she told us afterwards) about the cotton nightcaps. "Would the cow and the farm fly away if Madame Baton took off hers?" said little Binnie; "O I wish, I wish she would try!" H. and I used to tell the children a story about enchanted caps and hard-working peasant people, who prospered so long as they kept to their caps and laboured in their fields; but who lost all their prosperity when they threw off their homely headgear and went away in fine feathers and ribbons to walk in the streets of the neighbouring towns. Then came the sprites to clear their stores, to ruin their farms, to suck their eggs and milk their cows, and the hens ceased to lay, and the crops dwindled and dwindled, and the fish failed in the nets. It was a very self-evident little apologue, but Binnie and little Annie firmly believed in it. Marjory, who was older, had her doubts. Meanwhile, we all took to calling the place "White Cotton Nightcap Country." . . . They are playing at ogres in the courtyard in front of the house to-day. H. and I sit listening to the happy little voices that reach us in a cool, green-lighted room, which the priests once used as a refectory, and whence we hear all the choir, of flutes and dulcimers, of sweet childish prattling and piping in the sunny court. Our landlady looks out, in her camisole, from a bowery shutter; the priest, who is lodging in the empty wing of the house, crosses in the sunshine, with a long shadow zigzagging after him. The little golden-headed ogres stop short in their game to watch him go by. As he pushes at the great gateway, a lean, black-robed figure thrusting at the rusty bar, the swinging bell begins to ring, the great gates suddenly fly open, the priest starts away, and a stranger walks in quickly.

He carries no breviary in his hand, but a newspaper under his arm. He wears a straw hat, no black robes flap about him; but as he comes towards us, walking straight and quickly across the yard, H. and I, who from long habit guess at one another's thought, glance at the retreating priest, and then look at each other and think of the preachers who, coming in commonest garb, teach true things to true men; preach the love that endures truth; preach with living voice and clear-eyed looks, scorn for oppression and for the mean surrender of the strong; preach help and wisdom for the weak; preach forbearance to the impatient; preach sacred endeavour; men, standing on the high step of a mighty altar, whose voices we of the great congregation listen to, day by day, as their noble words

> touch enough
> The verge of vastness to inform our soul.

This friend has walked five miles from his village "best loved of sea-coast nook-full Normandy" to welcome us, There is a little gooseberry and pear-tree orchard at the back of the house, where the vines are tangling green. Albinia and her husband have been sitting there for hours past on Madame Valentin's green bench. Kind H. carries off our friend to see her new-come children, who have travelled so many Indian miles to hold her hand once more, and our visitor has surely earned a broken chair and a cup of Angele's good coffee, after his hot and tiring walk. He must rest for an hour in the shade, while the day is burning on and ripening among the mossy things; the golden flames are in the pears hanging overhead, in the great dahlias blazing in gloomy splendour; the birds seem on fire as they flash past us; the clouds in heaven are tinted; the children come up in unwearied procession — they are fairies now, they say — except Francis, who is tired, and wants always to be an ogre. Then the bell begins to swing from the Norman tower.

Angele comes out and brings cups of milk and hunches of bread, and pinafores to match, and immediately the fairies become little children again, and quite ready for their tea. And meanwhile we elders sit in this apple-tree bower, talking over one thing and another. As we talk on, of Angele with her wooden shoes and flapping cap, of the flat country, of the evening light, the quiet seaside place, that we like we know not why, the people living near; the poet puts a meaning into homely words, and touches us with his

Digitized by Google

wings, as poets do, and out of common talk and of discordant things his genius strikes the key-note dominating all.

II.

LONG after our guest had taken leave and walked home by the sands, we sat on in our garden. Madame Valentin came mysteriously through the twilight, carrying a lettuce for her supper; she also had a letter in her hand, which she was scanning in the moonlight.

"That gentleman who had been here; did he expect a letter?" she asked. "Was his name Hug. Gourlé?" The postman, knowing we were English, had sent the letter by the miller's wife. Madame Valentin explained he was gone home, his aunt was ill; and then she showed a letter, addressed, in a commercial hand, to "Mr. Hugh Gourlay, Chateau de Latouche, Joyeux, Calvados."

"But why do you not send it to the Chateau?" said H.; "it is not for us." Madame Valentin thought this a good suggestion; she had forgotten for the moment that they had English relations at the Chateau, Mademoiselle Blanche's mamma was an English Protestant; Mademoiselle was a good Catholic, notwithstanding. She was to make her profession next month. "Next month?" asked H.

Certainly, it was true, said Madame Valentin. There were those who, with Madame, think it a pity, but she was not one of them. Mademoiselle de Latouche the elder was a saintly woman, and would never force her niece's inclinations. . . . H. had heard a different version.

The crimes that people commit are not all done in a minute; they seem to come into existence, little by little — one by one — small selfish considerations, jars, vanities, indolences, they do not even come to a climax always. It is not a consoling reflection that the sum of the evil done by a respectable and easy-going life may be greater in the end perhaps than that of many a disastrous career. Notwithstanding Madame Valentin's opinion, it seemed to me that old Mademoiselle de Latouche put all her vanities, her selfishness, love of domination, into her religion. No wonder it was fervent. She kept herself from the world because she was lazy, and loved her own comfort better than anything else. She let the widows and orphans come and see her, or wait at her door till it was convenient to her to admit them; it rather amused her to dole out her small benevolences, and to hear their unreserved thanks. She certainly denied herself to, but not for, others.

She had made up her mind that Blanche was to edify the religious world of Joyeux and St. Rambert. The sturdy Chatelaine did not feel that her health was equal to the rigid rule of a conventual life; but Blanche was younger and of a less nervous temperament.

When any one spoke of a different fate for the little thing, Mademoiselle replied placidly that Blanche herself had decided upon entering the cloister, and that it was a subject she did not care to discuss. It was her hour for repose or meditation, and she must beg leave to retire.

There were few people more difficult of access than Mademoiselle de Latouche, who, between her excessive pieties and vanities and long hours of slumber and refreshment, found life well filled, and scarcely sufficing to its enjoyments; above all, to its necessary repose. Woe betide the household if Mademoiselle was awakened suddenly! It is possible that there may have been a little sameness in Mademoiselle's life which was so entirely devoted to one person, and that person so disagreeable a one, as H. once said. But I think H. scarcely did the Chatelaine justice. Many people had thought her charming in her youth. She had a curious power of influencing people, of impressing her own opinions upon them, and leading them her own way. So few people have a will, that it does not require any great amount to make a great effect. She was handsome still. Little Blanche thought her perfectly beautiful. She could talk agreeably when she liked, be generous on occasions; M. le Curé de St. Rambert seemed as if he had scarcely words to utter the benediction which flowed from his heart as he left her room the day we did ourselves the honour of calling upon the Chatelaine. . . . "You will not receive him, most dear, most generous friend," I heard the Curé saying as we came into the room. "You must control your too generous impulses; promise me that you will not receive him." He was a tall, lean man, standing in an attitude, over the old lady, who accepted his homage very placidly; but he rather overdid his warnings.

"It must depend upon my state of health," murmured Mademoiselle de Latouche. "I suffer greatly; do I not, Mathilde?"

"A martyrdom," murmured the Curé.

"Yes; Mademoiselle has great cour-

Digitized by Google

age," said Mathilde. (She was the companion; a little lean, delicate woman, a great contrast to Mademoiselle, who was stout and flushed, with curly red hair, scarcely streaked with grey.) "She is scarcely strong enough to receive a visitor. Perhaps these ladies may know the name — M. Gourlay — out of the Yorkshire."

H., who always remembers names, said she had once known a Mr. Gourlay, a manufacturer: "an elderly respectable man," said H.

M. le Curé de St. Rambert all this time was standing in the window, blankly benevolent, with his hands meekly slipped into his sleeves. Little Mathilde had subsided into a chair near the door of an inner room. What a comfortable interior it was, rich and warm, with the prosperous lady tucked up in her satin dressing-gown by the fire, with clocks of every century ticking and pointing to the hour! . . . "This is Mademoiselle's hour for receiving, they seemed to say — three o'clock, three o'clock." They seemed to be as obsequious as the rest of the household. Mademoiselle went on to explain —

"This gentleman, not knowing of my poor brother's death, has written to him on the subject of a machine, that I confess we had put away without much idea of future use. I have invited him to come over and examine it for himself. He makes me an offer for it which I consider sufficient, for my dear brother had initiated me into his affairs. A large offer. So much the better for your poor, M. le Curé," she said, archly, speaking in the sing-song voice which is so much used by the extra good in common conversation. (At one time of my life I was inclined to respect this tacit profession of superiority, but I now doubt whether anything which is not in itself superiority is of much use, either to the impressor or to the impressed.)

"My poor will pray for you day and night," said the Curé. "Chère Mademoiselle, I have not yet seen our dear child!"

"She is in the next room, M. le Curé; Mathilde will call her, if you wish to see her. You will find her very happy, very firm in her determination. It is very beautiful," she said, turning to us; "I have two sisters in convents, and this dear child, orphan daughter of my brother, is now about to profess. She has come home to bid us farewell — a sweet farewell for her — but for me the sacrifice is terrible — is it not, Mathilde?"

"Oh, yes, Mademoiselle! I tell her it is too much;" said Mathilde, nervously; and, appealing to the Curé: "Monsieur, persuade them to defer this beautiful sacrifice. Mademoiselle needs the society of her niece. She often tells me that it is a new life to her."

The Curé, I thought, looked slightly puzzled; he was about to speak, when the door from the inner room opened, and the "Blanche" of whom they had been speaking came in. She was dressed in a white dress of some loose and soft material; she wore a big white apron, and her long sleeves fell over her hand, so that nothing showed but five little pink finger-tips. She came gently into the room, looked round, and then, seeing the Curé, deliberately turned away again, passed back into the room from which she had just come, and softly closed the door. It was all so gentle, so sudden, that we none of us knew what to say, until the Curé suggested "timidité" after her long seclusion. Mademoiselle laughed, showing a row of white dazzling teeth. H. flushed up, and said it was time to go.

"I hope," she said, as she took leave, "that you may be able to make up your mind to keep your niece with you. I quite understand your feelings; a child with the gift of life and with years of happiness and usefulness before her — it is a fearful responsibility that you take when you put her away from it all." H. stood looking into the old lady's face, with kind, constraining eyes.

"Oh, yes, indeed, madame!" said Mademoiselle, solemnly — and indeed she spoke with some emotion. "But who would dare to go against a true vocation? Blanche is not the first in our family to give herself up to this holy service of love; and I, who am the last of the Latouches, must not shrink from my share of the sacrifice."

H. could not trust herself to speak; she was almost crying, and quite overcome, and I was glad to get her away. There were all sorts of stories about the family at the Chateau. Madame Valentin, our landlady, worshipped "the grande Mademoiselle," as some of the people in the place used to call her. She was one of the privileged admitted to her presence. The castle was left jointly to Mademoiselle and to Blanche — so she told us. "At Mademoiselle's death everything would go to Blanche. Some people thought it strange that the father should have made such a will; but he

Digitized by Google

knew with what a saint he had to deal," said Madame Valentin. "Look at this dress. It was hers, and she gave it to me."

"A saint! Why does she not go into a convent herself?" said H., still trembling. "That poor child is to be robbed of her life — of God's life — which is her right; she is told that it will please Him that she should spend her strength and youth in valueless dreams and prayers and repetitions. It makes my heart ache to think of it. . . . I have had sorrows enough, but oh! would I give up one of them, one parting, one pang of love, to have loved less ——"

My dearest H.! I comforted her as well as I could, and then Frank came in, and we told him of our interview. "I shall go up and call when this Gourlay is there," said the sociable Major; "perhaps we may find out some way of rescuing your nun, mother. You shall give me an introduction to him. I have always heard he was a very respectable man."

III.

WHAT is a respectable man? Joseph Gourlay, of Gill Mills and Gilwick Manor, was a respectable man, very much looked up to in his own neighbourhood, of which indeed many acres belonged to him. Acres enclosing the handsome stone-fronted house in which he lived, in which his wife had died, in which his three sons had been born. All his life and his fortune seemed to be enclosed in the Yorkshire valley which you might see from the dining-room window, flooded with green, while sudden smoke-volleys burst from the tall chimneys of the mill. The valley is crossed again and again by the stream that comes dashing from its source in the distant hills, straight to the mills at the foot of the great crag. Wick Gill sparkles with the fortunes of the Gourlays, dashing over rocks and ridges a limpid and rainbow-tinted torrent, well fit, as Mr. Gourlay had foreseen long ago, to turn the creaking cogs of his water-wheels, to boil up his steam-engines, to wash and purify his cotton in many waters, while the threads of his fortune spun on their thousand bobbins, glistening as they whirled, drawing wealth with every turn of the quivering line. Hugh, the youngest son, as he sat in the little counting-house, could hear the family fortunes beating time over head as they passed from the mountain gill and the raw cotton heaps to the Gilwick wharfs and bank in family credit, and in the close packed bales of which his two brothers were so proud. Bathurst and Ben were soon to be admitted partners in the business. Hugh's turn was yet to come, but meanwhile he had perhaps found for himself another more absorbing interest undreamt of by Joseph and his elder sons. It was not one that Hugh could share with any one. The habit of the house, the steady reserve, the north country mistrust of fine speaking and flimsy sentiment, had influenced the younger brother as well as his elders.

More than once old Gourlay had found Hugh leaning back, absorbed and forgetful, with a pile of unanswered letters on the desk beside him. The old man would tap him on the shoulder, point significantly at the heap, frown and stump off to his own well-worn desk in the inner room. What was there breeding in Hugh's mind? Often of late he had seemed scarcely himself, and answered vaguely. Was he getting impatient? was he like other young men? did he want to grasp more power in his hands? Old Gourlay had a morbid horror of giving up one shred of his hard-earned rule. He would suspect others of doing that which he himself would have done unto them. He was both true and unjust in many of his dealings. He remembered his own early impatience of all authority. He had laboured hard to earn his own living and his children's. Now, he thought uneasily, the day was come when they were children no longer, but young men nearly as capable as he had been at their age. Sometimes old Gourlay would throw out gloomy hints of giving up work altogether, and look sharply into the young men's faces to catch their expression. Ben never had any expression at all in his round pink cheeks: Bathurst, who knew his father, and was not afraid of him, would burst out laughing: "Yes, father, that would just suit you," he would say. "You might walk about with your hands in your pockets all day long; or you might take to croquet. Ben would give you some lessons." Hugh sometimes flushed up, and a curious questioning look would come into his eyes, when his father talked of a change. It was this look his father could not understand. "Well, Hugh," he would cry impatiently, "can't ye speak?" But Hugh would walk on in stolid silence; he was not so much at ease with his father as Bathurst, and he shut himself more and more away from him. Ben, who had nothing to shut

Digitized by Google

up, might keep the talk going if he chose. Poor Hugh had reached one of the flat stages of existence. Life is scarcely to be compared to the inclined plane that people describe it, but to something in the shape of a pyramid, with intervals of steps between each effort. Hugh had made a great effort of late. He was not without the family good sense and determination, and he could see as plainly as his father or his brothers the advantage of a definite career and occupation. What he had within him might as well be expressed in the intervals of business as of leisure, but at the same time this strange feeling was swelling within him. An impatience and distaste for all he had been used to, a longing for fresh air, for expression, for better things than money-making. It is in vain some people lead monotonous lives. Events without form or sound, mental catastrophes, great sweeps of feeling and opinion, who is to guard against these silent, irresistible powers? He had tried to make friends with the mill hands, but he had tried wrongly, perhaps; anyhow, some discontent was set to his interference, and Mr. Gourlay had angrily forbidden anything of the sort in future.

There had been some words at the time. Hugh had walked over Gill Crag, feeling as if he could bear this slavery no longer. He envied the very birds their freedom as they flew across the path. He forgot that to be condemned to freedom from all care, restraint, internal effort, is, perhaps, the greatest bondage of all. But as yet I have said it was not for nothing that Hugh Gourlay had been born a Yorkshireman; he was sensible and clear-headed for all his impressionable poet's nature. He had begun a book which he finished in after years, and published at his own expense; a sort of story embodying a system of practical philosophy.

Mr. Gourlay might have been relieved if he could have read his younger son's mind as clearly as the debit and credit figures in the books in his counting-house. It was not his father's power that Hugh envied and would have grasped. It was something very far distant from old Gourlay's horizon, a voice coming he traced not whence that haunted as an evil spirit, "You are wasting your life, it is wasting, wasting, wasting." The turning wheels had seemed to say so, the torrent had seemed to say so, every event of the day and every dream of the night had only seemed to repeat it. Minor poets, people born with a certain fervour and sensibility which does not amount to genius, are often haunted by this vague want. They require the domination of the unforeseen, the touch of greater minds to raise them from themselves. They have the gift of imposing their own personality upon the things around them, upon the inanimate sights they see, upon the people they live with; and then they weary of it — common life only repeats their own mood to them, instead of carrying them away from themselves. Great poets are different; they are like Nature herself — supreme, indifferent. Their moods may be storms or mighty calms, or the broad stream of daylight falling upon common things, but they are masters all the while, not servants; and yet even servants faithfully working need not be ashamed, either of their work or of the impulse which urges them on and tells them they are unprofitable at best.

After church on Sundays (Mr. Gourlay was very particular about attendance in the church) it was the family habit to walk straight to the back yard and let the dogs out of their kennels, and to march round and round the grounds until the dinner bell rang. Family discussions often take place on Sundays. This family usually walked in silence with the dogs yelping and leaping at its heels. The garden was very green and very black, as these north-country places are. Tall chimneys showed above the golden birch-trees; iron hurdles fenced off the green clipped lawn; the beds were bordered with some patent zinc ornament; geraniums were blooming in leaden pots. In one place there was an iron fountain with a statue, in another a tin pavilion. A grass-cutting machine stood in one corner of the lawn, with a hose for watering the plants; doubled-locked greenhouses were built along the western walls, with alternate domes and weathercocks for ornament. There was a croquet lawn planned by Ben, who was the sociable member of the party; and beyond the garden and the mill and the sheds lay the valley, wide and romantic as Yorkshire valleys are, with rocks enclosing, with rising turfy crags, leading to widening moors, and the sound of water and the cry of birds coming clear in the Sunday silence. Ben was whistling as he walked along. Hugh was trying to get up his courage to make a certain request he had at heart. Bathurst was leaping the iron fence, followed by two of the dogs.

Digitized by Google

Hi, Ju! well leaped," cried Mr. Gourlay, who was always very fond of his dogs. "First the mill, then the dogs. I don't know where we come in," Bathurst used to say to his brothers. Mr. Gourlay was not so absorbed in Ju's performance as to forget his sons entirely. He looked round uneasily—

"Where is Hugh? Look up, Hugh. What is the matter with him, Ben? he seems always moping."

Hugh had stopped short, and was looking at the gravel path in a dreamy, dazed sort of fashion. Hearing himself called, he looked up. "Father," he said suddenly, "I—I have been wishing to speak to you for some time; I may as well speak now. I want a change. I—Will you let me go to college for a couple of years? You said yesterday that you would make me an allowance. Will you give me two years at college?"

There was a dead silence. Ben, as usual, began to whistle; Bathurst came back with a leap over the hurdle. Then the old man spoke—"No, that I will not do," said Mr. Gourlay, growing very red and looking Hugh full in the face, and striking one of the iron fences sharply with his stick. "College! what has put such d—— stuff into your head, Hugh? Who wants college here? I am a plain man of business. Have I been to college? But I have made my own fortune and yours by my own brains; d'ye think they will teach you brains at those places? What the devil is it ye want? Is it to fine-gentleman-it over your brothers and father?" Old Mr. Gourlay was working himself up as he went on more and more vehemently. "Two years—just when you are beginning to understand the business. Is this your gratitude for all that's been done for you? Look at me, sir; you know as well as I do what I am worth; if I choose to give up work this day, I could leave off and not change one shilling's worth in our way of living. Here I am, an honest man and respected in all the place: have I gone off with quirks and fancies in my head? No; I have stuck to my work like a man, and paid my way, and given in charity too upwards——"

Here Bathurst, who was devoted to his younger brother, tried to stem the storm. "Father, he hasn't your head for business, not even mine, but he has something I have not got. He can see what is amiss, and bring a new light to it, while I am only trying to set things straight with the help of the old one. Hugh saved us 1,500*l.* last year by that alteration in the spinning mules. There is that Frenchman's patent he was speaking of last night, for spinning the finest yarns; it would be the very thing now we are getting in the new machinery."

"Hollo! Bat," said Mr. Gourlay, recovering his temper and wheeling round suddenly; "it was not college learning put that into your head. Come now, let us make terms. Hugh wants a change, does he? let him go over and travel for a bit, and see about the Frenchman's patent; I remember it. I'll write him a line. He left me his address, and Hugh shall go and see it. We will put by our savings to pay for it, hey? against the time he brings me home a daughter-in-law to help to spend the profits. Will that satisfy ye, Hugh?" And so it came about that Hugh Gourlay started one summer's day for Normandy with full instructions as to the address of the ingenious Frenchman, who was to add to their fortunes. His father had given him one other commission. He was to bring home a French poodle. Mr. Gourlay had long wished for one.

IV.

HUGH tried some short cut from the great seaport where he landed to Joyeux, the little fishing village to which he was going, and the short cut turned into a long belated journey, leading him by closing shadows and rough country ways, by high cliffs, into a windy darkness, through which he travelled on hour after hour, listening, as he jolted on in the little country cart, to the sudden bursts of a wild storm chorus, shrieking above the angry moan of the not distant sea. The sea note changed sometimes with the wind that blew the pipes of this giant music; but the rain dropped monotonously all the while, and the jolts and creaks of the wheels turning upon stones, and the muttering of the driver, did not vary very much. The driver was drenched, notwithstanding his striped woollen blanket; he was an old man, and seemed to have accumulated many oaths in the course of a long life. The horses were patient, struggling and stumbling. Hugh had pulled his wideawake well over his eyes, and sat contentedly enough watching the solitary storm overhead, listening to the thunder of breakers, and the onslaught of wind and water. It all seemed to take him out of himself, and he felt as if he could breathe again for the first time for many days.

Digitized by Google

"If I had known, I should not have come out with my horses on such a night," said the driver. "Poor people have to go thro' all sorts of cruelties to please the rich. Heu! Eu! Who knows?" he went on grumbling; "if the truth were told, we many of us have got as much credit at the bank as those who call themselves masters. There is Madame Baton — devil take me, I wish the horses were in her stable now — she has 10,000 francs of income, and more than that. Heu! Eu! . . . He does not understand one word — imbecile Englishman." . . . Poor old Pierre might be forgiven a little ill-humour under the circumstances. His was not a morbid nature. For him the storm only brought rheumatism. He did not aspire to anything beyond a good feed of corn for the horses, a glass of hot wine and a pipe for himself, and a supper off garlick-stew that Madame Baton was famous for concocting. For him the inner voice only said, Eat, smoke, drink, Peter Bonvin, and to-morrow when you die M. le Curé will see to the candles for the altar of the Virgin, and get you into Paradise, by his knowledge of prayers and the saints. Pierre was not without hope that there might be as good wine in Paradise as at Madame Baton's. Why not?

"Chateau Latouche," says Pierre, as they shook and clattered under a dripping beech avenue that led to the village. "It is the house opposite the church," and as he spoke in the darkness they seemed to pass between sudden walls and the swaying of trees at night. Was that booming the sea or the wind among the church bells? Chill mistful night-spirits seemed about, a stir, a scent of leaves and clematis — old Pierre began to swear once more by many R's and S's, he could not find his way one bit, and the wind was rising — again the church clock struck ten, and everything seemed asleep. The children were asleep in the little room out of mine, and a night-light burned dimly in the window. I could just see the two little yellow heads lying on the pillow, and the great black crucifix hanging to the wall. Everything was silent in the great overgrown garden except for the sudden gusts of wind and rain. A mouse ran across the room as I sat reading, the lamp spluttered, and suddenly the surly bell in the courtyard began to ring. It startled us all. Frank was away. Albinia had gone to bed early. H., who was sitting talking to her by her bedside, came running into mine, and found me on my way downstairs. "Can it be the Major?" she said; "is he come back?"

I said I would see, and as I got into the yard the bell rang again, and a sudden fury of wind put out my lamp.

Old Pierre's voice sounded from without, growling and grumbling, and then a younger and pleasanter sound came on the wind.

"Is this the Chateau Latouche; are we expected?"

Poor things! I was sorry to send them on their way through the storm for another half-mile along the road; but what could I do? It was impossible to take in old Pierre, to say nothing of the horses and the strangers.

Now-a-days suppers scarcely exist except at the play in Alfred de Musset's poems. Mademoiselle de Latouche had supped in her youth, and still more in her old age did she persistently cling to the good old custom. She was never hungry at dinner-time, she said, and the evenings seemed long at the Castle, and Mathilde liked supping cosily by the fire in the little dining-room. Sometimes M. le Curé de Joyeux would join the ladies on these occasions; sometimes M. le Curé de St. Dives (St. Dives was another little fishing village on the coast, of which the road ran past the gates of the pretty old Castle). How pretty it looked when the grove of chestnut trees rustled, and the moon dropped behind the pointed roofs and the towerets, with their Normandy caps; and the lights were shining from one window and another — from Mademoiselle's dressing-room, from the great hall and the little saloon, in Léonie's tower over the door-way, in Mathilde's modest garret!

He was looking for the entrance when a sudden flash of lightning illuminated the whole front of the old house — out of blackness shone a fairy palace. The window-panes, the gilt gateway, the very nails on the front door, wet with rain, shone like jewels and enamel; the roses and creepers clustering from the balcony overhead bloomed into sudden life. Each tiny star and flower was fragrant and dropping a diamond drop. Hugh's hand was wet with flowery dew as he let go the iron bell. The flash was gone, and everything was dark again.

He did not, however, have long to wait. The doors were opened by some string or pulley from within, and old Pierre made a sign implying that he was to enter. The Castle was a curious mixture

Digitized by Google

of various tastes and fancies that had crossed the minds of its different inhabitants. The hall was large and empty; a Louis Quinze interior, with old-fashioned chairs and shining boards; a great fire burnt at one end, in a tall chimney-piece; a great clock ticked upon a bracket of which the hands pointed to ten; the family arms were fixed at intervals along the walls. These consisted of hands with "Tenir," the motto of the Latouches, and each held a light. Hugh was rather bewildered by this sudden blaze, and if old Pierre had not given him a push from behind, might have hesitated to cross the threshold. There was not only light to dazzle, but a confusing sound of music coming from some inner room, and a very sweet and melancholy voice singing to the accompaniment of a piano, singing to rocking measure: it went running on in his head for many days after: —

Mais de vous en souvenir
Prendrez vous la peine,
Mais de vous en souvenir
Et d'y revenir ——

A minor chord, and a melodious little flourish.

A Saint Blaize à la Zuecca
Dans les prés fleuris cueillir la verveine.

A door opened, the voice ceased singing, an old man-servant came out with a white respectful head, followed by a little woman in a grey dress, carrying a lamp. She seemed to pat or drift across the floor, so lightly made and pale and slim was she. Was it possible that this could have been the songstress? She spoke in a little flute-like voice that was scarcely above a whisper. Old Peter undertook to be master of the ceremonies.

"He does not understand one word of French," he said, pointing to Hugh. "Madame expects him. It is all right. I am going to put the horses in the stable."

The little grey lady evidently expected her guest. She bowed, whispered a few words to the man-servant, and gave him the lamp, and the old man beckoned to the young traveller and led the way across the black and white marble pavement of the hall to a side door opening into a great drawing-room, brilliantly lighted, decorated with panelling, hung with white and brown damask. Everywhere stood lovely old china, and ticking clocks (Madame de Latouche had a fancy for clocks), but there was no one to wind them up; their hands pointed to every possible hour and in every direction. The place seemed enchanted to Hugh after his long dark journey, dazzling and unexpected. The piano was open, but the musician was gone; a pair of gloves lay upon the floor by a little table, upon which stood, along with some slight refection of finger-biscuits, a scarcely touched glass of wine. Hugh, who was hungry after his long expedition, cast a glance at this little table; but his guide beckoned him on, and presently led him through a small boudoir into a bedroom on the ground floor, opening into a comfortable set of rooms, in one of which his luggage was displayed, and from whence the grey lady suddenly issued, bowing in her list slippers. She had been to see that all was in order — the last match in the matchbox; the pink soap and water in the cruet-like washstand; the eider-down floating on the natty little chintz bed.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more unlike the steady four-post respectability of Hugh Gourlay's own home than this little chintzified nest which had been prepared for him, with a small sofa to recline upon, a blue glass inkstand, a little cup of holy water over the bed, the glazed and painted portraits of one or two amiable-looking young saints, the sugar and water apparatus on the smart walnut drawers, and a neat little square mat for his feet. Hugh imagined his brothers' expression at seeing him thus installed, but no Bathurst was there with sarcastic jeers, nor Ben with ill-suppressed fits of laughter.

"I hope you will find all you want," murmured the lady. "The supper will be ready immediately, if you will take the trouble to come down."

As she spoke, a girl in a Normandy cap came in with a jug of hot water; the old servant rolled up a comfortable arm-chair; a second man, who had come in, rapidly unpacked Hugh's portmanteau.

"Has Monsieur got everything?" asked the girl in a loud shrill voice. The lady put her fingers to her lips: "Hush, Madame sleeps!" she said.

Hugh could understand just so much. The servants now seemed to creep about with redoubled care. The house was perfectly still, with a faint aromatic perfume that Hugh associated with it ever after, but not without confusion.

Hugh was not many minutes dressing and drying his wet hair and hands, and he was only just ready when some one

Digitized by Google

came tapping at the door, and a hungry man with a less knowledge of the language might have understood the meaning of the word *souper*, which some one uttered in the same whisper as the others.

Hugh's agreeable speculations as to his company were disappointed. Nobody supped except himself. There were two places laid, but the little grey woman came in and motioned to the young man to begin, and Hugh sat down to a solitary meal. The grey woman was in and out of the room attending to his wants with the greatest kindness and assiduity, but whenever he had attempted to speak, she smilingly placed a finger on her lips and pointed to the adjoining room. What she meant he could not conceive; but meanwhile he went on with his meal, and did ample justice to the excellent food that was set before him in white *soupières*, *marinières*, and fruit-dishes and hot plates, all of foreign and unusual shape. An omelette came in leaping in the dish; there was even a slice of melon, and some champagne in a long-necked bottle. Hugh finished off one dish after another, not a little surprised and amused by his adventure, and looking often to the door in hopes of seeing it open. When he had quite done, the little housekeeper came creeping in once more in her list slippers, carrying a little tray with coffee and with liqueurs. Then she crossed and softly opened the door into the adjoining room, and the mystery was explained. Hugh saw a large and well-furnished drawing-room. A lamp burnt dimly in one corner, casting its circling green light all round about. The rays fell upon polished floors and furniture of ancient date. There were bookcases and cabinets, brass locks and shadows; an old looking-glass repeating the scene; an ancient bureau, open and heaped with paper, against the wall. The windows were still closed and safely barred against the storm. On one side of the table stood a great arm-chair, and in the chair reclined a sleeping figure. The housekeeper crept with a noiseless tread across the room; behind the nodding head she gently placed a pillow, and then returned as swiftly as she had entered. But Hugh had time to see his hostess. The light fell full upon Mademoiselle de Latouche's profile. Even in her sleep she seemed to hold her own and to reign from her slumbers.

When Hugh turned round he found that he was no longer alone. A young lady, dressed in white, had come in by another door — a beautiful person — who advanced part of the way towards him with an undulating movement, and then stopped short, looking back towards the door. Hugh thought at first that she was going to run away.

"Are you there, Mathilde?" she said; and then the little grey woman stepped forward from behind and said something in French, and once more the lady turned towards her guest.

"My aunt has taken her sleeping draught," said the lady, in a natural voice. "We need not be afraid of awakening her." Then, turning to Hugh, "You must be fatigued after voyaging all day," she said; "you must repose and refresh yourself. Will you not sit?"

Hugh had started respectfully to his feet. Could this be the real lady of the house after all? Was this beautiful young creature Madame de Latouche? She was a very young lady, although her costume was scarcely suitable to a girl, for the dress was of some sort of white stuff, trimmed with swan-down; her beautiful little head was set softly into a thick lace ruffle; she had an innocent round face with two wondering and tender eyes. Her soft brown hair was smoothly parted in a Madonna line. She came forward very gently, hesitating, with soft footsteps and burning cheeks. When she spoke to Hugh her voice seemed to vibrate with a peculiar tone; but then, she was speaking English, and carefully considering her words; when she turned to Mathilde and to French again, the plaintive voice struck into another key.

She did the honours very prettily, with a gentle hesitation and swift precision. Coffee was now served. There was not much talk, but a clinket of cups and silver spoons, and somehow, when all was over, Hugh seemed to have made his hostess's acquaintance. He had been rather afraid of her at first, and had scarcely known what to say; but she once asked him to give her some milk, and then suddenly looked up with eyes that innocently asked for confidence; and he began to feel as if he knew her somehow upon the strength of that one enquiring glance. The hands of the clock were now pointing to eleven, and the old man began to clear away the belated little meal.

"Good-night," said the lady, in her pretty English. "I hope my aunt will be well enough to receive you in the morning; I am sorry that I shall have to leave home for the day."

Digitized by Google

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" remonstrated the companion.

The young lady gave her a little pat on the cheek. "Will you be quiet, Mathilde?" she said.

Hugh held out his hand, English fashion. She half put hers out — then pulled it back again; and, as she did so, he saw that a gold bracelet was fastened to her arm, to which hung a tiny gold locket with a picture.

The lady had told Hugh her name before they parted; she was Blanche de Latouche, she said; her aunt was the real lady of the house. Hugh went to bed dreaming of his hostess.

V.

THE courtyard opened upon the high road, the high road led to the village, where everybody was up, and awake and excited. For hours past the church bells had been jangling, and a gun had been going off at intervals. It woke up Hugh Gourlay at the same minute as M. le Maire, and old Mademoiselle de Latouche in her warm bed. In the Presbytery the children were jumping about in great excitement. It was pretty to see the little cluster in the courtyard — the babies in front, the little elder girls, in their broad hats, peeping at M. le Curé and his assistant, as they passed and re-passed through the gateway. H., who never can resist the children's voices, was also there, with a lace veil over her head. Madame Valentin was discoursing to the tobacconist out of her bedroom window as usual. He had stepped into the court in his wooden shoes to borrow an umbrella. "Ah! you will all want umbrellas," says Madame Valentin sagely. "My son started an hour ago. He is not in the procession; he goes to receive the Archbishop with the other gentlemen."

All this time a procession had been forming, rain and mud notwithstanding — talkative, excited. French people certainly have a special art for holding umbrellas, tidily defying the elements; their starch keeps stiff, their garments are dry, their spirits undamped, at times when an English temper would be drenched. Perhaps in the long run the English temper might best withstand the onslaught of adverse circumstances; but certainly for brief adversities we have little patience. The procession started at last, to the peal of bells, to the barking of dogs — windows opened, the church porch was crowded, people joining in from every doorway, late recruits following as fast as they could go. The women wore clean white skirts and starched white caps with satin ribbons; the men were dressed in their usual Sunday best — flagbearers had the additional glory of a green rosette. Monsieur le Curé and Monsieur le Vicaire were both there, encouraging and marshalling their troops. They had their breviaries under their arms, they wore their beautiful muslin stoles, their octagonal caps. The choristers were also in full dress, and the church beadle, in his long flapping gown, came away from the bell which he had been ringing uninterruptedly since four o'clock in the morning.

A few cap-strings joined still hot from the ironing-board where Madame Wachtel had been standing uninterruptedly labouring for twenty-four hours. Poor woman, she now sank down exhausted. She had counted upon going herself; there was her own jupe all ready, but she was too tired to move — tired! she was broken, there was no other word. Ah! there goes Mademoiselle de Latouche; is it possible that she walks on foot when she might drive in her aunt's carriage?

Hugh, who had dressed and come out to see what was going on, now appeared in the market-place. He had seen Blanche pass his window, which was just about four feet from the ground, and on a level with people's heads. Mathilde, of the night before, was following with a water-proof, and expostulating as she went. "You will catch cold," he heard her say; "your aunt — the carriage ——" and then Blanche's sweet shrill "Do you suppose that in the convent?" . . . and so they passed on.

The whole thing seemed to Hugh like some sort of fantastic continuation of his dreams. Still more so when he found himself, an hour later, steadily plodding in the wake of the retreating procession that was rapidly disappearing beyond the horizon of the sloping field. He had remained a little behind, talking to H., with whom he had stiffly claimed acquaintance as she stood in the gateway, on the strength of the night before; and, as usually happened in such cases, in return for his stiff excuse, she had charmed him by her kind manner and sweetness of greeting. That pale and tremulous H. has a gentle genius quite her own. It is not only sympathy, not only kind-heartedness, it is a peculiar instinct (springing in truth from a kind heart and a quick and a delicate intellect), which teaches her to understand the silent language of

Digitized by Google

the people she meets, as well as their spoken words. Some persons can play the piano; others, with a look, can tune a far nobler instrument. I often envy H. her gift, dearly as she pays for it. We can most of us sympathize, but to understand is a subtler quality. Unselfish sympathy, that forgets itself and does not obtrude, is the sweetest and rarest of all. Sometimes as she comes in, in her black dress and mourning garb, I look into H.'s pale face, with its sweet pensive lines; old and worn as it is, it seems to me fairer than many a young and brilliant beauty; its sudden smile is more tender and radiant. Some bright tempers are a little oblivious, carried away by their own excitement; H. is not so; she is hopeful and quietly pleased, because her heart is humble and full of love, and by her example she teaches us to practise this happiness of gentleness and faith, and to believe in it, even though it may not always be for us.

Hugh promised to come and see us again, and then walked off across the field in pursuit of the procession, that was now rapidly disappearing beyond the horizon. In order to save time he had tried another of his short cuts, and wandered into the boggy centre of a turnip-field, and was glad to scramble out of it into the pathway again. The land was monotonous enough, plains on every side, here and there a village crowding, white against the sky overhead mountains and valleys were tossing, and a storm was still impending, although the sun had come out bright for the present, and as it gleamed from the mountainous clouds above to the flat plains below, Hugh could see the little village, and the spire of the castle a couple of miles away.

Sometimes some tune comes haunting one, one knows not why, and to-day a wild Hungarian dance music, that Hugh had once heard by chance, seemed to him to be ringing in his mind, and echoing from across the plains, and from the distant line of breakers. Then some soft burst of wind would catch it up and carry it into the drifting clouds, and then a light would seem to break out suddenly and repeat the tune in another key. People have odd waking dreams at times. All this grey light and swiftness overhead, all this desolation under foot, over which the slippery lights were flickering; the sea-birds flying upon the wind; the excitement and strangeness of the scene, seemed best expressed by this tune that was haunting him, and which he associated ever after with that morning's chase. He caught the procession up at last, and as he did so the tune died away. One or two stragglers had already fallen out of the ranks. There was Madeleine Mathieu, the baker's daughter, carefully holding her white petticoats out of the mud, and naturally too much engrossed by this occupation to think of much else. Hugh soon descried Mademoiselle de Latouche struggling with the flapping tongue of the village flag, to which a piece of ribbon had been tied, and which it was her duty to hold. She was dressed in white, as were the others; she wore a little white bonnet tied under her chin.

"I fear you are tired, my child," said M. le Curé, coming up. He was walking along the ranks and encouraging his starched flock. "Madeleine, if you come here, Mademoiselle will be able to rest."

They had come out from the fields by this time into the highway, which was growing more and more crowded every minute. Mademoiselle de Latouche recognized Hugh as she passed him, and nodded kindly; but she seemed tired, and there was no spirit in her greeting. The sight itself was amusing enough—a quaint scene of genuine country life. Here was a group of peasant-women, proudly striding along side of the soutane, the glory of the family. The brother, the Priest, walked with his thick shoes and flapping skirts, the proud old mother by his side in her old-fashioned Normandy cap and kerchief: the modernized sisters in cheap white satin quillings. Then some little children and some nuns went hurrying by to one of the convents in the town; a little farther, some recruits, who had been very tipsy the day before, were still parading in their ribbons; and with it all came an eager cheerful hum and chatter of voices, to which every moment brought additional notes; through every gate of the little town to which the procession was bound, the people were pouring.

The choir of Joyeux rang shrill and loud, the rain had ceased, the hedgerows and willow-trees were fresh in the narrow field ways, the feet of the many pilgrims had worn a streaming track as they passed, plodding peacefully through the nineteenth century to worship at the shrine of three hundred years before. There goes Femme Roulet, the farmer's wife, in her great-grandmother's earrings; there goes a priest from the seminary, who was born twenty years ago, perhaps, but who is living with St. Ben-

Digitized by Google

edict and others, the life of their day. The way is long, the path is wet and slippery. Poor little Blanche had stumbled many a time before she finished her long three miles; she was unused to such fatigue, and could scarcely drag her tired feet along; the crowd bewildered her; she clung to her ribbon, and tried to think of the hymn that the country girls were singing as they marched along. This was what she had hoped, to find herself one of a goodly company pressing onward to the true burning shrine of religion; but she was tired; her spirits flagged; her attention wandered from the words of the psalm; she found herself mechanically counting the jerks of the flagstaff as it crossed and recrossed the priest's little black velvet cap. Suddenly, as she clung in her dismay to the green ribbon of the flag, the great prop and mainmast itself seemed to give way — there was a shriek. Something had struck her shoulder. . . .

Barriers had been put up round about the chapel, but just outside the barriers Hugh thought things looked a little uncomfortable. It was all good-natured enough, and the people were only pushing in fun; but with so many girls and children in the crowd, it was certainly dangerous fun. There was a sudden cry that the bishop's carriage was at hand, a sudden heave, and somehow, before any one knew why, a wave passed through the crowd, some women screamed, a little pale and fainting figure almost fell into Hugh's arms. Madeleine, the banner-bearer, slipped and fell: Louise the washerwoman sprawled over her. There might have been a serious accident if M. le Curé, who was a strong man, and Hugh, who was active and ready, had not sprung forward together and made a sort of rampart against the surging crowd. Hugh would not have been greatly concerned for Madeleine, who was well able to bear any amount of pushing, or for Louise, who was loudly bewailing herself — but he still held up the almost senseless little lady of the castle; it had been his fate to rescue her; and he was relieved when the pressure subsided, and he found himself in a quiet corner of the great place outside the barrier.

Blanche revived in a minute, smoothed her hair out of her eyes, and sat on a step trembling a little and silent, and biting her lips. She did not even say "Thank you;" that wild sea of heads and struggling arms was still about her.

Then she heard Hugh asking if she felt better, and found that she was safe and once more able to breathe; and in one moment she was herself again, shaking out her crumpled lace and smoothing her dress.

"You will have to go home now," said Hugh, in a tone of some satisfaction. "What induced you to come to such a place, mademoiselle? It is all very well for those peasant women, but for you ——" The innocent eyes looked up.

"For me? Why should I not do as they do?" said Blanche, turning pale again at the very thought. "Oh, how wet I am! Is it not disagreeable to be wetted? Is that a carriage? Perhaps. — Ah! here is Monsieur le Curé."

Monsieur le Curé emerged with Madeleine, who was all over mud, and anxious to return to a clothes-brush. Hugh had hoped to be allowed to escort his hostess back to the castle; but this was not according to French etiquette.

"I shall not thank you," said Blanche, as she took leave of Hugh. "You saved my life, but it was scarcely worth the trouble. Remember that my aunt dines at six."

A little carriage happened to be passing (it had been setting down some farmers from Vitry, a couple of miles off), and into the carriage Mademoiselle de Latouche and Madeleine were assisted, and they drove off together, mutually condoling, two white women under the green avenue. M. le Curé hurried after his flock; Hugh (who had had no breakfast), made his way into the town; all sorts of refreshments were being prepared for the use of the pilgrims. Such pious excursions should give good appetite.

Hugh felt somewhat remiss as he walked home to dinner that evening. He feared that he had neglected his duties as a guest; but in truth he had been so well amused, that he had forgotten all about the unseen lady, who might probably be expecting him.

A sort of Scriptural gleam was upon the sea, in the air, upon the little village lying on the sea-shore; a sort of Bethlehem-like star was peering from the eddying heights; two women were standing by a well not far from the castle garden talking together as they pulled the iron handle of the crank. They were still in their white dresses and white frilled caps. "It has been the day of Heaven," said one to the other. "We crossed the field singing in choir. Mademoiselle

Digitized by Google

Blanche led the hymn. What a pity that she was so frightened in the crowd! It was nothing coming back. M. le Curé found the dryest, nicest way. Look, I am not weary, and yet I have been on my feet since three o'clock this morning. Ah! our Curé is a good man. I would not exchange for him of St. Rambert, though he drove in the Bishop's carriage."

"Well, make haste," said the other in a low, satisfied voice. "Here is the storm again." And, as she spoke once more, the clouds seemed to gather swiftly from every quarter, from the sea, from the plains, heaping dark clouds. The summer storm burst over the village, where there was a great frying and clatter; all the bathers were enjoying their evening meal at open doors and windows; with kitchens in full play, with great talking and discussion. Some had brought their tables out into the street itself, for the heat was excessive, and the lodgings for the most part close and overcrowded. There was a general shriek and flight: children scampered; careful *ménagères* remained to clear the board; a great peal of thunder shook the air, and a swift whirlwind came eddying up with fierce dust and furious onslaught.

The storm did not last very long, and when it was over the sky cleared as suddenly as it had overclouded; the cloud-banks sank away, and the sunset, which had been tranquilly going on through all the clatter and excitement, came once more blazing gorgeously through the broken clouds and flooding the evening world. The drops of rain on the clematis that overhung the garden door reflected this splendid light; every stone was radiant. The very clapper sounded sweet and most musical in the clear and fragrant calm that followed the crash of angry clouds and storm. If the very wall was beautiful, the garden too was transfigured as Hugh walked in, admitted by Denise with her apron over her head.

"Here you are! What a storm!" says she; "were you caught in it? Mademoiselle has told us how you saved her. We have been frightened. Mademoiselle our mistress has had a nervous attack. That poor Casimir had to go out in all the rain for the doctor. Ah, we poor servants! we are the same as our masters. Thunder disagrees with me just as much as with our mistress. See how I tremble. And as for little Marie, the kitchenmaid, she is in the back cupboard. She won't come out."

Hugh might have shown more sympathy if he could have spoken more French; with some satisfaction he gathered, however, that he had not been missed. He nodded, and Denise took it for granted he agreed in all she said. The prince in the fairy tale is conducted from chamber to chamber through jewelled and incandescent halls; my prince was only led under the vine trellis. But what jewelled galleries could be more beautiful than these green and garlanded loggias, through which the burning evening garden was shining in clear, invigorating life? As he came from under the vines, he saw a common monthly rose-tree, from every thorn of which a rainbow seemed to break and flash as Denise swept by with her heavy cloth skirt. There was one rose of which the colours seemed to glow beyond light, deeper and dearer, and more splendid than any words. The flower burnt on, and Hugh stopped in admiration; Denise, however, pointed to the stable clock.

"Make haste," she said, "dinner will be ready;" and the young man understood that he was to lose no time. Denise hurried on quickly to her kitchen, past rose perfume and sweet verbena and geranium leaves. Mademoiselle, however, did not come down to dinner, and Blanche again did the honours.

VI.

MADEMOISELLE DE LATOUCHE was reported still indisposed next day. Only Mathilde and Blanche were there when Hugh, who had risen early, walked into the breakfast-room from the garden. He had been down to the village, bathed, reconnoitred the place.

Early as it was, all the bathers were already out on the sands; and a strange and motley crowd assembled. Roman figures standing draped, enjoying the horizon, reading the paper, and contemplating the sea before casting their long white togas aside and venturing into the water. Ladies in sandalled feet, closely garbed in woollen stuffs, banded and filleted like any Tullias and Cornelias out of a gallery of statues; little noisy boys and girls playing on the shore or capering down from the bathing boxes, our own children piling their castle. It is all present as I write, the heave of the crisp horizon, the flash of brine, the faint sparkle of distant promontories. People talk of being misunderstood; surely there are moments when every grain of sand, every gleam of light, seems to re-

Digitized by Google

spond to the uttermost need of one's being, and to complete and to satisfy.

The cheerfulness and clatter of it all first struck our friend Hugh; and, for the first time, he understood that besides one's life and one's habits there is such a thing as the state of mind in which people and their neighbours habitually live. It is quite independent of circumstances, and represents the measure from which they start. Whether one state of mind is more desirable than another was not the question he asked himself. He had been used to look with something like scorn upon anything that was good-humoured and temporary: a stern realization of the terrors of life, and a heavy plod along its pitfalls, had always seemed to him the most reasonable aspect to contemplate. It had been his mother's and his father's, it was his brothers'.

Under all these cheerful influences he came back to the chateau whistling, with his hands in his pockets, and prepared to eat, drink coffee, and transact business; he passed old Pierre with clean straw in his sabots, cracking a cheerful morning whip.

The breakfast was set out on the oilskin table-cover, a dish of piled-up fruit in the centre, bowls of coffee, and a loaf three feet long, from which Mathilde was cutting liberal hunches. Blanche was breakfasting in the sunshine; she was sitting just where the light fell upon the oak parquet, she was still dressed in white, demurely sipping her bowl of milk. She looked a little pale, even younger than the night before.

"Here is the English gentleman!" said Mathilde, looking up, and she opened the window to let their visitor in. As she did so, all the morning aureole, birds' songs, light, fresh, and renovating, rushed in. Mathilde shivered, but enjoyed; and, being cold, went off to get a shawl for Blanche, while the young lady answered Hugh's inquiries.

"Here is your aunt's little fur tippet for you, my child," said the kind creature, coming back with some swandown.

"Thank you, Mathilde," said Blanche; "Mr. Gourlay will not believe that I am no longer frightened; but give us something more to eat quickly, for this is a fast-day, and I am hungry. I should like some more cream."

Mademoiselle Mathilde hurried off, enchanted. Fast-day or feast-day, she never ate anything herself, but her pleasure was to provide for others; and this little Blanche was very near her heart. Who could help loving her? a soft, little wilful creature, with sudden spirits flaming up, silent deep suppressions, all following one another so rapidly that it was hard to say which of all these sunshines and tempests was Blanche herself.

Then the little grey woman took some crumbs from the table and scattered them over the garden path that crossed the window. A sparrow immediately appeared ready to grapple with an enormous block of bread.

"Are you fond of birds?" said Blanche; "I am," watching Hugh as he went on with his breakfast. "There are thrushes in the garden of the convent where I was brought up at, and a nightingale sings in June. I watch him under the tree. It is so pretty; one night we tried to steal out to listen to it, but the good mother punished us all next day."

"How glad you must be to be at home!" said Hugh, who had finished his coffee. "Now you will be able to listen to nightingales as long as you like."

Blanche did not answer: she crimsoned up and then became very pale; even her pretty red lips seemed to turn white for a moment. "Don't you know," she began, then faltered. She was always gentle, and generally deliberate in her movements, but on this occasion some sudden impulse made her start from her chair, spring swiftly to the window and out into the garden; the birds in front of the window flew away frightened.

Mathilde started; Blanche had vanished. Hugh Gourlay was a little puzzled; he looked at his companion, wondering what he had said amiss. The diligent little woman was still clearing away the breakfast, and brushing the crumbs off the oilskin cover of the table. She seemed to avoid his glance. When Hugh got up and walked into the garden, he saw Blanche, in her swandown tippet, sitting in the sunshine as quietly as if nothing had happened.

Benches alternated with orange trees along the terrace, and Blanche had chosen the sunniest. She sat quite still with her hands linked into her sleeves, in the way she had learnt from the nuns. She was looking intently at the swaying branch of a tree, from which some lilac dropping westerias were hanging. Her shadow never stirred upon the gravel walk. Beyond the terrace, in the great meadow, the cows were standing in their sombre coats; beyond the cows, the old iron gates were closed against the world

Digitized by Google

—"jaunting by the highway." It all looked secure and peaceful enough. As Hugh came up, the young Chatelaine moved ever so little and made a place for him on the bench beside her.

"Tell me," she said, suddenly, "why did you come here?"

"I came on business," said Hugh.

"What business?" said Blanche, still looking at the westeria branch, where a little sparrow was swinging and swaying to a tune in his own brain.

"I have to find a particular sort of machine," said Hugh, "for which your father has left a model, I understand, and I have to find a poodle for my father. He thinks that is most important of all, but I am very anxious to get the machine."

"A machine! a poodle!" said Blanche, looking at him with her wise yet innocent eyes. "Have you come all this way for a poodle? I think I can help you; there is a poor woman in the village who has one to dispose of. His name is Bismarck. He is a very big dog: I will have him brought here for you. I cannot think how any one can like dogs. We cannot endure dogs in this house. There are none at the Convent; that is something gained."

Then he began telling her one dog story after another; he spoke of colleys and terriers and sheep dogs, warming to his subject as he went on; he brought a whole new world into his talk—a world of moors and of liberty, of adventure, a world of nature.

Never in the course of her short existence had little Blanche heard any one speak in such a voice as this or heard such a hymn to natural things. She had heard of miracles, of ecstasies, of preserves and embroidery; she had heard of pictures, of incense, of self-infliction and devotion; but of winds and life and liberty and labour, free, enduring—she had never heard any one speak in this way before. She tried to realize Hugh's stories as they followed; listening with averted eyes. Once she raised them with a look that made him almost cease to speak, it was so constraining in its veiled appeal. "Don't tell me any more," it seemed to say.

"I shall never hear such things again," she said at last, in her slow English. "I shall soon be gone from here, I think, but I shall remember it all." Then she sighed and moved uneasily, and then folded her hands once more, but he could see her little tender fingers trembling.

"Are you going to a pretty part of the country?" asked young Gourlay, in his most matter-of-fact tones.

Hugh scouted emotion and avoided it as Blanche avoided poodles, and his tone at once froze her confidence.

"It is pretty enough," she said, dryly, "but that will make little difference to me. The place I am going to is . . ."—she stopped—"would not interest you," she said.

"One can never tell," said Hugh, "what will interest another person, any more than one can tell what may be about to happen to oneself."

"I know very well what is before me," said Mademoiselle de Latouche; and Hugh vaguely smiled and surmised.

"I could tell you every day of all my life to come as long as I live if I chose," continued the girl, with a sad quiver in her slow voice; "when you go back to your moors, to your dogs, to your free life, I shall be in my convent, at peace and safe from the world and its temptations." She raised her wistful, magnetic eyes, as she spoke, with some wild yet mystical look in them that Hugh never forgot again.

"What do you mean?" he asked, in a different tone.

"I am going to enter the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Pilgrims," said little Blanche, in a low voice. Then she said no more, but sat smoothing the fluff upon her tippet, mechanically stroking it down with her little fingers.

The bewildered Englishman remained on the bench beside her—watching her in surprise and painful interest. He began presently to question. Contrary to her wont, she answered all his questions with the greatest readiness and simplicity. Yes, it was of her own free-will she was going in. Her aunt wished it, and so did M. le Curé, and her father wished it, so they said; and what else could she do? Once she had thought of marrying a young man her father had approved, but he died: she had only seen him twice, but she always wore his portrait, and she pointed to the locket on her arm. He was something like—she stopped again and went on to speak of the convent. She loved the sisters; they were kinder than anybody else except poor Mathilde.

"And it is a beautiful life," said the little thing seriously, "to pray, to sing in the chapel, to be good and loved by all the saints, and to spend one's life for the good of others, praying for them. Perhaps," she said, clasping her hands

Digitized by Google

thoughtfully, "some other girl will profit by my prayers and find happiness — my happiness."

Hugh was too much shocked and frightened to know what to say at the moment, and before he could make up his mind Mathilde came flying out upon the terrace. Mademoiselle desired to see him, she said; would he please come at once? — she did not like waiting. The Curé de St. Rambert was expected, and she was already vexed by his delay.

M. le Curé de St. Rambert took a special interest in the fate of little Blanche. The little thing would probably inherit her aunt's fortune as well as her father's possessions: let them beware of scheming fortune-hunters, ready to devour the poor innocent; let them accept with a good heart the safe protection that the Church extends to those holy women who are filled with noble aspirations, and turn to her for safety and refuge. Blanche had been sent to the convent, by his advice, for her education. She seemed to have a vocation; let them beware how they discouraged it! This was St. Rambert's advice.

The Curé de St. Joyeux had nearly been denied the house in disgrace for having shown so little sympathy when his advice was asked concerning Blanche's future. "Marry her, Madame," he had been churlish enough to say; "find some good young fellow to make a home for her. Hers does not seem to me a character matured for a cloister life. She has movements, sublime movements of piety and fervour; but that is a mere passing phase in her young soul. Some people are thus constituted, and I do not say that they are by any means the worst. Now, there is M. le Vicaire, if you ask me; he seems eminently cut out for religious life. He is now arranging the details of another procession next Thursday: it will be most striking."

Mademoiselle de Latouche must have been in a capricious mood that day. Mathilde led Hugh into a sort of ante-room, where she begged him to wait while she went in and announced him. The time seemed a little long, and the young man walked to the window and looked out. It was a window which opened on one of the twisted balconies, and from whence he could see the garden, and the terrace, and the orange trees all mapped out before him; and as he looked he saw that M. le Curé de St. Rambert had come up and sat down on the bench where he had been sitting. Little Blanche was still there, listening with averted face to the Curé, who was speaking with unction and much action of the hands. Then she suddenly started away, and set off running along the orange trees, and the Curé crossed towards the house. Mathilde also came out of an adjoining room, looking somewhat confused.

"Well!" said Hugh.

Mathilde shook her head. Mademoiselle had changed her mind; she could not receive him that morning.

It afterwards occurred to Hugh that this had been a little ruse of the housekeeper's to get him out of the way before the priest's arrival. Mathilde hurried him down by a different staircase to that by which she had brought him.

VII.

UNTIL he had heard her story, Blanche had seemed to Hugh just a young lady like any other; now, when he looked out into this flower-garden all a-bloom, and watched the little thing's play and bright antics, and heard her sweet voice, some other chord was struck, and there seemed a strange meaning to it all. After that first explanation, little Blanche seemed to trouble herself no more about her fate; but what curious things meanings are! This future was like a shadow creeping over a summer day, so Hugh thought; like the melancholy reverberation of a voice calling gayly across an empty court. The more often Blanche's laugh sounded, the more sadly this echo seemed to sound. . . .

How quickly people get used to the things that they like! Habits of tranquil intimacy are, perhaps, the most insidious of all. They seem so easy, so harmlessly absorbing, why should they not continue forever? Great events, wonderful successes, deserving triumphs, those may be for others, but for ourselves we ask but little: the peaceful satisfaction, the person you expect, the hour you love best returning again and again. One is told of the vanity of human wishes, but people do not surely apply so grand a name to anything so unimportant as the opening of a door, the quiet daily entrance of one person or another. . . .

These two young people were thrown into a strange companionship. Mademoiselle de Latouche for once was really ill, and too much absorbed in her symptoms to trouble herself about what was going on in the house. From what H. had said, she had taken it for granted that Mr. Gourlay was an old manufacturer.

Digitized by Google

Mathilde innocently answered all Mademoiselle's questions. He was quiet, gave no trouble, was out most of the day; this was all the account she gave. He was anxious to go as soon as he had been allowed to see the machine.

But Mademoiselle was firm. No, not until she had seen him and made her bargain would she consent to let Hugh go or carry off the model. Mathilde had the key; let her keep it for the present.

The days went by so peacefully that there was nothing to dwell upon. They used to spend long hours on the terrace, nothing happening except that the cows came crossing the field, or the shadow of the sun-dial travelled across the disc. One night Blanche persuaded Mathilde to come down to the beach. They walked down the great avenue, of which the trees looked so tall in the moonlight. As they reached the gate that led to the road, the two priests were passing along on their way from the church; their buckles gleamed in the moonlight. It was a lovely, vast night; that strange harmony which is not sound, which is not silence, was vibrating everywhere. The moon was slowly winning a silver victory, and conquering realm after realm of sand, and down, and sea; now the church spire itself is won, the marble step in the open door, through which you see the dim lamp burning at the altar-rail. There within all is still, mysterious, and voiceless; but without, how the sky flashes — what dimmed glory of starlight seems waiting for a signal to burst into life! H. was sitting among shadows; the husband and wife were walking slowly along the trellis wall; sometimes a star rose above its leafy line, sometimes a veil seemed to fall gently upon all this mystery. I saw the trio from the castle from my window as they passed on their way to the beach.

The sea lay quite still in the moonlight, and only streaked by some long black lines that came rolling in strangely, with a dull monotony of calm and sound. Hugh had once heard an oratorio given in the town-hall at York, and the night brought it back to his mind. He had forgotten the music, but he could rememder the impression that it made, the sense of distance, the harmonious concords breaking through the modulation of vaguer notes. Here was the oratorio again. "It frightens me," said Blanche; "but how beautiful it is!" High overhead rode the pale moon, a pervading melancholy falling upon the waves, the cliffs darkly enclosing all, the stars shining against their crests.

Mathilde stood gazing at the black lines in the sea. "There will be a storm to-night," she said.

Blanche turned, with a low, soft sigh. "Come, there is a boat putting off. How I should like to row out into the moonlight!"

When one is young, impressions come like beautiful tunes, easy to remember, with melody caressing and entrancing. Each year adds meaning upon meaning to every feeling, accompaniment to every loving tune, and presently it is no longer one exquisite air, but a great concerted movement that carries us away; each note seems complicated and enchorded into others. Hugh and Blanche were young, uncomplicated as yet; they had not six weeks' experience between them, for Blanche in her convent had scarcely seen less of the world than Hugh among his throbbing engines. The music that was sounding in their ears, on this mysterious night, was a very sweet one.

"I think I could remain looking at the waves for years," said Blanche. "Ah! what a pity that the convent windows do not look upon the sea!"

"The convent windows will not show you much worth looking at, I should think," said Hugh, turning crossly away.

"That is the reason of it," said Blanche, stopping short. "The convent is a friend who comes to detach us from the things of this world, its vanities, its pleasures, and heartlessness." She spoke with a cold yet passionate earnestness, and waited for him to answer.

"Do you think there are no troubles in life?" said Hugh, with his hands in his pockets, muttering between his teeth. "Real troubles with some heart in them, instead of flimsy metaphors and fancy penances inflicted by old women." Blanche flushed furiously.

"I must never speak to you again, if you speak to me like that," she said. They had walked up to the boats.

At this time a boat was putting out to sea, and the two fishermen to whom it belonged were struggling with ropes and cords and fish-baskets; a boy was leaping in and out, hauling and pushing. The weird moonlight fell upon their faces; a woman with a child in her arms stood silently near, watching their progress.

"We are ready," said the elder man, coming up to where the woman was standing; "good-night, my girl; go

Digitized by Google

home; there is nothing to fear." He gave her a loud kiss, and leapt into the boat; it shoved off with a dull splash, and went rapidly tossing across the black waves. The woman suddenly burst out crying, and kissed her baby again and again.

They found some one expecting them when they reached home. Blanche's poodle was sitting on the door-step. It was a present, she said, laughing. Hugh must accept it; a big white poodle dog, nicely curled and frilled, with a string tied to its muzzle. It had pink eyes, and an innocent black nose like a button. Its wide-spread paws were ornamented with elegant little tufts; its tail ended in a tassel. The old peasant woman who had brought it was gazing wistfully at the foolish blinking eyes that returned her glances with so much truthful affection.

The poodle slept in a corner of Hugh's bed-room all that night; about two o'clock in the morning, to the consternation of the household, he roused the whole place with his howls. Hugh quieted him as best he could, but the consequences were serious. Mademoiselle had been awakened; her indignation was not to be described.

When Hugh came down to breakfast he found Mathilde pale, with red eyes, as red as Bismarck's own. Blanche nervous, uneasy, starting at every sound. No one could describe the scene that Mademoiselle had given them. M. le Curé had been sent for. They had been up all night.

"Oh! sir!" said Mathilde, giving him his coffee with a trembling hand; "how am I to tell you?"

"I will tell him," said little Blanche, coming up. "My aunt is cruel: she says that you must not stay, that you must take Bismarck, and that I am never to see you again," said the girl in a cold, dull voice.

"Nonsense," said Hugh. "Of course I must go if your aunt wishes it. I shall go home with Bismarck: for many reasons it is the best thing I can do. But if you will let me come back," he said, looking at her steadily . . . "I will come this day week . . ."

Blanche's eyes were cast down: she flushed up, said something unintelligible, and ran out of the room, as the priest entered with blandest politeness. Mademoiselle de Latouche's indisposition was so grave, that she regretted being obliged to inform her friend that she should not be able to transact the business upon which he had come. "The coach leaves at three, I believe," said the Curé.

Hugh got up and bowed very stiffly.

"I had already made up my mind to leave the chateau," said he. "Perhaps, as you pass the village, you would kindly secure my place."

"With the greatest pleasure," said the Abbé.

While Hugh was travelling back to his home, little Blanche was flitting away under the trees towards the meadow; she was pacing restlessly on and on, no longer lingering in the autumnal sunshine, scarcely taking pains to hold up her long white dress as it flowed upon the ground. But the place was so trim and crisply kept that there was but little to soil her skirt. She was not herself somehow, less to-day than she had ever been; its radiance and peaceful completeness seemed a long way from her; some sudden revulsion of feeling had filled her grey eyes with tears; she seemed to belong to the place as she had never belonged to it before, to feel that she had never been conscious enough of all the beautiful things, the memories, the childish hopes which had come to her there. Yes, there in that hollow she had once come with her father, holding his hand, and she could remember him standing in the gateway and calling to her. It was his wish that she was following now. M. le Curé de St. Rambert had told her so. How could she judge? A poor girl who has known nothing of life, who has seen no one, been nowhere; "and yet they might have waited," said little Blanche bitterly to herself. "My aunt is unhappy at parting from me; she is too good to care for mere personal feeling; but it will be terrible for Mathilde when I am gone." Then she began to think about the convent; she could see it all quite plain, and hear the nuns' voices through the rustling of the trees, and the novices' parlour with its two or three books, the altar to the Virgin, the cupboards, the straw chairs, and the window into the passage.

"Good-bye!" sister Marie Alba had said, the morning she came away, in her melancholy voice; "have you seen the good mother and taken leave?"

Then three novices had come in and sister Angelique, with a long flying veil, all saying farewell. "We shall see you again, my beloved, and then you will stay with us," the two nuns had said.

Sister Françoise had been putting

Digitized by Google

linen in the cupboard, great heavy sheets with blue lines, the doors were open with the crosses on the corner panels. Françoise had turned her pale nose ("Will mine look like that?" wondered Blanche): "Before you go, dear angel, your eyes are so clear, look at my silver ring, tell me whether it is bent. I showed it to Sister Catherine, but she cannot see anything amiss, and yet, by holding it to the light, does it not appear somewhat flattened, just by the silver heart?"

Blanche had taken the ring and the chain with its mythical symbols of hearts and flames into her hand. "What does it signify whether it is bent or not, Sister Françoise?" she asked.

"It matters — it matters a great deal; why the good mother herself — I shall ask M. le Curé next time he comes. Dear child, you are not going away in the convent dress?"

"She has leave to wear it," said the sister Angelique. "It is a special grace, for her own clothes are not come from the dress-maker's. . . ."

So it all came back to her, Blanche thought, with a sting of self-reproach: how familiar and kind those worn faces were! Perhaps that was why Mathilde, with her worn looks, seemed more like home to her than her aunt, herself comfortable and handsome in that well-appointed room; and then Blanche thought of a life devoted, of highest impulse on earth leading to glorious reward in heaven, so they told her, so the Curé had told her just now; but would there not still be time in another year? she wanted to wait for the fête next month; she wanted leave to keep a dog in the convent; she wanted — what did she want? She thought of the fisherman's wife the night before, of the sea, of the moonlight: everything seemed to hurt, to tear her in every direction; she need not determine yet, not yet — not yet.

The Curé was still on the terrace, but she brushed past him without speaking.

This much Blanche felt that she must do, she must see him again, to say goodbye to her friend, and give him the thing that he wished for: this much was her right. She had not talked to Hugh all those long hours without being somehow carried away from her old boundaries, never to return to them, never again.

Had Blanche chosen? She knew not what she had chosen. She was in a miserable state of doubt and indecision. She felt herself watched; Denise was forever in her way; the Curé of St. Rambert was always there.

One day Bismarck's former owner, who had been hovering about the terrace for some time, came up to Blanche as she passed on her way from mass. Denise sharply told her to make way, but Madame Roullot persisted. The gentleman who had bought the dog was come back, and had he brought good news of poor Bibi?

Blanche had sent a message to our children to come up and walk in the garden of the chateau whenever they liked; they were English — that was enough to make them her friends. One day the whole company straggled up along the dusty road, Albinia flitting a-head with her Binnie clinging to her skirts. The Major carried the little one, and Marjory and Anne proudly bore their provisions in their little baskets; the homeliest fare, short bread and rolls, and milk in a stone jug. They found a tea-table, an old leaf-besprinkled bench among crisp autumnal avenues; they made a centre-piece of daisies in a saucer. A few brown leaves dropped into their cups, but they rendered them all the more intoxicating. Children love open air, they love play, and they love their elders to look on at their gambols. As we all sate round, resting after our hot toil, we saw a figure advancing along the avenue; it came out of an old shed which had been built against the wall not far from where we were sitting.

"Who is it?" said H. "Is it a nun or a peasant woman?"

It was some one dressed in a coiffe and a long white floating veil over a grey serge dress; this person, whoever it was, advanced a little way, then went back, then came forward again. . . .

The pupils in the convents of the sisters of the order of the Holy Pilgrims wear a very singular and unbecoming dress; it is made of grey merinos, plainly cut, with loose long sleeves falling upon their hands. Their young faces are enclosed in white caps with narrow frills, to which are attached black floating veils, which give them somewhat the appearance of nuns themselves. This dress is not becoming, but there are those for whom the quaint sobriety only serves as a foil. Blanche de Latouche was certainly one of these. Neither caps, nor veils, nor prim grey robes could shade her sudden beauty; the soft eyes pierced

Digitized by Google

through quills of any depth, and veils far thicker than the gauze that was floating along the garden pathway. The veiled apparition was not a nun — it was Blanche, in her convent school-girl dress. Some feeling had made her put it on to-day. She knew that Hugh would be coming. This was the day he had promised to come. All day long she had been expecting him; all day long she had been making up her mind quietly, with gentle perversity, that she would help him to get what he wanted; that her farewell gift to him should be this model, upon which he had set his heart. It was hers — her father had left it her; this much she knew, she had a right to her own as yet. It was for that she had taken the key from the shelf where it lay in Mathilde's cupboard neatly docketed with the others. She had come down to assure herself that all was right — that the lock would turn. She feared she knew not what. She half expected the Archbishop, armed with all the thunder of the Church, to appear, and carry it off under his arm. Suddenly she saw the little conclave looking on with wide-open eyes. She had never spoken to us before, but as she came forward gently towards us, skirting the path as a child might have done —

Albinia went to meet her. "I am glad to welcome you," Blanche said prettily in English. "I hope M. Gourlay gave you our message. Any time my aunt will be glad to see you at the chateau. Have you enough milk? Can we send you anything from the house? Will not the children like to play upon the terrace? — There is a fine prospect."

She said it all so kindly, and with such cordial grace, that we could not refuse; and so it happened that when Hugh Gourlay came walking up from the inn to the château, after his week's absence, he found us all comfortably installed in the meadow in front of the house. The children were playing a game — Marjory, Anne, Dodo, and Binnie — at their four corners of the world. Blanche stood in the centre, gleeful, clapping her hands as she darted from one side to another. The children laughed, and flew with all their hearts in the game, holding hands, capering here and there.

They were all in the midst of their play when Hugh came up. I saw him look very strange, and hurry suddenly across the grass; the children began to shout and to cry out that he must join them.

"Blanche is puss! Blanche is puss! Take care!" cried little Dodo, tumbling across his path. Some spirit seemed to set them all flying and capering across the meadow, and Blanche suddenly darted ahead, in and out, and round from tree to tree, from bush to bush. The light figure flew; the children followed in the hottest, happiest excitement.

Mathilde appeared upon the terrace. I saw Mademoiselle herself, with one of her priests, was looking out of her tower windows.

As Blanche started off she passed close to Hugh. "I want you," she said; then Hugh, with a child on his shoulder, set off running too, and the whole party vanished under the nut trees. We could hear their voices ringing on long after they had disappeared.

Blanche led the way by the covered path towards the shed; there she suddenly stopped short, and all the children surrounded her, calling out that she was caught.

She turned to Hugh, panting, and blushing, and breathless; "I knew you would come. Here," she said, "take this key — it is the key of this shed, where the model is kept; I want you to have it. It is a farewell gift from a friend — a true, true friend. You can bring two men to-night and carry the machine away. It is mine; I may still give it to you."

"Still give it!" said Hugh, very pale. "What does this mean? What is this veil? Blanche" . . . he could scarcely speak the words.

"It is my old school dress," said Blanche, smiling, and still breathless. "I am not yet a nun. I have asked for delay. The Curé of Joyeux posted my letters. My aunt's director will be angry, but that I cannot help."

Once more she would have started off shyly. "Ah! I am caught!" she cried. A straggling thorny rose hung over the roof of the shed; her long flying veil was twisted in the branch. She was a prisoner, for her veil was securely fastened to her cap and her thick coils of hair.

Hugh tried in vain to disentangle it. All his fingers were trembling still; he had feared he had come too late.

"If Mathilde were here, she could untie the string," said Blanche.

"Make haste! make haste! "Here is the Curé running after us," cried the children, excitedly.

"Cut it!" cried Blanche, impatiently; "cut the string; it fastens the cap and the veil too."

Hugh pulled out his big knife, and in

Digitized by Google

an instant had snipped the cap-string, and with the string the veil gave way, and Blanche, springing free once more, shook all her beautiful sunshine of hair in a glistening mist over her shoulders; then she turned, laughing and blushing, to thank him. The cap lay on the ground in the sunshine.

"Mademoiselle Bla-an-an-anche;" sang Mathilde in the distance, calling, "your aunt wants you."

"O, she is a fairy princess," sang Binnie, dancing about madly, and clapping his hands.

The two looked at each other. They had forgotten the children's presence. "O, think well of it!" he was saying. "Leave all this behind. Come with me — come home to your home in England. I will take care of you." He spoke in a voice that seemed to carry Blanche away by its reality — by its natural might of tender protection. "Do you hear me? You frightened me dreadfully," said Hugh. "Speak, Blanche. Give me your hand."

As if in a dream, she put her hand in his. The children had begun a new song and set off dancing along the avenue; the two, still hand-in-hand, walked on, following unconsciously. Little Marjory dropped all the daisies out of her nosegay in their path as she ran; little Dodo picked up a pretty golden leaf and threw it at Blanche's white skirt. They all turned down a side alley. The Curé de St. Rambert coming up to the place where they had been standing, only found the cap lying in the sunshine, and the long veil still floating from a branch.

In those days marriages between Catholics and Protestants were not so strictly forbidden as now. Hugh had a battle to fight, but we all know what happened when the Prince drew his sword.

My hero won his bride. Blanche married him as soon as she came of age. Old Mr. Gourlay was enchanted. Ben and Bathurst both married also, soon after Hugh.

Blanche is very happy at Gilwick. She is far the sweetest of the three brides. She is a great favourite with her father-in-law and since her coming Bismarck has ceased to regret Normandy.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER V. (*continued*).

FRANKFORT (1837).

LEIPSIC, *15th of April*, 1839.

MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND, — I feel particularly inclined to write to you to-day, and have a chat with you: I was just thinking of how I used to lie on your sofa and lament and make you play to me, because I was so much in love; and then I thought, how nice it would be if we could see one another again soon and really live together, — and then I thought what a long while off that must be. But I have a lot of business matters to write to you about to-day, and will begin with those at once. First of all the oratorio. What do you mean by talking about my taking responsibility upon myself — and the risk of looking through the score beforehand, etc.? You insane fellow, as if I did not know all that long before, and also how a work of yours which you yourself take pleasure in and write with real liking will turn out — and you know too how I look forward to such a work, and that I shall devote all the loving care that I can to the performance of it, if you will entrust it to me. Is it really necessary for me to tell you that first? But, so as not to follow my own opinion solely, or to be alone in addressing myself to you, I told the concert-directors about that part of your letter referring to the oratorio (*cum grano salis*, that is to say, omitting your over-great modesty) and received the following answer from Stadtrath Porsche, the secretary of the concerts; at first I meant to send you the original letter, but I shall copy it instead, because the paper is thick, and the postage would be thick too: —

"Honoured Sir (notice the legal phraseology) — according to your obliging information, Herr Ferdinand Hiller at Milan is occupied in the composition of an oratorio, 'The Prophet Jeremiah,' from which great things may be expected as to merit and importance; the concert-directors have commissioned me to assure you that it would afford them much pleasure to see and hear this work performed at one of the concerts during the coming winter of 1839–40, if Herr Hiller will have the kindness to forward the score to us. With the greatest esteem, etc., etc.,

"*Leipsic, March* 1839. PORSCHE."

It is to be hoped that you won't now think any more about my having too great a responsibility. And I hope that this insignificant opportunity may give you zest and liking for a new work. In your next letter (addressed to Düsseldorf till the middle of May, to Frankfort till the end of June) you must give me a few words, in reply to this, which I may communicate to the Directors; it pleases them so immensely when an artist like yourself takes notice of them *qud* Concert-Directorium, and

Digitized by Google

they were all very much flattered by your request. We could not well give it in the church, because we shall have to let our church-concerts rest for a year or two, before we can put them on a proper footing again (it would take too long to explain all the reasons), so it would be in the concert-room, with a large chorus of amateurs; therefore mind you give the chorus plenty to do. And as I said before, answer as soon as you can. A parcel will be going off to you in a few days by Kistner; it has been in his hands all ready packed for the last four weeks, and now he promises really to send it off; it contains the score of my 42nd Psalm, the "St. Paul" and a cello sonata of mine lately published, which I only send because of the lovely cover, and by way of a novelty — otherwise there is not much in it. But if you are not pleased with the psalm in its new dress with the old lining, I shall shoot myself. The parcel will be six weeks on the road, I hear, and will be addressed to Giovanni Ricordi at Milan; so you must inquire there when you have an opportunity. Of course you understand that I mean you to keep all the contents of the parcel. I sent off your two overtures, with the metronome marks, to the Philharmonic a fortnight ago, after we had given a good performance of the one in D minor at the charity concert here, and found your alterations very advantageous. It gains very materially by them, and the flow of it is not at all interrupted. And now, though I am really ashamed to, I must tell you of a newspaper article which I read about you the other day, and which gave me a deal of pleasure. One morning at rehearsal somebody showed me a number of the new musical paper (Schumann the editor of it was in Vienna all the winter) in which there was something which concerned me, and looking through the rest of the paper, I found a leading article, continued through two numbers, headed by your name. I took it away with me to read, and a great deal of it really gave me extraordinary pleasure; it is evidently written by some one who is not personally acquainted with you in the very least degree, but on the other hand knows every one of your works most intimately, some one who did not even know that you were no longer in Frankfort, and yet could picture you to himself quite well and distinctly from your compositions, and is evidently very favourably disposed towards you. I hear that it is said to have been written by a German in Warsaw. The real point of the thing is that he thinks that somehow or other you are out of humour, and have resolved not to publish or even compose anything more, and he implores you for Heaven's sake not to carry out this resolution, and not to believe that people do not watch you with sympathy and pleasure, as he does himself for example, and the paper is headed with the motto: "How great the loss, when such heads make holiday." You see the man knew nothing of you personally, but that was just why I enjoyed it, — and I should have sent it to you, if I had not almost sworn never to put newspaper extracts into my letters. But this and a joke on the last page remind me of the too terrible and awful news of Nourrit's death. It is a long, long time since anything has grieved me so deeply and taken such strong hold of me as this. It made me think of the bright, happy time when I had seen him, of the genuine, free, artist-nature which he seemed to have then, of the honour and glory which he gained everywhere, of his wife and children, and of the infinitely sad state of a mind which knew no other remedy but this, which wipes out the whole previous existence with all its happiness as if it had never been. How the news must have shocked you! It was only in your last letter that you were speaking of him; you had seen him so lately, been so fond of him — it is too dreadful. And who can think of, or wish for fame and celebrity and happiness, when any one outwardly so happy and inwardly so gifted, could yet at the same time be so boundlessly unhappy. To me, there is more in this than in the profoundest sermon I ever heard, and once I begin to think of it I cannot get over it at all. Do tell me all you can about it; all that you know of further particulars and details. I have heard nothing but the details of the evening before, and of his last moments. Tell me, if you know anything about it, what could have brought him to such terrible misery and to such a resolve. If it was nothing more than those few hissings and whistlings at the theatre, as they say in the papers, nobody ought ever to appear in public again after they have once earned bread enough to keep them from starving, or should ever choose a profession which would make them dependent on the public.

Now I must answer some of the questions in your letter. A number of different people conduct at the Philharmonic, Sir G. Smart, Moscheles, Potter, etc., so it is impossible to foretell into what sort of hands you might fall, clean or unclean. I am quite at sea again about my English opera; the poet won't alter it, and I won't compose unless he does — it's the old, old song of the drunken "Bohnenschmied." And I always have to begin it over again, for I know I am right. But woe betide you if you praise Mercadante's "Giuramento," for I have had the pianoforte arrangement in my room for ever so long and have certainly given myself trouble enough with it, and yet I find it quite insufferable and vulgar, and not a note in it which I cared the least bit about. Don't be angry with me, I can't help it; it's curious that the surroundings and the air and the way of putting it really do make an impression on everybody — but here in Leipsic the "Giuramento" cuts an awful figure — in my own house that is to say. You will never in all your life make music like that — it can't be; that is why I rejoice doubly for the numbers of your opera which you promise me and for which I am *most* eager. In a week I go to the Festival at Düsseldorf, where the

Digitized by Google

"Messiah" is to be given on the first day; on the second the "Eroica," the Beethoven C major Mass, an overture and my 42nd Psalm; and on the third Gluck's "Alceste" in the theatre with costumes and all. There are to be singers from Berlin, and they will make the last (evidently the best) practicable. The festival is at Whitsuntide again. Afterwards we are to be at the wedding of my sister-in-law, Julie Jeanrenaud, who is going to marry a young Schunk from here; after that we stay on in Frankfort for a time, then spend a fortnight with my uncle on the Rhine — and my castles in the air go no further. Now this letter is really done; it's quite absurdly long; many many remembrances to your mother, and also to Mdlle. S., and write to me very soon, dear Ferdinand; your letters are such a pleasure to me. Always your FELIX.

My wife and child are well and beg to be remembered to you.

FRANKFORT, *27th July*, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your brother says I am to put in a word for you into his letter. Everything here, every day, every walk through the town and in the woods recalls you to me so strongly, that I ought long ago to have written you a proper letter of my own, and I mean to very shortly. I should like to write to you about all Frankfort, but that is just what keeps me from writing. So to-day I only send you and your dear mother my remembrances and best wishes. We are all well, and so is your brother and also your sister-in-law on the sofa in the next room. Your portrait over the sofa is like, after all, though rather atrociously painted, but it is well conceived. Yes, if only you were here yourself. All your friends here remember you most affectionately I can tell you, and all wish for you back again. It's to be hoped the oratorio will soon come now, and you with it, which will be far nicer than this letter paper and the 100 miles of separation. Farewell for to-day, you dear friend and musician; next time I shall write to you properly: forgive my haste and be a little fond of your FELIX.

FRANKFORT, *16th August*, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — On returning here from Horchheim I find your letter from Basle, with the second part of the oratorio, and glancing quickly over it in the bustle of travelling preparations, I am struck by so many and such great beauties in it, that I can't help telling you so to-day, though in few words, and thanking you for the great pleasure and enjoyment you have given me with it. This second part seems to me far superior to the first in every respect, and wherever I look I find splendid touches, quite peculiar to you. What I like best of all is the A major chorus with the solo and the repetition — the mere *tempo*, and the vigorous opening are new and capital; one expects something quite different, and not nearly so fine. And then the first chorus, and the war march in C major, and the entrance of the chorus in the recitative, and the one in F minor, and in fact the whole thing. It seems to me that the poet has again now and then missed a point; but why should I begin criticising again, when there is so much to surprise and delight me beyond my expectation? I promise you not to open my mouth again, at least not till I get your answer, which will be very soon I hope, and till I know that you are not angry with me for opening it so enormously wide already. Write soon, dear Ferdinand, and thanks, thanks, thanks for all this good and beautiful music.

Some letter of yours to me must have been lost. You write that you should perhaps hear from me at Bern, and I had no idea of your Swiss journey, and was quite perplexed by your dating from Basle. How shameful it is that we were so near together, both on the Rhine, and now again so far from one another! And yet it is quite right that you should be in Italy again, and that you should not let yourself be disturbed in your wishes and doings. To-morrow I go back to Leipsic, where I hope to hear from you soon. My wife and child are well and send messages to you and your mother, and I do the same with all my heart. Now I must be off.

I like your having put "Rigikulm, Midnight," at the end of the "Destruction of Jerusalem;" but the C major is still better, and the A major opening is the most beautiful of all, and so, Ferdinand, best thanks to you, my dear friend. Always your FELIX.

I had taken my dear mother and her companion to Basle, because the state of her health made it necessary for her to take the baths at Wiesbaden. Nevertheless, after a few weeks she became so ill that I hastened home. I received the following after I had written to Mendelssohn from Frankfort about the anxieties which troubled me:

LEIPSIC, *19th September*, 1839.

DEAR FERDINAND, — I need hardly tell you how your yesterday's letter saddened me; you know what heartfelt sympathy I take in you and in your welfare. May God restore your dear mother to complete health and give comfort and happiness to you all; I can well imagine your anxiety and sadness at present; dear Ferdinand, if only I were with you! Even though I might not be able to help, I could perhaps divert your thoughts a little; have I not also felt from the bottom of my heart, how at such moments all art and poetry and everything else that is dear and precious to us, seem so empty and comfortless, so hateful and paltry, and the only thought that does one any good is: "Oh that God would help." When you have a spare moment, do write me a line to say how she is; we should so much like to hear from you as often as possible, — write me a line at least every week; I shall be so impatient for it.

I send off the first part of the oratorio by to-day's post. I have not quite done with the

Digitized by Google

second, so I had not written to you in Italy about it; I shall send it to-morrow or the day after, and then write to you properly and fully. Let us hear from you again directly. My wife sends best remembrances.

Your FELIX M. B.

My dear mother was not able to resist the illness which had attacked her, and died on the 22nd of September.

CHAPTER VI.

LEIPSIC: WINTER OF 1839–40.

LEIPSIC, *29th September*, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — No words are needed to tell you how deeply I grieve for you in this great sorrow of yours; you know how I sympathize with you in everything which concerns you, whether it be good or bad, even in the merest trifles; how much more so then in the greatest loss which could befall you! Any one who knew your dear mother in the very least, or had ever seen you together, must know what an irreparable blank is made in your life and your heart by her death. But why should I say all this to you? I would so much rather be with you, so that we might have a quiet time together, and I might try and if possible help you to bear this bitter trial. Even that I cannot do; and besides, just at first, neither sympathy, nor words of comfort, nor even friends, can do one any good, — when they try their very best, they may only do harm, and certainly cannot help or be of any use; only God and one's sense of duty can do that. But what I wanted to write to you about was suggested to me by the last words in your letter, where you say that you must stay in Frankfort for the present on account of business matters; when these are over, couldn't you come to us for a little? Would not the change of surroundings, the affectionate and hearty welcome which you are sure of from all the musicians here, the separation from a place which though now doubly dear to you must also be doubly sad, do you good, and if not cheer you, at least distract your thoughts now and then? I do not mean now directly, but I was thinking of the end of next month, and November; my journey to Vienna is as good as given up, so I can offer you a nice, warm, pretty room, which we would make as comfortable as possible for you. Cécile joins with me in my request, and we hope you will fulfil our wish.

I don't speak of how well we could talk over the oratorio together, and all that we might do towards arranging for the performance, nor of all the music that I should hope to make you enjoy. To-day I only wish to impress upon you how much I want you to spend the next month in different surroundings and with friends who are as fond of you as we are.

How entirely our whole future rests always, and every day, in God's hands! My Cécile is expecting her confinement in the next few weeks, and if one is to speak of the cares of married life, I as yet only know those which at such a time engross me every hour and minute, and leave me no peace for any other thought. Thank Heaven, she is so well and strong, that I hope God will continue to grant her health and happiness — and so with a sanguine heart I repeat my request and our invitation to you. Farewell for to-day, my dear, dear friend, try and keep up, and may Heaven give you courage and strength!

Always your F. M.

In the course of the next month this affectionate letter was followed by another similar to it, with these words: "Your room is ready for you, with a piano in it, and you shall be as undisturbed as you like; and a good deal disturbed too. My Cécile sends you her remembrances and joins most heartily in my request; so do come and try perfect rest and our quiet homely life for a time, and let me hope to see you very soon." It was impossible to resist such an invitation, so I set off as soon as I could manage it. I stopped at Weimar to pay a visit to the widow of my revered master, Hummel, for she had always been like a mother to me. There I found the following lines from my thoughtful friend:

LEIPSIC, *3rd December*, 1839.

DEAR FERDINAND, — As there was no time after receiving your dear and welcome lines, to write to you at Frankfort, I send this to Weimar, in the hope that you may get it immediately on arriving. I live in Lurgenstein's garden, the first house on the left, on the second floor. I should like to know whether you travel in your own carriage, or by post, so that, in the first case, I might secure a place for your carriage. Write me two lines from Weimar to say when you are coming, and if possible tell me the exact time of your arrival here, or your departure from there, then I can go and meet you on the road. I need not tell you how much my wife and I look forward to seeing you, you dear friend. For the last three weeks all our friends, and all the friends of music, have kept on asking me, "When is Hiller coming?" and I have often had to tell them of your resolution to keep quiet, so that they might not be too eager in their demands. Now good-bye till we meet!

Your FELIX.

Mendelssohn and David met me at the place when the coach stopt and gave me the warmest of welcomes. In the course of the first few days I was introduced to Mendelssohn's relations and friends, and soon felt as if I had belonged to that delightful circle for years. Mendelssohn's house was pleasantly situated, with a nice open look-out from the front upon the Leipsic boulevard, and the St. Thomas's

Digitized by Google

school and church, once the sphere of the great Bach's labours. The arrangement of the rooms was as follows: — first, a sort of hall, with the dining-table and a few chairs; to the right of this a large sitting-room and some bedrooms; to the left my friend's study, with his piano. Opening out of this was a fine large drawing-room, which however was robbed of some of its natural elegance by the bed which had been put there for me, though this was counteracted by a piano also put there for my use.

Our way of life was regular and simple. At about eight we breakfasted on coffee and bread and butter. Butter Felix never eat, but broke his bread into his coffee like any schoolboy, "as he had been accustomed to do." We dined at one, and though he despised butter he always liked a glass of good wine, and we often had to try some special sort which he would produce with great delight, and swallow with immense satisfaction. We generally made quick work of our dinner, but in the evenings after supper we used often to sit round the table for hours chatting (not smoking), unless we moved to the pianino which had been presented to Madame Mendelssohn by the directors of the Gewandhaus.

The first days were taken up with paying and receiving visits, and passed quickly enough. My next thought was to resume my work. I had a performance of my oratorio in prospect, and there was still a great deal to be done towards it. "We must sit and compose at the same table together;" said Mendelssohn one morning, "and let's begin at once to-day."

The following day was "Liedertafel," by which I must not be supposed to mean one of those huge societies formed in the last forty years to assist the love of the "Vaterland" and of wine and women. A dozen thorough musicians, some of whom to this day represent the most zealous supporters of music in Leipsic, used to meet from time to time, and did all honour to their title, for their *table* was no less excellent than their songs.* Mendelssohn thought it would be great fun if we set the same words to music, and let the singers guess which was which. No sooner said than done. We looked through several volumes of poetry and soon agreed in the choice of a song of Eichendorf's. I can still see us sitting opposite one another, dipping our pens into the same inkstand, the silence only broken at rare intervals by some joke or other, and the piano not once touched. In writing out the parts each copied half of his own composition and half of the other's. The scores were not to appear, and above all the secret was on no account to be betrayed to the members of the "Liedertafel."

The evening arrived, and the thing was a complete success. The songs were sung at sight in capital style, and only one of the singers, Dr. Schleinitz, one of the most accomplished of living amateurs, gave his opinion, with thorough conviction,— and was right. None of the others could make up their minds. We laughed and — held our tongues.

Mendelssohn afterwards apologized to me — very unnecessarily — for having let out the secret by publishing his song.* I then published mine in a Swiss collection, to which I had been asked to contribute — I forget the title of it, and where it appeared,— but the origin of this little piece was always a charming recollection to me. Though I had felt no difficulty in throwing off a simple song in my friend's presence, it was quite different with more serious work. It was impossible for me to feel at my ease at the piano, with the consciousness that every idea had a listener — and such a one! Besides, I afterwards discovered, by chance, that Mendelssohn too did not like his communings with his genius to be overheard. How could it have been otherwise! Still, I found it extremely difficult, in the midst of all the kindness and affection which surrounded me, to come forward with the announcement, that, delightful as was our way of life, it must come to a stop. After many discussions, I at last got permission to look out for a lodging close by, on the condition that I should only work and sleep there, and to our general satisfaction we found one within a few steps. They were the same rooms in Reichel's garden which Mendelssohn had inhabited in his bachelor days. So, after about a fortnight at my friend's house, I moved into my new quarters.

We had had a tolerable quantity of music, however, during this time. Mendelssohn had just finished his great D minor trio, and played it to me. I was tremendously impressed by the fire and spirit, the flow, and, in short, the masterly character of the whole thing. But I

* One of these, Dr. Petschke, has published some very pretty quartets for men's voices.

* "Love and Wine," Op. 50, No. 5.

Digitized by Google

had one small misgiving. Certain pianoforte passages in it, constructed on broken chords, seemed to me — to speak candidly — somewhat old-fashioned. I had lived many years in Paris, seeing Liszt frequently and Chopin every day, so that I was thoroughly accustomed to the richness of passages which marked the new pianoforte school. I made some observations to Mendelssohn on this point, suggesting certain alterations, but at first he would not listen to me. "Do you think that that would make the thing any better?" he said; "the piece would be the same, and so it may remain as it is." "But," I answered, "you have often told me, and proved to me by your actions, that the smallest touch of the brush, which might conduce to the perfection of the whole, must not be despised. An unusual form of Arpeggio may not improve the harmony, but neither does it spoil it — and it becomes more interesting to the player. We discussed it and tried it on the piano over and over again, and I enjoyed the small triumph of at last getting Mendelssohn over to my view. Seriously and conscientiously as he took everything when once he had made up his mind about it, he now undertook the lengthy, not to say wearisome task, of rewriting the whole pianoforte part. One day, when I found him working at it, he played me a bit which he had worked out *exactly* as I had suggested to him on the piano, and called out to me, "That is to remain as a remembrance of you." Afterwards, when he had been playing it at a chamber concert with all his wonderful fire, and had carried away the whole public with it, he said, "I really enjoy that piece; it is honest music after all, and the players will like it, because they can show off with it." And so it proved.

In the course of that winter I witnessed a curious example of that almost morbid conscientiousness of Mendelssohn's with regard to the possible perfection of his compositions. One evening I came into his room, and found him looking so heated, and in such a feverish state of excitement, that I was frightened. "What's the matter with you?" I called out. "There I have been sitting for the last four hours," he said, "trying to alter a few bars in a song (it was a quartet for men's voices) and can't do it."

He had made twenty different versions, the greater number of which would have satisfied most people. "What you could not do to-day in four hours," said I, "you will be able to do to-morrow in as many minutes." He calmed down by degrees, and we got into such earnest conversation that I stayed with him till a late hour. Next day I found him in unusually good spirits, and he said to me, "Yesterday evening when you were gone I was so excited that it was no use thinking of sleep, so at last I composed a little hunting-song, which I must play you at once." He sat down to the piano, and I heard the song, which has since delighted hundreds and thousands of people, namely, Eichendorf's "Sei gegrüsst du schöner Wald!" I hailed it with joyful surprise.

Musical life in Leipsic, which has always been extremely active, had certainly gained an extraordinary impetus through Mendelssohn's personal influence and energy. His eminent talent as a conductor was especially favourable to the performance of orchestral works. Even if before his time vigorous leaders, by the help of their fiddling, had made them go with spirit and precision, no one had ever imagined such deep conception, or such artistic finish in the performances of the great symphonies. It was a capital orchestra altogether, though the only example of extraordinary talent in it was Ferdinand David, who followed the conductor with his whole soul, and carried the quartet along with him. Having for many years attended the (wrongly so-called *) Conservatoire Concerts in Paris, I was naturally at first much struck by the contrast to these, especially in the wind, and the general tone and effect. At that time the Leipsic Conservatorium was not yet founded, and it was only afterwards that the Gewandhaus Orchestra gained such material and brilliant reinforcements from David's pupils. But all the little drawbacks in individual execution were thrown into the background by the spirit and life which Mendelssohn instilled into the orchestra, his complete devotion to the cause, and the delight which at every successful achievement lit up his expressive features, and acted like electricity upon the public. When I speak of his conducting thus influencing the audience, it must not be supposed that he in any way courted the notice of the public by his behaviour at the desk. His movements were short and decided, and generally hardly visible, for he turned his right side to the orchestra. A mere glance at the first fiddle, a slight look one

* The name of the Institution is Société des Concerts, and it consists of the best musicians in Paris. The Conservatoire, as such, only supplies the concert room, and the Sopranos and Altos for the chorus.

Digitized by Google

way or the other, was sufficient. It was the sympathy in the cause, which gathered strength from the sympathy brought to bear on it by so wonderful a man.

Symphonies and overtures were then as now the prominent feature in the Leipsic programmes. It is well known what a ready welcome Mendelssohn had for any composers whose works in any way deserved it. Thus, in that winter, or rather in the second half of it, many novelties were produced. Kalliwoda conducted one of his symphonies (in B minor) which met with a very favourable reception. Kittl's "Jagd-Symphonie," which had been given in Paris with some success, was performed in the presence of the composer, who introduced himself as a humble amateur. We also had one by the composer of the "Last Judgment," the old Dessauer, as Friedrich Schneider was often called. Schubert's great C major Symphony made such a powerful impression that it was put down in the programme a second time. However, it had hardly begun when the public took fright at a false alarm of fire, and fled. Afterwards it was played at the end of the last concert with much fire, and no alarm. I also heard there, for the first and last time in my life, a symphony by Vogler. Amongst the overtures, Rietz's in A major especially deserves mention, having become one of the best known works of that composer. I happened to be with Mendelssohn at the moment when he got the score. He had known this excellent composition at Düsseldorf, and was greatly delighted with the successful alterations which had been made in it, probably by his own advice. He soon found a publisher for it, and was immensely excited at being able to send the news to Rietz in his musical solitude at Düsseldorf. At one of the first concerts which I went to, a half improvised performance of the four Leonora-Fidelio Overtures took place. The first and second were in the programme — the latter, then unpublished, being given for the first time; it was received with great enthusiasm, and encored, upon which Mendelssohn gave the third, the greatest and best known; and later in the concert, some instrumental solo having been omitted, he also gave the fourth, the overture to "Fidelio," in E. This wonderfully interesting conjunction of these four masterpieces was all the more charming for its not having been prearranged.

Amongst his choral works I must specially mention the splendid Psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," the first performance of which took place on New Year's Day in 1840. The first movements of it are certainly among the noblest of Mendelssohn's compositions, and will always hold their own against the most important things which our art has produced. Neither the novelty of the work, nor the presence of the composer could add to its merit, but they certainly heightened the impression, and it need not be said that its reception was enthusiastic. I also have a very vivid remembrance of the performance of a capital Finale from Cherubini's "Abencerrages." Mendelssohn had taken great pains to get it from the directors of the Berlin Opera.

The solo vocal music at a great number of the concerts was sustained by a charming young Belgian lady, Mdlle. Elise Meerti, and later on by the well-known Sophie Schloss. All manner of Cavatinas out of unknown Italian Operas (which the public of course enjoyed extremely) had to be scored for the Gewandhaus concerts, and to our great delight were so well done by a very clever copyist that they only required slight revision from Mendelssohn before performance. We used often secretly to chuckle over some of the rather bold orchestral effects which our poor copyist, at sixpence a sheet, had successfully ventured upon.

The instrumental solos were endless, and many of them capital. Mendelssohn played his D minor Concerto for the first time; David and Ernst, Eckert (now Capellmeister at Berlin), Kalliwoda, and many others, contributed violin solos. One of the pianoforte performances I must mention, because of, or rather in spite of, my having a share in it. Felix and I were to play Mozart's E flat Concerto for two pianos, and had prepared the Cadenza for the first movement in the following manner. I was to begin extemporizing and make a pause on some chord of the seventh — Mendelssohn was then to continue from there, and pause on another chord which we had fixed upon,—for the finish he had written a few pages for both instruments together, now relieving one another, now uniting, till the Tutti. The thing succeeded perfectly, and the audience, most of whom could not make out how we had managed it, applauded enthusiastically.

There were besides, performances on the cello, the clarinet, the horn, the bas-

Digitized by Google

soon, the trombone, and even the musical-glasses. The public were much more tolerant about such things at that time than now, when the pianoforte, the violin, and cello have almost exclusive command of the concert-rooms. No doubt this is advantageous to the programmes, but by no means so to the orchestras, as it entirely deprives the wind-instrument players of the opportunity of gaining a little extra honour and extra pay. Thus it has come about that our much-vaunted improvement in executive music can only be called real with respect to the string instruments. And the preference which in modern music is given to the brass is likely to make the performance of works by the old masters more and more difficult. But I am digressing, and must return to Leipsic.

The interest of the Quartet-Evenings which Ferdinand David had carried on for some years past was greatly heightened this winter by Mendelssohn's co-operation. He often played at them, and his rendering of Mozart's and Beethoven's compositions was incomparably beautiful; we also sometimes played four-hand things, and especially made a great sensation with Mozart's Variations in G. But what I remember most distinctly was Mendelssohn's playing of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia; it was quite overwhelming and he was obliged to go back to the piano; he then improvised, combining in the cleverest way a theme of Bach's with his own well-known "Song without Words" in E (No. 1, Bk. 1)—thus uniting past and present into something new and difficult to describe. David was no less many-sided in *his* way—besides the three great quartet writers he favoured us with Spohr, Onslow, Mendelssohn, as well as Schubert, then little known as a quartet composer. I must also make particular mention of the fact that this winter he brought before the public the Chaconne of Bach, since so much played. Mendelssohn accompanied it *ad libitum* on the piano, and the thing made a great impression. The public were also immensely delighted one evening to see Mendelssohn and Kalliwoda playing the violas in Spohr's double quartet and Mendelssohn's octet. Mendelssohn never touched a stringed instrument the whole year round—but if wanted, he could do it, as he could so many other things.

Nor must I forget, for the sake of that clever artist's friends, that during this winter young Verhulst, who was in some measure a pupil of Mendelssohn's, earned his first spurs as conductor of the "Euterpe" concerts. At these he gave a number of very promising large choral works of his own composition.

This winter was remarkable for the appearances of some of the most brilliant players. First of all Ernst, then at the summit of his talent, and enchanting the whole world. Mendelssohn was very fond of him. Ernst told me one day, almost with emotion, how at the time of his concerts in the Königstädter Theatre at Berlin, he was very much pressed one morning in Mendelssohn's presence to put down his "Elégie" in the programme again, though he had already played it I don't know how many times. When Mendelssohn also began urging him to do it, Ernst answered in fun: "If you will accompany me I will;" and Mendelssohn in fact made his appearance on the "Königstädter" stage, accompanied the "Elégie," and disappeared. It was not only their beloved violins which united David and Ernst, but also the beloved game of whist. I certainly believe that neither of them ever played the violin so late into the night as they did whist. It was harmless enough, and good and bad jokes played just as great a part in it as the cards.

Towards the spring Liszt arrived in Leipsic fresh from his triumphs at Vienna and Prague, and revolutionized the quiet town. It will be remembered that in Paris he had excited Mendelssohn's highest admiration. At his first concert, as he glided along the platform of the orchestra to the piano, dressed in the most elegant fashion, and as lithe and slender as a tiger-cat, Mendelssohn said to me: "There's a novel apparition, the virtuoso of the 19th century." I need hardly describe the impression made by his playing. When he played Schubert's "Erlkönig" half the people stood on their chairs. The Lucia-Fantasia turned everybody's head. With some other pieces, however, he was less successful—for instance, with Mendelssohn's D minor Concerto, which had just appeared, and which he could neither read at sight nor find time to study with any care, so that people thought that the composer played it better himself. His performance of a part of the Pastoral Symphony in the same room where it had so often been heard with all its orchestral effects also did not meet with general approval. In the preface to his arrangement of the Beethoven Symphonies Liszt boldly de-

Digitized by Google

clares that every effect can be reproduced on the modern piano. When Mendelssohn read this he said: "Well, if I could only hear the first eight bars of Mozart's G minor Symphony, with that delicate figure in the tenors, rendered on the piano as it sounds in the orchestra,—I would believe it."

It may easily be imagined that Liszt was fêted to the very utmost. Mendelssohn arranged a grand soirée at the Gewandhaus to which upwards of two hundred people were invited. It was partly a conversazione, partly a concert. I had the honour of taking part in a performance of Bach's concerto for three pianos. I myself entertained Liszt at a rather solemn dinner on the first floor of a fashionable hotel, and invited all the heads of the musical societies in the place to meet him. Some time afterwards, when we were talking over these heroic social deeds of ours, Mendelssohn was infinitely amused at hearing that my somewhat obscure fête, which had included such a small number of people, cost me much more than his grand demonstration. He had such a childishly naïve and good-natured way of laughing at anything of that sort, and really was never so pleasant as when he could be making a little fun of something or other.

At the last of the Gewandhaus Concerts I conducted my oratorio, the "Destruction of Jerusalem." I had sent Mendelssohn a finished sketch of it in the foregoing summer, and he at once took the warmest interest in it; it was certainly owing to his influence that, though the score was not yet even written, the oratorio should have been accepted for performance by the directors of the concerts. In the putting together of the words there was a great deal with which we were neither of us satisfied. One day he took the book of words home with him, and surprised me in the kindest way on Christmas Eve with a fresh and complete copy of it. I need not explain how useful his severe critical remarks were to my composition. One day when I thanked him he said: "I only show you what you would have found out for yourself in a few months." The oratorio had a very warm reception; but what gave me most pleasure was Mendelssohn's entire satisfaction. He sat amongst the audience with Cécile, and told me what pleasure he had felt not only in my music but also in the correct judgment of his wife, who had always picked out the best things. He also admitted that the work had a very peculiar colouring, and I only refer to this now because it has sometimes been spoken of as an imitation of the "Elijah," which was only completed six years later.

In the course of that winter Mendelssohn published a number of things, and amongst others his D minor trio. He went on correcting and altering it up to the last minute, and many of the plates had to be engraved over again. He also composed a good many new things. But what occupied him most of all was the "Hymn of Praise" which he had undertaken to compose for the celebration of the discovery of printing, in June 1840. How he managed to work in midst of so many distractions it would be difficult to imagine but for his wonderful mental equanimity. In general he was completely master of his powers, though I do not mean to say that he could or would have composed at any moment—but he certainly often did so when one would least have expected it. "When I go into a painter's studio," he once said to me, "I am often envious. It must be too nice to live all day entirely for one's work, as they do. But our independent way of spending our time has a great charm about it too." Of this independence he made the greatest use, and probably never spent his time alike two days running. One afternoon I found him particularly cheerful, and he said to me: "I have had such a satisfactory morning: I have been playing a great deal, all sorts of people's music, and yours too, and I have also been composing and writing. I mean to do this every day now!" And yet he hardly managed to do it a second time. It was his correspondence which actually took up most of his time. He must have written an incredible number of letters. But it was a pleasure to him to be in such general requisition, and he never complained of it. Everything he did he strove to do in the most perfect manner possible, down to the smallest details, and it was the same with his correspondence. It was delightful to watch him folding up a letter with the utmost care, and sealing it with evident satisfaction. Anyhow, he could always be certain of giving pleasure with it. Whatever hard work he had before him it never prevented him from occupying himself with something else up to the last minute. How often when I called for him to go to a concert where he had to play and conduct I would find him, in full dress, sitting quietly at the

Digitized by Google

writing-table! It was just because he felt so secure in all that he did.

"How would you translate this?" he asked me one evening, and then read me a line out of one of Dante's Sonnets. His uncle Joseph (the eldest son of Moses Mendelssohn, who dedicated his "Morgenstunden" to him), a very highly-gifted man, and devoted to his latest years to study and self-culture, had sent him several of Dante's Sonnets from the "Vita Nuova," begging him to translate them for him in the form of the original. The nephew set to work with feverish eagerness, and as far as I could judge succeeded admirably. But after all he got more vexation than pleasure from it, for the old gentleman, with an uncle's want of consideration, had meanwhile made use of some other version, and Felix did not even get a word of thanks, whereat he greatly complained. I take this opportunity of saying that I feel sure that Felix must have written a considerable number of lyrical poems, though I do not know if he told his friends of it. If this be true, we may surely hope that a future time may bring them to light. They would certainly not be without some merit. Another partly literary work which occupied my friend for some time was an address to the King of Saxony. A sum of 20,000 thalers had been bequeathed to the King by a Leipsic gentleman, with the request that he would devote it to some artistic purpose. In conjunction with Von Falkenstein, then "Kreis director," now Minister, Mendelssohn drew up the plan for the organization of a Conservatoire, to which he added an entreaty that the King would devote the money to the foundation of the institution. It is well-known that the Leipsic Conservatorium was opened in the year 1843, that Mendelssohn laboured enthusiastically for it, and that this school contributed greatly in the progress of musical life in Leipsic. It was equally Mendelssohn's doing that Hauptmann and Moscheles were appointed to posts there.

One evening I found Felix deep in the Bible. "Listen," he said; and then he read to me, in a gentle and agitated voice, the passage from the First Book of Kings, beginning with the words, "And behold, the Lord passed by." "Would not that be splendid for an oratorio?" he exclaimed — and it did become part of the "Elijah."

In the midst of the manifold occupations and social meetings which he gladly took part in, and which he graced by his talent and his brilliant conversation, there would come days of exhaustion, even of depression. At such times visits from his friends, foremost among whom were David and Dr. Schleinitz, would always do him good. Sometimes also he would amuse himself with doing little water-colour sketches — or he would read some poem of Goethe's, for instance "Hermann and Dorothea," or "Iphigenie." The first of these he was especially fond of, and he would go into raptures over the deep feeling which penetrates the most insignificant things in this wonderful work. He said one day that the line, "Und es lobte darauf der Apotheker den Knaster" was enough to bring tears into one's eyes. He would also get out Jean Paul sometimes, and revel in his humour; one evening he read aloud to me out of Siebenkäs for at least an hour. But sleep was always his best cure. Several times I found him lying on the sofa before dinner, ready dressed, having been asleep for hours, after which he would awake with a capital appetite. A quarter of an hour after he would say with the air of a spoiled child, "I am still quite tired;" would lie down again, saying how delicious it was, stretch himself out, and in a few minutes be fast asleep again. "He can go on in that way for two days," Cécile said to me, "and then he is fresher than ever." Nature supplied him with the best cure — but unhappily it could not remain so always.

For his birthday we arranged a joke with which he was immensely delighted. The first occasion for it arose from the fact that his wife and her sister and myself were of the same nation, the free town of Frankfort being our common native-place. I wrote a little piece, or rather a couple of scenes, in Frankfort dialect, giving myself the part of the now typical "Hampelmann,"* Madame Mendelssohn was to represent my wife, and her sister my daughter. The story was somewhat slight, and ran as follows: — Fräulein Hampelmann is a very passionate lover of music, and in the first scene expresses a great wish to have pianoforte lessons from the celebrated Mendelssohn in Leipsic. After much discussion the papa is gained over, and the family prepare for the journey. The second scene opens in Mendelssohn's study, where he was represented by David with inimitable

* "Hampelmann" is the name of the typical Frankfort bergher, a favourite character in farces.

Digitized by Google

drollery. The costume was true to life, being the very coat which Mendelssohn wore at home, and he managed in all sorts of delightful ways to caricature our friend's movements and manner of speaking. The Hampelmann family are introduced to him, and very politely received. After some conversation Fräulein Hampelmann is made to play, and then Mendelssohn is at last induced to improvise, and this David did in the funniest way, imitating Mendelssohn in his movements more than in his thoughts. Finally this good-natured, but not very artistic family, is sent home again in the most civil manner possible. I had made the Hampelmann ladies, in their excessively limited knowledge of musical matters, say all manner of malicious things, which were taken up as agreeably as they were harmlessly meant.

When our life had become a little quieter so that we often spent the evenings at home, Mendelssohn proposed that we should improvise on given poems. We read and played in turns, each declaiming for the other, and found it a most amusing and exciting pastime. Heaven only knows how many poems of Schiller, Goethe, and Uhland had to serve us for musical illustrations. After one of my improvisations Mendelssohn said to me, "I can't imagine how you can ever for a moment feel any doubt about your musical gifts;" and these words often afterwards in sad moments rung with consolation in my ears. During my subsequent stay in Dresden I had the opportunity of continuing this practice with my friend Edward Devrient, who perhaps declaimed better than any one else, certainly more musically. In this way we could give great pleasure, and as an amusing social diversion, I have often, even up to the present time, amused myself over this game with some friend or other, and it always recalls the happy times when we first began it.

We had many serious conversations together that winter, and I very much regret that I did not note down some of my friend's sayings. But when one is living in affluence one does not easily think of putting by. A few things which I happen to remember may find room here. After the performance of a most prosaic symphony, which met with a very cold reception, he said to me, "We have successfully conquered the Philistines now, but it remains to be seen whether our art be not still more threatened from the opposite direction." Once when I was speaking of the happiness that lay in the conviction of so many people whom one highly esteemed being kindly disposed towards one, he grew very warm upon the subject, and said, "It is certainly the best thing that one has. When I am thoroughly dissatisfied with myself, I think of such and such a person who has shown himself a friend to me, and say to myself, 'You can't be in such a bad way, after all, if such men are fond of you.'" One day, speaking of his adherents and his opponents, he said that he could perfectly understand that certain musicians who took up a very stern line, considered him half a deserter, and so many of those of his compositions which met with most favour must appear to them frivolous, compared to former ones, so that they might say he had forsaken his better style. With all the earnestness of his character, it was especially disagreeable to him when people treated serious things with exaggeration. "I had a visit from a Belgian author this morning," he told me a few hours later; "the man really has an astounding flow of talk, and said several good things. But when he was gone, and I began to think it over, I found that it might have been expressed much better in the very simplest way — therefore why use such big words? why want to appear so deep?" It is this simplicity, always exemplified in his works, which makes them appear shallow to those people who take bombastic nonsense for depth. There is no shallowness to be found in Mendelssohn's works, but rather in those which are too shallow to contain the beauty of simplicity. Once at dinner, when we were talking about Beaumarchais' comedies, which he greatly admired, he said, "One really ought to have Beaumarchais;" so I got it for him and wrote inside it, "One really ought to have Beaumarchais (Mendelssohn's table talk)."

One peculiarity of his, which I have already alluded to, was his way of suddenly jumping to something very comic or very serious in the midst of a quiet conversation. One afternoon when we were lounging about in the promenades, he turned upon me all at once with the question: "Do you believe in the progress of humanity?" "How, in what way do you mean?" I said, with some surprise. "Well," he answered, "I don't speak of machines, and railways, and all those things, but I ask if you think that mankind becomes better and more remarkable as time goes on?" I do not

Digitized by Google

now remember what conclusion we came to.

It was always from the way in which he had been *taught* that he drew his reasons for everything which he did, or did not do. In his scores for choruses he used the C clef, keeping the alto part also in the soprano clef. This rather bothered me, and I once reproached him for the inconsistency of such a proceeding, upon which he answered, "You are perfectly right, but it is not my fault. It was Zelter's way, and I accustomed myself to it from the very first." His lovely musical handwriting he said he owed to his friend Rietz the violinist, who died young, and was the elder brother of Julius Rietz, the Concert-meister. He sometimes told me about his studies with Zelter, and how they were generally carried on peripatetically in the garden behind his father's house. What he told me of them confirmed me in the opinion which Marx expressed as follows: "When Zelter became Mendelssohn's master, he merely put a fish into the water, and let it swim away as it liked." With all his love for his old master, the remembrance of the following fact always made him angry. Some years before Felix's birth, his father, who was a friend of Zelter's, gave the latter a great quantity of Bach's Cantatas in the original manuscripts; and when Felix became his pupil, Zelter used sometimes to take him to the closet where these treasures were stored up, and show them to him, saying, "There they are; just think of all that is hidden in there!" But poor Felix, though he thirsted for these costly treasures, was never once allowed to look inside them, and taste them. Anyhow, these things would have been better cared for in Mendelssohn's hands than in Zelter's.

Mendelssohn was very fond of repeating any funny expression or word over and over again till it became a joke. As in former years he had amused himself with calling me "Old Drama," so now during this winter, for a long time, he always addressed me with the words, "Hail, Zedekiah!" out of a chorus from the "Destruction of Jerusalem." Or else it would be a passage out of some pianoforte piece which he liked, and which he would always be bringing up again, and playing to me when it was furthest from my thoughts.

I also have pleasant recollections of the walks which we often took with David, on clear, cold days, far out into the Rosenthal. We used to stop at one of the cafés there, and Mendelssohn would indulge in his latest, but as I believe, very passing, passion for billiards. Whether he was as clever at that as at anything else I could not judge, for though I lived for years in the land of billiards, I knew nothing of the game.

It may seem strange that I should not have mentioned Schumann, whom Mendelssohn thought so highly of, but at that time he lived in greater retirement than usual, and hardly ever left his room. His paper, his songs, but above all his future marriage with Clara Wieck, completely occupied him; his bride came but seldom to Leipsic that winter, but a few years afterwards at Dresden I enjoyed a great deal of pleasant and intimate intercourse with the famous pair.

Every one knows how happy Mendelssohn was at home. His beautiful, gentle, sensible wife spread a charm over the whole household, and reminded one of a Rafael Madonna. Little Carl, the eldest child, amused us intensely with his first attempts at speaking. Cécile's family, charming people, were in and out all day, and the whole atmosphere was a sort of rivalry of amiability and affection, —it was altogether a period of happiness which falls to the share of but few mortals. We laughed much when Cécile told us how as she came out of a concert at the Gewandhaus she had heard two women close by her talking about her and pitying her because "her husband was so cruel, inhuman, and barbarous to her!"

All this time, though I was very much occupied with my work, and looking forward with anxiety to the first performance of the oratorio, I could feel and enjoy to the utmost the happiness which Mendelssohn's affection and esteem imparted to me. And at last, when my labours were crowned by an entirely unbiassed success, the concluding days of my stay in Leipsic became some of the happiest in my life. On the 2nd of April, 1840, the "Destruction of Jerusalem" was performed for the first time at a concert given at the Gewandhaus for the benefit of the poor. The chorus and orchestra were capital; Frau Livia Frege, whose lovely and expressive singing can never be forgotten by any who had the good fortune to hear her, Fräulein Sophie Schloss, with her fine sympathetic voice, the clever tenor, Schmidt, and a very cultivated amateur baritone, undertook the solos. The audience was most enthusiastic, and next morning the amiable pub-

Digitized by Google

fisher, Kistner, secured the work as his property — what more could I want? I returned full of gratitude to my native town, which I had left with such a sad heart, and from there went on to Italy, where my bride awaited me.

From Temple Bar.

CHINESE DOMESTIC LIFE.

"Of course you will stay on Shameen?" said a friend of mine one day in Hong Kong, as we discussed my journey to Canton, distant about a day's voyage by the Pearl River. She further explained to my interrogation that Shameen was a few acres of island rock ceded to the British by China after the taking of Canton; and although the rest of the city is open to foreigners, it is yet considered the correct thing to live on Shameen, which is as far removed from any converse with Canton as St. James's from St. Giles's. The "of course" in the sentence quite decided me not to stop on Shameen. I wanted to study the Cantonese, and not the Shameenese. Thus it fell out one evening at sundown, under a ruddy after-glow, which transformed the scene to the resemblance of the last tableau in some delusive pantomime, I was ushered into my Chinese abode at Canton, over an arched bridge, which I attained from some outbuildings or structures — I scarcely know what name to give them. The bridge spanned — or rather failed at the last extremity to span — a creek or one of the fifty branches of the Pearl River *in* which Canton is situated. Arrived at my side of the bridge, I had to make a good spring to land on a balcony of my house, one of the many with which all Chinese habitations are adorned.

The only other entrance (except for birds or fish) were some very shiny steps upon the other side of the dwelling, submerged at high tide by the Pearl River. Here the fish swam in, and were frequently stranded. They were "mud fish," of a peculiar flavour, but delicious eating. The birds entered through the apertures for doors and window frames, for with actual doors to open and windows to shut the Cantonese dispense themselves. They place a large screen before the doorway, which gives privacy sufficient for their need. The window-sashes are closed either by a sort of jalousie or thin matting. They do not surround their domesticities with the same mystery and secret precautions with which we envelop these proceedings in Europe. Human nature, they argue, has to sleep, and here is the mat upon which it stretches itself. Why conceal it? It also wants to eat, and it satisfies its appetite, no matter how many eyes are gazing. Tell a Chinese cook you are hungry, and he will immediately fetch his fire, his cooking utensils, his provisions, and cook under your very nose. He has no idea of concealing his operations in some far-away back region, yclept kitchen. He squats down anywhere, makes a fire on or in anything: a basin, dish, pan, or pot — there is no limit to his invention. He will cook in the middle of the street, or in the centre of his guests in a restaurant. Upon one occasion, when on board a junk, I observed a man cooking his own and his neighbour's food for days together in a tub, and an earthenware saucer containing the charcoal. Wonderful creatures they are, these despised Chinese, with a deftness of finger and ingenuity and patience unsurpassed by any nation under the sun! To return to the bridge of the willow pattern architecture, by which, as I have said, I entered my dwelling. The first thing which took me by surprise and completely overwhelmed my senses was the variety of odours, smells, stenches, scents which assailed me in the various chambers — no, that is a misnomer; I do not believe there is such a thing as a chamber in China. But different localities, such as north, south, east, and west of my domicile, were all characterized by different smells. For instance, crossing the bridge and the verandah contiguous, I was fain to shudder under an effluvium which penetrated my whole being with the unmistakable essence of putrid fish.

Escaping from this with the utmost celerity, and resolving to give it a wide latitude for the future, I hurried southward. Here was a compartment which, besides six window apertures, three door ditto, had two large square holes in the ceiling, which I ascertained were for admitting a ladder to ascend into the attic. I was once more permeated with a delicious sense of breathing existence in an atmosphere redolent with perfume of spices wafted, it might be, from Araby the Blest. So it seemed to me, after the nausea of the bridge apartment. Here I pitched my tent, or, to speak more literally, my blankets, mats, pillow, wraps, and general belongings; and here pres-

Digitized by Google

ently arrived my cook, and commenced operations upon a young pig which he was about to roast in my bed-room. It would have taken a long time to make him comprehend my objections, but fortunately I had a factotum, undertaking the multifarious duties of valet, chamber-maid, courier, interpreter, footman, chair-bearer, seamstress, laundress. Aa-Sing was his name, and he was the most valuable servant I ever had; and only for the difficulty of his tail, which would have caused continual merriment in Europe, but which Chinese have an insuperable objection to cut off, I should have imported him. Poor Aa-Sing! his only fault was, as a clear-starcher he used to starch my stockings, and if I had had a new bonnet, he would have contrived his best to make it look exactly like the old one, such a positive dislike have Chinese for any change whatever. If you like a feather in the front of your hat, they say, wear it there, of course; but what reason can you have for placing it at the back next month, or at the side the following year? But upon other matters apart from millinery Aa-Sing and myself were of one mind, and we soon hoisted the cook elsewhere; for here was a space which smelt deliciously, and to have this perfume commingled even with the odour of roast pig seemed a profanation. The cook went off grumbling, and whether he took himself on to the bridge or the steps I was not interested to know, but I believe he burnt the pig out of spite. The front of my house overhung the Pearl River, and was overshadowed by an immense gnarled tree, whose roots might have been in my bed-room, or parlour, or verandah, for aught I could discover. Although I studied the intricacy for many a day, I never found out from where it drew its sustenance. It burst out from the walls and stones in all directions, flourishing green, bright, and cheerful, and useful too, for I often caught by its branches to steer myself on to the landing when entering my house from the river side, which I usually did. It was, I understood, a sacred *bô* tree of Buddha, and as there was a temple hard by, it was just possible that the mother root had her domicile of origin in the holy precincts — such a distance do these trees extend, and so peculiar are they for growing ostensibly without soil. Through its leafy shade what a wondrous scene was presented to me! To a person with eager susceptibilities and keen observant faculties, the first entrance into China proper is enough to cause temporary aberration of mind. All the senses are suddenly attacked by such outrageous incongruities — novel sensations which in his philosophy he has never dreamed of. He is induced to doubt the intelligence he receives through them — to believe rather that he is dreaming, champagnized, mesmerized, illusionized in some way.

Having already seen the greater portion of the earth's surface, I was yet taken quite aback by the startling contrasts and marked differences. Still more wonderful must appear these singular features to one accustomed to a narrow margin of men and things. The very mountains and hills on the Pearl River stood out in such unwonted outline, that I had constantly to place my fingers on my eyes to give them the chance of correcting any optical delusion they might have made. Moreover, the olfactory nerves are constantly on the inquirendo. Pish! faugh! What on earth is that? Surely nothing on this planet ever smelt so badly! Cologne, with its thirty-six different stenches, is a bower of roses as compared with Canton. Yet more dire perplexities await the auricular organs. They are so barbarously tested, that they come to the point of doubting their own sanity, so terrible are the discordant sounds which clash and jangle on the tympanum. The Chinese talking is a series of hard sounds, jerks, digs, and snaps. The sneezed aspirates S, T, Z make one's flesh creep. Quarrelling is indescribably overpowering, and makes one's blood — though no coward — curdle to water, so ferociously bitter are the shrill sounds emitted. Yet still there is a more terrible ordeal to come — Chinese music. It is simply odious and revolting to every feeling of harmony, melody, sympathetic cadence, or dulcet sound of any description suggested by musical nature. It is nasal, screeching, yowling, mee-mawing, wailing — every sound excruciating to ears refined. Two tom cats encountering on a midnight prowl, are faint though truthful illustrations of that fearful rending of the air. Add to that an enraged turkey-cock viewing red, an indignant gander, two pea-fowls, and a bewildered donkey, doubtful about most things in life and his next supper especially, and you will have the chromatic scale of Chinese music. Whether Chinese are endowed by Providence with sonorous bass voices, sympathetic baritones, or thrilling sensational tenors, I do

Digitized by Google

not know: I never heard anything but falsetto, and that of the most agonizing quality — more or less husky, more or less shrill.

Having once obtained a *pied-à-terre* in Canton, I was enabled through the kindness of British merchants and residents to be introduced to some of the high mandarins and chief families of the city. And once received inside the mansion, I had to trust to my own audacity and *savoir-faire* for my introduction to the ladies of the establishment, as it was not etiquette to admit gentlemen within their precincts. Having become familiar with Eastern manners in Asiatic Turkey, I did not experience the insuperable embarrassment which I might have done if fresh from Europe. Sometimes in these adventures it was no easy matter, I may say, to unearth the ladies — so many dark passages, closets, chapels, fish-ponds, bridges, corridors of flower-pots. I was often fain to attach myself to some feminine servant or child, to be conveyed to where the head wife held her court — usually a large hall or verandah, unless she chanced to be asleep in a cupboard. Once in the presence of the mandarin's wife, I was received with the politeness of a well-bred gentlewoman, placed on the seat of honour, which resembles an English sideboard with the legs cut short, and peculiarly uncomfortable to sit upon, and immediately entertained with tea and sweatmeats. There was no awkward surprise or embarrassment evinced at my unexpected visit. If I had dropped from the moon it would have been all the same; they would have received me with the same placidity. I was a stranger and a guest, and therefore must receive hospitality, and although never coolly reserved or distant, we always ended by becoming quite intimate friends. I noticed that however quietly I chanced to get into the ladies' apartments, the event flew like lightning, or probably telegraphic fingers, through the whole feminine household, and every aperture through which I was visible was speedily crowded with dark unwinking eyes. But though they were dying of curiosity, the ladies receiving me expressed nothing of it. There was no hurry or flurry to get up a "company style;" no attempt to stow ugly articles out of the way, and to look as though such dainty eyes had never dwelt upon aught that was coarse or vulgar. Chinese have not arrived at the point of civilization which engenders "company manners." A strange mysterious creature I must have appeared to them, coming suddenly amongst them with my *sagou* complexion, outlandish, absurdly complicated European dress, all ends and bows and fringes, and buttons and hooks and strings. When we became more familiar, and I exhibited my finery for their special delectation, their amazement knew no bounds. None of them then had ever seen a European lady *de près* before. They could not understand what was the use of ends which were not to be tied and buttons which were not to button. The sham amused them immensely. But what shocked them was the waist and definition of the figure consequent upon encircling it. They consider this custom of ours as outraging both modesty and health, and were as much scandalized at my waistband as an assembly of British matrons would be at the little shoe which holds in unnatural bonds the distorted Chinese foot. By a little ruse I got the better of them, for Chinese are very much smaller women than European, five feet being more than the average height; consequently I fastened my *ceinture* easily round any of them, except one pudgy old lady, who puffed and gasped, and declared she was being suffocated whilst we tugged at the clasp.* The variety and shape of my garments were a source of marvel to them, and the number a matter of contempt (yet I had only thirty-five, the smallest number a lady can appear dressed in). My jewelry they invariably pronounced bad gold! for the Chinese use the pure ore, without alloy, and their ornaments have that tender beautiful colour known as "virgin gold."

Nevertheless, they had all the "woman's fancy" for "trying on," and it was a curious spectacle to behold a score of Chinese women each sporting some article of European attire, laughing and enjoying the fun equally with the children, of whom there was always a large gathering. The great dearth seemed to me to be of young ladies, such as would be most prominent in a European household. Here they were either little girls or decidedly married-looking women, appearing much older than they were. In fact, one rarely sees *girls* in China, unless it be the *sailor girls*. They marry so young, that they appear to spring from childhood to maturity without any intermediate stage of girlhood. There appears to be

* Upon my return to civilization I found the fashions had returned to the *premier empire*, and the figure not tightened, but rather the reverse.

Digitized by Google

no "blushing fifteen" or "sweet seventeen," no dreamy, romantic years of love and poetry, no flirtations, no balls, no picnics, no *billets-doux*—no nothing, in fine. The child has not ceased to play with her doll before she has a baby to dandle, and surely then her trouble begins! I never could find out precisely what was the great joy of a Chinese woman's life; but I think it must be "dressing her hair." This is done with an elaborate artistic science curious to see. This hair-dressing is the woman's accomplishment; a man would be considered quite out of place—and I think they are right. Their hair is invariably black, and very long. It is drawn back tightly from the face, and stiffened with a gum made from a certain kind of wood. It is piled up in a wonderful pyramid of bows, loops, wings, twists, leaves, flowers, rolls, all so stiff that they stand alone without the aid of pads, roulets, puffs, or hair-pins. Not a single hair is astray, the whole highly polished, or, I should say, veneered, which keeps it smooth for nearly a week, when the fabric is taken down and remodelled. "How do they sleep?" asks a curious reader. I reply, Quaker fashion, "How did our great-grandmothers sleep when they wore those immense busbies on their heads?" I presume they had a pillow made on purpose. The Chinese ladies have a small leather pillow, which fits underneath the back of the neck, and keeps the head in a settled position. Others have a case or box, in which they put the whole head comfortably, and which protects the coiffure from being disordered. It is, *par excellence*, the most intricate structure that could be made with hair, and when adorned with real flowers and gems is both an elegant and imposing head-dress—when badly arranged is stiff and ungainly. I underwent the process of stiffening, combing, plastering, and building up more than once, for the gratification of my lady friends. When completed, my head looked like a bundle of shavings, which evinced a remarkably pertinacious dislike to stick up; and such an unadmirable colour did it assume under the varnish that it was seriously proposed to dye it black. On the other hand, my drawing and writing were highly appreciated, as these are men's accomplishments. Few women are taught to read or write, whereas nearly every boy is instructed by the monks in reading and handling the paint-brush, with which they form their caligraphy. I was surprised to find in this so-called benighted country that even the coolie chair-bearers could read, while at home few cabmen were so advanced. This education is insisted upon by government, merely for the purposes of their trade, and not for any abstract idea of acquiring knowledge. If a boy displays quickness at his books he does not necessarily aspire to become a clerk instead of a coolie, as in Europe, which in the sequel would leave the world without manual workers at all. For it is simpler for a boy to learn reading, writing and arithmetic than a good trade and by the time the whole of the working population is educated we shall find ourselves, like the Americans, obliged to import labourers annually—but from where? Ireland cannot produce labourers forever, nor Germany either, and it would be curious to see, in fifty years hence, Chinese coolies in England.

There were no spinsters in China except the nuns, who dedicated their virginity to Buddha. These ladies shave their heads like the Buddhist priests, and thus deprive themselves of the only sign of gender—the hair dressed *à la* teapot. I paid them a visit in an old tumble-down convent, more intricate of navigation than even the mandarins' labyrinth-like palaces. Yet, strange to say, into this nunnery a gentleman friend had the *entrée*. I also noticed that the nuns had male servants, as in every establishment in China, even European. For although one may obtain a woman to nurse a baby, or even, under pretence of tending a lady, get a woman to squat on the floor of a sick-room, it is very rarely you can induce them to do any work whatever. A nurse employed by a friend of mine refused to carry the baby out of doors or roll it in the perambulator, and a coolie had to be engaged for the purpose. The great business of the nuns is to do the praying for the female portion of sinners. They visit the sick, and perform ceremonies over them which are considered alike beneficial for this world and the next—a sort of Buddhist "extreme unction." These women are reared and brought up for the priesthood, like the vestal virgins of the Romans.

This being the case, I could not account for their singular ugliness. Perhaps it was the shaven head which made them so unprepossessing, and which conveyed the impression, in spite of my knowledge to the contrary, that they were lunatics. However, they received me with the same gracious civility as their

Digitized by Google

handsome lay sisters, and indulged in a thorough feast of curiosity over me. Nothing escaped them until they got hold of my purse, when they forthwith began to beg as hard for money as many religious Christian dames I wot of. "We are so poor," argued the abbess, a little old woman, crooked, gnarled, and round-headed like a knobstick; "and we cannot go out to beg like the monks, who get so much. Look at our best image of Buddha," she cried, dragging aside a battered curtain, "with his head knocked off!"

There he was, surely enough, holding his head on his lap. "Put it on again," I suggested, my organ of order being offended.

"It will not stick on," said the old abbess piteously, yet making the attempt, when the head niddle-noddled in a grotesque fashion. "Why will you not give enough to buy a new one? It was your own infidel cannon-balls, when the Fan Kwie shelled our city, that carried off the head of our richest and most beautiful Buddha! Ah! that was a dreadful time! You ought to give us money to compensate us." And the poor old lady clasped her hands and her long nails rattled like quills.

In truth the convent, besides its own natural dilapidation, bore marks of having stood the brunt of the shelling. I asked how they had managed during the firing? She told me they had crept into the foundations of the house and underground passages. There were a number of girls of various ages, all with the shaven head, all being trained for this religious life. One, quite a little toddler, a very baby, a miniature abbess, very droll to look upon, but of whom they all seemed very fond. I too was obliged to indulge the little one by giving her some small coin, though I had scrupulous doubts that they would be employed to mend or fasten Buddha's head again. Wandering through those ruined courtyards, temples, corridors, gardens, to note the strange, stagnant life of these nuns, I fell into a reverie which carried me back to a similar convent in Italy, where the nuns were as gnarled, mendicant, and bald (though not uncovered, for they belonged to the middle ages); farther still my vision seemed to travel, and behold two strange black figures, with coal-scuttle bonnets, trudging along the populous streets of London, pointed at and jeered by rude boys as they passed from door to door soliciting alms. The whole scheme of religious institutions became connected as one. The same principle had developed the Buddhist abbess four hundred years before Christ, the Italian monastery as long after, and the English "sister of mercy" of the nineteenth century—nature repeating herself over and over again, only under different names. Yet if the modern ritualist sister could see herself on the same level with the sister of China, she would be utterly shocked at the bald pate, whilst the ancient Asiatic votary would be appalled by the coal-scuttle bonnet. Thus we make fierce wars for the length or depth of a garment, and shed human blood for the colour of a vestment or the placing of a candlestick!

I am sorry to have to add that these Chinese vestals, in common with their European sisters, are not free from the shafts of malice and scandal. Very naughty stories are told of them. Poor things! I could not help feeling compassion for them, and half regretted that I did not assist them to a new Buddha. For what other joy could they have in life, since they had no hair to dress? It may be deemed a direct flying in the face of Providence to cut off a woman's hair, thus depriving her of one of the greatest pleasures she has in life. Look at the intense satisfaction of the Indian woman as she squats luxuriously, combing and twisting her raven locks. Look at the northern peasant girl as she shakes her golden wavy curls to the breeze, and sets a thousand sparks of sunlight scintillating round her head. Look at any girl sitting before her mirror twining her glossy ringlets, as they whisper all sorts of tender things to her finger ends. Chignons are a diabolical invention to deprive a woman of the natural pleasure Providence has bestowed upon her in arranging her own hair. For it stands to reason that we are none of us charitable enough to take the same pleasure in dressing our neighbour's hair, transplanted upon our own heads. Acting upon the widest hypothesis, all nuns from time immemorial, whose duty is to lead a life of mortification, begin by shaving their heads. No doubt, therefore, the image of the great Buddha was the sweet idol of the poor Buddhist nuns. I remember long ago an old Christian nun, who was a sort of *petite-mère* to me, and of whom I was very fond in my infancy, the great object of whose harmless, innocent life was the dressing and decorating of the image of the Virgin in a little chapel she was deputed to attend to.

Digitized by Google

She was as avaricious for flowers, or lace, or jewels, as any belle of the season. She took as much care of the Virgin's satins and velvets, mantles and skirts, as though she had been mistress of the robes to the Empress Eugénie, the best-dressed lady of our day. She would beg for a new diadem or *ceinture* with the same avidity that the Buddhist abbess prayed for a new head to her Buddha, and was quite envious of the magnificent silver candlesticks upon other altars. She was a little crooked-backed old woman, but she had a tender heart and great taste in decorating, and rather piqued herself upon it. "Though others might be richer," she would say, hers was the most tasteful Virgin. Thus a woman deprived of the natural objects of affection finds an object of interest in the representation of an ideal, and I verily believe that the poor old, bald, gnarled abbess at Canton had her heart broken when that gold and vermilion streaked Buddha's head was shot off.

Some Chinese compensate themselves for shaving the head by allowing their nails to grow to a terrible length. I noticed that Aa-Sing was carefully preserving one, about an inch and a half long, on his little finger, which did not need to be brought into play in his daily occupations. He seemed quite flattered that I observed what he considered a personal charm. He was emboldened to place a little confidence in me, and asked with considerable modesty if I would advance him a few dollars over and above what he was entitled to draw of his wages — that it would be a great favour, and he should do his best to satisfy me, as he hoped he had done hitherto. The fact was, he wished to take a wife, and the money was to make up her dower which he had to pay to her parent.

"Why, I thought you told me you were married, Aa-Sing!" I replied in astonishment, "and that your wife lived at Chan-Lon?"

"That is so," he answered simply; "but I have now an opportunity of getting one exceedingly cheap, and such a good chance might never occur again. Only forty dollars, madame, and she is everything that could be desired."

"But, Aa-Sing," I argued, "you do not want a wife just now; you will soon return to your home again."

"He reiterated the temptation of extreme cheapness, like a woman who sees a great bargain she does not require: "She is so cheap! so cheap!"

"What will your first wife say?" I persisted.

"Hah-yah!" he exclaimed, seizing upon this faint objection with avidity, and demolishing it at once, "she will say it is very cheap!"

I gave up the question and let him have the money.

He contrived to get married, during some leisure moment of my service without inconveniencing me at all. I saw his bright little wife soon after in spick and span new unmentionables and shirt, as blue as blue could be or as indigo could make them, and I confess that I had to come round to Aa-Sing's opinion that she was decidedly cheap and that he had got a bargain. Aa-Sing, in spite of the double encumbrance, remained as invaluable as ever, and confirmed my opinion that Chinese, when well trained, make the best servants I know. They have necessarily to be taught, and shown every act of European service, and that with great care and precision. Any mistake made will assuredly be repeated to the end of the chapter. For instance, if white wine were accidentally put into a claret-jug, you would certainly get your sherry in a claret-jug for the future. My host one day, from laziness, put the brandy into a sherry decanter. It was fatal from that time forward. We regularly had brandy served after soup, in spite of grimaces, exclamations and invectives of all kinds. Under my front verandah, as I have mentioned, ran the Pearl River, now floating my boat high enough for me to avoid the treacherous glutinous steps, anon ebbing, and leaving me a dainty draught of mollusca. This river is a study of human life unparalleled in Europe. Its numerous branches and creeks encircle and intersect Canton; meeting, dividing, spreading, like a lady's crochet pattern, each slip of water floating its quantum of boats of every description, from the warlike junk bristling with cannon, to a diminutive cockle-shell, where a mere baby paddled its own canoe. Chinese children are both waterproof and drowning-proof; I therefore disbelieve the libel that so much infanticide is committed by casting babies into the rivers, persuaded as I am that at no age would a Chinese infant consent to drown. Thousands of *sampans* are plying their oars or lying to, the homes of large families who pass their whole lives on that slender plank. The water baby opens its eyes upon the *sampan*, passes its watery youth there, is damply married there, and not

Digitized by Google

unfrequently goes from thence to a watery grave. Half a million of people are estimated to live upon the water in Canton alone; and there is in China and Cochin China what may be termed a water population, who live exclusively *upon* the rivers, even though their boats never stir from the same spot. I believe it would be possible to find a Chinese *landsick*, as in contrast to our sea-sickness. These people rarely go ashore. Their occupation is on the water, their shops are floating. They earn their living as conveyances for men and material, like the Venetian gondolas, which they most resemble in construction though not in colour, and are often sculled in the same manner. They are inhabited, like a dwelling, frequently, by two or three generations. The family sleep under the awning and in the hold, thus forming a two-storey house. If any member goes on shore it is the *man;* he may be a coolie, a water-carrier, a fish-vendor; or keep a small shop; whilst his wife, mother, grandmother, children, man the boat. I have seen mere babies steer like any coxswain. There are to be seen the pretty sailor girls special to China. They are bright, saucy, robust-looking lasses; their black glossy hair cut short across the forehead, and tied up in a knot or plait behind. They wear neither shoes nor stockings, and their pretty little feet and ancles are among the most beautiful and attractive objects in Canton. They not only rowed, and sculled, and steered on that complicated mesh of craft, but managed their boats upon the wider portions of the river with the same agility as a man. This is one of the specialties and remarkable features of Canton, and of what, for lack of a better word, I must term the upside-downness" of Chinese life. You find the men employed as chambermaids, seamstresses, embroideresses; whilst the women are sailors and boatmen. And this throughout; there is scarcely anything which they do not do the reverse of us. In salutation the Chinese shakes his own hand instead of his visitor's. In paying respect he puts his hat on, instead of taking it off. The very houses seem inside out. Wherever we begin at the top, they commence at the bottom. Their signboards are perpendicular instead of horizontal. Their ideas are also very much upon the same reverse scale. What is felony in Europe — plurality of wives — is highly proper in China, in fact a mark of distinction; and concubinage no more a sin than it was in the days of Solomon. In fact, in households where I visited, I could not find out that it implied any disgrace. These women probably belonged to a lower class, at least, than the first wife, who is always of suitable rank. The only difference was, that she had not been carried home in state by her husband's relatives, which is the only marriage ceremony; and possibly he had got her without dower, she not having near relatives to exact it. But she eats the same, and her children share the benefits with the rest. She would not have as much authority as the upper wives, but her position had no opprobrium or degradation attached to it. Suicide also is reckoned perfectly honourable and justifiable if circumstances seem to demand it. Cross roads or refusal to bury would be deemed absurdities in China. Thus, it is night in one land, it is day in another, and what is crime in one hemisphere is virtue in another. Our world is a queer place turned topsyturvy.

To return to the wonderful river and the boats. They seem of endless variety; some, all covered, making a sort of travelling hotel, like the Dutch *trekschuiten*, or Egyptian Nile boats. They are the railroad cars of the country, like the American Pacific line. You are boarded, lodged, travelled, for so much per diem. They are generally manned by twenty or forty rowers, or polers, for many of the rivers are so shallow that poling and even pushing became necessary. The passengers are jammed in together like sardines (oil not excepted), unless there chances to be a mandarin on board, when he would invariably monopolize the boat with his wives and his retinue. Some of these boats are stationary, and serve the purposes of hotels, restaurants, &c. There are also boats painted and decorated in the most gorgeous style and tastefully adorned with flowers; whence they are called "flower boats," literally a floating garden. They have, in fact, the same reputation as the Jardin des Plantes in Paris or Vauxhall in London. There is also an amount of feasting done, and at night they are brilliantly illuminated with a myriad of tiny Chinese lanterns, which give them a fairy-like effect. Issuing from them may be heard the sounds of revelry, of laughter, and the shrill falsetto whine called music, far into the early hours of morning. The Chinese enjoy themselves by night. All their feasts and festivals are kept through the night, gen-

Digitized by Google

erally by moonlight; and although, when poor, he exists on a farthing's-worth of rice a day, yet when riches accumulate he becomes the most luxurious of sybarites, indulges freely in the most *recherché* delicacies of the table, like any Roman voluptuary becomes corpulent and phlegmatic.

Invited to a grand Chinese dinner, the hour named was 11 A.M. and the *locale* a boat. Having heard much of the obnoxious stuff I should have to eat, and been duly cautioned that I should be ill for at least a week afterwards, I intimated to a medical friend that I was about to "dine *à la Chinoise*," and should probably require his services that evening. He gave me the prescription, "Take a very little of each dish, and take a very long time about it." Of the latter I had no choice, for we began at eleven and did not conclude until half-past five. I felt a little squeamish but was not actually sick, and the doctor said I had the digestion of a horse.

To enumerate the dishes we ate and the prices paid for them would seem fabulous. We commenced with tea and finished with soup. Some of the intermediate dishes were shark's fin; birds' nests brought from Borneo (costing nearly a guinea a mouthful); fricassee of poodle, a little dog rather like a pig, except for its head; the fish of the *kouk* shell, an elastic substance like paxwax or india-rubber, which you might masticate but could not possibly mash; peacock's liver, very fine and *recherché;* putrid eggs, nevertheless very good; rice, of course; salted shrimps; baked almonds; cabbage in a variety of forms; green ginger; stewed fungi; fresh fish of a dozen kinds; onions *ad libitum;* salt duck cured like ham, and *pig* in every form, roast, boiled, fried; Fouchow ham, which seemed to me equal to Wiltshire. In fact, the Chinese excel in pork, but Europeans will rarely touch it, under the superstition that the pigs are fed on babies. Of course a pig will eat a baby, if it finds one, as it will devour a rattlesnake, but that does not prevent us eating American bacon, where the pigs run wild in the wood, and feed, from choice, upon any vermin they can find. When in the Southern States I got two magnificent rattlesnakes, and my pigs ate them both. That did not prevent the pigs being eaten in their turn; and I think I would as soon eat transmutation of baby flesh as of rattlesnake, especially the rattle. But I believe the whole to be a libel. The Chinese are most particular about their swine, and keep them penned up in the utmost cleanliness and comfort, rivalling the Dutch in their scrubbing and washing. They grow whole fields of *taro* and herbs for their pigs, and I do not believe that one porker in a million ever tastes a baby. About two o'clock we rose from table, walked about, looked out of window. Large brass bowls were brought filled with hot water, and towels. Each one proceeded to perform ablutions, the Chinese washing their heads. After which refreshing operation we resumed our seats, and recommenced with another description of tea. Seven different sorts of *samshoo* we partook of, made from rice, from peas, from mangoes, cocoa-nut; all fermented liquors; and the mystery remained — that I was not inebriated. Perhaps it was following the doctor's advice, the length of time which elapsed, and the small quantities. The *samshoo* was drunk warm, in tiny cups, during the course of the dinner. The whole was cooked without salt, and tasted very insipid to me. The birds' nests seemed like glue or isinglass; but the cocks'-combs were palatable. The dog meat was like very delicate gizzard well stewed — a short close fibre and very tender. The dish which I fancied the most turned out to be *rat;* for upon taking a second help after the first taste I got the head, and I certainly felt rather sick upon this discovery. But I consoled myself by the remembrance that in California we used often to eat ground-squirrels, which are first cousins to the flat-tailed rats; and travellers who would know the world must go in boldly for manners and customs. We had tortoise and frogs; a curry of the latter was superior to chicken. We had fowls' hearts, and brains of some bird — snipe, I think. We had chow-chow of mangoes, *rambustan* preserved, salted cucumber, sweet potatoes, yams, *taro*, all sorts of sweets made from rice, sugar, and cocoanut. Every dish was separate. And the soup which terminated the repast was surely boiled tripe, or some interior arrangement, and I wished I had halted a little time ago. The whole was eaten with chop-sticks, or a spoon like a small spade or shovel. The sticks are made into a kind of fork by being held crosswise between the fingers.

I was the only lady — for it is not the usage for the sexes to meet together in society — I dined with the ladies, and was crammed in the same way, but with a larger admixture of fruits, sweets, and tea. Rice is the substitute for bread,

Digitized by Google

and poultry and pork for mutton and beef; though occasionally there is mutton and goat; beef very rarely, except for Europeans. The greater part of my time was spent upon the rivers; and a wonderful life it was. I went into all the back streets or creeks, and, with my five senses on the alert, examined everything I could.

The novelty, as I have remarked, was incessant and never-ending, and fully repays the traveller, in interest, for the inconvenience he may experience.

From Chambers' Journal.

HISSING.

HISSING, according to Milton, had the very worst of beginnings. It was first heard in Pandemonium. When Satan returned to his compeers in guilt after his victory over our first parents, and related his terrible achievement:

> Awhile he stood, expecting
> Their universal shout and high applause
> To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
> On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal universal hiss, the sound
> Of public scorn.

An assembly of churchmen ought, no doubt, to be the exact reverse of an assembly of demons. That there is, however, some expectation of a certain amount of hissing in ecclesiastical gatherings may be inferred from the precautionary charge with which Archbishop Trench opened the Dublin Church Congress in 1868. "Hissing," remarked that scholarly prelate, "is not a human utterance: it is objectionable, because it not only expresses dissent from the speech, but dislike to the speaker." He begged the members of the Congress to say "No, no!" with all the fervour they could command, and not to hiss, whenever they felt compelled to give an audible expression to their dissent. The poet who attributes the first hiss to the devils, has said that "new presbyter is but old priest writ large." During the sitting of the Scottish Free Church Assembly in June 1873, some of the members indulged themselves so freely in hissing the speeches of those with whom they disagreed, that Dr. Duff, the Moderator, told them they reminded him of Milton's hissing devils. The parallel was not exact, for Milton's devils were compelled to hiss against their will, while those gentlemen hissed, no doubt, out of hearty free will.

There has been some controversy as to the most ancient method of manifesting disapproval in public assemblies. Distinction must, however, be made between organized state assemblies and assemblies fortuitously gathered, such as mobs or theatre audiences. In the former, hissing has undoubtedly always been considered as more or less of a disorder; it has never been recognized as the dignified or legitimate way of shewing disagreement. Cicero often alludes to hissing (*sibilus*) as the form of salutation with which the Roman populace greeted those whom they disliked in the places of public concourse; they poured it forth equally upon the politicians and the entertainers who had lost their favour. Cælius, in one of his letters to Cicero, included amongst the Epistles of the latter, after speaking of the hissing of the vulgar, goes on to say that it is remarkable that Hortensius reached his great age without once incurring the shame of being hissed; or as it stands literally in the Latin: "Hortensius arrived at old age untouched by a hiss." Cicero asserts that the actor was hissed off (*exsibilatur*) by the keenly critical populace if he pronounced a verse one syllable too long or too short. Our English actors have an easy and indulgent audience in the galleries of our theatres; but if the English language is ever taught to English children of the poorer classes in the national schools (as German is taught amongst the dialect-speaking German races), the "gods" will perhaps become more intolerant. It seems, from a passage in Tacitus, that mercenary hisses could be hired for the purpose of theatrical disapproval by a playwright envious at a rival's success, or galled at his own failures. Unpopular characters seem to have been hissed wherever they shewed themselves. Cicero demands tauntingly of one of his antagonists: "Why dost thou not shew thyself to the people at the games? Fearest thou to be hissed?" The miser in Horace's Satires consoles himself, that although the people hiss him out of doors, he applauds himself at home.

Hissing comes so easily to the natural man when he wants to express dissent, that it must certainly have tried to legitimate itself again and again in state assemblies; but it has been decided that groaning and coughing accord better with the dignity of such meetings. Formal divisions were not taken in the prim-

Digitized by Google

itive periods of deliberative assemblies: the mind of the majority was discovered by simpler and quicker processes. Our Teutonic ancestors, according to Tacitus in his *Germania*, expressed their affirmative vote by the brandishing of their spears or rattling of their weapons: this, he says, was their most complimentary form of assent and approbation. They voted their "Nay" by uttering a growling noise; "if sentiments displeased them, they rejected them with murmurs." The *strepitus*, whatever it be, was certainly in a lower and less insolent and irritating tone than the hiss. Strabo tells us there was an officer (a moderator ?) in the old Gaulish assemblies whose business it was to put down all interruption: at the third summons he cut off a piece of the offender's tartan with his sword. We do not know that we may accuse James I. of bringing hissing along with his other followers from Scotland into England, but it was certainly attempted in his first English parliament in 1604. Mr. Hext "moved against hissing, to the interruption and hindrance of the speech of any man in the House, taking occasion from an abuse of that kind offered on Sunday before: a thing, he said, derogating from the dignity, not becoming the gravity, and abusing the honour and privilege of the House." In Thomas Burton's diary of the Cromwellian parliaments there are complaints of "humming;" but it is not said whether the hum was directed against the speakers, or whether it was merely irritating small-talk in an undertone carried on by those who were determined not to listen.

The theatre is of course the classical and historical home of hissing. I imagine that any one with sufficient acquaintance with the details of dramatic history and biography might compile a big book on Hissing in the Theatre. It has domesticated itself there; in other places it has only lodged: if it is to be finally dislodged from other places, it will still, I suppose, assert a prescriptive title to be heard there. Theatre-hissing is not only noticed by the great dramatists of all periods of our literature, but I find it brought in to point a moral by one of our great English preachers, who has most absurdly and uncritically been taken for a Puritan, Thomas Adams. In a sermon published in 1614, under the title *The Sinner's Passing Bell*, he says: "The player that misacts an inferior and unnoted part, carries it away without censure; but if he shall play some emperor or part of observation unworthily, the spectators are ready to hiss him off." Plays, however, are hissed as well as players, and the French have an untranslatable adjective which they apply to both. Hissing began in the theatres, say the French Encyclopédists, as soon as there were bad poets and bad actors impudent enough and ignorant enough to expose themselves to the criticism of a great assembled world. The French call such actors and the works of such poets *sifflable* (hiss-able); they speak of a "comédie sifflable," an "acteur sifflable." I have only heard of one attempt to dislodge hissing from its home in the theatre, or rather to regulate its hour; readers who are better acquainted with theatrical history may possibly know of others. In December 1819, the police of Copenhagen issued the following curious ordinance: "After this present notice, the public shall not testify their dissatisfaction at the conclusion of a piece at the theatre until ten minutes after the fall of the curtain. At the expiration of these ten minutes, a signal will be given by three beats on a great drum, and all those who after that shall hiss, or give any other mark of disapprobation, will be arrested as disturbers of the public peace." A French newspaper of the same year (from which this *ordonnance* is translated) says that it was infringed the very first night it was in force, and that arrests were made accordingly. The fact that hissing is reckoned legitimate at the theatres, has led men to choose them as the places for expressing their public dislikes in times of great excitement. Shakespeare's Cardinal Wolsey was hissed at the time of the papal aggression, but the hiss was not meant for the actor, but for Cardinal Wiseman. Hisses are directed at unpopular persons who come as spectators, and not as actors. Sir William Knighton says that George IV. always entered the theatre with an excessive dread of being saluted with this mark of public disapprobation. If he heard one single hiss, although it were immediately drowned in general and tumultuous applause, he went home wretched, and would lie awake all night thinking of that one ugly note, and not of the thousand agreeable notes. Sometimes it has not been one visitor, but a whole party of visitors who have had the hisses of the spectators directed upon them. In one of the periodical "essays," poor imitations of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, which appeared in such numbers throughout

Digitized by Google

the eighteenth century (the *Prater*, 1756, re-published as a book in 1757), we are told that the conduct of ladies in the theatres was often so unbecoming, that the audience hissed them into silence. It seems that they talked and laughed so loudly as to render the actors inaudible.

I imagine that a chapter might be made upon the repartees of the victims of hissing. To say that the hissed have often given back as good as they got, would be to say that they merely shewed fight; but the fact is that they have very frequently, like Orator Hunt, won an unmistakable victory. On one occasion there were only seven persons in the theatre at Weimar; the seven, however, considered themselves to form a sufficient court of criticism, and taking offence at the bad acting of one performer, they hissed him energetically; the manager thereupon brought his whole company upon the stage, and out-hissed the visitors. Mr. H. C. Robinson tells us that he was present at Covent Garden Theatre with Charles and Mary Lamb in December 1806, when Lamb's *Mr. H——* was performed for the first time. The absurdity of the piece turns upon the hero being ashamed of his name, which is only revealed at the end as "Hogsflesh." "The prologue was very well received," says Mr. Robinson, "indeed, it could not fail, being one of the very best in our language. But on the disclosure of the name, the squeamishness of the vulgar taste in the pit shewed itself by hisses; and I recollect that Lamb joined, and was probably the loudest hisser in the house." Rossini, at the first performance of his famous *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, took the very opposite course; when every one was hissing, he turned round and energetically applauded. He felt certain of the triumphant future of the opera, and from his earliest youth was unmoved by the first judgment of the general public.

From The Saturday Review.

COUNT BEUST'S NOTE.

WHAT was the real nature of the position of Austria towards France when the war of 1870 broke out has been the subject of violent dispute among French politicians. The Duke of Gramont has always alleged that Austria gave France such assurances of support that it cannot truly be said that the Imperial Government rushed into the war without having made sure of a valuable alliance; while M. Thiers and critics of his sort have always alleged that the Imperial Government had ample warning that France could not reckon on Austria doing anything for her. The discussion of this point was interesting to French politicians who were trying to fix blame on each other and each other's parties, but it was extremely inconvenient to Austria, who did not much admire a process by which her diplomatic secrets were being raked up, and probably, being now on good terms with Prussia, did not like to have it known how very warmly she had espoused the cause of Prussia's enemies. Enough was published to show that Austria was restrained by prudence only from helping France, and the Prussian Court, which was perfectly aware of this, neither felt nor expressed any resentment. Prussia had, in fact, converted the former ally of France into an unhesitating ally of her own, and this was a triumph sufficiently great to throw all past causes of unpleasantness into the shade. But the controversy was not terminated in France, and the Duke of Gramont persisted in saying that there had been a despatch received at the moment when the war broke out, in which Count Beust had positively stated that Austria considered the cause of France as her own. At last the Austrian Court seems to have thought that there need be no more concealment, and has permitted the despatch to be published on which the Duke of Gramont relied. Considering the circumstances under which it was written, it seems to have been a very sensible and creditable despatch for Count Beust to have penned. It is quite true that it is stated in this despatch that Austria considered the cause of France her own, but it is also true that it is pointed out in language of unexceptional clearness that Austria was not prepared to give France any active aid. It must be remembered that Count Beust was writing long before the Germans had gained any successes, and when France was preparing to carry the war into Germany, and fully believed in her power to get the start of her adversary. When, therefore, Count Beust explained why it was that Austria could not help France, we may be sure that he was in earnest when he wrote that neutrality, a word he uttered with regret, was imposed on Austria by imperious necessity. It was to the permanent interests and permanent difficulties of Austria that he

Digitized by Google

was obliged to look; and an examination of the reasons he gave for Austria adopting a course which it caused him sincere pain to own that she was obliged to adopt throws great light not only on the temporary question why Austria did not take the field against Prussia, but on the general policy of Austria since the war of 1870.

The primary reason that induced Austria to remain neutral was the fear of Russia. Count Beust had ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt that, if Austria took the side of France, Russia would at once, without hesitation, take the side of Prussia. What good would an Austrian alliance do to France in such a case? Austria would have been immediately threatened in Galicia and on the Pruth and the Lower Danube. She would have had to fight for her own life, and would have been utterly unable to assist France. It must always be borne in mind that it was the close alliance of Russia and Germany that enabled Germany to improve her first victories, and to pursue her career of conquest unchecked by outsiders. As a recompense for the assistance thus rendered, Russia got, at the expense of the honour, if not the interests, of England, the coveted prize of the free use of the Black Sea. When the French war was over, Prince Bismarck set to work to use the Russian alliance to a new purpose. He so managed matters that he was able to offer a Russian alliance to Austria, with Germany as the mediator between them, and the friend of both. Austria, after due consideration, accepted the offer, and the consequence has been the introduction of a completely new phase of European politics. Formerly, Austria was the secret or scarcely concealed enemy of Prussia and Russia, dreading both, but trying to hold her own against each in turn by every device that patience and courage could suggest. She had to fight Prussia in 1866 and was severely beaten; and subsequently by constant intrigues with her discontented subjects Russia did much to annoy and embarrass her. Still, when the French war broke out, Count Beust could write that the cause of France was the cause of Austria, and that it was only fear of the consequences that restrained Austria from challenging Russia to take part in the war. Now Austria has seen reason to adopt a totally different policy. She makes her calculations on the basis that Russia will be sincerely friendly, and not only has much of the factitious discontent in her outlying provinces died away with the cessation of the stimulus given by Russian agitation, but she has ventured on letting Turkey know, especially in the Bosnian affair, that she will insist on having proper respect shown her, and the Porte has been obliged to reply in very civil and conciliatory language. But this might have happened if for any reason Austria and Russia had seen fit to make friends and give each other the benefit of a temporary alliance. What is new is that the present alliance is under the guarantee and guardianship of Germany, to whom its existence is in fact due. Austria leans upon Germany as a protector able and willing to see that no unjust advantage is taken of her, while Russia in its turn is satisfied that Germany will take care that the eternal Eastern question is not permitted to take any new and awkward shape at a moment when Russia may prefer rest or needs her energies for the prosecution of her aims in Asia.

But there was another reason which weighed with Count Beust, and that was that Austria could not really count on her own subjects. The Germans belonging to Austria could not be trusted to fight against Germany; and the Hungarians, although perfectly ready to defend themselves against Russia, were by no means to be relied on if they thought that Austria was calling on them to fight in order that Austria might gain strength in Germany, and thus upset the balance of internal power on which the new system of dual government reposed. Nor was it really a hesitation as to what Austrian Germans and Hungarians would do that alone filled Count Beust with disquietude. The Austrian army, in consequence of the change in the whole system of Government introduced after the war with Prussia, and also in consequence of the experience which that war had furnished, was totally reorganized in 1868, and it was agreed between Austria and Hungary that the system then introduced should be tried for a fixed period of ten years. In 1870 the Austrian army, crippled by the difficulties attendant on every new scheme of army reorganization, was not at all fit to take the field. A large part of the troops was mobilized in order that Austria, if attacked, might not be taken utterly unprepared, and it was soon seen that the new system was only in its infancy, and that a campaign would probably be attended with immense disasters.

Digitized by Google

By prudently keeping out of the way of danger Austria gained time so as to let her new military system come into full operation. It is even now reported to be far from what it was intended to be, and here again the advantage of a fresh period of repose which Germany offered her through the Triple Alliance was obvious. Unfortunately Austria cannot afford, or can only afford with the utmost difficulty, the army she desires. She wants to have 800,000 men when the army is on the war footing, and to have these men thoroughly trained by a compulsory service of three years. It was calculated until lately that Austria by economy and very good management might get an army such as she desired for about seven millions sterling. But latterly it has been seen that this, under present circumstances, is impossible. The officers are starved, the cavalry is weak, the artillery is insufficient, the fortresses are not secure under the new conditions of modern warfare. A million and a half more is therefore wanted this year beyond the seven millions which it used to be thought was enough. But a million and a half sterling is a very large sum for a State always so near bankruptcy as Austria has been for years; and if the money is to be found, it can only be found by complete reliance being placed on the pacific intentions of Austria. In one respect Austria is better off than she used to be, for she is on cordial terms with Italy, and has no longer an enemy to fear on that side. But then her alliance with Italy and with Germany, and the progress of the ideas on which that alliance is based, are exposing her to a new source of internal trouble. Count Beust in his despatch speaks of the task which Austria had been requested by France to undertake at Florence, and of the hopes which the French Court entertained that a useful alliance between France and Italy might thus be established. Count Beust promises to do his best; but urges that, if anything is to be done in this way, the Italians must be allowed to occupy Rome. Count Beust implores the Government of the Emperor Napoleon to perform this act of Liberalism, and so to outstrip Germany, and prevent it being thought that the Italians owed Rome to the spread and triumph of Teutonic ideas which might, as Count Beust pointed out, easily prove contagious in Austria. Here we have the beginning of that separation of the Austrian Government from the Ultramontanes which has lately assumed such considerable dimensions, and which cannot fail to lead to the most important results, as it raises in a peculiar form the great question of the relations of the Church and the State which is now agitating almost every European country.

WHAT ARE THE ADULTERATIONS OF TEA? This subject, which all—whether chemists or not—are interested in, has been very exhaustively dealt with in a paper read before the Chemical Society of London, at a recent meeting, by Mr. J. Bell, of the Laboratory at Somerset House. He says that tea is adulterated to a very large extent, not only with leaves of various kinds, including exhausted tea-leaves, but also with inorganic substances, such as quartz, sand, and magnetic oxide of iron; these latter substances are rolled up inside the leaf, and one sample of green tea examined was found to contain no less than 20 per cent. of quartz and 8·6 of the magnetic oxide. The latter may readily be separated by grinding up the tea, and removing the magnetic oxide with a magnet. The facing employed for green tea usually consists of French chalk and Prussian blue. In the preparation of exhausted tea-leaves, they are rolled up with gum-water, and then dried, catechu being added in some cases to restore the astringency. The article known as the "maloo mixture" consists essentially of exhausted tea-leaves. In searching for the presence of other leaves than those of the tea-plant the best method is to heat a small quantity of the suspected tea with water until the leaves are sufficiently softened to admit of being unfolded. They should then be spread out on a piece of glass, and carefully examined as to the nature of the serratures and the character of the venation, also the form of the cells of the epidermis and the stomata, and the peculiarities of the hairs as shown by the microscope. The essential differences which the tea-leaf presents when compared with other leaves were minutely described. The chemical composition of tea was next discussed, the amount of lignin and of tannin being very important.

Popular Science Review.

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. | No. 1563.—May 23, 1874. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXI.

CONTENTS.

I. ANIMALS IN FABLE AND ART. By Frances Power Cobbe, ... *New Quarterly Review*, . . 451
II. THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER. Part V., ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . 467
III. TWO CHAPTERS ON THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV. Part II. A.D. 1679–1715, . . . *Fortnightly Review*, . . . 482
IV. DISORDER IN DREAMLAND. Conclusion, . *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . 495
V. BELGIAN HUSBANDRY, ... *Chambers' Journal*, . . . 503
VI. LIBERALISM AND DEMOCRACY, ... *Pall Mall Gazette*, . . . 506
VII. THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF SWITZERLAND, *Spectator*, ... 508
VIII. THE FIJI ISLANDS. I.—The Whites, . . *Pall Mall Gazette*, . . . 510

POETRY.

COULEUR DE ROSE, ... 450
PARTING, ... 450
PRAYER, ... 450
GRADUAL SPRING, ... 450

MISCELLANY, ... 512

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Digitized by Google

COULEUR DE ROSE.

When Dawn first opens her sleepy eyes,
And looks drowsily over the world below,
Where the Alps tower proudly towards the skies,
A beautiful blush rests with rosy glow
On their topmost summits; the ruddy snow
Gleams rich and warm, as the shadows fade
And soften in sunshine, smiling low
'Neath the dull cold glacier, whose icy shade
Not even the noon-light may dare to invade.

In an eastern sea, where the wavelets curl
Softly and lovingly over the strand,
'Neath the self-same billow which hides the pearl,
Lies a lovely shell, such as Northern land
Ne'er chanced to imagine, nor mortal hand
Could venture to paint; for the wondrous hue
Of that tender carmine, the fairy wand
Of our mother Nature, so old, so new,
Has tinted alone 'neath the salt sea-blue.

Where the bulrush bows lowly his turbaned head,
And the fern droops soft by the streamlet's side,
Where the shallow glides lazily over its bed,
'Tis there that the kingfisher loves to hide
Her rose-pink eggs; there the timid bride
With loving instinct prepares her nest;
While her mate, swift skimming above the tide,
Dips his azure winglets and russet breast,
As he, arrow-like, darts on his finny quest.

Oh! full and warm is the fairy glow
Which the shell's rich colour brings out of the sea;
And pure and soft is the roseate snow,
As it glimmers on high when the shadows flee;
And the kingfisher's egg, pink as pink can be,
Is fair to behold; but a lovelier sight
Have I seen this eve, when, beneath the tree,
She gave me a rosebud, and, blushing bright
With a rosier red, whispered: "Love! good-night!"

Chambers' Journal.

PARTING.

We have had many partings. In the gloom
Of wintry twilights, moaning winds have whirled
Our farewell words afar. A quiet room
Has kept us safe a moment from the world
For fond last words and clinging kisses sweet.
The lark has seen us in a dewy lane
Unclasping hands; in many a busy street;
Beside an angry sea in blinding rain;
Upon a breezy moor at early morn,
Before the butterflies were flown abroad;
Among the standing shocks of yellow corn;
Upon a churchyard's green and hallowed sod;
Have farewell words been spoken, while the smart
Of parting pangs drew closer heart to heart.

Brave for each other's sake, our partings wear
An aspect almost cheerful, eye meets eye,
As hand holds hand; love gives us strength to bear
Our silent anguish as the moments fly.
We have had many partings, but we know
More solemn farewell doth before us lie,
When death warns one of us to rise and go.
But which shall be the traveller, thou or I?
Shall I stand by to watch thy life's eclipse,
To mark the pang that sets thy spirit free?
Will the dark waters gather to my lips,
Or shall I watch them closing over thee?
It matters little; love is very strong,
That parting is our last, and is not long.

All The Year Round.

PRAYER.

They chide us for our praying — half in scorn,
And half in sadness — pointing to their light
Of newly risen knowledge, whose clear dawn
Scatters the ghostly phantoms of our night,
Which we have made our gods and knelt before.
And their cold mockery wrongs our praying less
Than we wrong Prayer, who pray for earthly store
Of health and wealth and mortal happiness.
Prayer is no child of fleeting hopes and fears,
But of the inmost heart's eternity,
That with dim, passionate striving all its years,
Yearns after God and cries for light to see.
And there's one prayer no scorn can ever move,
The endless prayer of a long life of love.

Spectator. E. G. A. Holmes.

GRADUAL SPRING.

Dream footsteps wand'ring past us in our sleep;
A restless presence stirring with the light;
The cry of waters where the snow was white;
A violet's whisper where dead leaves lie deep;
The dim wood's music makes a sudden leap;
Broken notes blending in a wild delight,
And lo! the whole world changes to our sight;
Promise is ended, we must turn and reap
Fulfilment, for the Spring with all her wealth
Is with us, and compels us to her will.
Yet if the sun-dawn we should shun by stealth,
Yearning for shadow and the darkened hours,
Sweet Lord, be pitiful, rememb'ring still
One lieth low beneath the budding flowers.

Sunday Magazine. Caroline North.

Digitized by Google

From The New Quarterly Review.

ANIMALS IN FABLE AND ART.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THERE is a fine irony in the use we make of the terms "brutal" and "beastly," "manly" and "humane." As no brute ever kicks its mate to death, nor any beast makes itself drunk, it is a happy use of language by which our Police Reports invariably qualify the first class of outrage as "brutal," and the condition of a tipsy man wallowing in the gutter as "beastly." On the other hand, it is by a pretty, if not well-deserved, compliment to ourselves, that we describe the courage transcendently displayed by a hen on behalf of her chickens as pre-eminently "manly;" and when we have occasion to speak of compassionateness, complacently call the quality "Humanity," as if the race from which have sprung all the Herods, Neros, Alvas, and Majendies, of ancient and modern times, were quite incapable of cruelty.

In one of Æsop's fables, charmingly rendered by La Fontaine, a lion is shown a picture wherein a man stands triumphant over one of the animal's own kind which he has just vanquished. The four-footed critic in the fable simply remarks:

> Avec plus de raison nous aurions le dessus
> Si mes confrères savaient peindre.*

We may readily imagine the transposition of terms of praise and blame which would follow were the promised experiment of teaching poor Joe (the Chimpanzee in the Zoological Gardens) the language of the Deaf and Dumb to prove successful, and an age of talking animals to be inaugurated.† How the eminently sensible Goose, and the calm-judging Ass would recalcitrate against the use of their names as synonyms of stupidity and folly! How those affectionate and faithful comrades — Rats — would repudiate the use of the term "Ratting," as signifying treachery! How those quarrelsome and loosely-conducted birds, the Doves, would coo satirically under their wings at our romantic ascription to them of innocence and fidelity! And how one and all would hoot, snort, bray, and cackle at the utter absurdity of attaching to the word "human" any other sense than that of consummate perfidy and merciless destructiveness!

In default of any immediate prospect of such a modification of affairs as would result from the successful linguistic studies of Joe and his compeers, it has appeared to the present writer that something ought to be said on behalf of several animals whom a French novelist might justly describe as *Les Bêtes Incomprises*. When we have whitewashed Henry VIII. and Nero and Judas, it is surely fair that we should likewise rehabilitate wolves and toads and donkeys; and when we have discovered that the old human heroes were poltroons, and the old martyrs "scoundrels," we are bound similarly to expose the mean-mindedness of the Lion, and candidly avow our suspicions of the conjugal fidelity of the Turtle. It is true, unfortunately, that the same slight inconvenience will attend the dispelling of antique delusions in the cases of both men and animals. Modern criticism has deprived the preacher of every example wherewith he was formerly wont to point a moral, and no man can now hold up a saint for imitation, or a sinner as a warning, without laying himself open to be checked by the nearest school-boy with the volunteered information that this saint is universally recognized now-a-days as a truculent impostor, and his sinner as one of the noblest of mankind, born, unhappily, a little too soon for the recognition of the age in which he lived. Of course, our language will be deprived of a whole catalogue of terms of honour or contempt if the hitherto glorified beasts and birds are ever to suffer similar detraction, or the long-slandered ones to be rehabilitated. Just as for the future to "out-Herod Herod" will be an expression for extreme mildness; "King Cambyses' vein" will indicate bashful modesty; and the family name of De Mérode, instead of

* B. III. Fable x.

† M. Houzeau, in his "Etudes sur les Facultés Mentales des Animaux." (Paris, 1873), Vol. 2, expressly maintains that the idea of teaching the Quadrumana to speak, "reposes on probabilities."

Digitized by Google

denoting marauders, will stand as a synonym for neighbourliness; so, in like manner, a Goose may hereafter be recognized as the type of Wisdom; and a Raven, of a sanguine temperament and fastidious appetite. Philology will long bear the traces of such an event, as it bears that of the great pre-historic schism, when the Vedic and Persian Aryans exchanged their gods and devils, their "*Asuras*" and their "*Devs*." We have despised the brutes and dealt cruelly with them, but we betray how much they interest and concern us by using their names to express almost every quality of human nature. No phrases convey half as forcible or definite meaning as simply calling a man or woman a Bear, an Ass, a Lamb, a Shark, a Cur, a Fox, a Wolf, a Pig, a Lion, a Tiger, a Book-Worm, a Chameleon, a Gorilla, a Snake, a Viper, a Serpent, an Adder, a Raven, a Vulture, a Toad, a Donkey, an Owl, a Cormorant, a Parrot, a Magpie, an Ostrich, a Worm, a Dog, a Wasp, a Calf, a Pigeon, a Sheep, a Mule, a Lynx, a Vixen, or a Harpy. Nor could we easily dispense with such verbs as to Dog, to Hound, to Lark, to Rat; such adjectives as Waspish, Vixenish, Apish, Wolfish, Fishy, Parrot-wise, Ostrich-like, Elephantine, Oxlike, Swinish, Spaniel-like, Serpentine, Monkeyish, Dove-like, Eagle-eyed; or such similes as are afforded by the Busy Bee, the Industrious Ant, the Sloth, the Glutton, the Scapegoat, the laughing Hyæna, and the chattering Magpie. Fortunately, only a certain number out of these household words are misused to any considerable degree, and it will be very still fewer with whose exactitude we shall at present concern ourselves.

The radical mistake in all our writing and painting of animals from very early ages has been the semi-serious effort to *see human nature* in the brute and bird, and to describe it as, in fact, a Man in fur or in feathers. The process, though at first sight similar to the true method, is in reality the very converse of it, and, beginning at the wrong end, diverges wider from the truth at every step. The more elaborate the story or the picture so constructed, and the more wire-drawn the parallel, the further it inevitably departs from the veracity of nature. Not by starting with the resolution to find human character in animals, but by studying them carefully and dispassionately till we come down to the ground of common feeling where they and we are alike, and where Nature is neither Human nor Bestial, can we hope to obtain a real knowledge of them.* So far as can now be seen, Bidpai, Æsop, and the other animal fabulists, must have proceeded very much on the principle on which the old Egyptians chose the figures of their gods. They picked out the animals which exhibited some obvious approach to a given human characteristic, and made it thenceforth a mere type of that attribute. It was not a real Fox, Ass, or Lion which the fable-makers sought to portray, but a purely conventional creature, intended to exhibit Cunning, Folly, or Courage; in fact, as strictly an allegorical figure as a statue of Justice with her Scales, or of Hope with her Anchor. Even a tree would answer the purpose as well as an animal, and might no less plausibly be made to speak, as we see in the very ancient fable propounded by Jotham to the Israelites (Judges ix. 9). The Cedar was a natural emblem of dignity, and the Bramble of insignificance, and that was all which was required. It is hard for us, with our more critical minds, to understand how all the absurdities and mixed metaphors which thence ensued could have been condoned. But obviously this sort of reflections never occurred to men of remoter times; or perhaps we should say there was a tacit understanding that, as nothing was meant but an illustration, provided the illustration was good, *as such*, everything else in the story should pass unchallenged.

A curious exemplification of the peculiarity of this ancient literary treatment of animals, is the fact that each species is continually described as if it consisted of one individual. There is *The* Wolf, *The* Fox, *The* Cock (in the German *Thier-*

* An effort to accomplish such a study in the case of one animal was made by the present writer in an article in the "Quarterly Review," October, 1872, "On the Consciousness of Dogs."

Digitized by Google

epos, "Sir Isengrim," "Sir Reynard," and "Chanticleer"), and so on through all the other beasts and birds. And this single creature, this Representative Animal, by a still more singular play of the antique mind, is frequently erected into a Federal Head of his race, and in the mythology of the Metamorphoses (which runs parallel with the Fables) is made to merit reward or incur punishment on their behalf for all succeeding time, without even being supposed to be their progenitor. There are, for example of such Adamitic creatures and plants, the Raven turned black for betraying secrets; the Rose which changed from white to red when the tears of Eve fell on it; the Cross-bill which bears the sanguine mark of its efforts to tear out the nails on Calvary; the Ass whose back keeps the sign of the Cross in memory of the Entry into Jerusalem; and the John Dory, whereon the black stains of St. Peter's fingers are still visible. As Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Tylor, and Mr. M'Lellan have so well proved, in primitive society, the individual was nothing, the Family—and, before the Family, the Tribe—everything. All rights were common, and the punishment incurred by one member might be justly inflicted on another, or (as continually happened under the great Eastern monarchies) on the whole tribe or village of the offender. Obviously men could not lend to the brutes any higher idea of individual responsibilities than their own state of society realized, and it is easy to imagine them describing a pack of wolves destroyed for one wolf's theft, or a whole rookery turned black for one rook's indiscretion. But the poetical extension of this idea in such a multitude of cases, both in Heathen and Christian mythology, to the entire species of the Adamitic animal, seems surely to prove a mistiness of conception concerning personality in general, not to speak of an immaturity of the moral sense, which needs to be kept in mind, if we would in thought occupy the old standpoint. Beyond these transformations again of actual animals, there is a vast store of myths of men and women changed into beasts, birds, plants, and stones, which are evermore spoken of poetically as if each were the person who had been so transformed. Such are the stories of Daphne changed into a Laurel, Lyrinx into Reeds, Cyanus into a Swan, Ocyrrhoë into a Mare, the Mariners into Dolphins, Alcithoë and her sisters into Bats, Cadmus and his Queen into Serpents, Atlas into a Mountain, Cyane into a Fountain, Niobe into a Statue of Stone, the Pierides into Magpies, Arachne into a Spider, Philomela into a Nightingale, Procne into a Swallow, Lichas into a Rock, Hyacinthus into the Flower which bears his name, Cœneus into an Eagle, and Ægeria into the sweet Fountain which we have all visited outside the walls of Rome. Of course we, dull moderns, in dealing with myths of any kind, are always in danger of committing the egregious mistake of taking the old mythologists *au grand sérieux*, when they meant nothing but play; and arguing gravely about what they said so lightly, that it is to break a butterfly upon the wheel to bring down our ponderous criticism upon it. How Æsop would have laughed at a solemn German Professor who, spectacles on nose and book in hand, should ask him "whether he conscientiously believed that the Frogs had entreated Jupiter to grant them a King?" or at Rousseau's virtuous indignation at the deception he had practised on the innocent mind of Childhood with his stories of talking beasts and birds! The whole region we are treading is the great playground of the human imagination in its boyhood, and it is utterly idle to ask how we come to find a hoop here, a ball there, and a painted kite a little further off. It is not too soon for mankind to begin studying the brutes and birds by the true method, not as if each were a little pool in which we can see ourselves mirrored, but as if it were one into whose depths we would penetrate to behold the lovely and mysterious things which are surely lying below; to take each animal, not as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," but as a Verse of the great Bible of the Universe, to be read thoughtfully and treated tenderly. The day must come, if not in this genera-

Digitized by Google

tion, yet before long, when many species of animals, like many races of men, must die out under the unfit conditions of a civilized world. When a single one has perished, even if it be the dull old Dodo, with what regret do we regard it! How anxious we are to treasure up whatever traditions, or pictures, or relics may remain to record what once it resembled, and what a thrill of hope passed through us when it was suggested that possibly a survivor might exist! But no! The loss is final and irremediable. The Steam Engine (as a clever child once said) is "the only Animal Man ever made," and not the genius of a Watt or a Stephenson will ever make anything nearer than that Frankenstein parody of true Life. Doubtless, as the time draws near, and naturalists begin to remark that such and such creature is becoming rare, and can no longer be found in his old *habitat*, great efforts will be made to preserve each failing race, and possibly for a century or two a few couples will survive, guarded and fed with infinite care, in the Zoological Gardens, which then will be multiplied in every great city of both hemispheres. But such precautions cannot prevail forever, and when the Last of the Wolves or the Last of the Chamois utters its dying howl or bleat, the Frank Buckland of the period will telegraph to the *Times* of the Universe, and the human race from pole to pole will echo the intelligence with a groan.

And through the wide and sultry East,
And through the frozen North;
The tabret and the harp are hushed,
The wail of grief goes forth.

Another Cyrus may arise, but till the end of the ages no ear of man will hear a wolf's howl or a chamois' bleat again. While we have them with us, it behoves us at least to try to read these Sybilline books, so full of wisdom and of poetry, which will surely be torn up one by one before we have half fathomed the meaning of their oracles.

In the present paper no attempt can be made to deal exhaustively with the idiosyncrasy of any animal, but a few remarks on the misconstruction to which some of the most estimable have been exposed, and the over-exaltation accorded by tradition to the less deserving, may be of use in rendering some of the *Bêtes Incomprises* less uncomprehended than at present. The Fabulists, of course, as already remarked, were the chief source of our misconceptions, not being concerned at all about giving true pictures of animal character, but only having used certain animals as allegorical figures. to stand for certain human qualities. It was, indeed, no part of their aim or object to write on Natural History, but only on human morals and politics; and far be from us the presumption of meddling with them in their proper capacity or raising our puny voice in the Babel of critics who have discussed with such profound erudition the difference between the Eastern *Thier-fabel* (Brute-Fable) and the Gothic *Thier-epos* (Brute-Epic). A whole literature of its own is devoted to them, with Lessing's great work on the Æsopic Fables at the head, Jones and Wilkins, Gervinus and Grimm, and scores of others dealing with each department of the subject, from the Hitopadesa to "Reineke Fuchs." The translations and editions of the same fables, from Babrius and Phædrus to La Fontaine and Florian, L'Estrange and Gay, would alone fill a library. Our subject, happily, only requires us to skirt this tangled grove of fable-literature, and then turn to note the part which Art has played in modifying our ideal of such animals as it has condescended to touch. Undoubtedly this influence of Art, like that of Fable, has been warped by the same error — that of trying to see Human nature in the beast or bird, and importing into its representation a foreign element. In this respect the greatest of all animal painters has been the chief offender. The intense fun of the thing was too great a temptation for Landseer. While Rosa Bonheur sees in her horses and her dogs only a horse or a dog, Landseer, on the contrary, too often sits down resolutely, and of malice prepense, before an animal, determined to see in him something quite else beside a dog — a King, a Philosopher, a Courtier — a Man, in short; nay, even a specialized man with a profession. Such are the pictures of Alexander and Diogenes, A Jack in Office, Laying Down the Law, and The Travelled Monkey. Now, it must be admitted that dogs do, by their inconceivable sympathy, come in a certain shadowy way to resemble their masters. They "grow like that which they worship," and become brave and trustful, or sneaking and suspicious, affectionate and demonstrative, or morose and reserved, according to the character of their human associates. There is, then, a point up to which the painter is authorized to put human nature into the

Digitized by Google

dog, because human nature has actually, by force of sympathy, got into him already. It is obvious, however, that Landseer's delicious pictures have far, far transcended the narrow margin wherein such blending of the human or the animal nature can take place, and thus, what he has given us in the particular class of pictures in question (of course, nine-tenths of his works are of quite another order), are not dogs which reflect human qualities, but dogs employed arbitrarily to caricature humanity. The former would be a true study, offering deep revelations of canine nature; the latter is radically false, and its tendency altogether misleading.

Having thus briefly touched on the fabulous and artistic misrepresentations of the few animals which we shall find space to notice, and the erroneous popular ideas of them thence derived, we shall merely cite a few corrective facts of natural history, and leave the reader to "look on this picture and on that," and regulate his feelings accordingly.

Among the personages who ought to be dethroned from their eminence of ill-gotten glory are Richard of the Lion Heart, and the Lion himself. The former, faithless, covetous, and ferocious,* the latter a Bombastes Furioso of the beasts — a great carnivorous impostor! The brute has been credited with all manner of sublime and generous qualities, simply on his own showing, his magnificent head, his impressive mane and tail, and his tremendous roar. With one consent all fabulists have crowned him King of Beasts, and taken for granted afterwards that he possesses all royal virtues and only royal failings, *les défauts de ses qualités*. We venture boldly to challenge his leonine majesty's right to this exalted glory, to deny his supremacy of courage among his peers, and to ask proof of his supposed magnanimity and generosity beyond the blandness of his Harold Skimpole countenance, and the disdainful manner in which he throws back his mane as if he were quite incapable of the pettiness (of which he is nevertheless frequently guilty) of picking up and eating a humble black-beetle. Let us first glance at what Fable and Art have said and done for the Lion, and then try to correct their misrepresentations by the better witness of Natural History.

One of the most impressive of all the Thier-fabeln (which we are in no danger of forgetting just now in London, thanks to a certain gigantic advertisement) is the story of the Lion and the Mouse. It is so pretty a little tale, and the idea of performing the part of the Mouse is so pleasing to those amongst us who in this mortal life have no chance of performing that of the Lion, that we cannot greatly err in tracing a very large share of the popular idea of the character of the King of Beasts to this charming romance. But is there the slightest authority for supposing he would have acted under the contingency as the most graceful of the narrators of the fable affirms?

Mentre il leon dormia
I topi in allegria
Si stavano ballando,
Cantando e saltellando
Un d'essi, mal accorto,
Credendo il leon morto
Vibrandosi in alto
Gli fè sul ventre un salto.
Risvegliasi il leon;
Ma, in simile occasion,
Egli, grande e generoso
Non men che valoroso
Si sdegna di far male
Al piccolo animale.

We strongly suspect that a dab of his formidable paw at the impertinent disturber of his imperial repose would have followed much more surely than the similar effort of the "grateful Bear" in another fable to frighten away a fly from the sleeping hermit. Still less is Clement Marot's version of the story plausible, or that the lion had won his little friend's gratitude by active interposition on his behalf when caught in a trap.

Trouva moyen et manière et matière
D'ongles et dents de rompre la ratière.

Another impressive fable is immortalized by Gay in the shape of Counsel to Prince William, Duke of Cumberland.

The Tiger roaming for his prey,
Sprang on a traveller in the way.

The Lion comes in, kills the Tiger, and sets the Traveller free, who reads him a lesson on true glory.

* We have been favoured by the historian of the Norman Kings with the following quotations from the old chroniclers regarding the character of Richard I. "To such a height of wilfulness and ferocity did he come, that all his good qualities became clouded." — (R. Coggeshall, 83. Rec. des Hist., XVIII.) "He was beyond human nature covetous." "He never kept pact with any." — (Ch. Havon, 415. Alb. 3 Font., 756.) "Twice he made a new seal, to the end that every charter should be brought to new sealing, nor could the whirlpool of his covetousness be appeased thereby." — (R. Coggeshall, 863.) The most delightful touch of all, however, is by Giraldus Cambrensis (Top. Hib. III. 50) — "He resembled a Lion, and *like a Lion* was troubled with a Quartan ague!"

Digitized by Google

To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne;
Heaven gives you power above the rest,
Like heaven to succour the distrest.

Again, there is the fable of the lordly Lion who rebukes the Cub for braying like an ass, and another fable of the Lioness who, when taunted with the smallness of her family (a mistake in natural history), proudly answers that "she has but one cub, but he is a lion." And yet again there is the fable of the Lion in Love, a genuine feline Samson, who allows his teeth and claws to be drawn to propitiate his proposed father-in-law, and is then ignominiously driven from the door of the deceitful Delilah. All these fables have had their share in impressing us with an idea of the magnanimity and *bonhomie* of the Lion, to which the tale of Androcles (is it also a fable?) has given the finishing touch. On the other hand, there are a whole series of fables concerning the Lion, conveying a totally different view of his character, but which somehow seem to have failed to leave an equally strong impression on popular opinion. The origin of these, as Franceschi clearly shows in his quaint book, "Les Fabuleuses Bêtes du Bonhomme," was the endeavour to satirize under safe cover the frauds and oppressions of Kings. Of this class is the fable of the Lion and the other Beasts Hunting, in which the Lion takes "the Lion's share," having divided the prey into three parts, appropriating the first to himself as King, the second to himself for his share in the chase, and defying anybody to lay hand on the third. There is also the fable of the Lion causing the three Bulls to quarrel and separate, that he might devour them *seriatim;* and that of the Three Councillors, wherein the astute Fox alone escapes being eaten by the council-seeking Lion, as either a fool like the Sheep, or a flatterer like the Wolf. Lastly, there is the fable of the Animals dying of the Plague, when the Lion advises that the most guilty should be sacrified to appease the anger of heaven, and confesses, to begin with —

J'ai dévoré force moutons;
Que m'avaient-ils fait? nulle offense:
Même il m'est arrivé quelquefois de manger
Le Berger!

Je me dévouerai donc, s'il le faut, mais je pense
Qu'il est bon que chacun s'accuse aussi que moi,
Car on doit souhaiter, selon toute justice
Que le plus coupable périsse.

The poor Ass confesses that on one occasion, in passing a meadow, he had nibbled a tongue's length of grass. All the other beasts cry "haro" upon him: —

Manger l'herbe d'autrui! Quel crime abominable!

And the Ass is sacrificed on the spot.

Now it would seem, as already remarked, that for some occult reason, this latter class of disloyal fables have by no means made as much impression on the popular mind as those of the former kind, in which he is represented as noble and magnanimous. Whether it be that we English do not generally grudge our Lion, or Lioness, his or her share (exception being made, of course, of the case of the honourable member for Chelsea); or that we condone his voracity in favour of his æsthetic merits, it is not necessary to inquire. Certainly, an attempt to dethrone him and establish a bestial Democracy, with a President at the head, would detract so immensely from the dignity and *éclat* of the Animal Kingdom that we shudder to think of it. How much, for example, does Art owe to the Lion, not exactly as its royal patron, but as its theme! We can scarcely calculate what Sculpture would have missed without him, from the gates of Mycenæ, the halls of Nineveh and Thebes, the Throne of Solomon and the Courts of the Alhambra, down to Canova's monument in Rome, Thorwaldsen's at Lucerne, and the walls of Burlington House every season, which latter would become still more insufferably tame were "Daniel's Den" never to alternate with "Rocking the Cradle," nor "Androcles" with "Goody Two Shoes." Even when the Lion is represented, as at the foot of the Trafalgar Square column, with his forelegs (as shapeless as roly-poly puddings) stretched out straight dog-fashion, instead of cat's-elbowed, he is still a grand creature, albeit plethoric in his dignity like the porter in a ducal mansion, or a Beef-eater in the Tower. Phidias (if we may value Flaxman's judgment) paid him the highest honour of all, taking the mode of growth of his mane off his lordly brow and its splendid droop, as the model for the forehead of Olympian Jove. Then, what have not the great painters made of him! What a grand and kingly creature does he grow under Rubens' brush! How Landseer, who, with all his love for dogs, could not

Digitized by Google

refrain from caricaturing them in human disguise, reverenced the Lion too much to make him play the part even of Alexander the Great, and shows him to us only prowling abroad in the wilderness and roaring for his prey, or calmly watching us in "The Lion and the Lamb;" or, last and grandest of all, mighty and majestic in death, as in "The Desert"! True, he has condescended so far to truckle to the pride of humanity—akin to that of the Lilliputians when they had chained Gulliver—as to show us in one picture the beast repressed and tamed by Van Amburgh, and, in another, crying like a whipped child made to stand in the corner. But these pictures, like his *other* court scenes, do not merit to be counted among Landseer's works. Still less than Sculpture or Painting could Poetry and Heraldry dispense with the emblem of the King of Beasts. The very name "Lion," like the word "gold," is beautiful and ennobling to the sentence of which it forms a part; and if Royal and noble Houses (and a vast number of houses which are neither royal nor noble) were to be compelled to abandon the use of Lions as crests, supporters, and charges of their shields, and lions "rampant," "couchant," "passant," "regardant," and "rampant-regardant;" lions "sable," and "argent," and "or," and "gules," and "azure;" lions "crowned imperial," and lions "crined and unguled," lions "collared" and lions "*queuée-fourchée*," * to be all abolished by Act of Parliament, the College of Arms might close its portals, and the obliging gentlemen who advertise their readiness to find anybody's armorial bearings, be induced at last to employ for some of their customers the more appropriate emblems of a Bale of Cotton Couchant, or a Pair of Scales (unduly weighted) Brass.

But now for the real Lion, outside Fable, Art, and Heraldry. What is the truth regarding his vaunted generosity, magnanimity, and supremacy of courage? Alas! we fear that some of these grand qualities belong to him no more than similar attributes to the human kings to whom they are officially credited, and that "His Sacred Majesty" King Charles II., His "Celestial Highness," the Emperor of China, and even that "most Religious and gracious King," George IV., probably deserved their laudatory epithets quite as much as he. Of course, as he is actually stronger than any creature with whom he comes in contact, except the elephant, there would be nothing remarkable in the fact that he should generally be ready (very literally) to "come to the scratch" with any of them. The truth appears to be, however, that he is rather indisposed for the "open wager of battle," especially with a man, and prefers, when convenient, to "tumble his landlord" from behind a hedge. A tiger has been known (as Mr. Crawford describes he witnessed in Cochin China) to combat *à l'outrance* in regular field of fight with forty-six elephants, while the tiger was chained to a stake by a rope thirty yards long, his claws cut, and his mouth sewed up. Again and again the brave brute flung himself on the foe till many elephants slunk terrified away, and the tiger was killed by sheer tossing from their trunks. But no such tale as this is recorded of the Lion. Of course the Gallic lion-killers, Vaillant and Gérard, are disposed to vaunt his prowess as that of a monster whom they have heroically conquered, while meaner mortals shrunk away terrified by the very echo of his roar. But when they come to give a precise account of his behaviour, there is generally some such story as those in Mr. Cumming's "Five Years of a Hunter's Life," when the Lion follows Dogberry's advice, and "shows himself to be a thief" by stealing away from his pursuer, "not liking his appearance;" or, again, when "observing me, the lions sprang to their feet, and, growling, trotted sulkily up the mountain." * Livingstone's accounts, which will be familiar to all our readers, are to much the same purpose. He prefers pouncing on a man like Cumming's unfortunate servant, Hendrick, while asleep, and carrying him off to devour under cover of darkness. Such is not precisely what we were accustomed to describe as generosity and magnanimous bravery.† As to the Lioness, unless

* Fork-tailed—the badge of the De Montforts.

* Vol. ii. pp. 155 and 347.

† Mr. Mostyn Owen, of Woodhouse, Shrewsbury, has favoured me with the following personal reminiscence, which corroborates the above remarks, though his final verdict is, that lions have "plenty of courage when attacked." "From what I saw of lions when I was in Africa, I should say that they will not attack a man unless he molest them. I have seen them lie on a flat, bare plain and take no notice of a party of horsemen passing at 500 yards' distance. On one occasion I and a companion were riding as fast as we could over an undulating country, when we suddenly came upon a lot of lions, who were lying on some rushes near water. One of the largest male lions sprang on his feet, seeing us approach, and came out to meet us, with his tail erect and legs stiff—like a cat when it attacks an intruding puppy. Our horses were blown, and the lion could easily have come up with us; but as soon as we pulled up, the lion stopped, and we turned away and

Digitized by Google

Jules Gérard be a caitiff-slanderer of the sex (such men have been known among his countrymen), the Queen of Beasts is a very Messalina, at once faithless and cruel. In consequence of the great mortality of female cubs during the process of dentition, she possesses over European ladies the advantage which, we fear, nothing short of the introduction of the wholesome practice of female Infanticide, could obtain for them,— that of not being "Redundant," as Mr. Greg calls it, nay, of being, on the contrary, at a high premium. Every third lion prowls about the desert sands, roaring vainly for a mate; and the consequence is, of course, an immense exaltation of value, and, perhaps, also some additional cruelty on the side of the lioness. She is beset with suitors like Penelope. "Accordingly," says M. Gérard, "it is by no means rare to meet one of the ladies accompanied by three or four young lions, who engage in desperate combat, until the lioness, annoyed that not one of her admirers succeeds in strangling the others for her sake, conducts them into the presence of an old lion whose roar she has appreciated," and who quietly disposes of them all. The lioness, while the combat lasts, incessantly wags her tail in token of gratification at the spectacle; and when her first lovers are dead, licks the wounds which the new one has received in her honour. Still worse sometimes is the case later on, when (as a certain Arab named Mahommed witnessed from a tree where he had taken refuge) the spouse of a powerful elderly lion responded to the distant roar of a huge black lion in a manner which obviously drove her husband wild with rage and jealousy; and persisted in the invitation till the black lion appeared. The lioness immediately rose to go towards him, but the lion, guessing her intention, ran before her to meet his enemy. They crouched at the same moment to take their spring, leaped at the same time one against the other, and rolled over in the grass, to rise no more! The struggle was long and terrible, but from the beginning to the end of it the lioness lay in an easy attitude close by, watching it, and testifying, by the constant motion of her tail, to the pleasure she experienced in beholding the two lions destroying each other for her sake. When they were both dead, she cautiously approached and examined the corpses. What her sentiments may have been — of tenderness and remorse, or of triumphant joy at being rid of an old tyrant — who shall presume to speculate?

If Jacques Bonhomme and his compeers all over mediæval Europe saw in the Lion the type of Royalty in whose supposititious adventures they could conveniently and safely satirize Kingly greed and injustice, they found likewise in the Wolf a no less appropriate emblem of their lesser but more immediate tyrants the Barons. The popularity of all these tales is of course amply accounted for when we reflect how infinitely consoling to a race of tongue-tied serfs it must have been to tell their children over the fireside, with many a wink and nod at wife and comrade, some story of a savage beast, in which the behaviour of their dreaded Lord was livelily portrayed. Of this kind the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb is an admirable specimen. The poor lamb's innocent pleas — she "could not trouble the water, for she was below the wolf's drinking place," — and she "had not called him ill names a year ago, because she was not then born" — with the wolf's conclusion; "If it was not you who called me names it was your father. There is no use trying to argue me out of my supper!" reads as if the story might really have been framed upon an actual incident such as must, alas! have occurred every day when *Le droit du plus fort* was in the ascendant all over the world. Again, there is the fable of the Wolf who offered to reward the Crane if he would take a bone out of his throat, and when the Crane had performed the operation, sent him about his business, telling him he was lucky enough after putting his head in the Wolf's jaws to draw it safe out again. There is the Wolf who tried to persuade the Goat to come down and browse on the plain instead of on the inaccessible rocks, and who received the reply that the goat begged to be excused, as he knew it was not to *his* dinner the Wolf invited him, but to that of the wolf. There is the Wolf in Sheep's Clothing, who obtained admission into the fold for evil purposes in disguise. There is the Wolf who was carrying home a sheep when the Lion came and took it from him, replying to his remonstrance, "Did the shepherd give it to *you?*" There is the Wolf who begged a Sheep to fetch him water, and

walked our nags up the hill-side. When we got to a respectable distance we stopped to look back, and saw no fewer than *twelve* lions, great and small, walk slowly away towards some rocky hills half a mile off. I cannot say what stopped the lion from charging home at us, but should not suppose it was fear."

Digitized by Google

to whom the sheep answered that if he went near enough to give it to him, he knew he would eat him. There is the Wolf who, by long maintained hypocrisy, induced the Shepherd to leave him in charge of his "Sheep," after which he immediately devoured them, and left the shepherd to bewail that he had trusted a Wolf. Lastly, there were the Wolves who persuaded the Sheep that the Dogs were the only cause of enmity between them; and having brought them to dismiss the dogs, ate them up without further trouble: — the story by which Demosthenes saved himself, when the Athenians were disposed to deliver him over to Philip. Do not all these tales in their multiplicity point to a popular meaning attached to them beyond that of other fables? As to the real wolves, we fear it was as needless for literature to blacken their character in general by such legends, as in one solitary instance to exalt it in the person of the Nurse of the great Founders of Rome. The Romans might look to their quaint old bronze Lupa with some affection (the only attempt we are aware of till Rubens' day to represent the beast in Art), but it was very little likely that a Wolf in the flesh should become an object of human tenderness. Nevertheless it would seem that the kind of wickedness attributed to him in the fables aforesaid, and still more in that dreadful tragedy of Little Red Riding Hood, which has chilled the infantine blood of half the Aryan race, is not precisely the real character of the wolf's depravity. In allegorizing the detested Baron, the legend-maker has proceeded after the very common fashion in which a celebrated statesman compared his opponent to a "Crocodile standing with his hands in his breeches' pockets." The hypocrite's "Crocodile's tears" were the starting-point of his simile — the "breeches' pockets" outran, unfortunately, the capacities of the metaphor. The baron's oppressions were fairly symbolized by the wolf's habit of devouring weaker prey, but the craft and treachery of the baron were further added to the wolf's enormities without any authority from natural history. We do not precisely aspire to rehabilitate Sir Isengrim, or set him as a maligned innocent before the world; but we protest that, though bloodthirsty and cowardly, he is not perfidious. Nothing on record lends a colour to that frightful libel of the Grandmother's representative with great eyes and great teeth, "the better to eat you, my dear!" which we shudder to recall. As the advocate in a late celebrated trial thought it his wisest course to admit that his client was a scoundrel and a fool, and *therefore* no perjurer, so we concede at once that the wolf is voracious and a dastard, and accordingly the allegations against him fall to the ground. He is not only a fool, but a superstitious one. Travellers whom they are pursuing, and would soon overtake, have again and again frightened packs of wolves away by merely trailing a piece of rope behind their carriages; and when American hunters have killed a bison, and want to prevent the wolves eating it at night they construct, Mr. Wood tells us, a ridiculous sort of bogus trap with the bison's inflated bladder tied by a loose string to a stick, and left to flap about in the wind. No wolf seeing this alarming object will approach the tempting carcase.

Then as to his cowardice, the wolf displays a quality we suspect to be extremely common among a nobler class of animals on two legs. In a crowd he is valiant and vociferous; alone, and unsupported by other *canaille* like himself, he is a dastard. Audubon describes how he watched while a farmer in Ohio quietly descended into a pit where he had caught a couple of wolves over night, and deliberately took up their hind-legs and cut the tendons with his knife; the poor beasts making no more resistance than one of the lambs they had eaten might have done. Similar stories are told by scores of the wolves of Hungary and Russia.

And yet there is something in this brute, so near akin to our best-beloved dogs (though he drinks differently, and has his eyes less honestly set in his head), which pleads for some little sympathy for him, especially in confinement. His howl, as he sits in dreary solitude in his narrow cage — he, the Wild Hunter of the Forest — is indescribably, unutterably mournful; a long-drawn wail in a minor key, like the Irish death-song heard across the mountains; or the music (which that "keen" so strangely resembles) of one of the three *Miserères* of the Sistine. The mental sufferings of that wretched creature atone in our eyes for half the murders of his race, even though he be the Malay of the Brutes, addicted to "running a muck." He is capable of passionate attachment to man, though few men have cared to test the fact. It is still a moot question whether the mother-wolf has not occasionally nursed human babes, and there is an authentic and affecting

Digitized by Google

story of a wolf which had been brought up by M. Cuvier, and which showed to him all the affection and obedience of a dog. On leaving home, Cuvier sent his wolf to the Jardin des Plantes. Though kindly treated, it pined for months for its master; and when it saw him, after a year and a half, sprang towards him at the first sound of his voice, and displayed raptures of joy. Again, his master left him for three years, and again the wolf received him with ecstasy, licking his face fondly, like a dog, and refusing to obey his keepers and quit him. But once again the master departed, and this time the sorely-tried heart of the wolf turned to gall! For a month he pined so that it seemed he would die; and when he revived he was no longer the gentle, affectionate creature he had hitherto proved, but a wolf, wild and savage like the rest of his kind. To our mind this fact speaks more for the intensity of the wolf's attachment than all the rest.

From a very interesting forthcoming work, whose proof-sheets we have been privileged to see — "A Treatise on the Relation of the Pleistocene Mammalia to those now living in Europe," by Boyd Dawkins, Esq., F. R. S., — we learn that the wolves proved such a scourge in Scotland, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, as to be mentioned in Litanies along with the caterans. "A cateranis et latronibus, a lupis et omnia mala bestia, libera nos Domine," says the Litany of Dunkeld. In Ireland they were still alarming so late as 1662, when Sir John Ponsonby reported from the Committee of Grievances that a bill should be brought in to encourage the killing of hares and foxes. The reward for "a bitch wolfe" was six pounds; "for every dogg wolfe, five pounds; and for every cubb which *prayeth* (sic) for himself, forty shillings." * Still more terrible than to Scotchmen or Irishmen the Wolf must have appeared to the old Scandinavians, considering the part they assigned to him in the great final catastrophe of the universe. Of course, to the dwellers amid eternal snow, the last horror was not a conflagration —

When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,

but a deep, cold, tremendous gloom,— Ragnarok, "the Twilight of the Gods." When this awful age comes on, and the beneficent and evil powers meet in a last Armageddon, then Odin himself — Odin, the King and Father of the Gods — will be devoured by the Fenris-Wolf — Destruction!

Space in these brief pages would not permit us to discuss the vast theme of the veritable character of that great bestial Ulysses, the Fox. We can but raise our feeble voice in mild protest against the cruel misrepresentations to which he is exposed in that "*un*holy Bible of the World," *Reineke Fuchs*, wherein he is credited with every vice under the sun, and wins his final victory over his enemy, Sir Isengrim, by the basest perfidy on record. The Fox of natural history, we venture to plead, is not so bad as all this. He is simply a Robber — at once a Highwayman, Burglar, and Garotter — but he is not a Hypocrite (at least, more than his profession requires); and as to his private morals, he is an excellent husband and *père de famille*, taking unusual pleasure in the sweets of domestic life and the gambols of his infant offspring. As to the young animal, as Col. Hamley says, "a little fox, with his face full of a grave, sweet intelligence, which is as yet undebased by the look of worldly astuteness conspicuous in after life, is one of the prettiest sights in the world." * The stories about the race are mostly base fabrications. Reineke Fuchs is, as already said, one long, unpardonable libel. The Fox of the fable, who persuaded the Crow to drop her piece of cheese by flattering her concerning her harmonious voice; the Fox which persuaded the Goat to come down into the well into which he had fallen, thereby enabling himself to climb out on the Goat's horns, alike display duplicity unwarranted by any recorded facts. The Fox who would not allow the Hedgehog to eat his flies lest a hungrier swarm should take their places (whom, Aristotle (Rhet. II. 20) says, Æsop quoted to prevent the Samians putting to death one who had robbed their treasury); the Fox who had lost his Tail, and tried to persuade the other Foxes to drop the appendage; and lastly, the ever-delightful Fox, who pronounced the unattainable Grapes to be sour — these, perhaps, may be held in a shadowy way to represent not unfairly the clearness of Sir Reynard's grasp of probabilities, and the finesse of his wit.

* The last wolf was not killed in Ireland till 1710; the last in Scotland was in 1686. The race had been exterminated in England before the close of the fourteenth century.

* "Our Poor Relations," p. 7.

Digitized by Google

The animal, however, who has been, perhaps, more misrepresented in Fable than any other, is the Hare. She is the type of senseless timidity, and likewise of idle boastfulness. At one time the Hares rush to drown themselves in a pond, till seeing they have frightened the Frogs, they think better of it, and agree to live, since they have found creatures more faint-hearted than themselves. At another time the Hare makes a wager with a Tortoise, and loses the race by lying down and going to sleep. And lastly, there is the piteous story of

> The Hare, who in a civil way
> Complied with everything—like *Gay;*
> Her care was never to offend,
> And every creature was her friend.

And who yet in her extremity implored in vain the aid of the Horse, the Bull, the Goat and the Sheep, and received from the Calf the polite farewell: —

> Excuse me, then, you know my heart;
> But dearest friends, alas! must part;
> How shall we all lament! Adieu!
> For see! the hounds are just in view.

Now the fact seems to be that the Hare is not a helpless fool by any means, nor can it be said that mere terror and misery would be likely to drive her to suicide. On the contrary, she is a remarkably playful little beast in her sunny hours, both in freedom and when domesticated (every one remembers Cowper's hares), and in her hour of adversity she displays marvellous coolness and presence of mind, making her bolts, and swervings, and doublings with consummate skill, and hiding herself as cunningly as a Fox under a wall, allowing the greyhounds to leap over her. A gentlemen in Lancashire having tried in several cases to save hares, after a severe run, from the fate which sometimes overtakes them, of perishing at night in their forms from cold, and who left them in a warm room with provision of food, invariably found that their fright had by no means spoiled their appetites, but that they had partaken of a good supper or breakfast before the morning's release.

A creature, concerning whom Fable proper has little to say (there are, we believe, only two original fables about him), but of whom a perfectly fictitious ideal has somehow entered our heads, is, the Camel. We have constructed him out of somebody's consciousness, but who that somebody was is not clear. In childhood, a Camel, to each of us, was almost a brute Philanthropist. His patience, his obedience, his innumerable valuable qualities, rendered the "Ship of the Desert" almost the greatest treasure of the human race. At that stage of natural theology, when a celebrated engineer gave it as his opinion before a Parliamentary Committee that "Rivers were created to feed navigable canals," when everything had a final cause, and the final cause of everything else was the convenience of man, we entertained pleasantly the idea that the camel's hump was made to hold his rider's seat, and felt a vicarious gratitude for the Arab, on account of the animal's provision of water, which his master could always reach, in case of necessity, by the simple process of eventration. Nothing which could possibly have been said of the Camel's virtues would then have transcended our convictions, and poetry and painting were always ready to confirm our views. In fancy we pictured him in every Eastern scene, from the idyll of Rebekah to that of the Queen of Sheba —

> with her camels riding on,
> Bearing spices and rich gifts for great King Solomon.

And now, where is he, that half-canonized beast? Alas! (chiefly owing, we imagine, to having incurred the detestation of Miss Martineau), the Camel has fallen from the zenith to the nadir in public estimation. We have all been to Egypt and Syria, and many of us have been bitten by his long front teeth, trampled over by his noiseless feet, deafened by his angry roar, and insulted by the affected, not to say sanctimonious, *tournure* of his head and neck, and the protrusion of his contemptuous upper lip. No one who thus "knows him at home" retains a spark of belief in the beast's patience, amiability, fidelity, or any other virtue. The Camel must be reckoned among the lost illusions of youth! Perhaps, after all, the old fabulists did not think much more of him than we do. When the Camel, they say, begged Jupiter to grant him horns like other animals, Jupiter not only refused the horns, but cropped his ears for being a dissatisfied and troublesome beast.

A proof of how much more appearances weigh in this foolish world than facts, may be found in the relative traditional estimate of the Owl and the Goose. The former bird, merely from looking grave

Digitized by Google

and solemn, and keeping himself a little retired from public view, has been credited with unlimited sagacity, and made the chosen companion of the very Goddess of Wisdom. As no Ministry, fifty years ago, would have dared to give a bishopric to Sydney Smith, simply because he was too witty, so no old Athenian imagined that Pallas would have preferred in her temple the society of a lively and satirical bird, like the Goose, to the dull and gloomy-minded Owl. But the goose is really a clever creature, and proves it in a hundred ways, while the owl, like Lord Burleigh, merely nods his head in solemn sort, and is accepted as wise on his own showing. The great difference between masculine and feminine folly has been said to be, that a stupid man generally retains enough sense to conceal his stupidity under the cloak of silence, while a stupid woman chatters the more, the more ignorant she may be, and so betrays her deficiencies to all the world. The man sometimes inspires his neighbour (and always his wife), with the conviction that there is matchless wisdom hidden behind his reserve, which he buttons close round him as the shabby-genteel do a great-coat to hide the absence of a shirt. The woman invariably reveals her folly to everybody, and gets no credit for the under-current of practical sense which sometimes runs beneath. The Owl is in this respect decidedly of the masculine order of mind, while the Goose goes about cackling and screeching with her neck outstretched, so that she looks supremely ridiculous and idiotic, while all the time she is not only sensible enough, but has the rare merit of a strong dash of humour in her composition. Since she saved the Roman Capitol she has been known to display all the domestic virtues, and as many public ones as she has been permitted to exercise. But no! experience avails nothing against prejudice. She has contrived to get herself classed among the "shrieking sisterhood," and her claims are thrust aside with derision.

The position of the Goose in Fable is peculiar. She is represented as a fat, unwieldy creature, liable to all sorts of affronts and misfortunes, but yet possessed of a certain degree of homely mother-wit, sometimes approaching that of the immortal Mrs. Poyser. In a fable which dates from classic times, the Cranes and Geese are represented as feeding together in a field. The fowlers arrive, and the cranes fly away, but the geese are too fat to escape, and are taken and killen. The story of the aged Lion who makes a Fox his viceroy, while another Fox sings his virtues, terminates in Gay's version, with the remarks aside, of the Goose to her brood: —

> Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
> He bids me shun his worthy friend.

In the Hitopadesa the Goose holds a much more honourable position. The prime minister of King Silver-sides (the Swan) is "a Brahminy Goose named Know-all, and he does know every possible science." * As to the delightful old German tale, preserved by the Brothers Grimm, of the "Goose with the Golden Eggs," which has justly become proverbial, it does not much affect the Goose's character either for good or evil.

Art has of late years deigned to stoop to the Goose, and a very good subject some of our painters, especially Mason, have found her with her brilliant whites and soft greys, and easy curves of neck and body, blending, when a flock is introduced, into a long graceful line, which may be extended at pleasure. The inimitable picture, by Riviere (now in South Kensington), of the Geese coming to see if the Fox, who is shamming, be really dead, must have inspired many a spectator with a high idea of a Goose's "thirst for useful knowledge," if not precisely of her caution. Strange to say, the depreciation of the intellectual faculties of the Goose seems to be exclusively a Teutonic mistake. The French Bird of Folly is the Turkey, or as Scotch children call him, the Bubbly-Jock. The Turkey has no fun in him at all, but is a cross-grained, haughty bird, who quite loses self-possession in his indignation against real or imaginary insults, and flames out like a vulgar termagant. The Goose, on the contrary, has perhaps the keenest appreciation of humour of any animal, unless it be her own arch enemy the Fox. One lovely summer evening last summer in Wales the writer beheld the following illustration of a Goose's idea of a joke: — In a little grassy paddock were feeding amicably some eight or ten fat and healthy pigs, and half a score of geese. From this paddock a narrow open gate gave entrance into the farmyard, and as evening drew on, the geese ranged themselves in a row near this Thermopylæ. Obviously, supper-time was approaching, and the pigs wished to return home to their

* "The Book of Good Counsels," Trans. Edwin Arnold, p. 88.

Digitized by Google

troughs. Equally clearly the geese had given each other the word not to let them pass through the gate which they guarded without paying toll. First there came up a jolly, good-humoured little pig, who trotted cheerfully along with a confidence which ought to have disarmed criticism, till he came among the geese. Then with a cackle and a scream, every neck was stretched out to get a bite at him, and, squalling and yelling, the poor little porker ran the gauntlet. The same fate befel six or seven more of his brethren in succession, each betraying increasing trepidation as he approached the fatal pass, and made a bolt through the *corps de garde* of geese, whose chattering and screeches of delight were almost undistinguishable from human laughter. At last the biggest pig of the party brought up the rear. He was a pink-fleshed, clean young fellow, with fat limbs and sides, and his ears were cocked, and his tail sharply twisted in the intelligent wide-awake manner which so completely distinguishes the intellectual pig from the mere swinish multitude. With a loud grunt of defiance, this brave beast charged through the flock of geese, and had actually almost gained the gate (beyond which the rules of the game apparently forbade pursuit), when a large grey goose, whose post was nearest to it, made one grab at his fat ham, caught up the skin in a bunch, and gave it a tremendous pinch with her red beak. Needless to say the air was rent with the squeals of agony of the injured pig, and the ecstatic pæans of the whole flock of geese in chorus. From the order with which the transaction took place, we derived the impression that a similar game of Prisoner's Base probably formed the entertainment of the geese every evening. To the human spectator the familiar experiences of an author running the gauntlet of the reviewers was irresistibly suggested by the occurrence.

It is impossible not to feel admiration for Miss Dunstable the rich heiress in one of the great Trollopian novels (may we be pardoned for forgetting the precise volume?) who prefaces a narrative by the remark, "When my grandfather was an itinerant tinker." In like manner, we are all beginning to feel a certain sense of pride in referring as often as possible to the time "when our ancestors were Apes," and even to the remoter ages when our forefathers were of yet humbler order, when,

> In the day's high meridian, the hour of the fulness of time,
> Came forth the Elect, the Ascidian, from the conflict of sea and of slime.

It tickles us to compare ourselves, mighty and intelligent creatures such as we flatter ourselves we are now, who direct the lightning and weigh the suns, with those progenitors of ours. We are satisfied that, if we have

> Made ourselves tailless and hairless, and multiplied folds to our brain,

we have yet, on the whole, decidedly risen in the world since their time. In touching then the specially interesting subject of the Monkey, as among the *Bêtes Incomprises*, we are conscious of approaching a matter of personal interest to every reader, and anxious to avoid ruffling the filial and fraternal sentiments which we are all proud to entertain towards our Ancestral House.

It is difficult to guess what would have been the treatment of Apes by the old fabulists had they suspected the tender ties which unite the Genus "Homo" and "Pithecus." Possibly they would have represented a Gorilla as a guileless and simple-hearted creature, like the Satyr in the charming story of the Man who Blew Hot and Cold with the same breath, and whom the Satyr — unversed in the arts of courts and cities — drove indignantly from his cave. Instead of taking this view, however, of him, the meddlesomeness and impudence of our quadrumanous cousin seem to have been the characteristics which chiefly struck the antique mind. We find accordingly, concerning him the very old, and not very pointed fable, of the Monkey who, having seen some Fishermen laying their nets, attempts to do the same on his own account, and is entangled therein. Also, there is the much more diverting fable of the Monkey who, being shipwrecked off Sunium, is saved by a Dolphin, who takes him for a man, and carries him on his back towards the shore. The Dolphin asks the Monkey if he knows the Piræus, and the Monkey replies that "he is one of his best friends;" whereupon the Dolphin turns round to look at him, and seeing who he is carrying, plunges into the depth of the sea and drowns the poor boastful Ape. Doubtless, this story is the original of the modern legend of the British family on the Rhine, afflicted with *la maladie anglaise* of boasting of grand acquaintances, and who, being interrogated by a fellow tourist, "Whether they

Digitized by Google

knew the Dardanelles?" responded promptly, "That they saw a good deal of them, during the season, in London." In the Hitopadesa (the great Sanskrit collection of Fables), the Monkey again appears in a contemptible point of view, in the same light as in that of the Fisherman's Net. The particularity of the adventure as detailed in this ancient book is very droll. We quote from the literal translation of Mr. Francis Johnson; the charming little volume of Mr. Edwin Arnold, the "Book of Good Counsels," giving it less oddly.

In Magadha-désa, on a plot of ground adjoining the forest of Dharma, a theatre was begun to be built by one of the writer-caste, whose name was Subha-Datta, where between two parts a little way open of a beam of wood that was being cut with a saw, a Wedge had been inserted by a carpenter. To this spot a large herd of monkeys inhabiting the forest came for pasture, when one of them, as if directed by the wand of Death, sat down, grasping the wedge with both paws, his lower parts dangling enclosed between the two pieces of wood. Presently, from the giddiness natural to him, he with great effort drew out the wedge, so that, his lower parts being crushed by the two pieces of wood, he perished. Therefore, say I, the man who will meddle in matters with which he has no business, may lie on the ground repulsed, like the Ape that drew out the Wedge.—(Hitopadésa, B. xi. Fable 2.)

As to glorification by Art, the poor Monkey's form is not precisely one which a Praxiteles was likely to immortalize in marble, but he is pictured fairly well in many Egyptian frescoes, and the Hindoo Ape-god Hanuman, the King of the Monkeys, and ally of the hero Rama in his war against the Demon-king of Lanka (Ceylon), is continually reproduced in such sculpture and painting as usually illustrate the Brahminical mythology. [May we venture parenthetically to suggest that the "Monkeys," of whom this Hanuman was king, may very possibly have been the Veddahs of Ceylon, the primeval dwarfish and untamable human race who even now dwell in the trees in the central forests of the island?]

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.

There were Monkeys, as well as dogs, lions, and stags, before those which Landseer drew, but till that Homer of the Beasts told their tale with his brush, they died and were forgotten! We shall not now forget those two little playful apes which he has placed over his Arab Tent,—for all the world as an old Italian painter would have drawn two cherubs hovering over a sacred scene; nor the sick Monkey, one of whose oranges (obviously left by a charitable visitor) another Monkey is sucking; nor the Travelled Monkey; nor the Monkey who is seizing the "Intrusive Puppy" by the tail; nor the Monkey who is munching the apple to the envy of the badger-dog looking on; nor last, not least, that remorseless creature who is making the Cat pick the chestnuts for him off the fire.

Even Landseer, however, who makes us weep with his deer and his dogs, shudder with his swans, and triumph with his foxes, only invites us to laugh with his monkeys. Nothing has been done yet by Literature or Art to help us to apprehend whatever there may be, or must be, in this nearest sub-human race, of elements of character which have developed in man into all the cardinal virtues. Only Mr. Darwin has gathered a few authentic anecdotes of courage and devotion; and there has been a lively correspondence in the columns of "Nature" concerning the question, what Monkeys feel about Death. Some families of apes, it would appear, do actually display the peculiarly human attribute of tenderness for the corpses of their kind, while others (*e.g.*, the intelligent Gibbons) go just so far as to be very kind to the sick, but perfectly indifferent so soon as death has taken place. "I keep in my garden," writes "Æ.," "a number of Gibbon apes. One of these, a young male, fell from a tree, and dislocated his wrist. It received the greatest attention from the others, especially from an old female who was no relation. She used, before eating her own plantains, to take up the first and give them to the cripple. . . . One morning one was found dead in the fork of the tree. His comrades took no notice of him, and were playing and singing as usual close to him." *

M. Houzeau proposes that we should avail ourselves of such disposition to nursing and general intelligence in apes by substituting them for the Negro slaves, whose services are no longer obtainable:—

Le prochain problème [he says] dans les rapports de l'homme avec les animaux, est donc à nos yeux de rendre les grands singes domestiques, et de leur apprendre à parler. . . . Les grands singes sont si près de nous par la structure physique et par les attributs

* "Nature," January 29, 1874.

Digitized by Google

mentaux, qu'on s'étonne de l'oubli où l'homme les a laissés jusqu'ici. Il a asservi son semblable, tandis qu'il pouvait trouver hors de son espèce des serviteurs presque aussi utiles. Mais maintenant que l'esclavage a pris fin, n'est-ce pas le moment de songer à faire de nouveaux animaux domestiques ?*

Further on, M. Houzeau proceeds to cite cases wherein monkeys have been employed to gather tea-leaves, to keep up furnaces, to sweep rooms, to fetch water, and pound in mortars. But the profession for which he recommends them as peculiarly fitted (like the Negresses), is that of a Nurse, for which he considers they have singular physical, as well as moral, adaptation. We are checked in a profane inclination to smile at the prospect of an English mother committing her darling to the charge of the experienced Mrs. Troglodytes Niger, or of that "exemplary young person," Miss Macasus Silenus, by the solemn warning of the French savant, "Il n'y a rien dans ces prévisions qui ne soit fondé sur des notions scientifiques!"

Nothing is harder than to realize the inner life of a monkey. It seems plain sailing in comparison to understand the consciousness of the horse or the dog. We look into their clear, honest eyes, which meet ours so calmly and trustfully, and we seem to feel we know all they would say if they could speak; and that a metempsychosis which should cause us to waken up some day with four hoofs, or a propensity to bark, would not entirely surpass the bounds of imagination. But there is no fathoming the eye of a monkey. It is neither an animal's pellucid and innocent eye, nor yet the eye of a sane human being, but rather that of a cunning, half idiotic child. It never meets the gazer, but restlessly and nervously turns away, looking affectedly above or below him till he changes his position, and then with inconceivable rapidity glances into him with intense but unsympathetic curiosity. Sometimes (like poor little blind "Jenny," who died at the Zoological Gardens two years ago, and many other pets in private houses) monkeys became even touchingly affectionate, and also sometimes audaciously fearless and enterprising. But never do they lose this sinister habit of avoiding the human eye, or acquire the look of confidence and repose common to domesticated creatures. Poor Joe shakes hands with his firm paw so well and cordially, that blind-folded it would be difficult to guess it was not the hand of a boy which we are pressing; and to those whom he considers his friends (the writer is proud to be accounted of the number) he will spring forward in welcome, and leap into their arms precisely like an affectionate child. Doubtless, if permitted, he would proceed to offer a kiss. Yet, in looking at this poor little being, the resemblance to an idiot boy — even to the sense that it would be murder to kill him — impresses itself most forcibly on every thoughtful spectator. The nearer the approach to humanity the more we are sensible that something is lacking — that great "something" which, for want of a better word, we must needs call by its old name, a "Soul!" As Mr. Greg has beautifully said, that in looking at a corpse we irresistibly feel that that poor clay (almost indistinguishable though it be by any outward sign from the man as we have often seen him asleep) is yet *not our friend*, not the being we have loved, and with whom we have held communion — in like manner, in watching even the most intelligent and affectionate ape, we are borne down by the sense of what is wanting, rather than of what is present, of likeness to humanity. It would truly seem as if by some fatality the Simious race, approaching to us the nearest in outward form, and possibly (it might be found, if we knew them better in their natural state) even in intelligence also, have yet less than many other animals of the nobler attributes of manhood. Charles Kingsley's myth of the nation which, by idleness and vice, gradually lapsed back to savagehood, and thence in the course of a few millenniums, into a tribe of Gorillas, really represents the kind of impression which the study of monkeys leaves on us — as if they were a "Fallen Race," undergoing the penalty of past errors, and with a certain sense of shame, as of *pauvres honteux* who have "seen better days," and been made for something better; even while they waste all their shining hours in gambols, squabbles, and the pursuit of their tails.

Our space is exhausted, and we have not half named the beasts and birds whose characters seem to us to deserve reconsideration or rehabilitation. The Cat, foully slandered by the charge of treachery; the persecuted Rat, that "Gutter-child," in whom are lodged a thousand estimable and amiable qualities, were he but raised to a higher level of society;

* Houzeau, "Etudes sur les Facultés Mentales des Animaux," Vol. ii. p. 289. Paris: 1873.

Digitized by Google

the Serpent, once adored, as Mr. Ferguson shows us, in every corner of the globe, as the very Giver of Health and Life, and now cursed and abhorred, even when (as in the poor Slowworm and Green Snake) he is utterly guiltless of guile or venom — but where shall we stop? Is it to be at the frontier of the Vertebrate Kingdom? Who that has stood transfixed in astonishment, rapture, and amusement before the watery palaces of the Lobsters, the Hermit Crabs, and the Octopus, at Brighton or Sydenham, will ever again limit his sympathies to the mere accident of the possession of a backbone, or consider eyes set upon stalks as necessarily devoid of sentiment? Nay, more, though ever since the days of Solomon and of Virgil men have marked the wondrous instincts of the Ant and the Bee, it would appear as if modern researches were revealing in those tiny insects not merely unsuspected developments of intelligence (which we may, if we choose, cover by the almost meaningless term of "Instinct"), but evidences far beyond these of qualities for which we have no name but "moral;" helpful sympathies which have scarcely yet been exhibited so perfectly even by the lordly race of man. We have long known of the Ants' wondrous "Polity" and perfect "Organization of Labour;" their Kinder-garten plan of Public Nurture of the Young; their Cattle-farming of aphides, and other insects, whose honey-dew they milk; the mild form of Negro Slavery prevailing among several nations of red ants over black; and finally the huge Model Lodging Houses erected by many species, nearly double, in proportion to the size of the builders, that of the Great Pyramid to the height of man.* All these facts have for some time been known amongst us; and Hüber taught us the additional and very startling one, that ants retain both distinct memory and warm friendliness for one another for a period equivalent to a third of their lives — half a nestful of them which he had imprisoned for eight months in his house, returning to their home under a tree, with every demonstration of joy on their side, and of affectionate welcome on that of their long-parted companions, who expelled strangers of the same species, similarly introduced by Hüber, with fury and slaughter. But these indications of calculating wisdom, industry, and friendliness pale before the revelations of such qualities among the ants of Nicaragua, just published by Mr. Belt. Here we have nomad ants (*Encitons*), wandering Bedouins of the forest, forever on the tramp, devouring all the dead and living insects they can find; and other ants (*Œcodama*), who pursue, on the contrary, the stationary and peaceful profession and vegetarian habits of Mushroom growers. These latter keep huge cellars, as large as a man's head, beneath their houses, wherein they form hot-beds of countless millions of circular pieces of leaves, of the size of sixpences, cut from the trees, which they strip all around them. As the leaves decay away, carefully guarded against drying up too soon, a minute fungus grows throughout the hot-bed, and on this the little gardeners subsist. And lastly, and most wonderful of all, we find these atoms of creatures, of whom that guide of our infancy, Dr. Watts, so complacently observed: —

> We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
> Without our regard or concern;

displaying kindly affections and helpfulness, such as only the elephant and the dog among animals are recorded (and that in a very limited number of cases) ever to have displayed. Mr. Belt says of the Enciton ant, that he one day placed a little stone on one to secure it. The next ant, on discovering its friend's situation, ran about in an agitated manner, and communicated the intelligence to others, who rushed to the rescue. Some bit at the stone, and tried to move it; others tugged at the prisoner's legs, till at length they set him free. The same thing happened when Mr. Belt covered up ants with morsels of clay, leaving only the antennæ projecting. The other ants immediately summoned assistance, and never relinquished their efforts till the prisoner was released. Well may he say, "I do not see how such actions can be instinctive. It was sympathetic help such as man only, among the higher mammalia, displays" ("The Naturalist in Nicaragua," p. 26). What, then, shall we say of these poor little insects who, if they *were* rational and moral beings, could not possibly afford us other or greater evidence of the fact than they actually supply? Were we able, by aid of the telescope, to trace in the moon similar actions of a race as large, or ten times as large, as ourselves, should we hesitate to regard them with approximate certainty as our

* The Great Pyramid is 460 feet high. In proportion to a nest of termites it should be 720.

Digitized by Google

fellows of the sky? Who, then, shall determine how far Rationality be dependent on Bulk; and how we ought to look upon those moving atoms beneath our feet, who have actually realized all, and more than all, the triumphs of Co-operation, Patriotism, and Friendship, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, which ancient or modern Communists and Utopists — Lycurgus, Platò, More, Fourrier, or Owen — ever hoped for in their dreams?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER X.

THE Hewan was not a cottage of gentility. It was too small, too homely, too much like a growth of the soil, to belong to any class that could be described as *ornée*. The roof indeed was not thatched, but it was of red tiles, so overgrown with lichens as almost to resemble a thatch, except in the rich colour, which, to tell the truth, very few people appreciated. Its present owner was a shopkeeper in Lasswade, in whose heart there were many searchings about the vulgarity of its appearance, which he felt sure was the reason why it was not more easily let for the summer; and this good man had almost made up his mind to the expense required for a good slate roof, when Mr. Pringle fortunately appeared and engaged it "as it was." A sort of earthen embankment, low and thick, encircled the little platform on which it stood. There was nothing behind it but sky, with a light embroidery of trees; for it occupied the highest "brae head" in the neighbourhood, and in a more level country would have been described as situated on the top of a hill. Before it lay the whole course of the Esk, not all visible indeed, narrowing here and there between high banks, now and then hiding itself under the foliage, or capriciously turning a corner out of sight,— but always lending to the landscape that charm of life which water more than anything imparts to the inanimate world around. Cliffs and trees, and bits of bold brown bank, and soft stretches of greensward, all took a certain significance and explained their *raison d'être* by the river. The houses, too, from the dignified roofs of Rosscraig lower down the stream, showing the turrets, which little Violet supposed to be made of gold, between the clouds of trees — down to the square white houses of the paper-mill people on the other side, and here and there rough red tiles of a cottage of earlier date — the river was the link which held them all together. The usual geographical indications on Eskside were not by the points of the compass, as is so common in Scotland, but by the stream — "up the water" or "down the water." The Hewan was a long way up the water from Lasswade, yet not so far but that many a visitor would climb the brae to "get their tea" with old Mrs. Moffatt, who was the mother of the proprietor,— living in charge of the house, and not too proud to superintend the domestic arrangements of small families who hired it for the summer. She had a little room with a "box-bed," that mystery of discomfort and frowsiness, but which was neither frowsy nor uncomfortable in the hands of the brisk little old woman — which her son had built on to the back of the house for her, and in which she continued summer and winter, retiring herself there in dignified privacy when "a family" was in full possession. Mrs. Moffatt's little room, which had been made on purpose for her, had no communication with the cottage. She considered it a very dignified retirement for her old age. John Moffatt, her son, was a shoemaker in Lasswade; and when the savings of his cobbling enabled him to buy the Hewan, and establish his mother there, no noble matron in a stately jointure-house was ever half so proud. Such a feeling indeed as pride, or even satisfaction, rarely moves the mind of the dethroned queen who has to move out of the house she has swayed for years, and descend into obscurity when the humiliation of widowhood befalls her. Mrs. Moffatt, good old soul, had no such past to look back upon. She had been long a widow, knocking about the world, doing whatever homely job she could find, struggling to bring up her children; and the Hewan and the little back room represented a kind of earthly paradise to the cobbler's mother. The summer lodgers who paid her for cooking and keeping in order their little rooms, gave the frugal old soul enough to live on during the winter; and when by chance a family came which had no need of her, good John, out of the abundance of the rent, allowed his mother the few weekly shillings she required. She had a little kitchen garden to the back, surrounding her nest, as she called it, and kept a pig,

Digitized by Google

which was her pride and joy, and a few chickens. If she could but have had a cow, the old woman would have been perfectly happy; but as it is not, I suppose — or at least so people say — good for us to be perfectly happy, the cow was withheld from her list of mercies granted. Good little soul, her mouth watered sometimes when she thought of the butter she could make, and of the cheeriness of having "a neebor's lassie" coming in with her pitcher for the milk, or even the luxury of a "wee drap real cream" in her cup of tea. But to mourn for unattainable things had never been in her way; and when she went "doon the toun" with a basketful of eggs for her daughter-in-law, she was as proud and happy in her homely gift as if it had been gold or diamonds. She was a friendly body everybody testified, and known up the water and down the water as always serviceable and always cheery. When there was any gossip going on of an interesting nature, some one in Lasswade or the neighbourhood always found opportunity of taking a walk up to the Hewan and a cup of tea with old Jean, who was every one's friend.

On such occasions Mrs. Moffatt carefully skimmed everything that looked like cream from the milk which had been standing in a bowl for this purpose since the morning, and put on her little kettle, and took out her best china, and even prepared some "toasted breed" over and above the oat-cakes, which were her usual fare. The window of the old woman's nest looked out upon a dark wilderness of trees, which descended down a steep bank to the upper Esk, and shut out any view. Her door was generally open, as well as the window, so that the rustling of the trees and the singing of the kettle kept pleasant company. Her boarded floor was as clean as soap and water could make it, and her hearth well swept and bright; a huge rug, made by her own hands (for she was a capable old wife) out of strips of cloth of all colours, looked cosy before the fire. Her bed, like a berth in a ship, appeared behind, with a very bright bit of chintz for curtains, and covered with a gay patchwork quilt. She had some brilliantly-coloured pictures on the walls — a wonderful little boy with big eyes and a curly dog, and a little girl with long curls and a doll, not more staring and open-eyed than herself. The old lady thought they were like "our wee Johnny and Phemie down the town," and found them "grand company." She had some brass candlesticks and a glorious tea-caddy on the mantelpiece, and such a tea-tray set up against the wall as would have made all other ornamentations pale. "The worst o't is, ye maun be awfu' solitary, especially in the winter time, when there's naebody ben the house, and few on the road that can help it," her friends would say. "Me solitary!" said old Jean. "I'm thankful to my Maker I never was ane that was lanesome. I'm fond o' company, real fond o' company — but for a while now and then it's no' that ill to have your ain thoughts. And then there's the hens, poor things, aye canty and neighbourlike, troubling their heads about their sma' families, just as I used to do mysel' — and Grumphy yonder's just a great diversion; and when it's a cauld night, and I shut to the door, there's the fire aye stirring and birring, and the wee nest as warm as can be, and the auld clock, tick, tick, aye doing its duty, poor thing, though it might be tired this hunder year or twa it's been at it; and there's a hantle reading in the 'Courant,' though maybe the 'Scotsman' 's bigger, and I'm on the Leeberal side mysel'. Toots! solitary! there's naebody less solitary than me."

A cheerful soul is always a social centre, however humble it may be. Jean's friends accordingly went to see her, not out of pity, as to cheer a poor solitary old woman, but for their own amusement, which in this kind of social duty is by far the strongest motive. She was about the best-informed woman on all Eskside. Every kind of gossip made its way to her; and I doubt whether the people in Rosscraig House themselves, knew so well all that had happened and all that everybody said on the night of little Valentine's arrival. She heard a great deal even from Mrs. Harding herself, the housekeeper, who could not resist the temptation of confiding a few details, not generally known, to her old friend's keeping. For Jean was known to be a person in whom it was possible to repose confidence, not one that would betray the trust placed in her. However, the tables had been turned in Mrs. Moffatt's favour, since it became known in Rosscraig that Mr. Pringle had taken the Hewan for the season. Lady Eskside herself got out of her carriage one day as she passed, and went to pay the old woman a visit. She went into the cottage, and complimented old Jean on the excellent order in which she kept it. "I hear it has been taken by a relation of ours — Mr. Pringle," she said.

Digitized by Google

"I didna ken he was a relation of your leddyship's; but it's Mr. Pringle sure enough. I was sure I kent the face — no doubt I've seen him coming or going about the House."

"He comes very seldom to see us," said Lady Eskside. "In fact, before my grandson was born he considered himself the heir — after my son, you know; and he has been dreadfully disappointed, poor man, since. Val, don't go too near the dyke!"

"And this is the heir, nae doubt, my lady? — eh, what a bonnie bairn! Nane that see him need ever ask the rank he's born to. He has the look of a bit little prince. And I wouldna say but he was fond of his own way whiles ——"

"More than whiles, more than whiles," said the old lady, graciously; "he is just a handful. But Mr. Pringle has a large family, if it's him. He will never find room for his bairns in this little bit of a place."

"It's chiefly for the wee miss he had with him, my lady. She's delicate, they say; and if ever a man was wrapt up in a bairn — and her so delicate ——"

"Dear me, I am sorry to hear it!" said Lady Eskside, whose sympathy was instantly aroused; "will it be anything the matter with the chest? I am always most afraid for the chest in children. Mr. Pringle is a most excellent man. He has been a little disappointed and soured perhaps — but he is an excellent person. The air is sharp up here, Jean — too sharp for a delicate child. If she should want anything, cream or fresh milk in the morning, be sure you let me know. Cream is excellent for the lungs. I like it better than that oil that doctors give now — nasty-smelling stuff. But if there is anything the poor child should want, be sure you send to me."

Lady Eskside was an acute woman, but she was foolish is this particular. She caught her own healthy blooming grandchild on the edge of the low embankment, where he was hazarding his life in warm enjoyment of the risk, and gave him a kiss though he deserved a whipping, and said, "Poor Sandy Pringle!" with the most genuine feeling. She went into Lord Eskside's library when her drive was over, full of this information. "You need not alarm yourself about Sandy Pringle, poor man," she said; "he has taken the Hewan on account of his poor little girl who is delicate — her chest, I am afraid. If you remember, his mother died of consumption quite young. It's a terrible scourge when it's in a family. My heart is sore for him, poor man. When the child comes we must have her here, and see if anything can be done. Perhaps if they were to take it in time, and send her to Madeira or some of these mild places; there is always hope with a bairn."

"My word, my lady, but you go fast," said the old lord, with his little grey eyes twinkling under his shaggy eyebrows. But he did not convince her any more than she convinced him. And indeed, when the Pringle family began to appear about the woods, every member of the household at Rosscraig, down to my lady's young footman, felt that curiosity of opposition in respect to them which is almost as eager as the curiosity of partisanship. Mrs. Harding the housekeeper had for her part taken up Lord Eskside's view of the subject, and when she too made a visit to Jean Moffatt one evening of the early summer, her purpose was of a more sternly investigating order than that of Lady Eskside.

"How do you like the folk ben the house?" she said, as she sat at tea; the cake she had brought "in a present" was placed on the table in the place of honour, and the tea was "masking" before the fire. It was a soft evening in May. The door was open, but the fire was not disagreeable, and the sound of the Esk far down below the brae, and the rustling of the leaves close round the house, were softened by the air of spring into a pleasant murmur. The family "ben the house" being separated by a good Scotch stone wall from old Mrs. Moffatt's nest, gave no sound of their neighbourhood, and nothing but that wild but soft cadence of the waters and the trees interrupted the homely domestic harmonies more closely at hand — the cheery little stir and *pétillement* of the fire, the singing of the kettle, the purring of the cat, the ticking of the old clock. Mrs. Harding combined an earnest desire for information with a very pleasant sense of the immediate comfort and ease which she was enjoying. My lord and my lady were "out to their dinner," and Harding himself had promised to daunder up to the Hewan in the gloaming and fetch his wife home. Being "out to her tea" was an unusual event in the housekeeper's responsible life, and the enjoyment it gave her was great. "Eh, how quiet and pleasant it is!" she added, almost with enthusiasm; "this is one of the days you can hear the grass growin': and to get

Digitized by Google

away from a' the stew and bustle o' the dinner, the hot fire, and the smell o' the meat, and thae taupies that let one thing burn, and another boil over. If I were to envy onybody in the world, I think, Jean Moffatt, it would be you."

"Hoots," said the old woman, with a pleasant consciousness that her lot was enviable; "when you and your man make up your mind to retire, my certy, ye'll be a hantle better off than the like o' me."

"And when will that be?" said Mrs. Harding, with a sigh; "no as lang as *They* live, for they couldna do without my man an' me. But I was saying, how do you like the folk ben the house?"

"You shouldna let yourself be keepit in bondage," said Jean, with a touch of sarcasm; "when folk *maun* do without ye, they *can* do without ye — I've aye seen that. Oh, I like them real well. They come and they gang, and now it's a breakfast, and now the bairns' dinner — nothing more — and aye a maid to serve them; so it suits me fine. The lads are stirring boys, and Missie's a darling. She makes me think upon one I lost, that was the sweetest o' a' my flock. Eh! if you could but keep a girlie like that aye the same, what a pleasure it would be in a house! But the bit things grow up and marry, and have weans of their own, and get to be just as careworn and wrinkled as yourself. I think whiles my Marg'ret, with ten of a family, and a man no better than he should be, is aulder than me."

"It's the course of nature," said Mrs. Harding — "we maunna grumble; but I'm sure when I see a' that folk have to go through with their families, I'm thankful I have nane of my ain. Ye ken your Mr. Pringle sets up to be *our* heir! It's real ridiculous if it wasna provoking. I could laugh when I think o't. He must have been terrible cast down when Mr. Richard brought hame his boy."

"But I thought it was a randy wife, not Mr. Richard ——"

"Whisht!" said the housekeeper; "we'll say no more about that. It's no' a story I pretend to understand, but I'm rather thinking it was some Italian or other that Mr. Richard sent with the bairn. Foreigners are strange cattle. And whether it was man or woman I wouldna say, for nobody saw them but my man, and he's confused about the story. But this is clear, it was Mr. Richard sent the bairn hame; and reason guid. You should have heard his man on Eetaly and thae places. You might as well sell your soul to Satan, and better too, for you would aye get something by the bargain — and there's no' even *that* comfort out there. Ye canna but wonder at Providence that lets a' that play-acting and fiddling and breaking o' the Sabbath gang on, and takes nae mair heed than if a' thae reprobates were sober, decent, kirk-going folk like ourselves. But I'm thinking their time will come."

"Poor bodies! I daur to say they ken nae better," said Jean. "It'll be by the mother's side that the Pringles and the Rosses count kin?"

"Na; how could that be, when he thinks himsel' the heir? When ye've ance lived in a high family, ye learn a heap of things. Titles never gang the way o' the spinning-wheel, nor land that's entailed, as they call it. It's lad comes after lad, and the lasses never counted. I canna say it's according to justice, but it's law, and there's nae mair to be said. This is the way of it, for my lady told me hersel': A Ross married a Pringle that was an heiress two or three hunder years ago, and took his wife's name, which was a poor exchange, though I'm saying nothing against the name of Pringle; my first place was with the Pringles of Whytfield, a real fine family. And now that a' the Rosses have died down to the present family, the Pringles have come uppermost. My lady herself was six or seven years married before Mr. Richard was born. So ye see they've had the cup to their lips, as you may say, more than once. That's a thing I could not bide. I would rather be my man's wife, knowing I could be no better all my days, than expect to be my lady, and never win further ben."

"It's much the same in a' ranks o' life," said Jean. "There's my Marg'ret; it's been her desire a' her days to get the house at the Loanhead, with a nice bit land, that would gang far to feed her family. She's had the promise o't for ten years back. Old John Thomson was to flit afore he died, but that fell through; and when he died, they couldna refuse to let his son come in; and then it was reported through a' the parish that young John was to emigrate ——"

"I've heard that," said Mrs. Harding; "and I aye give my advice against it: for nae man will ever succeed if he doesna work hard; and if he'll work hard, he'll do very well at hame."

"Young John was to emigrate," con-

Digitized by Google

tinued Mrs. Moffatt; "and it was a' settled about his roup, and Marg'ret was sure of getting in by the term; when what does he do but change his mind! I thought the poor lass would have broken her heart; and oh, the fecht she has with a' thae bairns and a weirdless man. Then he had that awfu' illness, and it was reported he was dying. My poor Marg'ret came to me the day he was prayed for in the kirk, with red een. 'I'm doing naething but pray for him,' she said; 'for oh, if I didna pray for him to mend, I would wish him dead, mother; and what comfort could I ever have in onything that came to me after that?' The man got weel," said the old woman, with a sigh; "he's as weel as you or me, and a hantle younger, and he canna make up his mind if he'll go or bide. It's awfu' tantalizing; and it happens in a' classes of life. I'm real sorry for the poor gentleman, and I hope he doesna take it to heart like my Marg'ret, poor lass!"

"Ye mean well," said Mrs. Harding, half affronted; "but to pity the next heir is like grudging the Almighty's mercies to us. Folk should learn to be content. I'm no saying for your Marg'ret; but Mr. Pringle is as weel off as he has ony right to be, and why should he come spying upon my lord and my lady? Folk should learn to be content."

"It's awfu' easy when it's no' your ain case," said Jean; "an' I suppose we've a' as much or mair than we deserve; but that does not satisfy your wame when you're hungry, nor your back when you're cauld. The maister has never been out here since the first time. The leddy came once, a fine sensible woman, that looks weel after her family; but it's Missie that's the queen o' the Hewan. As it's such a fine night, and nane but bairns in the house, if you'll come ben we'll maybe see them. I'll have to think o' some supper for them, for thae lang laddies are just wolves for their supper. Or maybe you'll first take another cup o' tea?"

Mrs. Harding declined this hospitable offer, and rose, taking her shawl and bonnet with her, for it was nearly the time, she remarked, when she "must be going." The two lingered outside to look at the hens, and especially that careful but premature mother who had begun to "sit," though the weather was still but moderately adapted for the fledglings; and then they made a momentary divergence to see "Grumphy," who was the pride of his mistress's heart. "I'll no' kill him till after harvest, and I'll warrant you there'll be no better meat between this and Edinburgh. Poor beast!" she said, with a mixture of the practical and sentimental, "he's a fine creature, and has a fine disposition; but it's what we a' must come to. And yonder's where I would keep the coo — if I had ane," she added with a sigh, pointing to a little paddock. The cow was to old Jean what the barony of Eskside was to Mr. Pringle, and the house at the Loanhead to her daughter Marg'ret: but the old woman's lot was the easiest, in that the object of her desire was not almost within her longing grasp.

CHAPTER XI.

LORD and Lady Eskside, as the reader has seen, were not quite in accord about their grandson, or at least they took different views of the circumstances which attended his arrival. They took (perhaps) each the view which came naturally to man and woman in such a position of affairs. The old lord, although himself at length absolutely convinced that the boy was his son's child and his own heir, was deeply oppressed by the consciousness that though there was moral certainly of this fact, there was no legal proof. "Moral certainty's a grand thing," said Willie Maitland, the factor, a man who knew the Eskside affairs to the very depths, and from whom there were no secrets possible; but he spoke so doubtfully as to inflame the mind of my lady, who sat by listening to their talk with an impatience beyond words.

"A grand thing!" cried Lady Eskside; "it is simply everything: what would you have more? And who can judge in such a question but ourselves? my son, who must know best, and my old lord and myself, who are next nearest? What do the men mean by their dubious looks? What can you have more than certainty? Mr. Maitland, with your knowledge of the law, I would like you to answer me that."

"Well, madam, as my lord says," said Willie Maitland, who was old-fashioned in his manners, "there is legal proof wanted. It may be just a deficiency on our part — and indeed, according to the Scriptures themselves, law is a sign of moral deficiency — but everything has to be summered and wintered before the Lords of Session."

"And what have the Lords of Session to do with our boy?" said my lady indig-

Digitized by Google

nantly. "I hope we are not so doited but what we can take care of him ourselves."

"My dear Catherine, that is not the question."

"What is the question, I would like to know?" said Lady Eskside, flushing with the heat of argument. "Do I need the Lords of Session to tell me whose son my own bairn is? I think you are all taking leave of your senses with your formalities and your legal proof. Poor Alexander Pringle there, up the water, cannot bring his delicate little girlie to the country for change of air but you thinks he's plotting against Val. If this suspicion and distrust of every mortal is what your bonnie law brings, I'm thankful for my part that I know nothing about the law; and I wish everybody was of my mind."

Lord Eskside and his factor went out quite cowed from my lady's presence. They were half ashamed both of the law and themselves, and I think the visit which they made to the land which was being marked out for "feus" was necessary to get up their spirits. Lord Eskside was rather excited about these feus — allotments of land to be let for building, upon a kind of copyhold which secured a perennial revenue in the shape of ground-rent to the proprietor: though he was a little disposed at the same time to alarm himself as to the persons who might come to live there, and perhaps bring Radical votes into the county, and corrupt a constituency still stanch, amid Scotland's many defections, to "the right side." This public anxiety was a relief to his mind from the private anxiety; for however public-spirited a man may be, and however profound his interest in politics, the biting of a little private trouble is more sharp and keen than that patriotic concern for his country which drives him wild with excitement over a contested election. Willie Maitland the factor — a man "very well connected," half a lawyer, half a farmer, and spoken of by every soul in the parish and on the estate by his Christian name — was big and burly and easy-minded, and took things much more easily than his lord. "By the time there is any question of the succession," he said, "the story will be clean forgotten. It will be many a year, I hope, before Richard succeeds, let alone the boy."

"Ay, ay, that is very true," said the old lord, knitting his brows; "it may be many a year; but it might be a question of days, Willie, for anything you and me can tell. Well, well; for the moment we can make nothing better of it; and here are the feus. Good morning, doctor! I hope you're all well at the Manse. It is a fine day for a walk. We are going to take a look at Willie Maitland's pet scheme here."

"An excellent scheme," said Dr. Bruce, the parish minister, turning to accompany them, with all that sober pleasure in something new which moves the inhabitants of a tranquil rural district in favour of such gentle revolutions as do not affect their own habits or comforts; and the three gentlemen spent an agreeable half-hour pacing and measuring the allotments. While they were thus engaged, Lady Eskside drove past with Val on the coach-box making believe to drive. "There is my lady with her boy," said Lord Eskside, waving his hand to them as they passed; but he thought he saw an incredulous smile upon the face of the minister, which took away from him all pleasure in the feus.

My lady worked while my lord thus allowed himself to be overcast by every doubtful look. Strong in her moral certainty, she took the means which lay in her power to spread this conviction far and wide; and as she worked very hard at this undertaking, she had a right to the success, which she enjoyed thoroughly. Her chief work was with the child himself — the strange little unknown being unable to express all the wonderments that were in him at his change of lot, who was in her hands as wax in some respects, while in others she could make but little of him. Val had reconciled himself to the revolution in his fate with wonderful facility. He was so young, that after a few fits of violent weeping and crying for his mother and his brother, he had to all appearance forgotten them; and being indulged in every whim, and petted to the top of his bent, with abundant air, exercise, toys, and caresses, had so adapted himself to his new position as to look familiar and at ease in it before many weeks had passed. What vague recollections and baby thoughts upon the subject might be in him, nobody knew; but as childish recollections are in most cases carefully cultivated and exist by means of constant reminders, I suppose Val, deprived of such aids, actually did forget much more readily than children usually do. Lady Eskside devoted herself specially to his polish and social education, to the amending of his manners and speech, and the imparting of those acts of

Digitized by Google

politeness which are the special inheritance of small gentlemen: she succeeded, to her own surprise, much more perfectly than she had hoped to do. Val took to the teaching in which no books nor perplexing printed symbols were involved, with perhaps a precocious sense of humour, but certainly a readiness of apprehension which filled my lady with joy. She taught him to bow, to open the door for her when she went out or in, to listen, and to reply; and what was still more wonderful, to sit still when circumstances demanded that painful amount of self-restraint. "A little gentleman tries first of all to be pleasant to other people," said his instructress. "When you are out playing, you shall please yourself, Val, and everybody shall help you to enjoy yourself; but in company a gentleman always thinks of others, not of himself." And having well laid down this principle, my lady proceeded, with great minuteness, to details. She thought it was a certain sign of his gentle blood that he learned his social lesson with such quickness; but I am inclined to believe that Valentine's success was owing much more surely to that latent dramatic power which exists in almost all children, and which they are so proud and happy to exercise on every possible occasion. Certainly, whatever the cause was, the result was triumphant. When Val was alone — in the nursery, where he ruled like a little despot, or out of doors, where he conducted himself like a tiny desperado, always in mischief — he was uncontrollable; but in the drawing-room, when his grandmother received her visitors, or when he accompanied her on the visits which it was now a point in her diplomacy to make, no little paladin born in the purple could have shown more perfect manners, or behaved himself more gracefully. He was acting a part, well defined and recognizable, and the *rôle* gave him pleasure. Not that the child himself was conscious of this, or could have defined what his instinct enabled him to do so perfectly; but yet the mental exercise was one that excited him, and called forth all his powers. The little actor threw himself off, as he jumped from the coach-box, where he had been driving wildly, with precocious dash and nerve, restrained, with difficulty, by the cautious old coachman, who knew exactly how much my lady could put up with — and assumed in a moment the gracious character of the little prince — suave, soft, and courteous — saying what he had to say with childish frankness, and keeping himself still and in order with a virtue which was heroic. From the Dowager Duchess to the farmers' wives on Eskside, everybody was satisfied by these performances; and no reasonable creature who had seen Val's little exhibition could have lent a moment's credence to the vulgar story of the "randy wife." "I don't see the strong likeness to his father," said the Dowager Duchess, who was, as it were, the last court of appeal and highest tribunal of social judgment in the county. "To me there's another type of feature very evident besides the difference of complexion; but in manners, he's his father's son. Not a lout, like Castleton's boy, who ought to be a gentleman, heaven knows! if race is anything — on both sides of the house." Lady Eskside felt the implied sting about "both sides of the house," but bore it heroically, knowing that the Marquis of Hightowers, the Duke of Castleton's only son, was like any ploughman's child beside her "bonnie boy;" and it did not occur to her, any more than it did to Val himself, that the whole secret of his success was his superiority in dramatic power, and in enjoyment of that suppressed but exquisite joke of mystification which children by nature love so dearly. Probably it was the blood of gipsy and tramp and roadside mime in Val's veins which gave him more facility than usual in the representation; but the same gift shows in every nursery in a greater or less degree. Little Violet Pringle, with her dolls around her, discoursing to them — scolding one for its naughtiness, and another for having neglected its lessons, with high maternal dignity — was not more purely histrionic than was Val when he played at being young prince and good boy, according to his grandmother's injunctions, and enjoyed the mystification — unless when it chanced to last too long.

"He is a strange child," said Lady Eskside to her favourite confidant Mary Percival, whose visits became more frequent and prolonged after this, and whose curiosity about the boy, whom she was not fond of, gave a certain point of interest and almost excitement to the pleasure she had in seeing her old friend. "He is a strange boy. When he goes out with me, you should see, Mary, the gentleman he is. The politest manners — better than Richard's, for Richard was shy; never too forward, nor taking too much upon him, but a smile and an an-

Digitized by Google

swer for everybody; and ready to open the door or hand you anything, as if he had been brought up to it all his life. But when he comes back, he is just a whirlwind, nothing else — what is the meaning of it? I sometimes think the spirits of both the bairns have got together in one frame."

"You have heard nothing of the other?"

"Nothing; nor of *her*, which is hard to bear. I cannot say for my own part either that I feel it so hard; but I'm sorry for my old lord. I never saw him so full of fears and fancies. He thinks unless we can find her and the other boy, that Val's place in the world will never be sure. I tell him it's just nonsense. Who has anything to do with it but ourselves? and who can be such judges as we are? But he will not listen to me."

"I think Lord Eskside must be right," said Mary. "Lawsuits are terrible things, and bring great trouble. I know something about that."

"Lawsuits!" said Lady Eskside, with a laugh. "If Sandy Pringle has the assurance to bring a lawsuit, I think we could soon let him see his mistake. Besides, what could he bring a lawsuit about? I don't think you show your usual sense, my dear. Because my lord and me have found our son's son, and have killed the fatted calf for our grandbairn? The fatted calf is ours, and not Sandy Pringle's. He could scarcely make a case of that."

"No, indeed," said Mary; but she did not find any security in Lady Eskside's triumphant argument. Val had been out on one of his expeditions with his grandmother, in which he had won all hearts, and now was in the wood making the air ring with shouts, and letting out the confined exuberance of his spirits in every mode of noise and mischief possible to a child of his age. "That's the boy," said Lady Eskside, leaning from the open window to listen. "You may be sure he's on the rampage, as Marg'ret Harding says." The smile upon the old lady's face went to Mary's heart; there was the foolishness of love in it, as there was the foolishness of triumphant security in her reasoning. She was not troubled by the problem of this little creature so strangely thrown upon her hands, nor even by the twofold life, which she wondered at. People do not analyze the characters of their children, but accept them — often with a mingling of wonder at their peculiarities, and frank unconsciousness of any cause for their peculiarities, which is very strange to the beholder. Lady Eskside took pride in Val's versatility, even while it occasioned her some delighted wonder; but she did not trouble herself by any speculations as to the qualities that produced it, or the results to which it might lead.

Thus things went on for some years, and the country-side, as Willie Maitland predicted, partially forgot the story. The boy grew tall and strong, a favourite in society, and not unpopular among the rougher public of his own age and kind, who, indeed, were chiefly represented to Val by the Pringle boys. The Pringles continued to keep possession of the Hewan partly because the children liked it, partly because the father still cherished in his secret soul some hope of finding out the fraud which he believed was being perpetrated against his rights and his boy's; and as the cottage was within easy reach of Edinburgh, some member of the family was almost always there. Sometimes it was the mother, with Violet and the little ones, sometimes the boys alone, walking out in a dusty merry party, on a holiday, for any diversion that happened to be in season. They came for skating in winter, for fishing in spring and autumn — for the Esk above the Hewan was sweet, and free from all poisonous paper-mills. And as they were undoubtedly relations, though in a very distant degree, it was not within the possibilities of Scotch politeness to refuse the boys some share of the shooting, and it was in the company of Sandy and his stalwart brethren that young Val first fired a shot and missed a bird. Though Lord Eskside looked glum at the association thus formed, and wondered more than ever what Sandy Pringle meant, it was impossible to keep his grandson from the company of the only boys within reach who were of his own class, or something approaching to it. He learnt all kinds of manly exercises from them or with them, and knew the way to the Hewan blindfold by night or day, as well as he knew the way to his own chamber — a result which the parents on either side were far from desiring, but seemed helpless to prevent. One day in summer, when the boy was about twelve years old, he escaped, I don't know how, from the tutor who had been brought from Oxford for him, and whose life Val did his best to make a burden. He got away quite early in the morning, and escaped into the woods, with a double sense

Digitized by Google

of pleasure in the thought that this holiday was surreptitious, the conquest of his bow and his spear rather than lawful leisure granted by lawful authority. Val had had no breakfast, but he did not mind — he was free. He went away into the thickest of the woods and climbed a tree, and lay there among the branches in a cradle of boughs which he had long since found out, looking up at the breaks of blue sky through the leaves in the fresh early morning, before anything was astir but the birds. Val was great in birds, like most country boys. He listened to the universal twitter about him, amusing himself by identifying every separate note, till he tired of this tranquil pleasure. Then he looked out from his lofty retreat to count how many different kinds of trees he could see from that leafy throne; and then for a few minutes he lay back with his face to the sky and watched the white airy puffs of cloud which floated slowly across the blue with a dreamy enjoyment. But such meditative pleasures could not last very long. It was true he had the delightful thought that he had played truant, and had a whole day to himself, to fall back upon when he was tired, and this was always refreshing. But after a while it weighed heavy upon Val that he had nothing to do, and presently even the satisfaction of having stolen a march upon Mr. Grinder scarcely bulked as large on his mind as the want of breakfast, which he saw no easy way of obtaining up here among the leaves. He did not venture to go to a gamekeeper's cottage for a share of the children's porridge, lest he should be led ignominiously back to Grinder and grammar. All at once a brilliant idea suggested itself — the Hewan! In a moment this notion was carried into practice; and Val, jumping down like a squirrel from his nest in the trees, stole up the brae under the deepest trees, through the ferns all wet with dew, to the little airy platform on which the sun was shining, where the windows had just been opened and the day begun. One little figure sat perched on the low earthen dyke looking down the course of the Esk over tower and tree, and showing from far like a blue flower in her bright-coloured frock. "It's the flag," said Val at first to himself, as he toiled upward through the high ferns, keeping carefully away from the path; then he corrected this first notion, and said, "It's Sandy's cricket-cap;" and then he added to himself with animation, "It's Vi!"

It was Vi, grown older and a little bigger since the first time she came to the Hewan — a very stately, splendid, foolish, idle little person, full of laughter and gravity and baby fun and precocious wisdom. She was as fond of taking care of everybody as ever she had been, but she forgot herself oftener, being older, and was not perhaps quite so severe on peccadilloes as at six. She was a little alarmed when she saw the big thing struggling upward among the ferns, and wondered whether there might really be a bear or a wolf in the woods, as there used to be in ancient times. A lion it could not be, Violet reflected, for the weather was too cold in Scotland for lions. She did not like to run away, but she thanked Providence devoutly that none of "the children" were here, and wondered with a delightful thrill of excitement whether, if it should be a lion, it would do anything to her. Then there came a whistle which Violet knew, and looking down through the bushes with a pleasant sense of safety, she recognized the wayfarer. "Oh, is it you?" she cried, calling to him from the top of her fortress; "I thought it was a bear." "Ay, it's me. There are no bears nowadays. Who has come?" said Val, laconic and *sans cérémonie*, as is the use of children, as he panted upwards to the embankment, and putting his foot in a crevice swung himself up with the aid of a tree. "You will break your neck," said little Vi, with great gravity; "how can you do such things, you foolish boys? — nobody has come but me."

"Nobody but you!" said Val, with a whistle of surprise and half regret. Then he added with animation, "I'm awfully hungry; give us some breakfast, Vi. I have run off from Grinder, and I don't mean to go home till night. You can't think how jolly it is in the woods when there's nobody to stop you, and you have everything your own way."

"Oh, Val!" cried Violet, not knowing how to express the tumult of her feelings. She could not approve of such wickedness, but yet "playing truant" bore a glorious sound about it. She had heard the words from fraternal lips, mingled with sighs of envy. Sandy and the rest had never gone so far as to play truant that she knew of; but the words suggested endless rambles, woods and streams and wild flowers, and everything that stirs a child's imagination; and it was the flush of June, when the woods are at their warmest and richest, and Vi was all

Digitized by Google

alone at the Hewan, hoping for nothing better than a story from old Jean Moffatt to beguile the endless summer day. Her eyes lighted up with excitement and curiosity. "Oh, Val! if they find you what will they do to you?" she cried with awe; "and where will you go, and what will you play at?" she added, eager interest following close upon terror. There was not a soul visible about the Hewan in the morning sunshine. Old Jean had gone away to her own quarters on the other side of the house, after putting Violet's breakfast upon the table in the little parlour — and was busy with her beloved Grumphy, out of sight and hearing. The innocent doors and windows stood wide open; the child, in her blue frock, musing on the dyke in childish dreaminess, had forgotten all about her breakfast. Absolute solitude, absolute stillness, infinitely more deep than that of the forest, which indeed was full of chatter and movement, and inarticulate gay society, was about this silent sunny place. The bold brown boy, with his curls pushed off his forehead, his cheeks glowing, his dress stained with the moss and ferns and morning dew, and his young bosom panting with exertion, looked the very emblem of Adventure and outdoor enterprise — the young reiver born to carry peace and quiet away.

"I'm awfully hungry," was Val's only response. "Vi, have you had your breakfast? I think I could eat you."

"To be sure I had forgotten my breakfast," said Violet, tranquilly; "you are always so hungry, you boys. Come in, there's sure to be plenty for both of us;" and she led the way in with a certain bustle of hospitality. There was a little coffee and a great deal of fresh milk on the table (for old Jean by this time had attained in a kind of vicarious way to the summit of earthly delight, and had, if not her own, yet Mrs. Pringle's cow to care for, and made her butter, and dispensed the milk to the children with a lavish hand) — with two little bantam's eggs in a white napkin, and fresh scones, and fresh butter, and jam and marmalade in abundance. Val made a very rueful face at the bantam's eggs.

"Is that the kind of things girls eat?" he said; "they're only a mouthful — I should like a dozen."

"You may have one," said Vi, graciously. "It's my own little white bantam, and they're always saved for me; but if you're so hungry, I'll call Jean — or I'll go myself, and see what's in the larder."

"That is best," said Val; "it's nice to be by ourselves, just you and me. Don't call Jean; she might tell the gamekeeper, and the gamekeeper would tell Harding, and somebody would be sent after me. You go to the larder, Vi; and I'll tell you when you come back what we'll do."

Violet ran, swift as her little feet could carry her, and came back laden with all the riches the larder contained, the chief article of which was a chicken pie, old Mrs. Moffatt's state dish, which had been prepared for the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, who were expected in the afternoon. Vi either forgot, or did not know the august purpose of this lordly dish: and when were there ever bounds to a child's hospitality when thus left free to entertain an unexpected visitor? She had some of the pie herself, neglecting her little eggs, in compliment to Valentine, who plunged into it, so to speak, body and soul; and they made the heartiest of meals together, with a genuine enjoyment which might have filled an epicure with envy.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Val, with his mouth full; "we'll go away down by the waterside as far as the linn? — were you ever as far as the linn? There's plenty of primroses there still, if you want them, and I might get you a bird's nest if you like, though the eggs are all over; and I'll take one of Sandy's rods, and perhaps we'll get some fish; and we can light a fire and roast potatoes: you can't think how jolly it will be ——"

"We?" said Violet, her brown eyes all one glow of brilliant wonder and delight; "do you mean me too?"

"Of course I mean you too — you are the best of them all," said Val, enthusiastic after his pie; "you never sneak, nor whinge, nor say you are tired like other girls. Run and get your hat; two is far better fun than one — though it's very jolly," he added, not to elate her too much — "all by yourself among the woods. But stop a minute, let's think all we'll take; if we stay all day we'll get hungry, and you can't always catch fish when you want to. Where's a basket? — I think we'd better have the pie."

A cold shiver came over Violet as she asked herself what old Jean would say; but the virtue of hospitality was too strong in her small bosom to permit any objection to her guest's proposal. "After all, it's papa's and mamma's, not old Jean's — it's not like stealing," Vi said

Digitized by Google

to herself. So the pie was put into the basket, and some cheese from the larder, and some scones, and biscuits, and oatcake; the jam Vi objected to, tidiness here outdoing even hospitality. "The jam always upsets, and there's a mess," she said, with a little *moue* of disgust, remembering past experiences; therefore the jam was left behind. Valentine shouldered the basket manfully when all was packed. "You can bring it home full of primroses," he said, a suggestion which filled up the silent transport in Violet's mind. Had it really arrived to her, who was only a girl, nothing more, to "play truant" for a whole day in the woods? the thought was almost too ecstatic — for you see Violet in all her little life had never done anything *very wicked* before, and her whole being thrilled with delightful expectation. Val put the basket down upon the dyke, pausing for one last deliberation upon all the circumstances before they made their start; while Violet, scarcely able to fathom his great thoughts and advanced generalship, watched him eagerly, divining each word before he said it, with her glowing eyes.

"We shan't go by the road," said Val, meditatively, "for we might be seen. You don't mind the ferns being a little damp, do you, Vi? If you hold the basket till I get down I'll lift you over. But look here, haven't you got a cloak or something? Run and fetch your cloak — look sharp; I'll wait here till you come back."

Violet flew like the wind for her little blue cloak, which, by good luck, was waterproof, before she plunged down with her leader into the wet ferns. Poor little Vi! that first plunge was rather disheartening after all her delightful anticipations. The ferns were almost as tall as she was; and her little varnished shoes, her cotton stockings and frock, were small protection from the wet. Excitement kept her up for some time; but when her companion, far in advance of her, called loudly to Vi to come on, I think nothing but the dread of being taunted with cowardice ever after, and shut out from further participation in such expeditions, kept the child from breaking down. She held out valiantly, however, and after various adventures — one of which consisted in a scramble up to Val's favourite seat among the high branches, whither he half dragged half carried her, leaving the basket at the foot of the tree — they reached the bank on the side of the water where the sun shone, and dried her wet skirts and shoes. Here the true delight of the truants began. "Take off your shoes and stockings, and I'll put them in the sun to dry," said Val, who, in his rough way, took care of her; and Violet had never known any sensation so delightful as the touch of the warm, mossy, velvet grass upon her small bare feet, except the other sensation of feeling the warm shallow water ripple over them, as Val helped her out by the stepping-stones to the great boulders at the side of the linn. The opposite bank was one waving mass of foliage, in all the tender tints of the early summer; whilst on that along which the children had been strolling the trees retired a little, to leave a lovely grassy knoll, with an edge of golden sand and sparkling pebbles. Through this green world the Esk ran, fretted by the opposition of the rocks, foaming over them so close by Violet's side that, perched upon her boulder, she could put her hand into the foaming current, and feel it rush in silken violence, warm and strong, carrying away with lightning speed the flowers she dropped into it — till her own childish head grew giddy, and she felt all but whirled away herself, notwithstanding that she sat securely in an arm-chair of rock, where her guardian had placed her. Vi would have been happy, beyond words to tell, thus seated almost in the middle of the stream, with the water rushing and foaming, the leaves shining and rustling, the whole universe full of nothing but melodious storms of soft sound — loud, yet soft, penetrating heart and soul — had it not been for the freaks of that wild guardian, who would perch himself on the topmost point of the boulder on one foot, with the other extended over the rushing linn; or jump the chasm back and forward with shouts of joyous laughter, indifferent to all her remonstrances, which, indeed, he did not hear in the roar of the waterfall. But the fearful joy was sweet, though mixed with panic indescribable. "Oh, Val, if you had fallen in!" she cried, half hysterical with fright and pleasure, when they got back in safety to the grassy bank. I suspect Val was rather glad to be back too in safety, though he could not restrain the masculine impulse of showing his prowess, and dazzling and frightening the small woman who furnished the most appreciative audience Val had ever yet encountered in his short life.

I need not attempt to describe the consternation which filled all bosoms in the two houses from which the truants had

Digitized by Google

fled, when their absence was discovered. The Pringles arrived to find their chicken pie gone, and their daughter, and Lady Eskside white with terror, consulting with old Jean Moffatt at the cottage door. Jean was not deeply alarmed, and could not restrain her sense of the joke, the ravaged larder, and the prudent provision of the runaways; but poor Lady Eskside did not see the joke. "How can we tell the children alone did it?" she cried, with terrible thoughts in her mind of some gipsy rescue — some wild attempt of the boy's mother to take him away again. She was ghastly with fear as she examined the marks on the dyke where the culprits had scrambled over. "No bairn ever did that," cried the old lady, infecting Mr. Pringle at least with her terrors. Lord Eskside and Harding and the gamekeepers were dispersed over the woods in all directions, searching for the lost children, and the old lady was on her way to the lower part of the stream, though all agreed it was almost impossible that little Vi could have walked so far as the linn, the most dangerous spot on Esk. "Would you like to come with me?" my lady said with white lips to Mrs. Pringle, whose steady bosom, accustomed to the vagaries of seven boys, took less alarm, but who was sufficiently annoyed and anxious to accept the offer. Mr. Pringle got over the dyke in the traces of the fugitives, to follow their route to the same spot, and thus all was excitement and alarm in the peaceful place. "It is not the linn I fear — it is those wild folk," cried poor Lady Eskside in the misery of her suspense, forgetting that it was her adversary's wife who was also her fellow-sufferer. But good Mrs. Pringle was nobody's adversary, and had long ago given up all thought of the Eskside lordship. She received this agitated confidence calmly. "They could have no reason to carry off my little Vi," she said, with unanswerable good sense. The two ladies drove down the other side of the hill to the water-side, a little below the linn, and leaving the carriage, walked up the stream — one of them at least with such tortures of anxiety in her breast, as the mother of an only child alone can know. Mrs. Pringle was a little uneasy too, but her boys had been in so many scrapes, out of which they had scrambled with perfect safety, that her feelings were softened by long usage. At the linn some traces were visible, which still further consoled Violet's mother, but did not affect Lady Eskside — Violet's little handkerchief to wit, very wet, rather dirty, and full of primroses. "They have been playing here," said the more composed mother. "*She* has been here," cried the old lady, "but oh, my boy! my boy!"

"I see something among the trees yonder," cried Mrs. Pringle, running on. Lady Eskside was over sixty, but she ran too, lighter of foot than her younger companion, and inspired with fears impossible to the other. The sun had set by this time, but the light had not waned — it had only changed its character, as the light of a long summer twilight in Scotland changes, magically, into a something which is not day, but as clear as day, sweeter and paler — a visionary light in which spirits might walk abroad, and all sweet visions become possible. Hurrying through this tender, pale illumination of the woodland world about them, the two ladies came suddenly upon a scene which neither of them, I think, ever forgot. It was like a tender travesty, half touching half comic, of some maturer tale. Between two great trees lay a little glade of the softest mossy grass, with all kinds of brown velvet touches of colour breaking its soft green; vast beech-boughs stretching over it like a canopy, and a gleam of the river just visible. Over the foreground were scattered the remains of a meal, the central point of which — the dish which had once been a pie — caught Mrs. Pringle's rueful gaze at once. A mass of half faded primroses, mixed with the pretty though scentless blue violet which grows along with them, lay dropped about in all directions, having apparently been crazily propped up as an ornament to the rustic dinner table. Against the further tree were the little runaways — Violet huddled up in her blue cloak, with nothing of her visible but her little head slightly thrown back, leaning half on the tree, half on her companion, who, supporting himself against the trunk, gave her a loyal shoulder to rest upon. The little girl had cried herself to sleep — tears were still upon her long eyelashes, and the little pouting rose-mouth was drawn down at the corners. But Valentine was not sleeping. He was pondering terrible thoughts under his knitted brows. How he was ever to get home — how he was ever to get *her* home! The boy was chilled and depressed and worn out, and awful anticipations were in his mind. What would happen if they had to stay there all night through the midnight darkness, among the stirrings of the mysterious woods? Val knew what

Digitized by Google

strange sounds the woods make when it is dark, and you are alone in them — and a whole night! His mind was too much confused to hear the soft steps of the two ladies who stood behind the other big beech, looking, without a word, at this pretty scene — Lady Eskside, for her part, too much overpowered by the sudden sense of relief to be able to speak. I am not sure that a momentary regret over her chicken pie did not make itself felt in Mrs. Pringle's soul; but she, too, paused with a little emotion to look at the unconscious baby-pair, leaning against each other in mutual support; the little woman overwhelmed with remorse and fatigue, the little man moody and penitent over the dregs of the feast, and the wild career of pleasure past. But just then there came a crash of branches, and louder steps resounding down the brae among the ferns, which made Val's face light up with hope and shame, and woke little Violet from her momentary oblivion. Lord Eskside's party of beaters, and Mr. Pringle, solitary but vigorous, all converged at the same moment upon this spot. "Here, my lord," said Willie Maitland's hearty voice, with laughter that made the woods ring — "here are your babes in the wood."

CHAPTER XII.

THE exploit of the Babes in the Wood, as Willie Maitland called it, was one of the last freaks which Valentine played in his childhood by Eskside. Mr. Grinder, who was from Oxford, a cultured and dainty young Don, was recognized to be no fit tutor for a child who preferred the woods to the classics, and could not construe a bit of Greek decently to save his life. What agonies Mr. Grinder went through while his term of office lasted I will not attempt to describe. He was a young man of fine mind — one of the finest minds of his day, and that was saying a great deal. He loved pictures and fine furniture and dainty decorations as well as Richard Ross did, though perhaps he was not quite so learned; and when he first saw the great green cabinets in the drawing-room, could barely say the common civilities to Lady Eskside before he went on his knees to adore the Vernis-Martin. It may be supposed how little this dainty personage had in common with the boy, always carrying an atmosphere of fresh air about him, his pockets bulged out with unknown implements, his boots often clogged with mud, and his hands not always clean, whom it seemed a kind of desecration to introduce, all rustic and noisy, into the shadowy world of the Greek drama. Mr. Grinder, I am afraid, had looked with lenient eye upon his pupil's absence on that June day. He had not reported the truant, but reconciled himself easily to the want of him; and it was only when the day was almost over that he had taken fright at the boy's prolonged absence. Lady Eskside could not forgive him the panic he had caused her, and as soon as the most exquisite politeness and delicate pretences of regret made it possible, Mr. Grinder and his knick-knacks were got rid of; and a hard-working student from Edinburgh College, toiling mightily to make his way into the Scotch Church, and indifferent what labours he went through to attain this end, reigned in his stead. He was perhaps not so pleasant a person to have in the house, my lady allowed, but far better for the boy, which was the first object. The new man cared nothing about the sanctity of the Greek drama, and perhaps did not know very much, if the truth were told. He turned Valentine on to Homer, and marched him through battle and tempest with some rough sense of the poetry, but very little delicacy about the grammar. But he kept his eye upon his pupil, and got a certain amount of work out of him, and prevented all such runaway expeditions, relieving the old people from their anxieties for the moment; for Val was not an easy boy to manage. He had two natures in him, as Lady Eskside said,— the one wild, adventurous, uncontrollable; the other more than ordinarily adapted to social influences. But when a boy gets into his teens he is not so easily kept up to the pitch of drawing-room polish as is a dainty little gentleman of eight in velvet and lace. With the period of black jackets the histrionic power begins to wane — temporarily at least: and when Val at thirteen turned his back upon the Dowager Duchess, and fretted furiously against being taken to make calls, his terrified grandmother thought immediately, not of his age, but of the mother's blood, which made him clownish; and not only thought so herself, but was seized with a panic lest others should think so. It had made her proud to see how far her little Val surpassed in manners the Marquis of Hightowers; but it did not console her to think that Valentine now was no worse than his exalted neighbour. For alas! the mother of

Digitized by Google

Hightowers had as many quarterings on her shield as his august father, and the boy might be as great a lout as he liked without exciting any remark or suspicion; whereas poor Val could never be free of possible criticism on the score of his mother's blood.

This troubled the serenity of his childhood, though Val himself did not know the reason why. His recollections of the earlier period of his life had grown very vague in those years. Val had been well disposed to be communicative on the subject when he came to Eskside first. He had shown on many occasions a dangerous amount of interest and knowledge as to the economy of the travelling vans which sometimes passed through Lasswade with shows of various kinds, or basketmakers or tinkers; and once had followed one of them for miles along the road, and had been brought back again much disfigured with weeping, whimpering that his mammy must be there. But children are very quick to perceive when their recollections are not acceptable to the people about them, and still more easily led into other channels of thought; and as he had nothing near him to recall that chapter of his life to his mind, he gradually forgot it. There was still a vague light of familiarity and interest in his eyes if, by any chance, he came upon an encampment of gipsies, or the vans of a show, or even the travelling tramps upon the road. The boy, I think, came to be ashamed of this feeling of interest, and to divine that his early life was no credit to him, but rather something to be concealed, about the same time as he ceased to be the perfect little actor and social performer he had been in his first stage. He began to be conscious of himself, that most confusing and bewildering of experiences. This consciousness comes later or earlier, according to the constitution of the individual; but when it comes, it has always a confusing influence upon the young mind and life. When one's self thrusts into sight, and insists upon filling up the foreground of the scene, it changes all natural rules of proportion and perspective. The child or the youth has to review everything around him over again to get it into keeping with this new phantom suddenly arisen, which does nothing but harass his mind, and puts him out in all his calculations. Me — how much has been said about it, philosophies based upon it, the whole heaven and earth founded on this atom; but there is nothing that bewilders the young soul so much as to see it surging up through the fair sunny matter-of-fact universe, and through the world of dreams, disturbing and disarranging everything. This change befel Valentine early. I think it began from that day in the woods, which was full of so many experiences. Even then he had been faintly conscious of himself — conscious of "showing off" to dazzle Violet on the linn — conscious of deceiving her as to their safety when she began to cry with fatigue and loneliness — and he, upon whom all the responsibility of the escapade lay, had to think how she was to be got home. In the chaotic bit of existence which followed, when Oxford, worsted, left the field, and Edinburgh, dauntless, came in, Valentine had a tough fight with this Frankenstein of himself, this creature which already had lived two lives, and possessed a vague confusing world of memories half worn out, yet not altogether extinct, alongside of his actual existence. I do not mean to pretend that the boy was a prodigy of reflectiveness, and brooded over these thoughts night and day; but yet there were times when they would come into his mind, taking all his baby grace away from him, and all the security and power of unconsciousness. Lady Eskside did not know what had come over her boy. She discussed it eagerly with her old lord, who tried in vain to dismiss the subject. "He's at the uncouth age, that's all," said Lord Eskside. "Oh, I hope it is not his mother's blood!" said the old lady. And thus the delightful day of playing truant in the woods was the primary cause of a wonderful revolution in Val's affairs. The grandfather and grandmother made up their minds to deny themselves, and send him to school.

The incident of the Babes in the Wood scarcely made less impression on the side of the other culprit. Mrs. Pringle took her little daughter home, not without some emotion — for what mother can resist the delighted look of absolute security which comes to the face even of a naughty child, when, out of unimaginable danger and tragic desolation, it suddenly beholds the Deliverer appear, the parent in whom Providence and Power and Supreme Capacity are conjoined? But she was half amused at the same time; and indeed the whole household at the Hewan regarded Vi's escapade with more amusement than alarm. "Oh, Miss Violet, to tak' the pie — that was a' I had for your papa's and mamma's dinner!" said old

Digitized by Google

Jean. "They maun be content with ham and eggs noo, for I've naething else in the hoose. My larder's sweepit clean," she added, when Violet had been carried off to have her damp and draggled garments changed. "Cheese and biscuits and everything there was: my word, but yon laddie maun have a good stomach! You wouldna think to bring the pie-dish back?"

"Indeed, we were too thankful," said Mrs. Pringle, "to find the bairns ——"

"Oh, the bairns! bless you, there was never ony fear o' the bairns; but my dish was new, or as good as new. I'll give little Johnny at the farm a penny to gang and look for't. There was three fine fat young chickens, no' to speak of eggs and a' the seasoning. If that laddie's no' ill the morn he maun be an ostridge, or whatever ye ca' the muckle bird ye get the feathers from; and a' the morning's milk and the new bread I laid in for your suppers! Just an ostridge! I wish the laddie nae harm, but he should have a sair head the morn, and a good licking, if he gets what he deserves."

"Alexander," said Mrs. Pringle, an hour or two later, when she, with a warm shawl on, took a seat for ten minutes on the earthen dyke to keep her husband company while he smoked his cigar. The night was still clear, and pale with the lingering of the light, though it was past ten o'clock; and the western sky shone with such silvery tints of celestial hue, sublime visions of colour, free of all earthly crudeness, as are never visible save in a northern summer. "Alexander, Sandy's wife, if he lives to have one, will never be Lady Eskside; but I would not wonder if you and me had more interest in that title than any daughter-in-law could give us. We'll see what time may bring forth."

"You mean you'll have it yourself? I am sure I hope so, one day, my dear," said Mr. Pringle, complacently: "not meaning any harm to Dick Ross; but his was never a very strong life."

"I am not meaning myself," said Mrs. Pringle, provoked. "How obtuse you are, you men! Neither you nor Sandy will ever have the lordship, you may take my word for that."

"And what do I care then who is my lady?" said the heavy husband. "I don't really see, my dear, why you should be so very decided against your husband and son. One would think you would be more likely to take our side."

Mrs. Pringle shrugged her shoulders slightly, and drew her shawl closer round her. What was the use of throwing away her pearls — her higher insight? She changed the subject; and by and by, having no consolation of a cigar, and finding the lovely twilight chilly, though it was so beautiful, she went in, and went up-stairs to the little room in the roof where Violet lay warm and cosy, with her bright eyes still open, and turned to the soft clear sky of which her attic window was full. "Oh, mamma, was it very, very wicked to go?" said Violet. Her mother stooped to kiss the little tearful face.

"We'll say no more about it, Vi — but you must never play truant again."

"Never!" cried Vi, with a half sob which prolonged the word, and made it echo through the tiny chamber. Alas, there was more than penitence in the word; there was regret, there was the ghost of a delight made doubly precious by trouble and terror. Oh, no, never again! but what had all Violet's discreet and exemplary life — a life irreproachable and full of every (nursery) virtue — to show which could compare with the transport, and terror, and misery, and sweetness, of that one never-to-be-repeated day?

Vi had a great deal to bear afterwards, when the boys heard the story, and held over her the recollection of the "day she played truant," with all that delight in torture which is natural to their kind. But with all this they could not take from her the memory of it, which grew dearer in proportion as she buried it in her own small bosom. The running of the water, the rustling of the leaves, the solemn drowse of noon in the full sunshine, the soft velvet rush of the foaming linn over the little fingers with which she tried to stop its torrent, and all the stirs and movements among the trees, peopled the child's recollection for many a day. Seated at a dull window in Moray Place, looking out upon the stiff garden with its shrubs — public property, and unlovely as public property generally is — Violet could see once more her bold companion leaping from one boulder to another, with the furious Esk underneath, and feel again a delicious thrill of visionary terror. She had learned more about "the country," about woods and wilds, and birds and squirrels, and about the sensations of explorers in a new-discovered land, than anything else could have taught her. "I too in Arcadia," she could have said: her one day of playing truant was

Digitized by Google

the possession out of which she drew most enjoyment; and I leave the gentle reader to imagine, as Violet grew older, whether she could dismiss the partner of this celestial piece of wickedness into the mere common region of indifference, and leave him there undistinguished by any preference. She was always Val's defender afterwards, when any discussion of his merits arose among the boys; and what was more remarkable still, Mrs. Pringle became Val's warm partisan and supporter, dismissing almost with indignation any suggestion which might be made to his disfavour. She was impatient of what she called her husband's "whimsey" about his heirship. "It is just a piece of folly," she would say with some heat. "Are the Esksides fools to take up a false heir? or what motive could they have? Your father is a very clever man, and has a great deal of sense in a general way. But, boys, don't you build any hopes upon this, for it's just nonsense. You may be sure they are not the kind of folk to commit themselves, or expose the property to certain waste and destruction, with an impostor for an heir——" That he should have so important a deserter from his standard filled Mr. Pringle with surprise. He was justified in thinking that it would have been natural that, right or wrong, she should have placed herself on her own boy's side. But Mrs. Pringle was a woman who was given to an opinion of her own, and was not to be persuaded out of it when once formed upon sufficient cause.

And thus the soft-paced time went on, gently, dallying with the children, spinning out long tranquil days for them, and years that seemed as if they would never be over, as he does not do with their elders. They grew up slowly like the grass, which never shows itself in the act of growing, but is, while yet we are unaware of it. The happiest of all life's various periods — not only to the younglings, who are unconscious of it, but also to the fathers and mothers, who sometimes have an inkling of the truth — it looks long while it is in progress, thank heaven — though after, I suppose, when it is over, and the birds are out of the nest, it is like everything else in life, as short to look back upon as a tale that is told. But in the meantime there is little more to be said than that the children grew. And by and by Rosscraig House fell into sudden shadow, as if the sun had gone behind a cloud, and the voices in it died down into subdued sounds of old people's voices, as had been before the child came to it, turning everything topsy-turvy. Val had been sent to school.

From The Fortnightly Review.

TWO CHAPTERS ON THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

CHAPTER II.

A.D. 1679–1715.

After the conclusion of the Dutch War the reign of Louis XIV. enters on a period of manifest decline. The cost of the war had been tremendous. In 1677, the expenditure had been one hundred and ten millions, and Colbert had to meet this with a net revenue of eighty-one millions. The trade and commerce of the country had also suffered much during the war. With bitter grief the great minister saw himself compelled to reverse the beneficent policy of his earlier days, to add to the tax on salt, to increase the ever-crushing burden of the Taille, to create new offices — *i.e.* hereditary employments in the government — to the extent of three hundred millions,* augmenting the already monstrous army of superfluous officials, and, finally, simply to borrow money at high interest. The new exactions had produced widespread misery in the provinces before the war came to an end. In 1675, the Governor of Dauphiné had written to Colbert, saying that commerce had entirely ceased in his district, and that the larger part of the people had lived during the winter on bread made from acorns and roots, and that at the time of his writing they were seen to be eating the grass of the fields and the bark of trees.† The long-continued anguish produced at last despair and rebellion. In Bordeaux great excesses were committed by the

* That is, capital to that amount supplied to the Government, which, besides the small interest it brought to those who had paid it, conferred a post under the Crown, which was, moreover, hereditary. The reader has to conceive a universal system of purchase similar to that recently abolished in the English army, to gain a remote notion of the civil administration of France. It would be difficult to say what civil function was not at one time or another erected into an office. The function of selling flowers in the streets was purchased by the flower-girls of Paris for 200 livres.

† Il est asseuré, Monsieur, et je vous parle pour en estre bien informé, que la plus grande partie des habitants de ladite province n'ont vescu pendant l'hyver que de pain de glands et de racines, et que présentement on les void manger l'herbe des prez et l'escorce des arbres. — Letter quoted at length in Clement's "Hist. de Colbert," p. 279.

Digitized by Google

mob, which were punished with severity. Six thousand soldiers were quartered in the town, and were guilty of such disorders that the best families emigrated, and trade was ruined for a long period. But Brittany witnessed still worse evils. There also riots and disturbances had been produced by the excessive pressure of the imposts. An army of five thousand men was poured into the province, and inflicted such terror on the population, that the wretched peasants, at the mere sight of the soldiers, threw themselves on their knees in an attitude of supplication, and exclaimed "meâ culpâ." The lively Madame de Sévigné gives us some interesting details concerning these events in the intervals when court scandal ran low, and the brave doings of Madame de Montespan suffered a temporary interruption. "Would you like," says the tender-hearted lady to her daughter, "would you like to have news of Rennes?* There are still five thousand soldiers here, as more have come from Nantes. A tax of one hundred thousand crowns has been laid upon the citizens, and if the money is not forthcoming in twenty-four hours, the tax will be doubled and levied by the soldiers. All the inhabitants of a large street have already been driven out and banished, and no one may receive them under pain of death, so that all these poor wretches, old men, women recently delivered, and children, were seen wandering in tears as they left the town, not knowing whither to go, or where to sleep, or what to eat. The day before yesterday, one of the leaders of the riot was broken alive on the wheel. Sixty citizens have been seized, and tomorrow the hanging will begin." In other letters she writes, that the *tenth* man had been broken on the wheel, and she thinks he will be the last, and that by dint of hanging it will soon be left off.†

It would be difficult indeed to convey to any modern reader even an approximate conception of the ceaseless and revolting cruelty of the old fiscal system of France. In extortion and caprice it resembled the government of a Turkish Pacha, in cruelty the English government of Ireland during the rebellion of 1798. All who considered the subject were agreed that the weight of the taxes, terrible as it was, was the least of the grievances which the lower and working classes had to endure, as compared to the mode in which the imposts were levied and distributed. For it must not be forgotten that this French Monarchy, so famed for its suppression of Feudalism, so unduly credited with consideration of the poor against the rich, never during the whole length of its evil existence — except when it was about to disappear and the great Revolution was thundering at its doors — never once did it relieve the weak and needy at the expense of the strong and wealthy, but always the reverse. Always in want of money, the Government took it wherever it could be found, and it was easier to get it from the dumb toilers (who had no means of protest but such as we have just seen, insurrection to be suppressed by massacre) than from the high and mighty, who could raise a formidable clamour. Mazarin once hoped to levy five millions by a tax on the opulent houses in the new quarters of Paris. Their rich inmates made a loud protest, and Mazarin, who loved quiet, transferred his five millions to the Taille.*

A mere catalogue of the innumerable exactions to which the French peasant was exposed, would fill more space than can be spared here. Indeed the subject is involved in much obscurity. The Fiscality of the old régime is, in some degree, a lost science; so intricate, multiform and various were its ramifications, that many of its terms are without meaning, even to antiquaries. Even in the last century, when it was in full operation, it was generally regarded as a mystery to all but its own adepts, the financiers and their army of agents and collectors. A few examples taken almost at random are all that can be offered.

The excise on liquors, called *Aides*, was very onerous, but still more unbearably vexatious. The dues on wine, cider, and beer were so numerous, that they sometimes amounted to twenty times the cost price of the article. But even this prohibitive taxation was felt to be a less evil than the insulting intrusion into private life which the law permitted to its agents in the matter. These officials, whom one of Colbert's correspondents calls "ferocious animals," had the right of controlling the consumption in private houses. They took an inventory of the amount possessed by every private person after the vintage, and kept a regular account of its progressive diminution

* Rennes was what we should call Madame de Sévigné's county town.

† "Lettres de Madame de Sévigné," Oct. 30, 1675, *et seq.*

* De Tocqueville, "Ancien Régime," p. 178.

Digitized by Google

in the course of the year. No one durst refuse admission to these tyrants. A certain quantity was fixed by the excise for the yearly consumption of a household. If this quantity was exceeded, a tax was levied called "le trop bu," or the "over drunk." As Le Trosne, one of the most distinguished of the economists of that day, said, "A man could not drink his own wine quietly without keeping a current account with the agents of the excise." *

Another means of extortion was the department called the "Contrôle des Actes," by which nearly every written contract between man and man was submitted to the most inquisitorial scrutiny. It was not a matter of stamps, but every deed and document of the most intimate nature had to be subjected to the arbitrary inspection of a crowd of officials; and it is not hinted, but vehemently asserted, that the most scandalous fraud and extortion were freely practised on the public, which was without redress, as French officials were, as they are now, protected from prosecution by private individuals.†

But all this was nothing compared to the grinding iniquities of the Gabelle and the Taille. That is, the salt-tax, and the burdens laid on the agricultural peasants.

The chaos of legislation to which the Gabelle gave rise has always been acknowledged, by those who have attempted to give an account of it, as exceeding their powers of description and analysis. Le Trosne counted one hundred and eighty edicts, declarations, orders in Council, &c., in sixty-six years, not including the decrees of the *Cours des Aides*. All that can be said here is that not only was the price of salt rendered exorbitant by the tax, *but its consumption at this exorbitant price was compulsory*. Every human being above seven years of age was bound to consume seven pounds of salt per annum, which salt, moreover, was to be exclusively used with food or in cooking. To use it for salting meat, butter, cheese, &c., was prohibited under severe penalties. The average price of salt, over two-thirds of the country, was a shilling a pound. To buy salt of any one but the authorized agents of the Government was punished by fines of 200, 300, and 500 livres (about £80 of our money), and smugglers were punished by imprisonment, the galleys, and death. About twelve thousand persons, half of them children, were arrested every year for contraband traffic in salt. A second conviction was followed by condemnation to the galleys in the case of men, and whipping and banishment in that of women. The use of salt in agriculture was rendered impossible; and it was forbidden, under a penalty of 300 livres (about £50), to take a beast to a salt-marsh, or allow it to drink sea-water. Salted hams and bacon were not allowed to enter the country. The salt used in the fisheries was supervised and guarded by such a number of vexatious regulations that one might suppose the object of the Government was to render that branch of commerce impossible. The fisherman had not only to submit to a host of formalities before he could get any salt at all, but he had to undertake to touch land, on his return, at the same place from which he started, under penalty of confiscation and 300 livres fine—a calamity to which a short gale of wind might easily expose him. Stringent regulations are laid down as to how the fish were to be cured, and the time they were to remain in pickle. It is forbidden to put any salt in their bellies or their gills; they are to be only *powdered* lightly with a pound and a half of salt per barrel. Foreign importations, as might be supposed, are keenly watched. The casks must be opened in the presence of the officers, and all superfluous salt, or what the officers choose to consider as superfluous, is "to be thrown away as foul." This is done at the sea-ports, where importation takes place; but inland a still severer scrutiny awaits the goods. It is ordered that the fish shall be taken out one by one, and that "all superfluous salt be thrown away as foul." * One could have wished that this caricature of fiscal rapacity had not received even the reluctant approbation of the great Colbert, yet the regulations just cited are taken from the *ordonnance* of 1680. The times were too hard for him.

But even the Gabelle was less onerous than the Taille. The amount of the Taille was fixed in the secret councils of the Government according to the exigencies of the financial situation every year. The thirty-two Intendants of the provinces were informed of the amount which their districts were expected to

* Le Trosne, "L'Administration Provinciale," p. 163.

† "Anti-Financier," par Darigrand, p. 53.

* Le Trosne, "L'Administration Provinciale," lib. iii.

Digitized by Google

forward to the Treasury. Each Intendant then made known to the Elections (sub-districts) of his Généralité the sum which they had to find, and the officers called Elus apportioned to each parish its quota of contribution.

Then, in the parishes, was set in motion a system of blind, stupid, and remorseless extortion, of which one cannot read even now without a flash of indignation. First of all, the most flagitious partiality and injustice presided over the distribution of the tax. Parishes which had a friend at Court or in authority got exempt, and with them the tax was a mere form. But these exemptions caused it to fall with more crushing weight on their less fortunate neighbours, as the appointed sum must be made up, whoever paid it. The inequalities of taxation almost surpass belief. "You may often see," says Vauban, "a farm worth three or four thousand a year pay a rate of only forty or fifty livres, while one worth only four or five hundred a year pays one hundred livres, and even more." But this was far from being the worst feature. The chief inhabitants of the country villages were compelled to fill, in rotation, the odious office of collectors. They were responsible for the gross amount to be levied, which they might get as they could out of their parishioners; and the favouritism and injustice which had burdened their parish as compared to their neighbours they were at liberty to pass on and exercise on individuals in their own district. Friends, or persons who had powerful patrons, were exempted; while enemies, or the unprotected, were drained of their last farthing. It may well be supposed that the office of collector was no sinecure. The description given by Boisguillebert of their squalid and brief authority is enough to disturb one's dreams. The collectors went about, we are told, always keeping well together for fear of violence, making their visits and perquisitions, and met everywhere with a chorus of imprecations. As the Taille was always in arrears, on one side of the street might be seen the collectors of the current year pursuing their exactions, while on the other side were those of the year previous engaged on the same business, and further on were the agents of the Gabelle and other taxes employed in a similar manner. From morning to evening, from year's beginning to year's ending, they tramped, escorted by volleys of oaths and curses, getting a penny here and a penny there; for prompt payment under this marvellous system was not to be thought of. Not only would prompt payment have implied wealth, the punishment of which would have been increased taxation the following year of the ill-advised contributors, but it was the direct interest of the government receivers of taxes that as much trouble, delay, and litigation as possible should take place. The oftener their runners and brokers had to visit an outlying village, the larger were their gains. Each "course," each journey of their underlings, was paid so much, and the underlings themselves asked for nothing better, as their visits led, as a matter of course, to a carouse in the wine-shop, to gain their good-will. On the other hand, the collectors themselves were not anxious to exercise too summary measures, fearing reprisals the next year, when they would be out of office, and their victims would be in a position to take vengeance. So, as the year drew to a close, and the amount due from the parish was still outstanding, the higher authorities let it be known that the period of indulgence had expired, and the money must be found. The collectors were taken to prison as a matter of course, as they were legally responsible for the aggregate amount. Timely and ample bribes could occasionally obtain them confinement, without irksomeness, in the village inn, where they lived at the expense of the parish. But if the gaoler of the district, through interest with the Receiver, claimed and obtained them, they had to go off nine or twelve miles to the public prison, where they lay on straw in damp dungeons, from which they came out nearly always ill with fatigue and misery. After the collectors had thus proved in their own persons their inability to meet the demands of the Treasury, scenes occurred such as are hardly known in civilized warfare. Not only were goods and chattels seized and sold by the harpies of the fisc, but, as Vauban says, with a graphic simplicity which wrings the heart: "It is common enough to push the execution so far as to take down the doors of the houses, after all that was inside has been sold; and it even happens that the house is pulled down for the sake of the beams, rafters, and planks, which are sold for a fifth or sixth part of their value, in deduction of the amount due to the Taille."

It is not surprising to learn that not only the evidence of wealth was carefully concealed, and that the most squalid food and clothes were ostentatiously adopted,

Digitized by Google

but that wealth itself, when hunted down in this manner, effectually disappeared. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Norman town of Fécamp had fifty ships employed in the Newfoundland cod fishery. Before the end of the century the Taille had so impoverished the place that *three* only of these ships survived. The people, indeed, were not only exposed to the affliction of seeing their roof-tree pulled down before their eyes, but frequently had to endure personal violence, resulting at times in death. A prominent official, writing to Colbert, gives us some truly shocking details as to how a taxpayer had been not only maltreated in his own person, but had had his daughter killed in his presence, and the rest of his family — that is, wife, another daughter, and servant — wounded with swords and staves; and the inhumanity of the sergeants was such that they returned to seize the wretched father at the very moment of his child's interment. Another fact mentioned in the same letter gives an insight into the scandalous extortion practised by the Government officials. A receiver of the Taille in the district of Beaugency is about to be prosecuted, and it is asserted he will have to disgorge ten thousand crowns of ill-gotten wealth.*

Such was the emaciated France which Louis the Great picked systematically to the bone for the next thirty-five years. He had long ceased to be guided by the patriotic wisdom of the great Colbert. His evil genius now was the haughty and reckless Louvois, who carefully abstained from imitating the noble and daring remonstrances against excessive expenditure which Colbert addresed to his master, and through which he lost his influence at court. Still, with a self-abnegation really heroic, Colbert begged, urged, supplicated the King to reduce his outlay. He represented the misery of the people. "All letters that come from the provinces, whether from the intendants, the receivers general, and even the bishops, speak of it," he wrote to the King. He insisted on a reduction of the Taille by five or six millions; and surely it was time, when its collection gave rise to such scenes as have just been described. It was in vain. The King shut his eyes to mercy and reason. His gigantic war-expenditure, when peace came, was only partially reduced. For, indeed, he was still at war, but with nature and self-created difficulties of his own making. He was building Versailles: transplanting to its arid sands whole groves of full-grown trees from the depths of distant forests, and erecting the costly and fantastic marvel of Marli to afford a supply of water. Louis's buildings cost, first and last, a sum which would be represented by about twenty millions of our money. The amount squandered on pensions was also very great. The great Colbert's days were drawing to a close, and he was very sad. It is related that a friend on one occasion surprised him looking out of a window in his château of Sceau, lost in thought, and apparently gazing on the well-tilled fields of his own manor. When he came out of his reverie, his friend asked him his thoughts. "As I look," he said, "on these fertile fields, I cannot help remembering what I have seen elsewhere. What a rich country is France! If the King's enemies would let him enjoy peace, it would be possible to procure the people that relief and comfort which the great Henry promised them. I could wish that my projects had a happy issue, that abundance reigned in the kingdom, that every one were content in it, and that without employment or dignities, far from the court and business, I saw the grass grow in my home farm." The faithful, indefatigable worker was breaking down, losing strength, losing heart, but still struggling on manfully to the last. It was noticed, that he sat down to his work with a sorrowful, despondent look, and not, as had been his wont, rubbing his hands with the prospect of toil, and exulting in his almost superhuman capacity for labour. The ingratitude of the King, whom he had served only too well, gave him the final blow. Louis, with truculent insolence, reproached him with the "frightful expenses" of Versailles. As if they were Colbert's fault, — Colbert, who had always urged the completion of the Louvre and the suppression of Versailles! At last the foredone giant lay down to die. A tardy touch of feeling induced Louis to write him a letter. He would not read it. "I will hear no more about the King," he said; "let him at least allow me to die in peace. My business now is with the King of kings. If," he continued, unconsciously, we may be sure, plagiarizing Wolsey, "if I had done for God what I have done for that man, my salvation would be secure ten times over; and now I know not what will become of me." Surely a tender and touch-

* Vauban, "Dîme Royale." Boisguillebert, "Détail de la France." "L'Administration Monarchique," par Chéruel, vol. ii., a most excellent work.

Digitized by Google

ing evidence of sweetness in the strong man who had been so readily accused of harshness by grasping courtiers. The ignorant ingratitude of the people was even perhaps more melancholy than the wilful ingratitude of the King. The great Colbert had to be buried by night, lest his remains should be insulted by the mob. He, whose heart had bled for the people's sore anguish, was rashly supposed to be the cause of that anguish. It was a sad conclusion to a great life. But he would have seen still sadder days if he had lived.*

The health of the luxurious, self-indulgent Louis sensibly declined after he had passed his fortieth year. In spite of his robust appearance, he had never been really strong. His loose, lymphatic constitution required much support and management. But he habitually overate himself. He was indeed a gross and greedy glutton. "I have often seen the King," says the Duchess of Orleans, "eat four platefuls of various soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a large dish of salad, stewed mutton with garlic, two good slices of ham, a plate of pastry, and then fruit and sweetmeats." A most unwholesome habit of body was the result. An abscess formed in his upper jaw, and caused a perforation of the palate, which obliged him to be very careful in drinking, as the liquid was apt to pass through the aperture, and come out by the nostrils. He felt weak and depressed, and began to think seriously about "making his salvation." His courtly priests and confessors had never inculcated any duties but two — that of chastity, and that of religious intolerance — and he had been very remiss in both. He now resolved to make hasty reparation. The ample charms of the haughty Montespan fascinated him no more. He tried a new mistress, but she did not turn out well. Madame de Fontanges was young, and exquisitely pretty, but a giddy presuming fool. She moreover, died shortly. He was more than ever disposed to make his salvation — that is, to renounce the sins of the flesh, and to persecute his God-fearing subjects, the Protestants.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, one of the greatest crimes and follies which history records, was too colossal a misdeed for the guilt of its perpetration to be charged upon one man, however wicked or however powerful he may have been. In this case, as in so many others, Louis was the exponent of conditions, the visible representative of circumstances which he had done nothing to create. Just as he was the strongest king France ever had, without having contributed himself to the predominance of the Monarchy, so in the blind and cruel policy of intolerance which led to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he was the delegate and instrument of forces which exised independently of him. A willing instrument, no doubt; a representative of sinister forces; a chooser of the evil part when mere inaction would have been equivalent to a choice of the good. Still it is due to historic accuracy to point out, that had he not been seconded by the existing condition of France, he would not have been able to effect the evil he ultimately brought about.

The famous Edict of Toleration, promulgated by the great Henry in 1598, was partly due to his own magnanimous spirit, and partly to the utter exhaustion and weariness consequent on forty years of religious war. It was a truce imposed by a great statesman on fanatical but worn-out factions. It placed France in the vanguard of European Progress, as the sole country, save, in a measure, Holland, where the hostile creeds lived side by side in peace. But it was a deceptive peace, as the event too clearly proved. It was one of those external, premature, and artificial feats of which the old Monarchy accomplished several; one of those successes which looked so lasting and complete, and were really so imperfect and ephemeral. Just as the Monarchy had effected a premature and unreal political unity, a premature and deceptive centralization of government, so had it effected a premature and deceptive religious peace. The peace had been imposed from without, had not been evolved from within. The people of France were no further advanced in the principles of toleration in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, than they had been in the sixteenth century, if indeed they had not retrograded. In the upper class there was manifest retrogression. There was no L'Hôpital, no De Thou, no Montaigne at Louis XIV.'s side, to raise a voice for justice and humanity. The nobles, tamed into courtly servility, were only anxious to learn the King's intentions and projects, in order to greet them with prompt adulation. The clergy, the military officers, the common soldiers, the common people, were animated by a fierce and

* Henri Martin, "Histoire de France," vol. xiii. p. 634.

Digitized by Google

fanatical hatred of the Calvinists. There can be no doubt that the type of character predominant among the Calvinists was natually antipathetic to the French national temper. Not that Calvinism had created that type; but rather that only those who had it felt drawn to and embraced the reformed doctrines. A gloomy and austere view of life, a keen sense of the shallowness of its pleasures, the deceptiveness of its hopes, and the brevity and uncertainty of all, much strength of will, with little grace or sympathetic charm, rendered the Calvinists a sort of aliens amid the genial, laughter-loving population of Catholic France. Their deficient attractiveness of character was increased by their very virtues. They were eminently frugal, enterprising, and industrious. They throve and flourished where Catholics remained poor — a most odious quality. Most of the skilled handicrafts were in their possession, in a proportion their numbers did not seem to warrant. They formed in a manner a rich middle-class by themselves, and so were exposed to the aristocratic contempt of the military nobles, and the envious hatred of the esurient populace of Catholics. As soon, therefore, as the Sultan of Versailles gave a hint that his pious and Catholic spirit was irritated by their presence, the exultation was great, and the extirpation of the Protestants an event foredoomed.

The persecution of the Calvinists by Louis XIV. is singular in its wanton cruelty and needlessness, even in the long record of Romanist iniquities. The atrocities of the sixteenth century, frightful as they were, are explained, if not excused, by the barbarity of the times, by the specious and not wholly unfounded charge of factiousness brought against the Huguenots, whereby they endangered the unity and existence of the State. In the earlier period of the Reformation, and the remark is still more applicable to the mediæval heresies, it is quite conceivable how lofty-minded and good men should have felt that almost any measure were justifiable to stay what they considered a moral pestilence fraught with temporal and eternal mischief to humanity. It is one of the many miseries of poor human nature that the noblest emotions may, if unwatched, lead to the most pernicious and inhuman results. The spirit of persecution may find lodging in any mind from the highest to the lowest — from a St. Paul down to a Jeffreys, from an Innocent III. down to a Louis XIV. But the conditions and age of the persecution clearly reveal to which category the persecutor belongs. To save the great and noble fabric of Catholicism in the early thirteenth century, to love with an exceeding love that stately and complete scheme of life which overarched mediæval man, wide as the heavens and lofty as the sky, to swiftly transmute that love into a consuming fire against the appalling iniquity which would defeat such a scheme, this was natural and nowise discreditable to the Hildebrands and Innocents. But what had Louis XIV. to do with these things? A gross and unclean liver, a despiser of the commandments of the God he feigned to worship, an insulter of the Vicegerent of that God whom he pretended to revere, what right had he to the sombre honour of a sincere fanaticism?

Still less could any conception of State policy justify the revocation of the Edict. Whatever the Protestants may once have been, they were, in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, incontestably the most industrious and loyal part of the population. They had stood firmly by the Monarchy, even during the bewildering turmoil of the Fronde. Their value to the State, from an economic point of view, was well known to every one acquainted with French finances. Above all, their fidelity as French citizens to their king and country was beyond dispute; their lower orders had fought in the armies which invaded Holland; their maritime population, besides a contingent of nine thousand sailors, had given to France one of the greatest admirals she ever possessed — Duquesne; their noblesse had given her the most illustrious general of the age or even of the century — Turenne. These are the facts that convict Louis and his clerical advisers of an imbecility even greater than their wickedness. When it is retorted by Romanists, that Protestant States afflicted their Catholic subjects with disabilities and even persecution, the retort argues either singular mental dulness or gross ill-faith. First of all, the Catholics were not persecuted in Protestant states as the Calvinists were in France. The Catholic subjects of the great Elector of Brandenburg were vastly better treated than the Catholic subjects of the most Christian King, Louis XIV. The Catholic subjects of the Dutch Republic were treated not only with justice but generosity. When the French king took Maëstricht, he found the Catholics enjoying all the liberties they had had under the Spanish do-

Digitized by Google

minion. The Jesuits had indeed been expelled for a nefarious conspiracy; but the States-General of Holland were so easy-tempered, that they restored the reverend fathers, and this at a time when, by many Catholics, they were regarded as prodigies of immorality. England had not been so magnanimous, but her provocation had been exceptionally great. Ever since the accession of Elizabeth, she had been singled out for especial anathema by the Papacy. English Catholics, Irish Catholics, Spanish Catholics, French Catholics, had all in various degrees manifested, over and over, their undying hatred of the greatest Protestant power; and the animosity of Papists did not mean the discontent of a portion of the population, but the strategical onslaught of an immense host, led by consummate commanders and obedient in disciplined order to the behests of a single mind. It is easy, now that the great serpent has been partially scotched — now that his poisonous fangs have been in a measure destroyed, to speak with complacent serenity of the beauty of universal toleration, and with contempt of the panics caused by real or imaginary Popish plots. Why should not the English fear the fate which had overtaken the Protestants of Bohemia, of the Netherlands, of Austria, nay, of Italy and Spain? They had before their eyes examples not of persecution but of extirpation. Even the odious penal laws against the Irish have this explanation, if not excuse, that the Irish had always appeared to the English in the character of willing allies and tools of their worst enemies. They were moreover regarded as foreigners and savages, as little entitled to justice and clemency as red men in the wilds of Virginia, or black men on the coast of Guinea, and the English made as little difficulty about treating them with horrible cruelty as Europeans, whether Catholic or Protestant, have usually shown in their dealings with races they have considered beneath themselves. At the epoch we are now engaged upon, the Irish were doubly odious — odious as incorrigible Papists, still more odious as blind imbecile tools in the hands of the great European enemy. At the very moment when all Europe, without distinction of creed, was coalescing against the great despot of Versailles; when the Spanish ambassador at the Hague was causing a grand mass to be celebrated for the success of the fleet which carried William of Orange and his liberating troops to Torbay; when the Pope himself was heartily sympathetic with Protestant England against his insolent eldest son of the Church — the wild denizens of the bogs of Ireland rushed forward, as stupid, officious marplots, fiercely resolved, as far as in them lay, to frustrate the cause of civilization and freedom. The Irish penal laws were infamous and cruel; the nation which inflicted them has bitterly expiated, and still expiates, their iniquity. But we must not forget that the provocation offered to the nation had been immense. Cromwell and William were in the thick of the final fierce struggle of a battle which had been deluging Europe with blood for a hundred years. Their rigour might be cruel, but their indulgence would certainly have been suicidal; and it did not lie in their adversaries' mouths to preach moderation and humanity. They had more warrant than most rulers for acting on the maxim, *Salus populi suprema lex.*

No such excuse can be pleaded for Louis. The ground under his throne was not honeycombed by Protestant plots; his country was not threatened by an heir presumptive to the crown, who, like the Duke of York, ostentatiously announced his adoption of principles which the mass of the people regarded with horror; he had not to contend with an ubiquitous yet impalpable enemy, with that singular order of men who had coupled in such strange union the reckless daring of fanaticism with the most subtle craft of worldly prudence; he had no Protestant Society of Jesus to do battle with; his throne was more secure than that of any previous king of France. In mere wantonness of tyranny, in mere coldbloodedness of cruelty, he resolved, to violate the sanctuary of the mind; he resolved now that age and illness had cooled his concupiscence, to sooth his counterfeit conscience by outraging that of others; to make friends with his jealous God by making two millions of his subjects taste a bitterness worse than death.

The Edict of Nantes was revoked 17th October, 1685. But the persecution had waxed hot during the four previous years. As early as 1681 Poitou had been "dragooned." The French dragoons were both horse and foot soldiers — a superior kind of troops as regards pay and position in the army, but none the less insolent and cruel for the favours they received. They had graduated in every species of atrocity in German and Dutch wars. They had devastated the

Digitized by Google

Palatinate under Turenne, and would do so again soon under Duras. These were the auxiliaries now despatched to assist the missionaries in their work of converting the Huguenots; and, lest there should be any mistake, lest, by the remotest possibility, a touch of mercy and compassion should linger in their shaggy bosoms, the Minister of war, Louvois, wrote to the commander, "It is his Majesty's wish that the last severities should be inflicted on those who refuse to adopt his religion. Those who would have the stupid honour of being the last, must be pushed themselves to the last extremity. . . . The soldiers are to be allowed to live very licentiously."* It requires no great power of imagination to conceive what that means. It is true there was a pretence made of punishing murder, rape, and pillage; but there is no record of a single dragoon being punished. Indeed his Majesty had expressed a fear that such punishment might have a bad effect, and cause the sectarians to say that he disapproved, in some degree, of the measures taken to convert them.

At the mere advance of the soldiers upon the Protestant districts, a paralysis of terror struck the whole population; conversions were made *en masse* of thousands and tens of thousands. The glad tidings were carried to Louis, and made him radiant with delight. His whole court reflected the brightness of their monarch's visage. "It is the finest thing that ever was imagined or executed," said Madame de Sévigné. The organ tones of Bossuet's eloquence pealed forth in their grandest roll of jubilation. "Let us publish," he said, "the miracle of our time; let us pour forth our hearts over the piety of Louis; let us send our acclamations up to the heavens, and let us say to this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this new Marcian, this new Charlemagne:—'You have established the faith; you have exterminated the heretics. It is a work worthy of your reign—its peculiar characteristic. Through you heresy exists no more. God alone could achieve this marvel.'" All the corporate bodies, the courts of justice, the academies, the universities, the municipalities, burst forth in praise; medals were struck, representing the King crowned by Religion, "for having brought back to the Church two millions of Calvinists;" statues were erected to the destroyer of heresy; and so forth. So the matter looked at Versailles.

In the provinces a very different scene was witnessed. The "new converts," who had rushed to the Catholic churches to escape the soldiers, soon gave cause to suspect the sincerity of their conversion. Some openly repented of their weakness, and upon these the dragoons were let loose. They were quartered in the Calvinists' houses as many as a hundred at a time, and were careful to follow superior orders, and live licentiously. They took pleasure in making demure Huguenot ladies, who shuddered at the least unseemliness of speech, listen to ribald songs and blasphemous curses. More attractive still was it to be waited on day and night by these retiring women, to make them cook their dinners and clean their boots—for Catholic servants were especially forbidden to render any help on these occasions. But these were trifles. Some of the Protestants showed themselves thoroughly stubborn, and these had to be made to surrender. Torture was used, and not always with success. Victims had their feet "warmed," which means roasted; on others the barbarous military punishment called the "Estrapade" was inflicted. It consisted in elevating the patient, with his hands tied, to the top of a lofty mast by means of a rope, and then suddenly letting him fall with such force as to break his limbs. Others were suspended by the feet, with the head downwards. Strange enough, it was found that the entire privation of sleep was one of the most successful and dreaded of the tortures. Night and day—day and night, a ceaseless and infernal din was kept up in the houses of the Protestants. Drums, trumpets, explosion of fire-arms, and, what was still worse, the perpetual roar of drunken and obscene voices, deprived the wretched inmates of all sleep, or the solace of a moment's oblivion; and scarcely any were found to resist the torment. A peculiarly diabolic cruelty was practised on young women who happened to be nursing. The mothers were fastened firmly in full view, but still beyond reach, of their babes—and left. The torture of the infant, the double torture of the mother, who saw its appealing cries gradually subside into the faintness of exhaustion and death, were found to be very efficacious in bringing over the stubborn Calvinists to the religion of his Majesty.

One of the darkest features of this per-

* Henri Martin, "Histoire de France," vol. xiv. p. 49.

Digitized by Google

secution was, that the wretched victims of it were forbidden to save themselves by voluntary flight and exile. To leave the country was prohibited under the severest penalties. Even the aiding and abetting of a Huguenot's escape was punished by the galleys. Nevertheless vast numbers did make good their evasion. The exact number of the emigrants cannot be ascertained. The most probable estimate, perhaps, is about a quarter of a million of adults; a small exodus, it may be, compared to some we have seen in our day. But when the relative difficulty of locomotion at that time and this is considered, and when we further reflect, that the immense resources at the disposal of the French Government were strained to the utmost to prevent all exit from the kingdom, we shall rather be struck by the magnitude than the smallness of the numbers. But the loss to France caused by the emigration of the Protestants is imperfectly represented by mere figures. It was not mere hewers of wood or drawers of water that wandered forth; nor was it a dissipated and worthless nobility. It was the bone and muscle and busy brain of the country, as the event sufficiently proved. England, Holland, and Prussia took a new departure in industry from the time of the advent of the industrious refugees. They contrived to take a considerable amount of wealth with them — something like five millions of our money.

This colossal iniquity was signally avenged, and the feet of the avenger were singularly swift. Bayle, writing in the midst of these events, said to the Catholics, "You think that all that has been done against us is good, because it has been followed by so glorious an issue to true religion. But take care, your triumphs are far more those of Deism than of the true faith. I wish you could hear the discourses of the men who own no faith but natural religion. They regard your conduct as an irrefragable argument; and when they ascend higher, and consider the sanguinary violence and ravages which your Catholic faith has committed for six or seven hundred years, they cannot refrain from saying that God is too good to be the author of anything so pernicious as the dogmatic religions." Prophetic threats of retribution are often born of impotent despair and anger. But this was not one of these. Bayle when he wrote these words was an impartial despiser of the Catholic and Reformed faiths. But he saw the door through which he entered into his indomitable scepticism, and, with the vivacity of genius, he inferred that many more would come in thereby. His prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. In two generations the exalted and truculent Church, the blind and incompetent Monarchy, which had urged and perpetrated the persecution, had dwindled to feeble and revolting spectres. The better mind of France *had* considered the sanguinary violence of six hundred years, and drawn its own conclusions. Never were the mettle and innate valour of France more nobly displayed. All had been done, that could be done, to make her enter on the downward path trodden by ignoble and degraded Spain. But, with haughty magnanimity, she bade the devil get behind her, and passed on with queenly step to the vanguard of European emancipation. Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert and Condorcet, were charged to give an effectual reply to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The success, as it was deemed, of the Revocation was considered so admirable by the deluded inmates of Versailles, that even the customary liturgies of praise and thanksgiving as hitherto performed were judged inadequate to do honour to the amplified glory of the Great King. He was told he was a "visible miracle." Lebrun filled the galleries of Versailles with allegorical allusions to the Jupiter, the Hercules, the Alexander of the day. The Duc de la Feuillade built the Place des Victoires, at Paris, and erected a gilt statue of the King crowned by Victory and crushing Cerberus under foot — Cerberus representing the European coalition. La Feuillade dedicated the monument to his Sovereign with immense pomp. He marched round it, at the head of the regiment of the Gardes Françaises of which he was colonel, three times, went down on his knees to the image, and *intended* to suspend votive lamps before it, which should burn night and day, as before a shrine. Louis had the sense to prevent this last piece of folly. La Feuillade declared he would console himself by being buried under the statue. At other times Louis showed less good taste, and took his adulation with amusing seriousness. He not only listened to Quinault's hymns in his praise, but joined his own voice to the psalmody, and sang with tears of emotion the recital of his own glories.

Louis's reign continued thirty years after the Revocation of the Edict of

Digitized by Google

Nantes, years crowded with events, particularly for the military historian, but over the details of which we shall not linger on this occasion. The brilliant reign becomes unbearably wearisome in its final period. The monotonous repetition of the same faults and the same crimes — profligate extravagance, revolting cruelty, and tottering incapacity — is as fatiguing as it is uninstructive. Louis became a mere mummy embalmed in etiquette, the puppet of his women and shavelings. The misery in the provinces grew apace, but there was no disturbance, France was too prostrate even to groan. In 1712 the expenditure amounted to 240 millions, and the revenue to 113 millions; but from this no less than 76 millions had to be deducted for various liabilities the Government had incurred, leaving only a net income of 37 millions — that is to say, the outlay was more than six times the income. The armies were neither paid nor fed, the officers received "food tickets" (*billets de subsistance*), which they got cashed at a discount of 80 per cent. The Government had anticipated by ten years its revenues from the towns. Still this pale corpse of France must needs be bled anew to gratify the inexorable Jesuits, who had again made themselves complete masters of Louis XIV.'s mind. He had lost his confessor, Père la Chaise (who died in 1709), and had replaced him by the hideous Letellier, a blind and fierce fanatic, with a horrible squint and a countenance fit for the gallows. He would have frightened any one, says St. Simon, who met him at the corner of a wood. This repulsive personage revived the persecution of the Protestants into a fiercer heat than ever, and obtained from the moribund King the edict of March 8, 1715, considered by competent judges the clear masterpiece of clerical injustice and cruelty. Five months later Louis XIV. died, forsaken by his intriguing wife, his beloved bastard (the Duc de Maine), and his dreaded priest.

The French Monarchy never recovered from the strain to which it had been subjected during the long and exhausting reign of Louis XIV. Whether it could have recovered in the hands of a great statesman summoned in time is a curious question. Could Frederic the Great have saved it had he been *par impossible* Louis XIV.'s successor? We can hardly doubt that he would have adjourned, if not have averted, the great catastrophe of 1789. But it is one of the inseparable accidents of such a despotism as France had fallen under, that nothing but consummate genius can save it from ruin; and the accession of genius to the throne in such circumstances is a physiological impossibility. The house of Bourbon had become as effete as the house of Valois in the sixteenth century; as effete as the Merovingians and Carlovingians had become in a previous age; but the strong chain of hereditary right bound up the fortunes of a great empire with the feeble brain and bestial instincts of a Louis XV. This was the result of concentrating all the active force of the State in one predestined irremovable human being. This was the logical and necessary outcome of the labours of Philip Augustus, Philip the Fair, of Louis XI., of Henry IV., and Richelieu. They had reared the Monarchy like a solitary obelisk in the midst of a desert; but it had to stand or fall alone, no one was there to help it, as no one was there to pull it down. This consideration enables us to pass into a higher and more reposing order of reflection, to leave the sterile impeachment of individual incapacity, and rise to the broader question, and ask why and how that incapacity was endowed with such fatal potency for evil. As it has been well remarked, the loss of a battle may lead to the loss of a state; but then, what are the deeper reasons which explain why the loss of a battle should lead to the loss of a state? It is not enough to say that Louis XIV. was an improvident and passionate ruler, that Louis XV. was a dreary and revolting voluptuary. The problem is rather this. Why were improvidence, passion, and debauchery in two men able to bring down in utter ruin one of the greatest monarchies the world has ever seen? In other words, what was the cause of the consummate failure, the unexampled collapse of the French Monarchy? No personal insufficiency of individual rulers will explain it; and, besides, the French Monarchy repeatedly disposed of the services of admirable rulers. History has recorded few more able kings than Louis le Gros, Philip Augustus, Philip le Bel, Louis XI., and Henry IV.; few abler ministers than Sully, Richelieu, Colbert, and Turgot. Yet the efforts of all these distinguished men resulted in leading the nation straight into the most astounding catastrophe in human annals. Whatever view we take of the Revolution, whether we regard it as a blessing or as a curse, we must needs admit it was a reaction of the

Digitized by Google

most violent kind — a reaction contrary to the preceding action. The Old Monarchy can only claim to have produced the Revolution in the sense of having provoked it; as intemperance has been known to produce sobriety, and extravagance parsimony. If the *ancien régime* led in the result to an abrupt transition to the Modern Era, it was only because it had rendered the Old Era so utterly execrable to mankind, that escape in any direction seemed a relief, were it over a precipice.

An adequate answer to these questions would need a treatise. All that can be said here, at the end of an article already too long is, that the kingly power, or rather the whole political system in France, from the early Middle Ages downwards, was smitten with radical and incurable vices of constitution, which time aggravated instead of healing. These were — to be so brief as to risk obscurity — the feebleness and insecurity of the Monarchy during the whole mediæval period, and the anarchic power and independence of the feudal nobles. These two factors in their various action and combination produced the historical France of which we read.

From the time when Louis VI., surnamed le Gros, or the Fat, durst not ride from his good city of Paris to his good city of Orleans without strong escort, for fear of the Lord of Montlhéri, down to the time of the Fronde, the French monarchs were engaged in a ceaseless contest with the fierce unscrupulous nobles, of whom they were the nominal superiors. When the nobles had sense and self-control enough to coalesce, the King was forced to yield to them at discretion, as was seen in the case of the most politic of the French kings, Louis XI., at the treaty of Conflans; but, as was also seen in the events which followed that treaty, the King, if he were an able man, could generally get the advantage of them singly. The pale prestige of the throne was a permanent quantity, and the anarchic outbursts of the nobles a very uncertain one; but these circumstances gave to the royal policy a character of duplicity, fraud, and intrigue, which by no means excluded resort to violence when it could be employed with safety. And thus the French monarchy was gradually compacted together. First this great feudatory, and then that, was circumvented, and their territories annexed to the Crown; but it was a juxtaposition of fragments, not a real union — no homogeneous body politic was the result. We are able hence to understand why the growth of a public spirit in France was so long delayed — why, in fact, it never truly arose till the great intellectual expansion of the eighteenth century, the precursor of the Revolution. The provinces remained egotistically provincial down to the end of the seventeenth century. We also see how the French kings were able to defeat the *Tiers Etat* in its efforts to acquire a permanent influence in the national councils. There was too little sense of common brotherhood, of common interest, and common danger, between Norman and Burgundian, between Poitevin and Provençal, to allow of a steady persisting pressure being put upon the King. The Third Estate in the States-General often showed an admirable political instinct of the real needs of France, and of the conditions of good government; but after they had formulated their demands and grievances in their *cahiers* the matter ended — the King promised everything and performed nothing.

The kingly power grew slowly but steadily. Its central position, its unity of purpose, made it more than a match in the long run for the erratic uncombined hostility of the nobles, who, although they constituted a most pernicious anti-social caste, never rose to the height of an aristocracy. They were as disunited among themselves as the provinces they ruled over. One of their most cherished privileges was their right of private wars with one another. The commons were kept isolated and feeble by different causes, but with the same result. In the States-General of 1484, assembled by the subtle and politic Anne de Beaujeu, the worthy daughter of Louis XI., provincial jealousies and rivalries produced all the divisions and powerlessness that the Crown could desire. "The question of money (to be voted for the Taille) disunited us," says a contemporary and deputy, "and made us enemies of one another, each man struggling for his own province, and striving to obtain for it the lowest taxation." Then the kings saw straight before them a road leading directly to irresponsible power. The maxim "divide and govern" has been practised in all ages in some degree, but it was never carried to such lengths as in France. To gain adherents in their precarious position, the kings resorted to fraud, violence, and corruption. They then began that colossal system of Privilege, which existed down to the Revolution — privileges

Digitized by Google

to provinces, to classes, to corporations, to individuals. Every trade, every profession, every business in France was held in a more or less interested allegiance to the Crown, by some special exemption, monopoly, or favouritism, and the individuals in each class were attached by similar personal immunities. Some were exempted from the Taille, and we can appreciate how that was valued; some from the Gabelle (they were called *Francs-salés*); others were ennobled, which lifted them at once out of the common herd of oppressed taxpayers. The zeal for these exemptions and privileges was so intense, especially among the corporate trades, that it led to the most gigantic lawsuits on record. One of these (between the second-hand clothiers and the tailors) lasted three hundred years, and gave rise to over four thousand decrees. It might be going on still, but for the Revolution. Some of these hostile trades spent a million a year in law proceedings against their rivals. The publishers were at perpetual war with the second-hand booksellers; the question to be decided was when a book was new and when it was second-hand. The saddlers quarrelled with the wheelwrights, the makers of hardware with the blacksmiths, the nailers with the locksmiths. An amusing battle between the roasters and poulterers lasted sixty-nine years. The honourable body of roasters had commenced with the unique privilege of selling roast goose. As their business prospered they extended it, and added to the attractiveness of their shops by exposing roast fowls and roast game for sale; but at this point they crossed the privileges of the poulterers, who found their cold uncooked fowls quite unable to compete with the smoking dainties of their rivals. A lawsuit ensued, which ended in a judgment for the poulterers, and the roasters were bidden to confine themselves to their geese. The poulterers, made giddy by their success, then roasted their fowls, which was a clear infringement of the exclusive privilege of roasting enjoyed by the roasters. They again appealed to the law, and this time were worsted, and forbidden to offer for sale any meat "on which there was the smell of fire." The roasters were victorious in the end, as the richer and more popular corporation; but the litigation, begun in 1509, did not terminate till 1578.*

* "Histoire des Classes Ouvrières en France," vol. ii. p. 85, par E. Levasseur.

It was not only between tradesmen and artisans that these fierce rivalries existed. Up to the steps of the throne, Privilege asserted its rights with unflinching vigor. When Louis XIV. was out shooting on one occasion, in a drenching rain, his hat was so saturated that an officious courtier was prompted to offer him a dry one of his own. A noble duke at his Majesty's side promptly resented this encroachment on his privilege of giving the King his hat; and Louis, in all his glory, was forced to go bare-headed till the covering came to him through the proper privileged channel.

Thus did the French kings succeed in disintegrating and pulverising the society they ruled over in the interest, as it appeared to them, of their throne. They certainly rid themselves, for a time, of all united opposition to their authority: they destroyed the very conception of citizenship in France, they cultivated a hateful spirit of envy and self-seeking, and laid the foundations of that deep mutual distrust which is so marked and pernicious a feature in French public life at the present day. While the Monarchy was rich and could pay its way, while it could answer with largesse the perpetual cry of "Give, give," which assailed it from all sides, it stood firmly, nay, it was worshipped devoutly; but when with the growing expense of government in the eighteenth century the growing incompetence of the Administion and extravagance of the Court kept more than equal pace, when the evil day at last dawned, and it was visible to even Bourbon imbecility that reforms must be made, then came a great change. Like the prodigal who has spent his substance in riotous living, the Crown found itself without a friend or a support. Who was there to support it? Not the hordes of nobles and privileged who had lived upon it, and the abrogation of whose unjust exemptions constituted the first step of reform. Not the dumb toilers who had been taught by long experience to look on the Monarchy as the incarnation of evil. The Kingship had elected to live alone and reign alone; it was forced at last to die alone and unbefriended. At the bare suggestion of efficient reform by Turgot, the army of the privileged glared so fiercely on the minister and his feeble master that the attempt was at once given up. Soon after the mighty moan of a maddened people was borne upon the air, announcing that the day of wrath and vengeance had at last dawned; and the

Digitized by Google

exalted Monarchy of Louis XIV. fell down in hideous ruin, and the dust thereof went up as the smoke of a furnace.

JAMES COTTER MORISON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DISORDER IN DREAMLAND.

LIEUTENANT HARDINGE took leave of all his friends and departed from Wetton; and he was succeeded by a young man who, though far more restless, was much less liked. The summer came on quietly, and was rolling away without much incident, except that Mrs. and Miss Fulford went to Scarborough or somewhere in the north for a thorough change, and Mr. Norcott and Miss Tarraway were formally announced as an engaged couple. Mr. Ben Saunders, very much influenced by his dream, and influenced no doubt by his own silly conceit, had built up a little romantic edifice in which he mentally resided a great deal. He persuaded himself that, as the vision had indicated, Miss Fulford was certainly very favourably disposed towards him, but that family pride and other obstacles operated powerfully against her attachment. She had been taken away from the beloved object to other scenes and other company, perhaps herself willing to eradicate her passion if she could. Now, if this were the case, Ben thought the way to thwart the opposition to the match would be to follow the young lady to her retreat and let her see him day by day. But there were objections to this plan: it would be inconvenient to the business, and it would be a departure from the resolution he had come to not to interfere too actively with the work which the pixies had undertaken and were carrying out. The ladies would be at home again in the autumn, which was not far off, and he didn't generally strike so superficially that an impression could be effaced in two or three months. But, unfortunately, as the autumn drew near, unfavourable accounts were received in Wetton of Miss Fulford's health; coming, I believe, through Admiral Tautbrace, who was also absent from home, and probably not far from the young lady. She was reported to be very weak and ill; then, a week or two later, unable to return to Colkatton at present; and at last, before the end of September, it was announced that the doctors had ordered her to Madeira for the winter. When Ben heard of this he thought it would never do to remain longer inactive. Still he had his doubts about presenting himself suddenly before her in her weak condition. A rash move might, he saw, damage him materially. The only middle course was to write to her by some safe envoy, through whom the billet would be sure to reach her own hands, assure her of his admiration and unswerving affection, and bid her not to allow her spirits to fail; also to state his readiness to set off immediately for Scarborough if she should inform him that she deemed that course advisable. Yes, the letter was the right thing; what a pity that he had not thought of it before! So Ben sat down to indite a letter, which did not prove to be an easy task. Three or four times over he revised it and wrote it out fair; and when he could imagine no further improvement in its terms, he was still dissatisfied with it, and did not despatch it, but kept it by him and read it over every two or three hours without liking it any better. At length, seeing that he had done all that his own skill could accomplish, he determined reluctantly to get the assistance of a friend, and with that intention summoned Tom Coryton to council, who had been away for some time, but was now in Wetton again. Without mentioning names, Ben informed Tom of the state of his affections, and of the necessity of epistolary communication: but he admitted that he had not yet explained himself on paper, and that his attempts to do so had not been satisfactory to himself. "So Tom, old chap," said he, "I want you to look over the thing and advise me a little, and help me where I've come short. I hardly think it's ardent enough."

"H'm," answered Tom, "I don't know much about ardour, but I'll tell you whether any step in the argument is incorrect; let's see now. *Dearest Angle.* Why, I thought it was a young woman that you were addressing. An angle is the inclination of two lines to each other, and may be either obtuse ——"

"None of your nonsense, Tom, about angles. I can't stand it; hang me if I can! What have angles to do with this?"

"Only this, that if the angle in question happens to be at all acute, she'll think the letter comes from a madman."

"Why, what on earth do you mean, Tom?"

"I mean that, though an angle is a very good thing in its way, and not at all to be despised, yet it isn't quite a term to be applied to one's sweetheart. We have

Digitized by Google

heard of 'the loves of the triangles,' of course, but I fancy you meant to call the queen of your fancy an angel, which is spelled—g-e-l, not g-l-e; do you see?"

"Never mind; that's easily altered," observed Ben.

"Yes, that's easily altered, perhaps; but the whole thing seems to me to abound with blunders of the same kind; for instance, it is not usual to say to a lady that you 'hope to be able to seduce her to write you a line;' neither is it ——"

"Go to the devil, Tom Coryton! I wish I hadn't shown you the letter at all, since you do nothing but make game of it."

"Nay," answered Tom, "I do nothing of the kind; and if I did, it would be better that I should make game of you, than that I should let you make a fool of yourself, which you surely would do if you sent forward that angular epistle."

"Devil take the letter!" yelled Ben, seizing the precious billet, and tearing it to shreds. "Now, then, what am I to do? will you write a better?"

"No, I can't. Although I see that that isn't properly worked out, I can't produce a neat demonstration of affection. Not in my line a bit. Anything you like in the way of the calculus, or analytical trigonometry, but I've not graduated in amatory correspondence."

"Nothing to be got out of you, then, that's clear. Sorry I asked you."

"It hasn't been made at all clear that nothing is to be got out of me. It's hard to prove a negative. I can't write a love-letter, that I confess. But I may be able to give you a bit of useful advice."

"I wish to heaven you would!"

"Well, then, look here. If I were you I would open my mind a little to Mr. Norcott, the curate. If he refuses to have anything to do with the matter, that will be the worst that can ensue. He's perfectly safe; he won't tell on you. But if he should incline to coach you a bit (that means, give you a lift, you know), he'll show you how to make your enunciation neatly, and how to establish your case. He's just managed an affair for himself, which may incline him to give a little aid to a collateral figure (brother spooney, you know), and which is a proof that he knows something of the science of love-making."

The impetuous Benjamin did not at first choose to adopt this course, but preferred to be very angry with Tom Coryton, and to say cruel things to him, which things the senior "Op" heard with equanimity, knowing from long experience the process by which Ben assimilated an idea. Mr. Saunders did apply to the Curate.

"If this is a straightforward, honest business, of course I'll assist you, Mr. Saunders, with all my heart," said Norcott; "but you must take me into your confidence entirely. I can have nothing to do with a scheme in which some of the names are left blank, and the character of which I am unable to appreciate. You must see, yourself, that I am bound to act thus."

"It's all right; you may rely upon it," urged Benjamin. "I don't think I've any right to tell the lady's name till she lets me to. The fact is, I should never have known of her sentiments myself, if it hadn't been for a most uncommon occurrence. I had a dream about it, when I declare, I'd never been thinking of such a thing."

"A dream!"

"Yes, a dream. A most particular vivid thing; letting me know not only the state of the young lady's mind, but how everything was to be worked out up to the wedding, which will be a grand one." (These last words in a most impressive voice.)

"Do you mean to tell me that you meditate making an offer of marriage relying on the evidence of a dream?"

"Not at all. The dream gave me the tip, you know. But it's been fulfilling of itself ever since. It's a good while ago that I dreamt it. No difficulty in naming the time. The very night afore my poor father met his death."

Norcott started. He couldn't but remember another dream dreamt on that same night, and more intimately connected with the terrible event of the senior Saunders's death. That was the reason why he had so much patience with Benjamin's romance. "A year ago," he said, "I should have laughed at your dream, and bidden you behave like a man of sense. If I don't treat your dream as mere moonshine, it is because I know of another dream, *dreamed on the same night as yours*, which had some meaning in it, though I have never been able to discover its precise object. The dream, however, to which I allude, was not dreamed here." (This last remark was tenderly made to prevent Benjamin from connecting the dream with his terrible loss.)

"Neither was mine," responded Ben. "I wasn't home when poor father came

Digitized by Google

to his sudden end. I was to Plymouth on business. 'Twas there I dreamt it."

"At Plymouth!"

"Certainly; at Plymouth. I slept at the Royal Hotel there — can give you the number of the room if you like — 25, a room I always get if I can, because there's a nice writing-table in it where I can make up my accounts, you see. Is there anything so odd in this, sir? It seems to astonish you."

The Curate didn't answer for a minute or two, being powerfully impressed by what he heard, as one may suppose. At length he said, "I beg your pardon. It does astonish me more than I can explain just now. But my astonishment mustn't make me appear to play fast and loose with your love affair. I come back to what I said before. You must trust me wholly, or I decline to have anything to do with it."

Now it had been pleasant to Benjamin to find that Mr. Norcott was inclined to treat dreams with some respect. He really did not know to what quarter to turn if he should lose the opportunity of securing the clergyman's assistance. Tom Coryton had assured him, and besides, he felt himself, that Norcott would faithfully keep his secret. And, as he said to himself, there was nothing in the matter to be ashamed of. His counsellor might smile at his presumption, but that was the worst that he had to dread. So, after a little longer parley, he made up his mind. "Well, then, here goes," said Ben; and he told out his whole dream, not omitting the coronet, to which he called special attention. Ben likewise mentioned the incident which appeared to him to corroborate the dream, and especially the favour in which he had latterly found himself with Mrs. and Miss Fulford. Norcott heard him through patiently. When Benjamin ended, Norcott said, "I feel now more than ever satisfied that I was right (so, I hope, will you feel, too) in insisting upon full confidence. I am better able to advise, probably, than you expected to find me. You are altogether deceived, I assure you, and pursuing a phantom which must bring you to trouble if you persist!'

"Stop, sir," answered Ben; "I can jugde for myself in that matter. I don't think it's a phantom, or that any harm's coming. Nothing venture, nothing win, you know. You own yourself that you have known another dream come true."

"Yours never will, Mr. Saunders; of that I am certain. Listen to me, and remember that what I am about to tell you is, as your communication to me was, in strict confidence. I have reason to know that the affections of the young lady of whom you spoke are engaged in a totally different direction from what you suppose. You look incredulous, and perhaps may reasonably ask how I can be informed on such a subject. Well, I heard what I know from Miss Tarraway, who had means of being informed. I cannot say more. I entered on the subject with you fully disposed to help you if I found that, with propriety, I could. I find my office must be to undeceive you."

It wasn't pleasant, of course, to have his air-built castle blown into bits, and Benjamin resisted the demolition as he generally resisted a conviction that was at variance with his wishes or preconceived ideas. This was a new phase of his difficulties altogether. He had known of no rival, and he had far too good an opinion of himself to imagine one on whose account he need be in the least alarmed. But he couldn't deny that a rival might exist for all that, or that he might have existed and made sure of his prize before the dream was dreamed. Norcott, he knew, could have no object but a benevolent one in urging him as he did to dispel his vain fancy, and, if he had had an object, he never would have represented the matter untruly. In the end, Ben thanked the Curate, and said he would take no step for the present, but would think over it.

Mr. Norcott also had something to think over, and greatly perturbed he was by his thoughts. It was a curious thing that he should have become the depositary of these two dreams; but a more curious thing that the dreams should have been dreamed. Hardinge's vision, so awfully fulfilled, had been remarkable enough; but how it added to the mystery of the story that the son of the doomed man was, at the time of the dream, asleep in the room next to Hardinge's, and dreaming too, although *he* dreamt nonsense. Although our Curate could be deeply impressed by things that were clearly put before him, he had but little skill in brain-coinage, and he had been over the circumstances very anxiously and very often (for a man in love) before he saw anything beyond the bare facts as they had been stated to him. It was fortunate that the fear of being induced in any way to betray Mr. Saunders's secret prevented him from consulting his Lydia on the

Digitized by Google

whole subject (he had told her of Hardinge's dream), or perhaps he might have encountered some opposition to the action which he afterwards took. But one day in his study he remembered Hardinge's observation, that if he had been acquainted with the man of whose fate he dreamt, he might, by using a little more despatch, have been in time to give him a word of warning. Then he thought, if Hardinge had only known Ben, and mentioned the dream to him, Ben might have been in time to save his father. But Hardinge didn't know Ben, or know that Ben was near him. And at last, he thought, "But how if the dream itself had come to Ben who lay so near?" The answer of course was that Ben was engaged dreaming of very different things, and what was to become of those things if he had dreamed, instead, of his father's death? Well, obviously, if Ben got Hardinge's dream, Hardinge might have got Ben's. And thus burst upon the Curate — when he saw how entirely the exchange would have fitted — the perception that the two visions must have got entangled, and found their way to the wrong persons.

After a little time the slow Curate got a step beyond what is mentioned above. Presuming — as he now felt certain he might — that Ben's dream was intended for Hardinge, here was Gertrude's secret deemed, by some power higher than human, to be of such importance that it was sought to be communicated to Hardinge in a dream! And yet, to the best of Norcott's belief, Hardinge had not an idea of it. It was hardly a fanciful thought that connected Gertrude's present condition with her unrequited love; the two things seemed only too much like cause and effect. Little by little a perception of the whole case came to the clergyman; and when it did come it took a fast hold. He felt certain that he saw into the whole matter; and a very unsatisfactory — nay, a very piteous — matter it appeared to be. I need hardly say that with this conviction of the existence of misunderstanding, and consequent trouble, came a desire to mitigate the grief if possible. But here he did not see his way at all. In the first place, what right had he to assume that any one else would put together the parts of this strange affair so as to arrive at the same conclusion as himself? Though he was satisfied, others would be likely to laugh away his whole array of argument. Then, secondly, if Hardinge should not be moved at all by a knowledge of the state of Gertrude's affections, a wrong would be done to her in disclosing it. Thirdly, had he any right whatever to address Hardinge on such matters as love and marriage; and might not the young officer, without unreason, reply in a strain that would be mortifying? Lydia soon observed that something was fretting her lover, and of course she tried hard to know what it was; but here he did see his way clearly, and refused to tell his grief lest he should betray Ben's confidence. Perhaps by calmly weighing the *pros* and *cons* he never would have come to a decision at all; but he had feelings as well as reasoning powers, and feeling brought him to a resolve. When the bad account came of Miss Fulford being unable to return home, and being ordered to Madeira for the winter, the Curate saw that if he couldn't untie the knot of his scruple he must cut it, or else shut the whole case out of his mind. He was not likely to do the latter; and so, not a bit convinced as to what was the most prudent course, he said, "Nothing venture, nothing win; this may include a matter of life or death." Upon that he took up his pen to write to Hardinge, and as he did so one obstacle disappeared. Whatever the rest of the world might think about dreams, Hardinge must be the last man to dispute their significance. He might make Saunders's extraordinary dream, so strangely related to Hardinge's own, the ostensible chief subject of his letter, telling it, of course, in confidence. He could then hint at the exchange of the dreams, and hypothetically upon that hint deliver so much of his mind as could not fail to move the young officer, if he could be at all moved by thought of Gertrude. "And if he couldn't," thought Norcott, "what on earth was the dream coming to him for? Of course the sender of the dream must have expected it to produce an effect." So a letter was written. The next thing was where to find Hardinge: he would ask Hardinge's successor, who of course would know. But he really didn't know. He thought the headquarters were somewhere in Ireland, but he wasn't sure; and if the regiment was in Ireland it would probably be broken into detachments, and it was impossible to say with which detachment Hardinge might be. The safest way, he thought, and the shortest in the long-run, would be to send the letter to the agents in London. Accordingly Norcott addressed, *To the care of Messrs. Green-*

Digitized by Google

wood & Cox, who duly forwarded it; but those were not the days, one must remember, of telegraphs or even of railways. Letters went about the world at what we should now call a confoundedly slow pace. Before the epistle reached the regiment, the officer to whom it was addressed had come over to England for some pheasant-shooting. He was expected to be back to duty again so soon, that it was not thought worth while to give it another journey in the mail-bag; and so it got a berth in a rack over the mess-room fireplace, where officers, who might have been out of the way at the time of the post delivery, came to look for their letters. There Hardinge found it quite a month old.

Of the effect of the letter I can judge only by what he did. He replied to Norcott, explaining the delay, expressing astonishment at the occurrence of the dreams, as also at his own obtuseness and impassibility; declaring, at the same time, his entire innocence in regard to conscious love-making. Other officers had gone on leave on his return to the regiment, so that he could not be spared again immediately; the Horse Guards could not yet decide whether they or one of the regiments which ought to be before them on the rolster should take the next turn, which made officers anxious to secure their leave; but he would manage to get away for a few days again soon, and go to Wetton to confer personally with his correspondent. Now something had happened while Norcott waited for this answer, which made him not unwilling to absent himself for a while from his curacy; and, in a day or two after reading the Lieutenant's letter he started for Bristol, whence he took ship for, and soon reached, Waterford. Hardinge received him most kindly, insisted upon his being their guest, got him a room in barracks, and secured him a hearty welcome from all hands. Nothing could have suited the Curate better than a little experience of military life just at this time, as will be presently explained. Hardinge and he had long and frequent conferences, the result of which was, that the former insensible and over-modest youth believed the dream which he saw to be confirmed by many signs now become as clear as the daylight. He had neglected a great chance of happiness, but he would do what he yet could to retrieve matters. As soon as it became known in the regiment that Hardinge desired more leave for a very pressing reason, another officer at once offered to give up his turn to him, and the young man determined to set off a little before Christmas for Madeira, where Miss Fulford already was when he received the Curate's letter.

Now, let me mention how it came about that Mr. Norcott was so willing to absent himself from Wetton. There had occurred there a woful accident, which was nothing less than a disruption of the engagement between him and Lydia. The cause was Lydia's neglect of that which Dr. Watts affirms to be "a lovely thing for youth." She had been caught with something on her tongue very similar to what was on Ananias's during the last few moments of his life. Norcott had discovered this; Lydia had tried to hide her fault by making it two; she had again been found out, and her lover had declared that, cost him what it might, he never could unite himself to a person who had been guilty of such deceit. So he renounced her. Lydia protested that the imputed lapses were but excuses for an act of perfidy; that her affections had been cruelly trifled with, her young life blighted, and that sort of thing. It wouldn't quite have suited her to take her recusant swain into a court of law, but she thought of doing it. Her brother, however, Mr. Phil Tarraway, boiled over with indignation at the treatment which his sister had experienced, and said that nothing but blood could wash out the memory of it. When reminded that it was not considered quite the right thing to call out a clergyman, Mr. Phil replied that, at any rate, there was nothing to prevent his horsewhipping a clergyman who had disgraced himself and his cloth, and after the infliction of that chastisement the reverend recreant might please himself about farther action. "Hang him! I'll pull his nose in his pulpit before all the congregation," said the high-spirited Phil. Norcott was warned of these terrible designs, and advised to withdraw himself for a time, which he said he should not do until Mr. Phil's wrath had taken a turn, one way or other; and he seemed to take no heed to his own defence, but went about his duties just as usual. The result was, that as he was one day passing along the churchyard, at a place where it is bounded by a ha-ha fence, Mr. Phil, and a friend with him, suddenly started from the brink of the ha-ha, where they had been concealed by a monument, and, rushing out over the graves, placed themselves in his path.

Digitized by Google

"Now, sir; now, you black-coated rascal," hissed Mr. Phil through his teeth; "I've found you at last, and will chastise you for your infamous behaviour."

"I have not been in hiding," answered Norcott, quietly; "you might have found me when you would. What is it you propose to do?"

"What is it? why to give you the punishment your unmanly, scoundrel-like conduct to my sister has deserved. There, sir, take that, and ——" Mr. Phil, as he spoke, flourished a whip or cane, and aimed a terrible stroke at the Curate's shoulders, who, nothing daunted thereat, numbered his one, two, on Mr. Phil's cranium in a fashion which made that young gentleman see tombstones above and behind him, and inside and outside of his head. Norcott followed this up by an excursion across the graves, driving Mr. Phil back by the way he had come, until at last he knocked him into the ha-ha. After that he heard very little more of Miss Lydia and her wrongs.

"What an acute conception!" exclaimed Tom Coryton when he heard of the *rencontre*. "Why, Norcott at Cambridge could take rank with professionals in town and gown rows, and was decidedly the first man in the University with the gloves. I wish I had known of Phil's intention, I might have demonstrated to him what the consequences would be."

"My dear," said old Plummybag to Norcott, the first time they met after the *fracas*, "yew den more good by poundin' of that there young chap's haid, than yew will by preachin' to en ver a twelvmonth. If he fancied tacklin' of a man that would turn the tether chack to en, he should acome to one ov our ministers; he oft to aknawed that the Church, being militant, is bringed up accoardin. And a very good thing too, measter, betwixt yew and me. Yew can knack good manners into some o' mun far sewnder than yew can talk it."

After having disposed of Mr. Phil, Norcott, as I have stated, was not sorry to be off for a while, to let this disagreeable business blow over; and fortune assisted him in this, for while he was at Waterford an inhabitant of Wetton cut his throat and so turned away the minds of the other inhabitants from all previous subjects of interest; for what with looking at his house, attending his funeral, and finding out family secrets that may have led to the suicide, their intellects were wholly taken up. A few mess dinners with some pleasant fellows, and such peeps at Irish scenery as could be obtained at Christmas-time, dispersed Norcott's chagrin in a wonderful manner; and after he got back to his duties again, he often asked himself how it was that he ever fell in love with Lydia, for the simple fellow still fancied that he had acted in this matter of his own free will. But

> Men are the sport of circumstances, when
> The circumstances seem the sport of men.

Put *clever young women* for *circumstances* in the foregoing distich, and you come nearer the springs of this courtship than Mr. Norcott did.

I declare that I have dwelt upon this affair of the Curate's longer perhaps than it deserved, wishing to postpone the narration of what must follow. However, I know that it must be done. Master Shallow has informed us that when you are charged with tidings, there are but two ways — either to deliver them or to conceal them: now, having gone so far with this legend of the dreams, I am bound to follow it to the end, whether the incidents be pleasant or not.

Mrs. Fulford and her daughter embarked in fine calm weather for Madeira. The skipper told them that it was beautiful times certainly if people had nothing to do but drift about and enjoy themselves, but if they wanted to get to Madeira he must have a capful of wind to take 'em there. After a day or two the wind came — plenty of it, but not fair. They had to beat about and make what little progress they could as long as seamanship could control their movements, and after that they were knocked about at the mercy of the winds and waves, for it blew something like a hurricane. In all their terror and suffering the ladies rather puzzled themselves trying to comprehend how the sailors could think it lucky that they were so well clear of the land before the gale came on. *They* would have preferred to be on shore, but when they said so, the answer was, "By jingo, ma'am! if we got on shore in such a storm as this we should never get off again. Nothing but Davy Jones for us then. No, no; we've got sea-room, and blessed glad we ought to be of it." It was nearly four weeks from the day of embarkation when the passengers were put on shore in calm and sunshine at Funchal. Poor Gertrude did not at all enjoy being run up the beach through the surf. She was carried up to the house that had been taken for them in a palanquin, being unable to walk after

Digitized by Google

the cruel voyage, and put to bed, where she did not rally as it was expected she would. Her strength was very much reduced; and, in place of the pallor which had lately pervaded her sunken cheeks, there came often bright red spots, giving her an almost unearthly beauty not promising a happy issue, in an earthly sense, out of her afflictions. She was raised at length and carried into the sunshine — the delicious winter sunshine; she looked out upon the smooth, bright, glistening sea, and could hardly believe that it was the same element on which, amid mists and darkness and tempests, they had suffered so much misery — where they had been carried up to heaven, and then down again to the deep, and where their souls had melted because of the trouble.

Sometimes weak and confined to bed, at others stronger and sanguine, Gertrude Fulford was passing along the dark and troublous path whereby consumption drags its victims to their graves. Some of my readers perhaps are not aware that there is an English church at Funchal: there is one, and its surrounding burial-ground was, at the time of which I write, peopled chiefly by the young of both sexes who had been ordered out there to die — for, I fancy, very few recovered there who would not have recovered elsewhere; and now it does not seem to be so much the fashion to send patients to that grave-yard, a sweet, calm resting-place, full of shrubs and flowers. The unhappy mother perceived only too surely that her child was death-stricken, and she had at times, when Gertrude rallied a little, to talk cheerfully of the return to Colkatton, which she knew one of them would never again see. This was bitter affliction; but, fortunately, the elder lady did not connect Gertrude's illness with any disturbance of the mind or feelings. Gertrude's father, it seems, had fallen a victim to the same disease, so the tendency was hereditary; what sort of battle the young girl's constitution could have maintained with it with an easy mind and without that trying sea-voyage, we shall never know now. It was one of those rapid cases which (although, perhaps, the insidious enemy may have been surely working for a long time) declare themselves after they have become next to hopeless, and then hurry on to the catastrophe. Gertrude knew at last that she was to die; but the end did not then seem so near as it was. She lay on the sofa: she had been talking cheerfully, and at last asked to be moved back to her room; when the room was reached she had fainted. This swoon was the first of a series which continued at intervals until she at last passed from her trance into eternity, and they who watched could not tell the very time of the change, so calmly did she quit her life on earth. I have been at Madeira since that, and seen her tomb; the morning sun shines on it, and all round are leaves and blossoms. Poor girl!

Ten days after she had been laid to rest, Lieutenant Hardinge landed at Funchal. I was not there, so cannot tell how he bore to hear the tidings, but can fancy, and so no doubt can my reader, how shocked he was. I don't think he ever married. He certainly did not marry while he remained in the service; but he sold out as Lieutenant-Colonel, and I have lost sight of him since then.

Admiral Tautbrace, when he heard the story of Gertrude's death, professed to be inconsolable; but I believe, and have not scrupled to say, that his affection was set more upon Colkatton than upon its young mistress. This being so, Miss Fulford's death, over which he made so much moan, was really the means of his obtaining his heart's desire. By the terms of the late Squire Fulford's will, Colkatton now belonged to the widow, who returned to dwell there. She did not, as we have seen, think Admiral Tautbrace are ineligible *parti;* and when, after a couple of winters in her lonely home, she heard the Admiral's proposal to pass the remainder of their lives in close company, she lent a not unwilling ear at first, and finally made him happy by accepting him. The flag never went up, but I think they were a well-assorted couple, and contributed to each other's happiness. I think, too, that the good marriages which the Misses Tautbrace made might not have come about if they had not gained a shrewd stepmother.

Now I am afraid that some who read the foregoing paragraph may think that Fortune was much too kind to a profane old sinner of a mariner. *I* can't help it, if Tautbrace did get better luck than he deserved; but I am not so sure, after all, about the capriciousness of the award. Tautbrace used language, and gave voice to sentiments, which would not be tolerated in the present day — indeed he could not have existed in the present day; he and his likes belonged to another period — but probably his language and his domineering style were the worst

Digitized by Google

things about him. This I know, that things which we nowadays (in polite language, no doubt) permit to be freely put before our youth of either sex, would have made Tautbrace's hair stand on end. Bad as was his style, he would have burnt with terrestrial fire (not being able to command the exact flames to which he would have verbally consigned them), — he would have burned, I say, and scattered to the four winds the ashes of certain prettily told stories, now published by the hundred, full of foul ideas and bad grammar, and many of them (*probrosum dictu*) the work of young women. The man would have cut his right hand off rather than it should do what, according to his code, was base or ungenerous. He had, as has been hinted, done the State some service; and he would have served with honour again if his superiors had only given him the chance. Neither was Tautbrace, I can assure you, half so hard and unfeeling as the sight of him in his tantrums might have led one to suppose. Let us, then, be charitable to the old sailor, "and say he died a gallant knight" (as he did, for he got the K.C.B. soon after he became a Vice-Admiral), although they would not allow his end to be "with sword in hand for England's right." *

Tautbrace was, however, not the only person in Wetton whose heart was temporarily widowed by the early death at Madeira. Mr. Ben Saunders was much shocked and pained by the untimely fate of one on whom he had been pleased to set his affection. He was very much hipped, I remember, for a long while; and he endeavoured to disperse his grief by breaking out in many objectionable ways, which, during his fancied love affair, he had avoided. Of course, Ben recovered from the blow; but he never recovered his faith in dreams, which he was afterwards fond of stigmatizing as being sent by the devil to deceive follows, and cause them to make jackasses of themselves. He returned to his old career of vulgar coxcombry and general admiration — but not for long; for he was "brought up with a round turn," as the Admiral called it, and translated into another way of life before he very well knew where he was. Miss Lydia Tarraway, after the unfortunate termination of her attack upon the Curate, became very discontented with her lot. She made an attempt to go out to India to a married cousin in Bengal, but the cousin did not at all encourage the idea. After that she had serious thoughts of emigrating to some part of Australia, where young women were said to be at a great premium in the matrimonial market; but she couldn't persuade any of her friends to go with her, or to let her go by herself. She managed to go from home to pay a visit or two, but she was never followed to Wetton by any admirer. After a year or two of this sort of thing, finding that no chevalier of any means or connection was inclined to lay lance in rest for her, Lydia thought she must certainly come down to persons of lower degree; and seeing that Mr. Benjamin Saunders was well to do in the world, that he was not a bad-looking fellow, and that, under her direction, he might be considerably softened down and made to play his part creditably, she exercised her fascinations upon Benjamin and subdued him. A high match for young Saunders, many people said: a good match for Miss Tarraway, who hadn't a penny, other people said. But it was a long time in turning out a beneficial match either way. Lydia could not civilize Ben so readily as she had hoped, and Ben, after a while, wouldn't stand Lydia's extravagance in dress and folly; so they quarrelled fearfully, and more than once destroyed a breakfast-set by sending the cups and saucers at each other's heads. After one of these general actions, Lydia had a severe attack of bronchitis; and so alarmed was Benjamin at its obstinacy that he indulged her in all her whims, and spent nearly his whole means upon her. This was not lost upon Mrs. Saunders, who thenceforth became a chronic invalid, liable to an attack of dangerous illness whenever she was thwarted or vexed. It was not until three or four little Saunders's had been born to them that Lydia became more reasonable; but I believe that maternity did act favourably upon her and make her a little less selfish. She did not want for sense, and after she began to reflect and to have some idea of rectitude, she and her husband led a much happier life. She was always more or less of a scandal-monger. Ben sobered down much more quickly than she did. The coxcombry was out of him before he was eight-and-twenty, and there were white hairs in his curls at five-and-thirty, by which time his consumption of pomatum was very trifling, and his indifference about scarves and waistcoats often brought down the upbraiding of his spouse. The last time I was in Wetton

* *Vide* end of Scott's "Marmion."

Digitized by Google

(only two or three years ago) they were both alive, and not such a bad old couple.

It is hardly necessary to add to the remarks with which I commenced my tale. It is told now. Let the reader judge whether or not there is Disorder in Dreamland.

From Chambers' Journal.

BELGIAN HUSBANDRY.

THE possibility of making a decent living for a family out of a farm depends in large degree on soil and climate. A small farm of a few acres in England, and more especially in Scotland, means semi-starvation. We have seen several instances in which the thing has been tried, and lamentably failed. A case occurred not long since within our personal observation, in which a land proprietor, by way of experiment, let a piece of ground, extending to about eight acres, with a house upon it, for a merely nominal rent. The land was good, though a little rough, and the tenant set stoutly to work upon it. In two years, he gave it up as hopeless. Another person made the attempt, and he also, in the same length of time, begged to be released of his lease, which was taken off his hands. The experiment was then very properly given up, and the land absorbed into a larger holding.

It is quite a different matter trying to farm on a small scale in the Bay of Naples, or in Belgium. There the farming is in reality a kind of gardening. Soil and climate, as well as old engrafted habits, conspire to make it practicable for a man, wife, and children to extort a living from a mere patch of ground. It is a pity that theorists who talk confidently about land distribution do not, from any personal knowledge, tell us how it is to be satisfactorily accomplished. We say distinctly that the cultivation of lands in Great Britain will not prove advantageous unless on a considerable scale, with professional knowledge, and capital to hire labourers, to buy and keep horses, to purchase artificial manures, and lie out of returns in the ordinary course of business.

As regards that garden of northern Europe, the more fertile part of Belgium, the appearance of things there is certainly very fascinating — the neat white-washed dwelling and outhouses, the trim miniature fields, the orchards in blossom, the industrious and simple habits of the people, the spires of village churches peeping out among the trees, all give one notions of the golden age, "when every rood of ground maintained its man." The very fertility, however, which produces this result is for the most part not natural. It is the effect of centuries of diligent application with the spade or plough, constant drugging with manure, and tact in changing the crops. But there is more than this. It is a result of intensely economical habits, of which we can hardly say there is any parallel in England.

Without enumerating all the plants to which the Belgian farmer gives his care, the colza, poppy, hop, flax, hemp, chicory, wheat, rye, buckwheat, and haricot beans may be named; and as root-crops or forage, turnips, beetroot, cabbages, peas, vetches, oats, and the common and scarlet clover. This variety gives to the country a very pleasing aspect; there are no large fields lying bare, as with us, waiting for the wheat, but they rather appear like a garden, where are large beds of flowers of every hue. In early spring, the scarlet clover alternates with the bright yellow colza, then the beautiful blue flax; the little white stars of the buckwheat contrast with the gaudy purple poppy, and the large tobacco-leaves, whose intense green recalls the vegetation of the tropics. Without these plants, the owner never could pay either for the manure he puts in or his high rent, as wheat grows very poorly. They require much labour, and the soil has no repose; the labourer is always digging with the spade, turning over the soil, hoeing, weeding, or harvesting.

English and Scotch farmers might take a lesson from the Belgian agriculturists in their prodigious care of manure — no wasteful exhalation, no neglect of the liquids which enrich the soil. We might almost say that the Belgian farmer is a reverential worshipper of manure. It is his idol, his treasury. In the first place, there is the manure produced in the cattle-sheds. No cow is allowed to go about in the open air. All stay within doors, and liquids which we too often see running to waste, are carefully conducted into covered tanks. Neither is the solid part allowed to be in the open air; it is covered from sun and rain, which destroy the ammoniacal salts, and trodden by three or four young cattle during the winter. In addition, the farmer collects from his ditches and streams aquatic plants, which he mixes with the manure,

Digitized by Google

or uses them at once to hasten the growth of the potato. He sends to a distance for the mud dredged from canals, and lime; in the nearest town he buys the refuse from tanneries and manufactories, animal black, cinders, street-sweepings, crushed bones, and the refuse of flax and colza. His younger children are out at dawn with a little cart, gathering up from the roads and fields all that, according to agricultural chemistry, can restore to the land what has been drawn from it. Peru sends its guano; and the farmer is seen in spring, sack in hand, sowing the precious powder on the barren portions of his land; and the flinty soil swallows it all with such promptitude, that it must be manured twice or three times a year. In no country is such high-farming carried on, and it would be ruinous without the rich return of these plants, and the accessory crops which are gathered after the principal ones.

In Eastern Flanders, of a hundred acres of land, seventy-two are sown with cereals and plants used in manufactures; twenty-eight with roots and forage; but to this must be added thirty-one acres of after-crop, which gives sixty-nine as affording excellent food for cattle, superior to common meadows, and which explains how poor land can pay a rent of five pounds an acre. The second sowing consists of turnips and spergula after colza, flax, and early potatoes; and the carrot, which is sown in spring with the preceding crops, and carefully hoed after they have been taken away. The clovers having occupied the ground during winter, leave it clear for the April sowing; and the giant cabbage develops during the cold season, making a stem six feet high, and giving abundant and excellent leaves for milch cows. Culture thus pushed to the extreme, necessarily requires some capital, and it is reckoned that, through a system of rigorous parsimony and saving, double the sum per acre is used in Belgium to that employed in England, and two-thirds more in the best farms. In this way the most dense population in Europe can subsist on a soil so little favoured by nature.

Here it will be observed that the small farmers of Belgium, with their ten to fifty acres, place their reliance on a variety of crops, such as we could not profitably introduce into England. We might say the same thing of small farming in Lombardy. There the land bears three crops at once — mulberry trees, grown for the sake of their leaves as food for silkworms; wheat beneath the trees; and vines in the hollows of the ridges. In the south of France we see the same diversity; in some places olive trees, for the oil they produce, taking the place of the mulberry. In such parts, the country is like a garden; and with little winter, there is something growing all the year round.

Turning to one of the most fertile parts of Belgium, all, as has been said, is charming — every road is bordered with trees; not a rise in the ground is seen; all is calm, uniform, and presents an image of quiet comfort and peace. Each house is detached, and surrounded with large apple orchards, hedged in by box, holly, or hawthorn, where the cows are brought to feed every morning and evening. It is of one story only, and thatched, containing four rooms; the first for meals, the second for the dairy and preparing the food for cattle, the others for sleeping-rooms. The old-fashioned oak furniture is a model of brightness; tin and copper utensils shine on the walls, which are whitewashed. The garden is gay with wallflowers, dahlias, and hydrangeas, and the florists' flowers which are to be shewn at Ghent.

Outside, everything is in its place; nothing spoils the greensward; the ditch and manure-heap are banished; the latter is always under the roof of the stable or cow-shed. In this stand five or six large cows, the constant care of the farmer's wife, who gives them abundance of green meat in summer, with straw, hay, and a kind of warm soup, mixed with carrots, turnips, or rye, in winter. Thanks to this nourishment, and the constant rest they enjoy, the animals give from fifteen to twenty-five quarts of milk daily. The tools are simple, but of first-rate construction; the plough is light, drawn by one horse, and works with ease, rapidity, and regularity. The harrows are of various kinds, triangular, rectangular, or a parallelogram; but the special tool with which the Fleming has fertilized sands, dried up marshes, and forced back the sea, is the spade. The proverb on the banks of the Scheldt is: "The spade is a gold mine to the peasant;" and different kinds are made for light or heavy soil.

The fields are mostly square, and rarely contain more than an acre; the ground is curved symmetrically, the centre being the highest, so that the water drains down equally in all directions. Round the field, and a foot lower, extends a strip of grass, three or four yards wide; still lower, a hedge of elders is planted, which

Digitized by Google

is cut every seven years; and, finally, the plot is surrounded by a ditch, bordered with trees of larger growth. Thus, each piece furnishes rich grass, firewood every seven years, and timber for building every thirty years. The plough is generally used; but every seven years the subsoil is turned to the top by the spade, and thus it acquires a depth unknown to all but the best gardens; the principal object being to produce flax and butter, not cereals. The best farmers never sell their corn, but allow their cattle to consume it.

Unhappily, the farm-labourer there, as elsewhere, does not enjoy much comfort; working harder than most men, he is the worst fed. Rye-bread, potatoes, beans, butter-milk, without meat or bacon, is the usual fare, chicory the constant drink; beer is reserved for Sundays and fair-days. His wages vary from tenpence to a shilling, and he could never live upon it did not all the members of his family work without ceasing. When the day's work is ended, often by moonlight, the father cultivates his small field; his wife and daughters take up the poorly paid lace-work, instead of the old spinning-wheel, which steam has superseded; and his sons, when their field-work is done, bring up rabbits for the London market. Their little hands pick up every tuft of herbage on the road-side, and open up a large trade of exportation not to be despised. From Ostend alone there come to us one million two hundred thousand rabbits every year; these are skinned and cleaned in Belgium, where the skin is used for the making of hats. Yet, though their life is so hard, the towns do not attract the rural population. Habit and family traditions bind them to the plough; whilst every nine years, at the renewal of their lease, the raising of the rent fills them with anxiety, and poisons their existence. It makes them distrust all those who are making inquiry on the state of agriculture, and dissimulate as to the fertility of their land, and the produce they obtain from it.

Western Flanders is crossed by a strip of land which is particularly difficult of cultivation; until lately it was scarcely inhabited, and covered with low brushwood and marshy heath. The reindeer moss enveloped the trees with a layer as of white ashes; abundance of ferns and moss grew, and the sickly appearance of other plants gave the country a sterile appearance. But by means of the pine-tree this land has also become valuable. About thirty thousand young trees are planted on an acre; at the end of seven years, these are thinned, and sold for firewood; this is repeated every two years, until the trees are twenty years old, when they begin to cut them into poles for the hop; at twenty-five years, they produce props for mines; at thirty, wood for building; and at forty, the acre will still have a thousand trees, worth three or four shillings each, the whole paying very fairly for the expenses.

A few families settle on the spot to carry on the work; they take a lease of a corner of land at a very low rent, and husband and wife set to work, and build a cabin which they can call their own. The next savings are spent on a goat and a few rabbits, then they bring up a calf on the grass which grows in the wood; when at last they possess a cow, they are saved from poverty. The milk is made into butter; the manure enriches their land; a little capital accumulates, and in a few years the labourer becomes a small farmer; by degrees the small population increases, the land is conquered by cultivation, the owner has spent little beside the wages. The labourer is assured of his plot for thirty years, and willingly spends his time upon it. Here, doubtless, under adverse circumstances, a living is made by a family; but what kind of living? Not what any ordinary English artisan, realizing the comforts procurable by a wage of a pound to thirty shillings a week, would be inclined to put up with.

The two products which grow the best on poor land are rye and potatoes, and they form the food of most of the rural classes in Belgium. It has been remarked that the Germanic races have a predilection for rye, and it bears a better crop than wheat, whilst the straw is much used for roofing the cabins. Barley gives also a larger return than in England; and potatoes, though so uncertain, owing to the disease, are the favourite food of the Flemings; buckwheat is also a precious plant, because it requires little tillage; and when the potatoes fail at the end of July, it can be immediately sown, and coming up as the leaves die, stifles the weeds, and gives a good second crop. Flax is more cultivated than ever, as France and England buy all the finest quality ready spun. Each farmer also grows the tobacco for his own use; whilst near Commines and Wervicq it is cultivated on a large scale, and acquires a powerful flavour, much appreciated in America.

Digitized by Google

The hop is another variety of culture of which Belgium may be proud; the vine of the north hangs its beautiful dark-green verdure around the poles, but it only gives its perfumed cones in return for much money and continual labour. The land must be rich and provided with fir-poles, three thousand to the acre; as it grows, the stems have to be tied, and liquid manure given to those plants which shew yellow leaves; finally, at the time of harvest, numbers of work-people have to be gathered together for the picking. But whilst in England the whole of the ground is sacrificed to the hop, there are in Belgium the most splendid crops of wheat and beetroot growing between. Chicory, like the hop, is a very expensive article of culture; but it gives a rich return, estimated at forty pounds an acre. The produce of colza is also very valuable.

It will be seen that few sheep are fed in a country where there is so little pasture; horses of great strength, and milch cows which give much butter, and can be fed in the stable, are considered most advantageous, and statistics shew that more of these animals are fed on the acre than in any other country. It is to be remarked that the Flemish farmer has compensated for all the disadvantages of his soil and climate by a simple means within the reach of all — that of restoring to the land what it gives to the wants of man; the too much neglected secret of agricultural chemistry. Belgium, in short, offers a pleasant spectacle of rural industry, but, from the circumstances mentioned, we do not believe that the same thing could be realized in the British Islands.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

LIBERALISM AND DEMOCRACY.

THERE is perhaps some danger lest the downfall of the English Liberal party and the success of the Conservatives should be regarded in England as purely local events, and our attention be called away from the fact that the most powerful cause of the change in political balance may be seen in operation all over Europe. There has seldom been a greater miscalculation than that of the persons who had supposed that the wide extension of the political suffrage which has been conceded in all Western countries would be ultimately favourable to the opinions known as Liberal. As we have frequently insisted, there is not the slightest necessary connection between Liberalism and Democracy. Liberty is the absence of law; Liberal opinions are supposed to be the opinions which are formed without reference or with only slight reference to prescriptive authority; the Liberal party is assumed to exist for the purpose of giving effect to these opinions. Democracy is a name for a form of government in which sovereign power is lodged with a large number of persons instead of few persons or one. Doubtless it has been assumed for a certain number of years in a certain number of countries that the many are more "liberal" than the few, but at the present moment there is not a single civilized commonwealth which does not furnish some reason for doubting the truth of the assumption.

It is much to be regretted that German political facts are only seen in England through the veil of a language much less understood among us than it ought to be and than might be expected. They are much more practically instructive, for instance, than the phenomena of French politics, of which the interest is greatly out of proportion to the value. France has been so racked with repeated revolutions, and has had her public morality so deeply shaken for the moment by the disasters of the last war, that she furnishes few lessons of much importance to a country like our own, of which the development has been orderly, and whose public misfortunes and trials have not of late been very severe. Nothing, however, can be fuller of instruction to us than the recent political history of Germany. Prince Bismarck, it will be remembered, was for long years in permanent dispute with the Prussian Parliament, a body of which the prevailing opinions were Liberal, but which owed its Liberalism to the elaborate restriction of the suffrage by which it was elected. When the triumphant war which ended with the victory of Sadowa brought all Germany round to Prince Bismarck's side he constructed the Parliament of the North German Confederation pretty much as he pleased, and when he determined that it should be chosen by universal suffrage he was undisguisedly acting in expectation of the same result which was aimed at by Mr. Disraeli in the measure of 1867. Since then the North German Parliament has become the Parliament of the Empire, and Prince Bismarck has become, if not a Liberal, the author of the most uncom-

Digitized by Google

promising measures ever devised for giving effect to distinctively Liberal opinion. It is, however, becoming increasingly evident that he is encountering more and more difficulty through the universal suffrage which he created. In the Prussian Parliament he has his own way completely; but, though no doubt the Imperial Parliament is Liberal for the present, it becomes less so at each successive election, and it is not by any means impossible that in the end it may become Ultramontane. Hence there are plain signs of a movement among the German Liberals for restricting the suffrage upon which the Imperial Legislature is based, and for assimilating it to the Prussian suffrage. No such language is held about the "residuum" in Germany as is employed by both the English parties. It is there openly called densely ignorant, grossly superstitious, and almost wholly incapable of national spirit. The German educated mind, always in speculative revolt against authority, is now engaged in active war with the concrete embodiment of all authority in the Popedom; and it fully recognizes that its most obstinate adversaries are that very portion of the community worshipped by Liberals elsewhere under the name of democracy. The same disbelief in the Liberalism of the masses enters into every shade of French political sentiment. M. Gambetta himself has obviously not a fragment of faith in the conformity of opinion between the French multitude and himself. He thinks, like a long series of French Republican leaders before him, that the masses can be disciplined or educated into Republicanism; but there is no practical difference of opinion between French politicians of all colours on the point that what the majority of Frenchmen would like best, if left to themselves, would be a dictatorship. Perhaps, however, the most striking example of the divorce between Liberalism and Democracy is to be seen in Belgium. Here is a most prosperous country, endowed with popular institutions, secured against foreign war, to which the Liberal party has admittedly rendered almost priceless services. Yet the effect of extending the suffrage has been to expel the Liberals from power, perhaps permanently. The Government in office is composed of men theoretically committed to the principles of the Syllabus, and the country is nearly as much given over to the priests as Portugal in the seventeenth century. M. de Laveleye, when he last explained the state of Belgium to English readers, wrote in apparent despair. He evidently thought that freedom of education and of the press were in the greatest danger, and that the land was rapidly becoming again the property of the religious corporations.

The English Radicals of forty or fifty years ago held on the subject of universal or widely extended suffrage a set of opinions which were natural enough at that period, but which were not the less a memorable instance of delusion. The great opposition to the new opinions of the schools of thought which were rising up came from the vested interests of minorities. Economical reforms, fiscal reforms, judicial reforms, were each prevented by small knots of men banded together by the common advantages which the older system conferred on them. The Radicals justly thought that if these minorities were driven from influence and power, the abuses which they supported would be easier of destruction; but they jumped to the further conclusion that majorities had none of the political vices of minorities. Bentham and his followers used to argue that universal suffrage must be a good thing because the interests which the Government based on it would promote would by the nature of the case be the interests of all. The implied assumption here made is that multitudes of men know their own interests in the same way in which small minorities know them. The fact has turned out to be that vast constituent bodies do not know their own interests, unless knowing their own interests means the same thing as blindly following whatever impulse happens to act strongly upon them. Men, because they obtain votes, do not become less ignorant, less superstitious, less envious, less servile, less greedy, less the victims of any set of persons who take the trouble to pull the wires of the machinery by which they are moved. The history of forty years has not proved more than this about the connection between Democracy and Liberalism. So long as Liberal policy is destructive — and destructive it must sometimes be from the necessity of the case — it may be expected to have the sympathy of a multitudinous constituent body. In the long run the masses may be depended upon to join in taking away from others advantages which they can understand and which they do not share themselves, in destroying rotten boroughs, opening close corporations, and disestablishing Churches. But when the demands of

Digitized by Google

Liberal opinion are for a constructive policy, or for a policy not capable of being appreciated at a glance, or for a policy at variance with settled superstitions, there is not more reason to expect popular support for them than for any other set of doctrines. Free trade was carried with the old constituencies, not, however, without the aid of numerous exceptional influences; but what chance would it have had with the present constituencies, led as are large sections of them by men who propose to keep up wages by such expedients as "limiting the output of coal?" Sudden gusts of passion may occasionally lash a democracy into furious hostility to the Pope, the Crown, the peerage, or the priesthood, but as a general rule men, because they obtain votes, do not give up any of their habitual opinions about this world and the next. Some surprise has been expressed that, though the English clergy is probably the class which has gone nearest to doing its duty to the agricultural labourer, he proves to dislike the parson only less than the farmer, while he respects the squire and stands in the greatest awe of the neighbouring duke. Something of this is no doubt owing to the Nonconformist influences which have presided over the agricultural strike, but the permanent cause is that the clergyman is in comparatively close contact with the labourer. He is near enough to be regarded as the embodiment of respectability and affluence, and to be envied accordingly; but the great landowner is at such a distance that hereditary awe of him is never dispelled. This is just what has been discovered everywhere respecting the poor and ignorant men who have been so generally turned into voters. They will join in putting down any institution which is close at hand; but their votes, like their ideas, are not the less at the service of anybody who will appeal to their abject fear of the Pope or the Devil, or both of them.

From The Spectator.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF SWITZERLAND.

THE changes in the Swiss constitution, accepted on Sunday by a double majority of the people, and a threefold majority of the Cantons, are most serious, and have evidently two objects in view. One is to strengthen the Federal Army. That Army, though it has performed some serious feats of arms, though it nominally contains 200,000 men, and is fairly drilled, is too loosely organized for sufficiently rapid action in a great emergency. The Central Government, sitting at Berne, had, under the old Constitution, no direct power over the Army until it was in the field, the organization of each section and the duty of forwarding it where commanded being left absolutely with the Cantons. These powers are not withdrawn even now, and each Canton can still use its own troops for internal purposes; but the Canton is made for military purposes entirely subordinate to the Central power, which can now dictate organization, take possession of all *matériel* of war, and in fact, if it pleases, create as centralized a force as it has means to pay. There can be no doubt whatever that this new power, if wisely and moderately used, will greatly increase the securities for the independence of Switzerland. Her Army of 200,000 men would by itself be a hard nut to crack, for the Switzers are brave fighting-men, and the authorities at Berne would in the event of war stand in this favourable position. They can be attacked directly only by Germany or France, and of course would be defended by either power innocent of the attack, — by Germany because she could not submit to see her flank so completely turned, by France because the Swiss Army would furnish just the iron spear-head her own Army wants in a conflict with the German Army. At the same time, the risk that the defender would develope also into the ruler would be averted by the dislike of strong Powers to lengthen their conterminous boundary, and the difficulty which either power, just exhausted by conflict, would feel in encountering a new army sure to fight well, and sure also to occupy the most dangerous of positions. It is true that the neutrality of Switzerland is guaranteed by Europe, but in these days guarantees do not count for much, and the ability to inflict a serious blow on any invader is a much more tangible security. Neither Germany nor France want to lose 100,000 men on the eve of a mighty duel, and Switzerland, if thoroughly organized, might employ at least that number. She becomes, in fact, a fortress which an assailant must carry, just when he has other and heavier business on hand. Both Powers, it is true, acting in unison, could divide Switzerland, and there are contingencies under which this

Digitized by Google

danger might arise; but they are extremely improbable, and exist now in a yet higher degree, partition being comparatively easy. With 200,000 good men Switzerland will always find allies.

The second and more immediate object, the one, in fact, on which all voting turned, is to raise the Republic once for all above all the Churches found within its borders, and this has been accomplished in the most thorough-going style. Many of the Cantons are strongly Catholic, and one or two are strongly Protestant, but the entire Republic may be classed as Liberal; and it is to the Republic, the whole Confederation, that all ecclesiastical power is now confided. An alliance between the Protestants and the Voltairians will always command, in the whole country, a majority too great to be resisted, either by votes or rifles; and the Central Government, now allowed to act without Cantonal restrictions, can pass any ecclesiastical decree it pleases. The State is set free with a vengeance. Not only may it pass any law on education, but it must establish compulsory primary education in all Cantons, and this education being uniform, will obviously be secular. Then it must establish a Central University, at which men of all religions will be trained together, a practice to which Catholics, with considerable want of faith in their own system, have of late years been angrily opposed. Then the Central authority "may take the necessary measures for the maintenance of public order and peace between the members of the different religious communities, as well as against the encroachments of ecclesiastical authority upon the rights of the citizens," — words wide enough to cover any conceivable amount of interference with any creed in the Republic, or at least any creed requiring the services of a priesthood. It is true, the Canton still retains the same powers, but the general legislation overrides Cantonal authority, and all Switzerland may punish an excommunication pronounced by the Bishop of a Canton. As if to show clearly the spirit in which the power is to be used, the Constitution authorizes the Confederation to prohibit the creation of any new Bishopric, — a direct defiance to Rome; and the founding of any new convent, or the re-establishment of any one dispossessed; to control all burial-places, and to make any laws of marriage it may please. In fact, if the summary we are quoting from the *Continental Herald*, the old *Swiss Times* — a journal we are happy to see so suddenly and amazingly prosperous — is accurate, the Confederation must establish civil marriage, for "marriage is not to be refused on any moral or religious ground," the Swiss apparently trusting the maintenance even of the laws of consanguinity entirely to opinion, as the French did during their whole Revolutionary period; while the children born out of wedlock must be legitimatized on the subsequent marriage of their parents, a just and humane provision in theory, but one which in practice is not found to conduce to female chastity. The State, in fact, is made supreme in all matters of marriage, burial, and ecclesiastical discipline, — that is, in all that section of human life which in Catholic countries necessitates contact with the priesthood.

These laws must have been prepared by very astute hands, for while they prohibit no creed and interfere with no creed, they arm the governing party in the Republic with a power beyond that conferred in Prussia by the Falk laws, with a power, that is, of suppressing Ultramontanism altogether. If reasonably worked, there is nothing in them to which fervent Catholics can object — for Catholics do not object to civil marriage in itself, but to marriage unblessed by religious sanction — but they may easily be so worked as to suppress Catholic discipline altogether. For instance, they certainly allow of any penalty being enacted for excommunication, of the suspension of religious services in a new diocese, of the gradual extinction of all convents, of the expulsion of any religious order "the conduct of which is dangerous to the State, or disturbs the peace between the creeds," and, as we imagine, of the exclusion of any Papal Bull. The Confederation can, in fact, prohibit the Roman Catholic religion, if it pleases; and though we do not believe the grave and experienced men who govern it intend to go that length, they have two additional temptations to attempt the feat. The revision has given them full control of the Army, and the vote for it has revealed the comparative weakness of their opponents. The Council of the Confederation possesses, in fact, the full power of the Hohenzollerns, backed by a formidable army, and may, if it pleases, persecute to any length, short of inflicting death, a punishment which, strange to say, in a country so rigid in its ideas, is finally and universally abolished. That is a dangerous amount of power to commit to a majority in any Republic, and its habitual use may

Digitized by Google

end either in violent convulsions, or in the emigration of the Catholic population bodily to America. Even if it is not used, the provisions which confer it assert the sovereignty of the State over the conscience to a degree which would never be borne in England, and which is entirely inconsistent with any theory of religious liberty. It is not the State-paid pastor who may be restricted, but the unpaid, not merely the new diocese which is prohibited, but the new superintending circle. Wesley could no more work under the Bill than Pio Nono can. The principle of Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is, in fact, elevated into a State Dogma, and the Confederation can annul the territorial or disciplinary arrangements of a disestablished Church. So can Parliament, no doubt, but if it did, English Liberals would scarcely assert that it was governed by the principles of civil and religious liberty, or that any worship was free within the limits of morality and order. The Cantonal system of Switzerland is not one we admire, for, like the State system of the Union, it has always seemed to us unfavourable to the development of statesmanship, but it did at least leave the people really free; and we are not sure that the Swiss, in their panic-terror of the Syllabus, are not parting with too much of the freedom which alone makes them remarkable on earth.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.

I. — The Whites.

Our new dependency in Polynesia has been acquired so suddenly that very little is generally known concerning the islands or their inhabitants, whether white or black. In this instance, as in that of the Gold Coast, matters have been steadily advancing in one direction for many years, and yet, now that the time has come for decided action, scarcely any definite information is forthcoming to guide our judgment. A short sketch, therefore, of the population of Fiji and their habits of life may not be out of place.

To begin with the white men who are settled in the group, nine-tenths of whom are British subjects. Although Europeans have been in the Fiji Islands since early in the present century, and the missionaries, both Catholic and Wesleyan, have been at work there for nearly thirty years, it is only within a recent period that the white men have held any assured position. The majority of the early settlers, "old hands," as they are now called, were certainly a very peculiar people. Many were escaped convicts, and they were scattered about the different islands, living pretty much on sufferance, and at the mercy of the native chiefs. Indeed, it was only by a thorough understanding among themselves that they should all combine to help and avenge any one of their number who might be attacked that they contrived to hold their own with the blood-thirsty savages by whom they were surrounded. Of course they cared nothing about the brutal fetish worship and cannibalism practised by their hosts. Some even acquired considerable influence by aiding the more powerful chieftains in their constant wars; and the stories which are still told in the islands go to show that they were little, if at all, behind the Fijians themselves in brutality and licentiousness. The small traders who took up their abode there from time to time made hazardous profits by purchasing cocoa-nut oil, tortoise-shell, bêche-de-mer, and other native products which could be easily obtained; but for many years the island trade was looked upon as a very dangerous and in fact as almost a piratical business. The missionaries stood upon a very different footing. At first they made little headway, but the more frequent visits of men-of-war, British and American, gave them opportunities of which they courageously availed themselves; and, after the conversion of Thakombau to Christianity in 1853, the Wesleyans became a power in the group. They showed themselves very hostile to the interlopers, as they considered the whites who came from the colonies, and it was mainly owing to their influence that Colonel Smythe reported against annexation in 1860, when the first Commission, consisting of himself and Dr. Seeman — who was favourable to it — was sent out at the instance of the late Mr. Pritchard. This decision of course checked the influx of settlers for a time, and even induced some who were already in the islands to leave them.

The history of the group for the next few years consisted chiefly of fierce native wars, combined with the advance of the missionaries and the gradual progress of trade. Notwithstanding the rather dictatorial behaviour of the Wesleyans, who seemed at one time desirous of emu-

Digitized by Google

lating the government which the Catholic priests have set up in other islands, they certainly deserve great credit for the work they did during these years. It is rarely that so great and beneficial a change has been so soon brought about in the habits of a barbarous people. The introduction of Sea-Island cotton by Dr. Brower, the American Consul, and the owner of the island of Wakaia, changed the whole aspect of affairs. It was soon found that this description of cotton was particularly well suited to the moist yet equable climate and the rich volcanic soils of the Fijis. Under careful management it seemed probable that the new staple would yield considerable profits. It so happened, also, that about the time when the Sea-Island cotton was first grown both Australian and New Zealand wool was at a very low price. Some of the more adventurous of the colonists, therefore, who had been nearly ruined by the depression, scraped together the remains of their fortune and determined to try their luck in Fiji. A few have done tolerably well, but none, we fear, have earned the profits which they anticipated when they set out. At first, however, everything looked well, and in 1869 and 1870 there began a sort of "rush" to Fiji. Every newcomer thence was eagerly questioned in Sydney and Melbourne as to the amount of capital which would be required to start a cotton plantation with fair hope of success. The infection even spread to this country, and made way among classes not well suited to such work. In Melbourne a large Polynesian company was formed, which secured upwards of 200,000 acres. In the end a population of upwards of 2,000 white men has gathered in the islands; and whatever may have been said or thought to the contrary, they are in truth a fair sample of hard-working English colonists. Many of the planters are really superior men, quite capable of holding their own anywhere. There are some black sheep amongst them, no doubt; and these, as so often happens in a new community where each honest man is chiefly intent on minding his own business, have come to the surface. Mr. Layard, who evidently went out with the idea that he would be called upon to meet the very scum of the earth when he should encounter the Fijian planters, was agreeably surprised to find that for the most part he had to deal with straightforward, plain men of business, who were no more inclined to countenance kidnapping, murder, and rape than he was himself; and he had the honesty to confess his surprise in one of his first speeches in Levuka.

The influx of white settlers and the simultaneous commencement of so many cotton plantations led to the importation of labourers from the neighbouring groups. Much has been heard of late of the abuses to which this traffic has given rise, and the annexation of Fiji will no doubt put an end to most of them. Meanwhile, the settlers declare that they were no parties to the atrocities which have been committed, and that they are only anxious that the coolie trade should be conducted with the strictest justice. There is at any rate this evidence in their favour, that none of the vessels regularly employed by them have been charged with such horrors as those which have disgraced some which set out from the colonies "on spec." Hardworking men who have invested their all in the islands, and who are living a rough life among a more or less hostile people, they not unnaturally hope that they be may be made secure of their holdings by the annexation of the group to the British empire, or that they may, on the other hand, be left to settle their differences with the natives after their own fashion. In short, Englishmen in Fiji are neither much better nor much worse than Englishmen in other parts of the world; and under the judicious rule of a responsible English governor, they will prove a very decent and law-abiding community. Even up to the present time brawls of a serious character have been very rare; and revolvers are much more common in many civilized American cities than among the white settlers in the Fijis.

The ideas of a planter's life derived from the old days in the West Indies and the Southern States of America have by no means been realized as yet in Fiji. Most of the settlers think themselves fortunate if on the road to future luxury they can manage to reach the stage of ordinary comfort. At present the white men, as a whole, are badly off. The fall in the price of cotton — a very serious matter in a country where freight, insurance, and agency charges are so high — and the damage done by the tremendous hurricanes of last year have together reduced many to the bare necessaries of life. The stock-keepers of Levuka and Suva, most of whom own plantations themselves, have been compelled to re-

Digitized by Google

strict their credit; and even tea and square-bottle gin are, it is said, becoming scarce along the coasts. A settler in Fiji who cannot supply every chance guest with gin at discretion must, indeed, feel himself in a bad way. But this depression, of course, is merely temporary. In the face of it, and of the bad and uncertain government which has now come to an end, the imports into the group for the year 1873 considerably exceeded in value £100,000. And in spite of the hardships, difficulties, dangers, and disappointments which fall to his share, the life of a settler, whether a planter or a trader, is a pleasant one. The climate itself is delightful to all who can stand a high temperature, and from April to December a journey amongst the islands is little more than an agreeable excursion. Formerly terrible risks were run in open boats, but the loss of many lives has taught caution in this respect. Nowadays during the cotton season it would be difficult to see a prettier sight than Levuka harbour crowded with little yachts and steam-launches. Levuka itself has, as the Americans say, become quite a place. Apart, too, from the enjoyment which may be derived from visiting the other islands during the slack time, the management of a plantation is itself interesting. The planter who possesses an island of his own is, of course, particularly favored. He has no one to look after but his own labourers, and, provided he can keep them in proper order, he has little to think of beyond the improvement of his fields and the perfecting of his cotton-ginning establishment. On the larger islands, however, account has to be taken of the natives, who sometimes interfere most unpleasantly where they think they have been wronged. Perhaps there is little reason to wonder that troubles have arisen, when it is remembered that the white men claim one-sixth of the whole arable land in the group. They have probably purchased rightly, according to Fiji custom, one-eighth or one-ninth.

As we have said, Sea-Island cotton has hitherto been the staple product of Fiji. Of late, however, sugar-cane, which the natives have long grown successfully, has been systematically cultivated. People have long been aware that both climate and soil were favourable; but sugar, unlike cotton, requires considerable capital to work to advantage, and capital does not lose its characteristic timidity even in the South Seas. It is plain that the Fiji sugar, if successfully grown and manufactured, will at any rate have a good chance of commanding the New Zealand market, Auckland being only 1,100 miles from Levuka. Fiji tobacco also ought in these days of dearth in cigars to attract attention. The leaf grown from the best Cuban seed is said to be equal in every respect to the finest in the Antilles. It might perhaps be worth the while of some Cubans who are settling in Jamaica to see whether even a better field is not offered here.

As it is clear that the white men cannot be turned out of the group, it is certainly well that they should be placed under a form of government which can really exercise control over them. Thakombau's late Ministers, with one or two exceptions, were thoroughly distrusted by every white man in the Fiji Islands. Their dictatorial behaviour and wholesale extravagance only made people inquire the more closely into their previous history. Messrs. Woods, Swanston, Burt, and "Sir" Charles St. Julian were, to say the least, not capable of dealing with the present state of affairs; and Mr. Thurston's want of tact and incapacity for controlling his colleagues quite neutralized his ability. If strong ground is taken from the first and a proper system adopted alike for whites, natives, and imported labourers, there is every reason to believe that the Fiji Islands will become a valuable addition to the British Empire.

ABSENCE OF ITALIAN CHEMISTS. — At a congress of Italian *savants*, which held a recent sitting at Rome, a meeting of the Chemical Section, under the presidency of Professor Cannizzaro, undertook a discussion on the rarity of original chemical research in Italy, and on its causes. The Section was of opinion that to awaken activity in this department it is desirable that the profession of chemistry should offer to students a career analogous to that presented by engineering or by medicine. To this the "Chemical News" adds: "A similar complaint and a similar suggestion might be made in England, with the additional complaint that engineers and medical men are continually encroaching upon the sphere of the professional chemist."

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. } No. 1564.—May 30, 1874. { From Beginning, Vol. CXXI.

CONTENTS.

I. Dr. Schliemann's Trojan Antiquities, . *Edinburgh Review*, . . . 515
II. Far from the Madding Crowd. By Thomas Hardy, author of "Under the Greenwood Tree," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," etc. Part VI., ... *Cornhill Magazine*, . . . 536
III. Sir Peter Lely, ... *Temple Bar*, ... 549
IV. The Story of Valentine; and his Brother. Part VI., ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . 559
V. The Fiji Islands. II.—The Natives, . *Pall Mall Gazette*, . . . 569
VI. The Domesday Book of Scotland, . *Spectator*, ... 571
VII. The History of Popular Voting in Switzerland, ... *Pall Mall Gazette*, . . . 574

POETRY.

The Thought of Her, . . . 514 | Winter Sunrise, ... 514

Miscellany, ... 576

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For Eight Dollars, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the Living Age with another periodical.

An extra copy of The Living Age is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of Littell & Gay.

Digitized by Google

THE THOUGHT OF HER.

A. B. B.

I.

AT thought of her the tender tears
  Are troubled from their springs,
Yet stir as weeps the April rain
  Her violets that brings,
With health and healing in their wells,
  Not bitter, brackish things.

II.

Only it is the getting used
  To have one more in Heaven!
It will seem strange and bleak at first,
  The daily closeness riven,
And yearning love that wants her back
  So easily forgiven!

III.

At thought of her the flickering smiles
  Quiver and glimmer, too;
So gracious, beautiful and bright
  Her rounded life-time grew! —
Remembering all her ways and words,
  As faithful lovers do.

IV.

How vividly they catch the light,
  Like embers fanned aglow —
This quaintness or that archness shown
  Some day we only know;
An attitude, a look, a gem
  Worn *then*, a ribbon *so*; —

V.

A winsome air, a gentle tone,
  A kindliness she did,
All fragrant with that sense of her
  That could no more be hid
Than subtle lavender or rose
  Laid common things amid.

VI.

At thought of her the air grows pure
  And tremulous and sweet;
It was a vision perfected,
  A lovely life to meet.
Brave woman, wife, and mother crowned
  And angel now beside,
The world is richer that she lived,
  And Heaven that she died.

VII.

She died; — and yet no need to say
  Her memory, — as though
Of us and our to-day she had
  Forevermore let go,
Left us the past, and would henceforth
  No longer care or know.

VIII.

Can she who here loved lavishly,
  Now only out of sight,
Be colder, more forgetful grown
  There in God's full love-light?
Oh! no, we will not count her out,
  Telling the rest good-night.

IX.

Then give we thanks, O Lord! for her
  Gone in Thy faith and fear,
For good she wrought, for seed she sowed
  And left to ripen here,
For all the honor, love and peace
  That keeps her name so dear;

X.

But most for this — a legacy
  Such as none other wear,
Potent to stay our hearts in stress,
  Uplift us lest we err,
And beckon, beacon-like, to Heaven,
  — The blessed thought of her!

Springfield Republican. E. B.

WINTER SUNRISE.

THEY miss this glorious sight
Who still upon the pillow rest their head —
That first long ray upslanting rosy red
  From clouds of night:

Then, like a burnished shield,
The sun's broad disc mounts in the purple sky;
While, white as virgin snow, the hoar-frosts lie
  On street and field.

An allegory fair
Of life's undreamed-of possibilities!
Yon burning orb above, yet still there lies
  The hoar-frost there.

So do I spend my strength
In vain, it often seems; and wearily
Still "Vanity of vanities!" I cry.
  And yet, at length,

I know that sun will gain
Each day a mightier force, as onward speed
The days to summer. Sure therein I read
  My lesson plain;

That lesson, Persevere!
Press on; and thou shalt make thy presence felt;
Be strong; and all the morning frosts shall melt
  In noontide clear.

Tinsley's Magazine.

Digitized by Google

From The Edinburgh Review.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S TROJAN ANTIQUITIES.*

MUCH curiosity was excited, towards the close of last summer, by the announcement, which appeared first in the German newspapers, but soon found its way into those of this country also—that a German *savant*, who was known to have been engaged for a considerable time past in researches on the plain of Troy, had not only determined beyond a doubt the site of that far-famed city, but had brought to light the very palace of King Priam himself, and, what was more, had found upon the site a large portion of the treasures in gold and silver that had once belonged to the Trojan monarch, and which the Greek invaders, as it appeared, had omitted to carry off. Such a discovery was indeed calculated to arouse the attention, not only of archæologists and scholars, but of every cultivated person in the three kingdoms; but who is there that can pretend to that title, to whom the names of Priam and Hecuba, of Hector and Andromache, are not as familiar as household words? Great as was the interest attached to such marvellous discoveries as those at Nineveh, which may be said to have brought to light again the existence of a buried empire, they were deficient in that highest source of interest which is derived from the association and connection with persons well known in history, or in that poetical and legendary story, which is apt to impress itself more strongly on the mind than any true history.

At the same time this very circumstance was one of the causes which led to this first announcement being received with some incredulity as well as astonishment. The old undoubting faith of former days, which had received the Trojan War as an event as historical and unquestionable as the Crusades, and had looked on Agamemnon and Achilles as no less historical personages than Godfrey of Bouillon or Edward the Black Prince, had almost entirely passed away; and while many scholars were still content to believe that there must remain a substratum of fact underlying this accumulated mass of legend and fiction, others insisted on resolving the whole into those hazy mists of mythology, in which the bewildered inquirer gropes in vain for any glimpse of truth or reality. To be told, therefore, that the results of actual excavations upon the spot had not only proved the real existence of Troy, but the substantial truth of the Trojan War, and revealed objects of great intrinsic value, which could be assigned without hesitation to the period of that event, and might be reasonably believed to have belonged to the aged Priam himself, and been worn or handled by his sons and daughters, was indeed an assertion calculated to arouse the scepticism of more critical scholars, while those who still clung to the ancient legend would be apt to feel that it was too good news to be true.

For some time no definite information on the subject was received; and it was not till the publication of an article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of January last, by M. Emile Burnouf, the learned director of the French school at Athens; and of one by Mr. Max Müller in "The Academy," almost exactly at the same time, that scholars and archæologists in this country had any means of forming a judgment for themselves of the real value and nature of the discoveries in question. Since then Dr. Schliemann's own work has appeared, containing not only a minute and detailed account of the whole course and progress of his excavations, but illustrated with photographic representations of all the objects of interest discovered in the course of them, as well as with plans of the excavations and the ruins brought to light, which supply the fullest information concerning all the circumstances of this extraordinary *trouvaille*. Whatever opinion we may form as to the scientific and historical results of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, and however we may feel disposed to dissent from

* 1. *Trojanische Alterthümer. Bericht über die Ausgrabungen in Troja.* Von Dr. HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN. 8vo. Leipzig: 1874.

2. *Atlas Trojanischer Alterthümer. Photographische Abbildungen zu dem Bericht über die Ausgrabungen in Troja.* Von Dr. HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN. 4to. (218 Photographic Plates with Descriptive Text.) 1874.

Digitized by Google

some of his conclusions — tinctured as they are with an enthusiasm natural enough under the circumstances — there can be but one opinion as to the gratitude we owe him for the unwearied zeal with which he prosecuted his labours, at a very heavy expense, during a period of nearly two years, on the supposed site of Troy; as well as for the candid and complete manner in which he has communicated the results of those labours to the public, and afforded them the amplest means of drawing their own conclusions from the materials thus placed at their disposal. Our object in the following pages will be to make our readers acquainted with the facts connected with these very remarkable discoveries, and to point out their bearing on the immediate questions connected with the site of Troy, while we must content ourself with briefly hinting at some of the other subjects of archæological interest on which they are calculated to throw a new and unexpected light.

But before we proceed to follow the progress of Dr. Schliemann's excavations, it will be necessary to advert briefly to the topography of the surrounding localities, and to the causes that determined him to devote his attention especially to the particular spot where his researches have been productive of such remarkable results. All our readers are probably aware that the topography of the plain of Troy, and the true site of that famous city, have been in modern times the subject of much controversy. No doubt existed, indeed, as to the position assigned to it by the concurrent voice of ancient tradition. Throughout the historical period of Greek literature — from the Persian War to the Roman Empire — there existed on a hill about two miles from the shore of the Hellespont, a town, which still bore the celebrated name of Ilium, and which was generally believed to occupy the site of the city of Priam. A temple dedicated to Pallas Athena, who figures so prominently in the Iliad as the tutelary goddess of Troy, still crowned the heights of its acropolis; and so strong was the belief in the identity of the city thus subsisting with the Homeric Ilium, that when Xerxes was about to conduct his mighty host of barbarians across the Hellespont, he went up to the "Pergamus of Priam" (as it is called by Herodotus), and sacrificed a thousand oxen to the Ilian Athena.* His example was followed, a century and a half later, by Alexander, who not only went up to the citadel and offered sacrifices to the tutelary goddess, but dedicated there his own suit of armour, and took down in return some of the arms preserved in the temple, which, according to the popular belief, had belonged to one or other of the heroes that had fought in the Trojan War.† After the death of Alexander, the city of Ilium, which had hitherto been a poor and decayed place, notwithstanding its historical celebrity, was restored, enlarged, and fortified anew by Lysimachus, and continued through several centuries, first under the kings of Pergamus, afterwards under the Roman dominion, to be a flourishing and populous town. That it should continue throughout this period to enjoy the character of representing the Homeric city, is no more than was to be expected, and must be admitted to prove nothing, as such a traditional belief, when once established, will almost always continue unchanged.

It was not, indeed, universally adopted. The "still, small voice," of criticism was raised against it, though with little effect, by a certain Demetrius, a native of Scepsis, a small town in the Troad, who was a contemporary of Aristarchus, and devoted himself to the study of the Homeric poems with so much zeal that he composed a work, extending to not less than thirty books, devoted entirely to a commentary on the Homeric catalogue of the Trojans and their allies. His opinions, however, appear to have met with very little assent in antiquity, and had it not been for their mention by Strabo, who himself adopted his conclusions, we should have remained in total ignorance of the blow thus aimed at "the mythical legitimacy of Ilium." The diffi-

* Herodotus, lib. vii. c. 43.
† Arrian, "Anab." lib. i. c. 12.

Digitized by Google

culties which presented themselves to his mind — especially the limited space between the reputed Ilium and the sea — were the same that have been the stumbling-block of so many modern writers. It was not in accordance with any different tradition, or on the evidence of existing remains, that Demetrius and Strabo were led to disbelieve in the pretensions of the Ilium of their day, but because they found it impossible to reconcile its position with the details given in the Iliad concerning the incidents of the war and the movements of the conflicting armies. It was solely in order to obviate these difficulties and allow more space for the theatre of war, that Demetrius was led to the novel and startling hypothesis that the Ilium which had been so long revered as the representative of the "sacred city" had no real claim to that dignity, and that Troy had in reality occupied a site considerably farther inland, where there still stood in his day a place called "the village of the Ilians.*

On one point, indeed, the arguments first brought forward by the sceptical critics were unanswerable. They proved beyond a doubt that the Ilians of their time could not appeal to the unbroken evidence of tradition which would arise from the continuous occupation of the site from the heroic ages downwards. According to the legendary history of Troy, which was admitted by both sides in the controversy, the city had been destroyed — burnt with fire — and though the Trojan people continued to exist for a considerable period, there is no trace of the re-establishment of the ancient city, until — centuries after the supposed date of its destruction, and long after the age of the Homeric poems — a Greek colony was settled on the spot which for ages afterwards bore the name of Ilium. The date of this second foundation is somewhat vaguely assigned by Strabo to the period of the last Lydian dynasty — that is between 720 and 550 B.C. In the long interval between the two, the Troad and the neighbouring districts had been invaded and occupied in succession by several barbarous tribes, chiefly of Thracian origin, and the result was, according to Strabo, that the ethnography of the surrounding region had undergone such changes as to present hardly any resemblance to that which was represented in the Homeric catalogue. But the one definite fact clearly remained: the Ilium known in historical times was a Hellenic city, and its inhabitants could not therefore be descended from the ancient Trojans.

In modern times the particular view advocated by Demetrius and Strabo has found little favour, but the same line of argument has been urged by a host of modern critics in support of another wholly different site as that of the Homeric Ilium. It was as far back as the year 1786, that a French traveller named Le Chevalier, on a visit to the Troad, discovered near the Turkish village of Bunarbashi two springs, which appeared to him so well to answer to the well-known description in the Iliad of the two sources of the Scamander,* as to leave no doubt on his mind that they were really those described by Homer, and that the city of the heroic ages — the only one that could be present to the mind of the poet — was situated on the heights behind Bunarbashi, at a distance of not less than eight or nine miles from the mouth of the Scamander and the shore of the Hellespont. The suggestion thus made was eagerly taken up by several eminent scholers, while it was not less warmly combated by others; the localities were visited again and again by numerous travellers, and the result has been that the plain of Troy has been a battle-field of scholars and geographers in modern days, as it was of heroes in the olden time. "The works which have been written on the subject (observes one of the latest contributors to the list) form a literature to themselves." It would be of little interest to enter afresh into the details of the earlier controversy. Our readers will find in the able summary of Mr. Grote all that they need care to know of the arguments and theories advanced on both

* Strabo, lib. xiii. c. 1, § 35.

* Iliad, xxii. v. 147–156.

Digitized by Google

sides by the writers who took up the question in the last century — Bryant, Morritt, Gilbert Wakefield, and the eminent geographer, Major Rennell.* The contest has been renewed in more recent times — especially by the distinguished German scholars, Professors Welcker and Forchhammer, as well as by our own great topographer, Colonel Leake; and a very clear and impartial survey of the arguments, *pro* and *con.*, is given by Mr. Tozer,† who visited the plain of Troy as lately as 1861. All these writers had the great advantage of personal acquaintance with the localities, and they have all pronounced in favour of the height known as Bali Dagh, about a mile beyond Bunarbashi; a site which is described as combining all the requisites which the ancient inhabitants would be likely to seek for, in choosing a position for their city.

On the other side we have the very grave authority of Mr. Grote, who, after reviewing all that had been published before his time upon the subject, pronounces emphatically for the old traditional site of the historic Ilium. The same view has been maintained by Mr. Maclaren, and in Germany by Dr. Eckenbrecher and other writers in recent times — among others, as we learn from Dr. Schliemann, by the learned archæologist, Dr. Braun. Dr. Ulrichs, we believe, stands alone in maintaining the theory of Demetrius of Scepsis and Strabo, that Troy occupied the site which was known in their days as "the village of the Ilians," and is now marked by the decayed Turkish village of Aktchi-kôi. But the general current of opinion among scholars and geographers ran strongly in favour of the modern theory, which transferred it to the neighbourhood of Bunarbashi; and all the best modern maps agree in marking this as the site of the ancient Troy, while they give the name of New Ilium to the ruins on the hill of Hissarlik, which unquestionably indicate the site of the historic city of the name.‡

On looking back to the state of the question as it stood before the recent researches of Dr. Schliemann, we think it must be fairly admitted that the case was "not proven" on either side, and that there was no great predominance of argument in favour of the site which had been so generally adopted. If the one party found difficulties in supposing Troy to have stood at so short a distance from the sea as the New Ilium — the objection originally urged by Demetrius, and taken up by many modern writers — it might be contended on the other that the heights of Bunarbashi were too distant. In either case it was impossible to explain many passages of the Iliad, without great allowance for poetic licence; and if this were to be admitted in some cases, why may it not be extended to others? The fact, we think, must be allowed by all impartial inquirers that the minor details of the poem cannot be made to agree with the present topography of the plain of Troy, on either hypothesis as to the site of the city. Enthusiastic advocates, indeed, find them coincide so perfectly with whichever theory they adopt, as to make it clear to calmer judges that little reliance is to be placed on this line of argument. The commanding position of the supposed site on the Bali Dagh, and the splendid view which it affords of the whole plain from Bunarbashi to the sea, produces so strong an effect upon those who have visited the spot as to give them a strong prepossession in its favour. Both Colonel Leake and Mr. Tozer were evidently so impressed with the idea that this *ought to be* the site of Troy, that they could hardly avoid the conclusion that it *was* the site. And had the question rested solely on the character of the ground, and the general topography of the plain, it may perhaps be admitted that the balance of probabilities was rather in favour of the modern theory.

In this state of things it became clear that the only hope of arriving at any definite conclusion was by means of excavations on the sites selected by the rival theorists.

The first attempt to derive information from this source was made in 1864 by the late Austrian Consul, Von Hahn, whose name is well known to all persons acquainted with Greece and the Levant, and who set to work to explore the height of the Bali Dagh, the supposed site of the Pergamus of Troy.* The result of his researches may be briefly summed up in the conclusion that while they proved incontestably that the height of the Bali

* Grote's "History of Greece," vol. i. chap. xv. pp. 435-460.

† The Highlands of Turkey, vol. ii. pp. 337-367.

‡ This Journal has in times long gone by taken some part in this discussion. The curious reader will find an article on the "Topography of Troy" in the sixth volume of the Edin. Review, p. 258, which claims additional interest from the fact that we believe it to have been written by the Earl of Aberdeen soon after his return from a journey to the Troad in 1805.

* The result of his researches was published at Leipzig in 1865, under the title "Die Ausgrabungen auf der Homerischen Pergamos."

Digitized by Google

Dagh had been at some ancient period occupied by a small town, with a fortified citadel, there was nothing to connect these insignificant remains with the heroic age, or to lead to the conclusion that that town was the Homeric Ilium. Indeed the very small accumulation of soil or *débris* upon the surface seemed to show conclusively that it could not have been inhabited from a very early time.

Such was the state of things when Dr. Schliemann landed at the Dardanelles in 1867. He was not only an ardent lover and enthusiastic student of the Homeric poems, but he was, as he himself tells us, accustomed to look upon every detail of the Iliad with the same reverence as upon those of the Gospels;* and one striking illustration of this frame of mind was his firm conviction that the Homeric city *must* have contained *at least* 50,000 inhabitants! This consideration alone sufficed, on his first visit to Bunarbashi, to convince him that Troy had never stood on the hill above that town, where the limited space indicated by the ancient remains could never have accommodated a population of more than 2,000 souls. He, however, instituted some slight and hasty excavations on the spot, the result of which was only to confirm those of the Austrian Consul. At the same time, this first visit to the plain of Troy rendered him an enthusiastic supporter of the old traditional theory, and in the book which he published on his return, entitled "Ithaca, the Peloponnese, and Troy,"† he argued the question at considerable length, but without adding anything of importance to the arguments already adduced in favour of the Hissarlik site. He learnt, however, from Mr. Frank Calvert, who has an extensive farm in the neighbourhood and has carried on archæological researches to a considerable extent, that that gentleman had ascertained the hill which forms the highest summit of the site in question to be formed in great part of the remains of ancient buildings and habitations, and to contain the ruins of at least one edifice of importance. Hence he arrived at the conclusion that "in order to arrive at the ruins of the palaces of Priam and his sons, as well as those of the temples of Minerva and Apollo, it would be necessary to remove the whole artificial portion of this hill." By so doing he was convinced that he would bring to light the remains of edifices of a Cyclopean character, similar to those of Mycenæ and Tiryns; a style of architecture which he assumed to be so characteristic of the heroic ages that it would be doubtless employed even for the private houses of such a city as Troy.*

The hill of Hissarlik, which is admitted on all hands to be the site of the *historical* Ilium—the place visited by Xerxes and by Alexander as the genuine Homeric Troy—is a plateau of considerable extent, which has evidently been surrounded by a wall in Hellenic times, traces of which are still visible, while the foundations of buildings, as well as numerous blocks of hewn stone and fragments of pottery in abundance, are found scattered over its whole extent. But the north-western angle of the hill rises to a slight elevation above the rest of the plateau, and it is this portion of the surface that, according to Dr. Schliemann's first impression was marked out "by its imposing situation and its natural fortifications" as the unquestionable site of the Pergamus of Troy. We must not, however, form an exaggerated estimate either of its height or extent. The general level of the table-land of Ilium does not rise more than about eighty feet above the plain, while the acropolis at its north-western corner rises about twenty-five feet more; and this elevated portion, which, as we shall see, was the sole theatre of all Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, does not exceed about 325 yards in length, by about 235 yards in breadth. It must be admitted that such a site is far from corresponding with the grand idea that the readers of Homer will have involuntarily formed of the lofty citadel of the "wind-blown" Troy; but, then, Homer was a poet, in whom such exaggeration was natural, and we may many of us remember the disappointment with which we first gazed on the far-famed Tarpeian Rock.

It was not till October, 1871, that Dr. Schliemann was able to commence systematic excavations on the site which he believed to be that of the Homeric Pergamus, and from this time till the month of June, 1873, he continued his labours with unwearied assiduity, with only such intervals as were rendered necessary by the intervention of the winter months. The conclusion of Mr. Calvert that the upper part of this hill was in great meas-

* Einleitung, p. xi.

† "Ithaka, der Peloponnes und Troja," published at Leipzig in 1869, and at the same time in French at Paris.

* Ithaka, der Peloponnes und Troja, p. 170.

Digitized by Google

ure artificial, or, at least, was the result of the accumulation of *débris* and ruins upon a long-inhabited site, proved to be perfectly correct; and some idea may be formed of the enormous mass of rubbish that had to be removed, from the mere fact that the "treasure" which ultimately rewarded his exertions was found at a depth of 8 1-2 mètres or about 27 feet below the surface, while his excavations had elsewhere been carried to the much greater depth of 16 mètres, or more than 50 feet, before reaching the native rock. Of course such an accumulation as this must have been due to local and exceptional causes — as in the case of the Forum at Rome — and cannot, therefore, be taken as any measure of the antiquity of the remains discovered. But in the course of his investigations Dr. Schliemann brought to light the most conclusive evidence of the great lapse of time that had intervened since the earliest of these remains were deposited. In penetrating from above, till he reached the soft calcareous rock that forms the basis of the hill, he passed through five successive strata, every one of which he considers as indicating the presence of a different people, and representing to some extent a distinct phase of civilization.

The uppermost stratum was naturally that of the Greek colony, or the historical Ilium; and this was marked, as might be expected, by such objects as usually reward the labour of the excavator on similar sites — Greek coins, Greek pottery, fragments of Greek architecture, and the foundations of ancient buildings, together with vast masses of large hewn stones, which added greatly to the difficulty of carrying on the excavations. But even in this part of his work Dr. Schliemann was fortunate in the result of his researches. He not only brought to light the foundations of a temple, which he considers, with much plausibility, to occupy the site of that of the Ilian Athena, though the actual edifice cannot be referred to a more remote period than that of Alexander, but he found several inscriptions of considerable interest, and which fully confirm the conclusion — already, indeed, sufficiently established — that the ruins in which they were found were those of the historical Ilium. The most important of these remains, including walls and ramparts of regular Hellenic masonry, are referred by him to the time of Lysimachus, who (as we are told by Strabo) paid great attention to Ilium after the death of Alexander, erected a temple there, and surrounded it with a wall forty stadia in circumference.* This is evidently the wall that surrounded the extensive plateau of Hissarlik, the whole of which was undoubtedly comprised within the limits of Ilium in the days of its prosperity. To the same period Dr. Schliemann refers the only important work of Greek sculpture that he discovered in the course of his researches — the metope of a temple, adorned with a figure of Apollo, as the Sun, in a quadriga, in high relief and of very beautiful execution.

But after penetrating to a depth of above 6 feet, all these relics of the later Ilium disappeared at once. Below that depth the hewn blocks of stone ceased to encumber the soil and embarrass the progress of the workmen. With them disappeared all traces of civilization, though unquestionable signs of habitation were found in the shape of broken pottery and other household articles. A few implements of bronze were also discovered, and the remains of charred wood and ashes, appearing to indicate that the inhabitants, whoever they were, lived only in wooden houses, and that the greater part of these had been destroyed by fire.

There was nothing in this to encourage the hope of finding the remains of the Homeric Troy and the civilization of the heroic ages: but Dr. Schliemann was still more perplexed when, after passing through about the same thickness of this mass of rubbish as the Hellenic stratum above it, at a depth of 13 feet from the surface, he came upon a layer containing an enormous quantity of stone implements of various descriptions — spearheads, axes, adzes, hammers of hard black or green stone (diorite), knives and saws of flint, weights of granite, handmills of lava, &c. — associated with pottery, which was indeed plain and unornamented, but carefully executed. In the midst of these "colossal masses," as he terms them, of stone implements, resembling in their general character those which are found in almost all parts of Europe, and are generally regarded as characteristic of "the Stone Age," he found no evidence of the use of metal except two pins of copper or bronze. The houses, of which ruins and foundations were met with in large quantities, were roughly constructed of common-

* Strabo, xiii, c. i. § 26.

Digitized by Google

sized unwrought stones, bound together with ordinary clay.

Such a result was discouraging in the extreme, and as the workmen laboured on through nearly 10 feet of similar materials, still bringing to light stone implements and arms, and nothing else, Dr. Schliemann began almost to despair of ever discovering "the Pergamus of Priam," and to believe that he had already passed into the remains of an epoch long anterior to the Trojan War. But with the most praiseworthy perseverance he determined to continue his search till he reached the native rock. It was with as much surprise as satisfaction that he came, at a depth of about 33 feet, upon knives, spear-heads, and battle-axes of bronze, of such fine and careful workmanship as to prove that they belonged to a people comparatively advanced in civilization; and the deeper he sank his excavation below this level, the more unquestionable evidence did he find of their civilized condition. The pottery was extremely varied in its forms, but generally of very fine quality and admirable execution. The houses were built of unbaked bricks, but had foundations and door-sills of stone, of the most massive character.

With all his energy — which was now doubly roused by the conviction that he had really reached the object of his search and was on the threshold of still greater discoveries — Dr. Schliemann did not succeed in the first year of his researches in penetrating through these successive layers of *débris* to the native rock beneath. But the next year he recommenced operations on a larger scale, and having laid bare to a considerable extent the surface of the rock, at a depth of not less than 16 metres or 52 feet beneath the accumulated mass above, he satisfied himself that there existed a fifth layer, of about 6 feet in thickness, distinct from the one above it which had afforded the interesting results already mentioned, and which, as it was immediately above the rocky basis of the hill, must represent the earliest inhabitants of the spot. The account of this lowest layer is not very clear, nor are the reasons very fully given which induced Dr. Schliemann to regard it as something distinct from the one above it, both alike containing arms and implements of bronze, though intermixed with many others of stone, pottery of very superior quality and much elegance of form, and large masses of hewn stone, evidently belonging to the ruins of buildings on a large scale. But the point is not one of much importance, for the subsequent discoveries of Dr. Schliemann are all referred by him to the second of these strata (reckoning from the rocky base upwards), to which he assigns in consequence the term of "Trojan;" a name which may conveniently be employed for the sake of brevity, without pledging ourselves to the theoretical conclusion which it involves.

Up to this point Dr. Schliemann had fallen in with no buildings of any considerable size or importance, except those in the first superficial stratum, which unquestionably belonged to the Hellenic times. But in continuing his researches at the level which he had now reached, he struck upon the remains of a wall of above 6 feet thick, which he conjectured to be a portion of the ancient city wall, and adjoining this he brought to light a massive tower or bulwark of solid stone work, not less than 40 feet in thickness and about 20 feet in height. From the summit of this remarkable construction, which, he declares in his enthusiasm, "it is worth a journey round the world to see," * the view ranges over the whole of the plain of Troy to the Hellespont beyond; and hence it was natural for even a less enthusiastic explorer than Dr. Schliemann to assume that he had here discovered "the great tower of Ilium" repeatedly mentioned in the Iliad, and that it was from the platform on its summit that Priam and Helen gazed on the marshalling of the Greek hosts in the plain below — one of the most striking and familiarly-known scenes in the whole poem.†

But this important discovery was only the prelude to others of still greater interest. By the side of this tower was found the pavement of a street — skilfully paved with broad flat slabs of stone — leading down with a steep inclination towards the plain below; and by following this clue he arrived, as he naturally expected, at one of the gates of the city, which was found to be a double gateway, as is the case in almost all ancient Greek cities, the two being separated by an interval of about 20 feet. Even the massive bolts of bronze by which the gates themselves had been attached were still remaining. Here, therefore, "beyond a question," were the far-famed Scæan gates, which afforded, as we gather from the Iliad, the only outlet in habitual use

* P. 219.
† Iliad, book iii. v. 145, &c.

Digitized by Google

from the city to the plain below. Almost immediately adjoining these, within the citadel, were found the remains of an ancient building, having the arrangement and disposition of a house, but which, from its massive construction and elevated position on a foundation artificially raised for the purpose, Dr. Schliemann concludes to have been one of the principal buildings of Troy, "indeed no other than the house or palace of Priam himself." * Considering how imperfectly the area of the supposed Pergamus — limited as it is in extent — had been as yet laid bare, it must be confessed that, to antiquarians less enthusiastic than Dr. Schliemann, the conclusion seems rather a hasty one, the more so as it is certainly at variance with the inference naturally to be drawn from the Iliad, which undoubtedly represents the palace of Priam as situated in a distant part of the city from the Scæan gates. But to this subject we must recur hereafter.

It was in following up his excavations in this direction, with a view to tracing further the line of the ancient wall of the citadel, that Dr. Schliemann unexpectedly stumbled upon the discovery which has naturally attracted the most attention to his researches. It was *on* the ancient wall itself, at a depth of between 8 and 9 mètres below the surface, and immediately adjoining the "house of Priam," that he came upon an object which proved to be a bronze shield, behind which he caught sight, as he conceived, of the glimmer of gold. Afraid of arousing the cupidity of his workmen, he dismissed them all to their breakfast, while he and his wife — to whose zealous aid and co-operation through his long-continued labours he bears the warmest testimony — proceeded to extract from the spot the marvellous assortment of objects in bronze, silver, and gold, which were found packed together in a very small space. The task was not an easy one, for immediately over this precious deposit was a bed four or five feet thick of red ashes and rubbish calcined by the action of fire into a mass as hard as stone; a circumstance that had already in many places obstructed the progress of their excavations. But, moreover, on this hard stratum as a foundation rested a wall 20 feet high and 6 feet thick, which had been raised at a later period, with a view to strengthening the fortifications of the citadel, fortunately without any suspicion of the treasure that lay concealed below.

* P. 274.

Among the objects thus found together, those which are entitled to claim our chief attention are the following: — First came the bronze shield already noticed, which was of small size — only about 20 inches in diameter — with a raised boss, or *omphalos*, in the centre, and a furrow (*aulax*) running round it, beneath a raised rim. It therefore corresponds in general form and arrangement with the shields described in the Iliad, and with that of Achilles in particular; but it is wholly unadorned with sculpture or any kind of decoration. Next followed a cauldron of bronze, of no particular importance; another object of bronze, the nature of which it is not easy to divine, to which was attached — being, as it were, soldered to it by the action of heat — a silver vase of small size: then a bronze vase also of small dimensions; but these were followed by three goblets, or vessels, of solid gold: the first, which is much in the form of a bottle, weighing more than 13 ounces (Troy); the next, a small cup, or goblet, of ordinary form about 7 ounces in weight; and the third, which was the most important in the whole collection, exceeding 19 ounces in weight. This was remarkable also for its peculiar form, resembling a ship, or, perhaps we might rather say, a butter-boat, but with two strong handles at the sides, and both extremities prolonged into spouts adapted for pouring or drinking. Nothing similar to it is to be found, so far as we remember, in any European collection. Besides these objects in pure gold, there was another smaller goblet of *electrum*, as the mixture of gold with silver was called among the Greeks; and six large blades, or flattened ingots, of pure silver, besides which there were found three large silver vases, two smaller ones of the same metal, and a silver saucer or patera.

Together with these precious objects were found thirteen spear-heads in bronze, fourteen axe-heads, which Dr. Schliemann considers as having belonged to battle-axes, and seven large double-edged daggers of the same material, with a knife and the fragments of a sword. All these articles of bronze had suffered severely from the action of fire, the effects of which were also visible, though in a less degree, upon those of gold and silver. The whole mass was found closely packed together in a heap, so as to indicate that they had been originally packed in a chest, which had naturally perished in the conflagration. This was apparently confirmed by finding near this re-

Digitized by Google

markable deposit a bronze key of much more elaborate and complicated construction than one would have expected to find at so early an age.

But this was not all. It was found on examination that the largest of the silver vases contained within it — obviously hidden away for the purpose of concealment — a large number of female ornaments, all of pure gold; comprising two splendid golden head-dresses (to which Dr. Schliemann strangely gives the Homeric name of κρήδεμνα), a head-band for the brow, four elaborate golden earrings, with many others of an inferior description, besides an infinity of small objects in gold, such as rings, buttons, and studs, almost precisely such as are worn at the present day. In addition to these were six golden armlets and two small golden cups. So complete a *mundus muliebris* was assuredly never brought to light before by any excavation. Among these ornaments by far the most interesting are the head-dresses and head-band, which are elaborately made up of numbers of small chains, hanging down side by side, and wrought with great delicacy and skill, while they show somewhat more approach to real artistic feeling than can be observed in any of the other objects included in the treasure. In one case the chains are all fashioned like strings of small leaves. But it is remarkable that they *all* have attached to them as a pendant a peculiar object, of which it is difficult to define the character or conjecture the meaning, but in which Dr. Schliemann has no hesitation in finding small idols, representing, according to his views, the tutelary goddess of Ilion.

So remarkable a discovery was indeed sufficient to excite the enthusiasm of a much less ardent spirit than that of Dr. Schliemann; nor can we wonder that in the excitement of the moment he should have been led to exaggerate the *historical* importance of his *trouvaille* by attributing it without hesitation to the actual period of the Trojan War, and coupling it with the mythical, or semi-mythical, name of King Priam. He had already, as we have seen, assigned to that monarch, upon very slender grounds, the ownership of the house or palace *near* which, but *outside* of it, the treasure was discovered. Dr. Schliemann belongs, as he himself tells us, and as all readers of his former book must be well aware, to the most literal school of believers in Homer and the Trojan War. His recent researches have indeed considerably shaken his faith in the topograpical accuracy of the poet; but he evidently still clings closely to his historical authority, and appears to have no more doubt of the historical character of King Priam than of that of Ulysses, whose palace at Ithaca he had explored on a previous occasion, though unfortunately with little result.

If we cannot share his firm convictions in the conclusions at which he has arrived on this subject, as well as on many other collateral questions, we are very far from being disposed to underrate the value and importance of the objects which he has brought to light, still less that of the results of his long-continued and laborious researches in quest of the buried city of Troy. While the discovery of the so-called "treasure of Priam" has been calculated to attract the most attention on the part of the public, not only from its assumed connection with the famous monarch of Troy, but from the real rarity of any similar discovery of gold and silver objects belonging to a very remote period, we are by no means disposed to regard it as really the most important result of Dr. Schliemann's researches in its bearing either on art or history. Considered in itself, indeed, it would throw very little light upon either the one or the other; it is only by taking it in connection with the whole series of objects discovered in what is termed the Trojan era that we can hope to arrive at any sound conclusion respecting its real value and significance.

It is evident that there is nothing in the character of the objects themselves to fix the date of their accidental interment, or authorize their attribution to any particular era, still less to connect them with any individual personage. The intrinsic value is considerable, and may lead us to the conclusion that they belonged to some chief or person of note; but it is an absurd exaggeration to say (as Dr. Schliemann has been led to do in the pardonable excitement of his first enthusiasm) that it is one which might compete with those of many modern monarchs.* There is nothing more remarkable, in the case of all half-civilized nations, whether in ancient or modern times, than the skill they display in working in gold or silver, as compared with their attainments in any other respect. And while the articles which compose "the treasure" display a considerable amount of technical skill in their manufacture, it

* P. 306.

Digitized by Google

can hardly be said that they possess any trace of *art* in the higher sense of the word. In this respect there is little, if any, difference between them and the pottery or other articles of an ordinary description that are found in the same stratum, and may therefore be assigned on the same grounds to the so-called Trojan era.

The first impression, we should say, that any archæologist would derive, concerning the objects in question, from an inspection of the photographs that accompany Dr. Schliemann's work, is their *non-Hellenic* character — their great dissimilarity from all those early works of Greek origin which are found in the museums of Europe. Perhaps this is most conspicuous in the pottery, the forms of which sometimes remind us of the uncouth and grotesque shapes of the black ware of Chiusi, which forms so peculiar a class among Etruscan pottery, but have very little affinity with those of the earliest Greek vases. Still more remarkable is the distinction between the two in the absence of painting. While the most ancient Greek pottery that has been discovered — whether at Athens, Corinth, or Camirus — is almost uniformly decorated with painting, of however rude and imperfect a style of art; and even the few small vases obtained by Dr. Schlieman himself at Ithaca, which he refers with confidence to the heroic age, and suggests that they might *possibly* have contained the ashes of Ulysses and Penelope themselves (!) * were adorned with "very pretty" painted ornaments — it is certainly very remarkable that no trace of such a mode of decoration is found on the Trojan pottery. While he finds the finest terra-cotta vases in the lowest stratum of all, he considers those of the Trojan era as still of a quality worthy to be compared to the Etruscan earthenware; but they are uniformly of a plain black or red colour, with a shining surface upon which are frequently found ornaments, which have been scratched or engraved on the clay before it was baked, and which in the most elaborate examples have been carefully filled in with a white substance to render them more distinct. Such ornaments are, however, of a very rude and simple character, such as would be within the capacity of the most ordinary workman, in any age that possessed the mechanical skill to produce pottery of so finished a character.†

But there is one class of these vases which deserves a more particular mention, on account of the very startling conclusion which Dr. Schliemann has derived from them. He found in the "Trojan" stratum, as he had already done in those above it (though more sparingly), a number of vases, which he describes as "owl-headed," a term which would certainly be calculated strangely to mislead those of his readers who had not access to the photographs representing them. It is not, indeed, uncommon to find among Etruscan vases, especially those of Chiusi, some which are surmounted by human heads — a class commonly known as Canopi from their resemblance to Egyptian works of art of a similar character. And it would be natural to suppose — as we ourselves did before receiving the photographs — that these "owl-headed" vases were characterized in like manner by distinct and clearly marked heads representing the sacred bird of Minerva. This impression was confirmed by his continual mention of "idols" of various sizes, some in terra-cotta, some in marble, which he describes as human figures with the head of an owl. We believe that our readers will be as much surprised as we were ourselves when we saw what was the real character of the objects thus described. It is difficult to convey in writing any idea of what they are like. But they may be described as round-bellied vases, with a short neck, having just under the rim two large round spots in relief, bearing a rude resemblance to goggle eyes, while a ring in relief that runs round the neck of the vase is brought down in an angle between the two, so as to produce something like the effect of a beak. It is impossible to deny that the result is something that gives an impression of a face like an owl; but the resemblance is so rude and imperfect that Mr. Newton, who has seen the originals, entertains grave doubts whether they were meant to represent an owl at all, and may not rather have been derived from the first imperfect efforts to represent the human face. The evidence of the human form or figure is found in two large round spots which are considered to mean the female breasts, while a third, below the other two, and usually of larger size, is supposed to represent the navel. At the same time the pointed handles of the vase, one on

* Ithaka, der Peloponnes und Troja, p. 31.

† Dr. Schliemann, indeed, speaks of these engraved ornaments as exhibiting a high sense of art combined with finished execution. But this is one of the instances in which our author's enthusiasm has greatly outrun his judgment.

Digitized by Google

each side, have necessarily somewhat the appearance of erected wings, and are supposed to be intended to convey that impression. Any attempt to give indications of legs or lower extremities is naturally excluded in the case of vases; but it is equally absent in the idols, or small figures (if such a term may be applied to them) which are characterized by similar features, though often degenerating into a still ruder and more barbarous style, in which the attempt at representing the objects intended has passed into a mere conventional indication.*

We are not aware that anything similar to these grotesque objects has ever been discovered either in Greece or in any of the adjoining countries; and the most experienced archæologists may well hesitate before they pronounce an opinion as to what they were intended to represent. But Dr. Schliemann has no such hesitation. He not only pronounces at once that the visage is meant for that of an owl, but jumps to the conclusion that this *must* represent the tutelary goddess of Troy; that, therefore, this *must* be the form under which the Ilian Minerva was worshipped, and that when Homer speaks of the γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη he meant "the owl-faced Athena," and had reference to an owl-headed divinity, of which the rude and conventional works of art we have attempted to describe were calculated to recall the idea.† Nay, he even goes so far as to assert that one of the vessels of this kind is so fine "that one might venture to say it presented the actual portrait of the goddess with the owl-face." ‡ But this is not all. So impressed was he with this discovery that he follows it up at once with this "additional conclusion" — that the worship of Minerva under this form as the tutelary goddess of Troy was well known to Homer; "that therefore a Troy really existed, and that it was situated on the sacred site the depths of which he was then exploring" (p. 66).

It is perhaps fortunate that this rapid and hasty ratiocination led Dr. Schliemann to such confident conclusions, even before he had confirmed the result by the discovery of any of the most important remains, as it doubtless stimulated his zeal in the prosecution of his farther researches. But we hardly think that he will find many readers to concur in this line of argument. To prove the identity of the Homeric Ilium by assuming a connection between certain anomalous works of art discovered on the site, and the familiar epithet of Athena in Homer — an epithet which has been understood in a wholly different sense by all critics in all ages — is a process of logic which will scarcely carry conviction to the ordinary mind. It is indeed precisely reversing the natural order of reasoning. Were it clearly established that we had found the true site of Troy, and that the Ilian Athena was worshipped there under a form so utterly foreign to all Hellenic ideas as that of a goddess with an owl's head, it might be contended, with some show of plausibility, that some trace of this primitive worship was preserved long after its origin was forgotten, and that Homer applied the epithet γλαυκῶπις to the Athena of his own mythology without any idea of its original signification. It cannot be denied that γλαυκῶπις *may* have originally meant "owl-eyed," just as βοῶπις, "ox-eyed," is the customary epithet of Juno, though we find the same term applied also in the Iliad to other females of mere mortal birth. But no one in his senses, we should think, would contend that Homer applied either the one epithet or the other with the idea that Athena wore the head of an owl, or Hera that of a cow. But nothing daunted by this argument, Dr. Schliemann seriously asserts his belief that the Hellenic Hera was originally worshipped under this form, and expresses his firm conviction that if he is able to prosecute excavations at Mycenæ they will bring to light images of the cow-headed Juno analogous to those of the owl-headed Athena at Ilium. To such an argument there is no reply: to discuss beforehand the results of what a man *expects to find* would require a gift of prophecy to which we at least make no pretensions.

In another instance, also, Dr. Schliemann derives a confirmation of the same conclusion from a very similar process of reasoning, on equally uncertain foundations. Among the objects discovered in the "treasure" was, as has been already mentioned, a golden vase of very peculiar form, adapted apparently for drinking at either end. This he instantly determines to be no other than the δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον of Homer, a term which he himself had

* The very rudest of these symbolical representations are to be found in the small objects attached as pendants to the golden necklace forming part of the "treasure." These are unhesitatingly described by Dr. Schliemann as "idols of the tutelary goddess of Ilium;" but it certainly requires eyes sharpened by no ordinary amount of archæological enthusiasm to discern in them anything of the kind.

† P. 65.

‡ P. 147.

Digitized by Google

previously applied to terra-cotta vases of a totally different form, but which he now recognizes without a doubt in the singular goblet which he has had the good fortune to discover among the very treasures of King Priam himself.* It is true that commentators and scholars have generally understood the term in a wholly different sense, and that it is clear from a passage of Aristotle that this was the meaning of it in his day.† Yet it may be admitted that the signification of the word has always been regarded as doubtful, and Dr. Schliemann is fairly entitled to argue that it *may* have been intended to designate such a goblet as the one in question. But his argument resolves itself into this. This peculiar vase is the δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον, *because* I have found it in the ruins of Troy; and the ruins in which I have found it are those of Troy, *because* I have found there the true δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον.

It may be observed that in this instance, as in many others, Dr. Schliemann argues from Greek customs to Trojan, or rather assumes without argument that the habits of life and works of art of the two nations were so similar that no distinction need be made between them. And it is true that this is the case with regard to the Homeric conception of the two. While Homer repeatedly draws attention to the distinctive moral qualities of the two nationalities — as in the celebrated passage where he describes the characteristics of the two armies as they were closing for battle ‡ — there is nothing to lead us to infer that he supposed any material difference in the civilization of the two, such as would be observed by modern inquirers. Such an idea was wholly foreign to the mind of the poet, as it would be to those of his hearers. He no more troubled himself about differences of manners and customs between the Greeks and Trojans than he did about the difference of language. Did it occur to any of the listeners to Homer or the Rhapsodists to inquire how Hector and Achilles could understand one another? As little would they ask whether their arms or their ornaments, their helmets or their drinking cups, were precisely similar. But the case is wholly different when we are considering the bearing of such a *trouvaille* as that of Dr. Schliemann upon the historical questions connected with it. We have already observed that the first impression conveyed by the plates to his work, is the *non-Hellenic* character of the objects there represented, and we are glad to find this judgment confirmed by the high authority of Mr. Charles Newton, who had the advantage of inspecting the originals. The next question that forces itself upon the attention is this: are they *pre-Hellenic?* that is to say, are the differences which they present from all well-known productions of Greek art such as to imply a much earlier period, and a previous phase of civilization? or are they such differences as might naturally be expected to exist between the two nations living at the same period on the opposite side of the Ægæan, and of different, though perhaps kindred, races?

The answer to this question, and to others connected with it, will doubtless engage the attention of archæologists for some time to come, and will give rise to much difference of opinion. Nor do we believe that it will receive a satisfactory solution until excavations of a similar kind to those of Dr. Schliemann have been made upon many other ancient sites, and till we thus obtain a much broader basis of induction than we now possess concerning the pre-historic development of art in Greece and the surrounding countries. We cannot attempt here to enter into this discussion. But we may venture to make one remark in reference to it. Though we do not possess any objects of the class we are now discussing that can be assigned with any certainty to the heroic times of Greece, there remain to us architectural monuments of those ages, in the gigantic walls and gateways of Mycenæ and Tiryns, and the so-called "treasuries" of Mycenæ and Orchomenus, which are generally referred by antiquarians to the same legendary period as the Trojan War. Now, in all these cases it is certainly a fact worthy of remark that the architectural, or sculptured, ornaments with which they are decorated — wherever any such are found — are wholly dissimilar in character from those that prevailed in Hellenic times. There is nothing in the sculptured figures on the Gate of the Lions at Mycenæ, or in the friezes or ornamented door-posts of the supposed Treasury of Atreus, that has any resemblance to the Greek art that we find in later, but still very early times. As Mr. Clark well observes, "Hellenic architecture has no resemblance to, and cannot be a development of, that of ancient

* P. 292.
† Aristotle, "Hist. Animal." book ix. c. 40, § 168.
‡ Iliad, book iii. v. 1–9.

Digitized by Google

Mycenæ."* To judge from this analogy, if we were to find works of art, and objects in ordinary use, at Mycenæ, as we have found them on the supposed site of Troy, we might reasonably expect them to be as dissimilar from those to which we are accustomed as productions of Greek art — in one word, as *un-Hellenic* — as those discovered by Dr. Schliemann. The earliest extant Greek vases, or bas-reliefs, can hardly be ascribed to a period earlier than about 700 B.C., while none of those who contend for the historical reality of the Trojan War would place it *less* than about 1200 years B.C. — the received date of the Greek chronologers; and most would agree in assigning it to a still earlier period. There is, therefore, a gap of *at least* five centuries between the earliest specimens of Hellenic art and the extant remains of what may be called "the heroic ages," to which, if Dr. Schliemann's theory be correct, the curious relics discovered by him at Hissarlik must be referred. This interval would appear amply sufficient to account for almost any amount of diversity, without assuming any national difference of race or origin.

If we pass from the consideration of the minor objects, discovered by Dr. Schliemann, to that of the architectural monuments which he has brought to light, which prove incontestably the existence of a city or fortress on the site of his labours in very ancient times, we are here struck at once by one leading difference between these and the celebrated remains of the Cyclopean cities of Mycenæ and Tiryns, with which he supposes them to be coëval. He began his labours (as we have seen) with the full conviction that he should eventually arrive at edifices of a similar character to the colossal monuments of the Argolid, and that the famous walls of Troy, supposed in the fabulous legend to have been erected by the "earth-shaking" Neptune and Apollo, could not be of less massive construction than those attributed by a similar legend to the giant arms of the Cyclopes.† Unfortunately, his expectations in this respect were doomed to disappointment. Though the walls that he has discovered — part of which unquestionably formed the encircling wall of the citadel — and still more, what he calls "the great tower of Ilium," are of massive construction, so far as their thickness and solidity are concerned, they have no resemblance to Cyclopean structures and instead of being built of gigantic masses of stone, piled upon one another without cement, they are all composed of stones of moderate size, with the interstices filled with clay. That such a mode of building may be — as he now contends — one of the most ancient of all, we are not prepared to dispute, for it is about the simplest that can be conceived. And his not finding Cyclopean structures in the Troad, is to our mind, sufficiently accounted for by the geological nature of the country, the soft tertiary limestone of the hill of Hissarlik being wholly unsuited to the purpose. Neither in Greece nor in Italy is the so-called Cyclopean or polygonal style of construction ever found, except where the hard Apennine limestone that forms the framework of both countries supplied the material close at hand. We are therefore disposed to agree with Dr. Schliemann, that there is nothing in this diversity of structure to prevent our assigning the remains of the presumed Pergamus of Troy to as ancient a period as the more imposing ruins of Mycenæ and Tiryns.

In another respect, the confident convictions with which Dr. Schliemann entered on his researches were destined to receive a still ruder shock. Fully persuaded of the trustworthy guidance of Homer — even in matters belonging rather to the statistician than the poet — he felt certain that Troy must have been a city containing not less than fifty thousand inhabitants; and on this ground alone, as we have seen, unhesitatingly rejected its supposed site on the hill above Bunarbashi. It was, therefore, with a feeling of regret and almost of humiliation that he found himself compelled by the stern logic of facts, to admit that Troy was after all but a very small city, and that instead of extending, as he had supposed, over the whole plateau subsequently occupied by the historical Ilium, it did not really comprise more than what he had at first regarded as the Acropolis.

The Pergamus of Priam was Troy. No signs could be found of the ancient city having ever extended beyond its narrow limits. It was in vain that Dr. Schliemann with most praiseworthy zeal sank shafts in numerous places on the surface of the plateau, beginning immediately outside of the citadel. The result was in all cases the same. For the depth of a few feet he found Greek pottery and other Greek remains, belonging without

* Clark's Peloponnesus, p. 80.
† Ithaka, der Peloponnes und Troja, p. 170.

Digitized by Google

doubt to the Greek colony, or the historical Ilium; and below this he came at once to the native rock, without any signs of earlier habitation, or of a stratum of more ancient remains.

The conclusion was unavoidable. The same evidence that negatived the existence of any real *ancient* city on the heights of the Bali Dagh, or the hillock of Aktschi-köi,* was conclusive against Troy having ever occupied the broad level space over which the Græco-Roman city of Ilium expanded itself in later times. Startling as the conclusion may at first appear, that the city of Priam, of which every reader of Homer has formed to himself such a magnificent conception, was limited to a space not much larger than Trafalgar Square, it is entirely in accordance with all we know from other sources of the "cities" of the heroic ages. The space enclosed within the massive walls of Tiryns is not more than about 250 yards in length by less than a hundred in breadth, and here the natural limits of the hill exclude the supposition that the circuit was ever more extensive. The citadel of Mycenæ again was much about the same size, and though Colonel Leake and other writers suppose this to have been merely the acropolis, and that the city extended itself along the rocky ridge below, there is certainly no evidence to support this, and we entirely agree with Mr. Clark that the wall now remaining, the circuit of which is entire around the whole hill of the supposed citadel, was the only one by which the city was ever surrounded.† We know that Mycenæ was an insignificant little town in the time of Thucydides;‡ and the historian expressly warns his readers against doubting on that account of the magnitude of the Greek armanent against Troy, in terms that might very well have been applied to Troy itself, if he had known the facts of the case. Most modern scholars would be apt to reverse the argument of the Greek historian, and infer the exaggeration of the poet, instead of the inadequate evidence of the remains. But there was doubtless much truth in the remark of Thucydides. As Mr. Clark has well pointed out, these ancient fortresses were more akin to feudal castles than to the fortified cities of later ages. They contained the sanctuaries at which the people met to worship; the Agora, in which they met to debate; the market, where they exchanged the produce of their farms, and the palace of their chief, who ruled as a feudal lord over many minor and dependent chieftains. But the population was either scattered over the country, or huddled together in huts, probably either of wattles or mud, which could be abandoned without hesitation in the event of a hostile raid, while the inhabitants went to swell the garrison of the fortress on the hill above.

But if the evidence of the remains brought to light by Dr. Schliemann is thus conclusive as to the diminutive size of the far-famed city of Troy, what becomes of the evidence of the Iliad? It is impossible to doubt that the author of that poem had present to his mind's eye, and wished to convey to those of his hearers the picture of a noble city, with broad streets, standing on a lofty elevation, and crowned by the citadel of Pergamus, in which were the palaces of Priam and his sons, and from whence the whole city had to be traversed in descending to the Scæan Gate, which offered the principal outlet to the plain below. All this is in accordance with the view that Dr. Schliemann had formed to himself of the city that he expected to find on the hill of Hissarlik; and it was not till a late period of his researches that he abandoned the hope of verifying by his discoveries the topographical accuracy of the Iliad. Even as late as May, 1873, he still dates his letters from the "Pergamus of Troy," and it was not till after that date that he found himself compelled to acquiesce in the conclusion that the city had no acropolis, and that the Pergamus was a sheer invention of Homer's fancy.* The conviction was thus forced upon him, which has been too often lost sight of throughout this Trojan controversy — that Homer was a poet and not a historian, and that it is natural he should exaggerate everything with the freedom of a poet. At the same time he congratulates himself on having proved that Troy, however inferior to what it was conceived to be, had a real existence, and that the events related in the Iliad rest upon a substantial basis of fact.†

We need hardly remark that these claims of Dr. Schliemann will not be admitted without much controversy by

* During the course of his more serious labours on the hill of Hissarlik, Dr. Schliemann himself instituted excavations at Aktschi-köi, but the result was purely negative.

† Clark's Peloponnesus, p. 74.

‡ Thucyd. lib. i. c. 10.

* Einleitung, p. xii.

† P. 305.

Digitized by Google

modern scholars. There will doubtless be still found some among the disciples of the purely mythological school, who will refuse to believe in any connection between a definite, material mass of ruins, and the legendary city of the Homeric poems; while some perhaps of those who admit the real existence of the Homeric Troy, have become so accustomed to the modern theory, which placed it on the hill above Bunarbashi, that they will refuse to accept the rival claims of the far less imposing site of Hissarlik, notwithstanding the negative evidence of excavations in the one case and their positive result in the other. For our own part we may express our conviction that the researches of Dr. Schliemann have conclusively established the first of his two propositions, and confirmed the conclusion of Mr. Grote that the Ilium of historic times occupied the same site with the Ilium of the Homeric poems — with the city around which had gathered from a still earlier period that bewildering mass of legend and mythology which had finished by utterly obscuring whatever trace of historical tradition was originally enveloped in it. We confess that we could never see any reason for doubting the existence, in this as in many similar cases, of such an underlying stratum of fact, however impossible it may be at the present day to extricate it from the overlying mass of rubbish. If the gigantic monuments of Mycenæ and Tiryns were still extant to bear testimony to the origin of their ancient fame, there was surely nothing improbable in the supposition that the ruins of Troy might also survive, and that if they did not stand out in prominent relief like those of the rival city of Agamemnon, they might still be brought to light by patient investigation beneath the surface.

The result of Dr. Schliemann's labours have in this respect greatly exceeded our expectations. No one certainly could imagine that the mass of *débris* accumulated on the hill of Hissarlik was of such enormous thickness and extent, and that there lay buried beneath them, not merely the foundations of ancient buildings or architectural fragments, such as are to be found on most ancient sites, but massive structures of great size and solidity such as those termed by Dr. Schliemann the Scæan Gates and the Great Tower of Troy. Another fact of great interest which he has brought to light is one to which we have only incidentally adverted, that a considerable part of what he considers as the "Trojan" stratum was covered by a hard compact bed, which proved to be composed of calcined rubbish and ashes, hardened by the action of fire into a mass as compact and solid as stone. This evidence, that the comparative civilization of the Trojan era was terminated, while its memorials were fortunately imbedded, by the destruction of the city by fire, certainly affords a strong corroboration of the supposition that the remains thus preserved are really those of the traditionary Ilium.

But beyond this point we cannot go with Dr. Schliemann. We cannot see that the discovery of the buried remains of Troy proves the historical truth of the Trojan War, any more than the extant ruins of Mycenæ prove the historical character of the Pelopid dynasty, or the fact that Agamemnon was the leader of the Greek armament and "ruled over many islands and all Argos." The mighty walls of Tiryns, which were already noted in the time of Homer, and attracted the wonder of Pausanias at a later period, are still standing to justify the admiration of the Greek antiquary, but does this add anything to our belief in the tales of Prætus and Acrisius, of Danaë and Perseus, or the legendary labours of the "Tirynthian hero" Hercules? The discovery of the so-called "Treasure of Priam" is an archæological event of the greatest interest, but we cannot say that it adds one iota to our conviction that such a king as Priam ever existed. We no more believe that he ever drank from the golden δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον, which is now preserved in Dr. Schliemann's collection, than that he was slain by Neoptolemus on the very altar of Zeus Herkeios on which Alexander offered sacrifice to his spirit,* little deeming that the Ilium of which Homer had sung lay buried fathoms deep beneath his feet. King Priam may, for anything we know to the contrary, be as absolutely fabulous a personage as King Lear. Neither of them was the creation of the poet's fancy, and Shakespeare believed in the history of the British monarch as firmly as Homer and his audience in that of the Trojan king. To attempt to connect such relics as those discovered by Dr. Schliemann with any of the personages that figure in the Trojan history — in the legendary and poetical form in which alone it is preserved to us — appears to us as idle as it would be to as-

* Arrian, "Anabasis," lib. i. c. ii.

Digitized by Google

sume that any similar relics casually found on the site of the so-called Palace of Ulysses at Ithaca must have belonged to the wily monarch himself or to the faithful Penelope.

We very much regret that Dr. Schliemann should have mixed up the record of his valuable labours and his highly interesting discoveries with such random suggestions and untenable theories. The vast majority of the world will refuse to accept his hasty assumptions concerning the "Treasure of Priam" or the "owl-headed Athena," and the prominence he has given to these speculative ideas cannot but tend to throw a shade of doubt and scepticism over the more important facts that he has really brought to light. His laborious excavations have clearly established the fact that the little hill of Hissarlik — "the fortress" as its modern Turkish name signifies — was inhabited at a period of remote antiquity by a people sufficiently civilized to possess, and in all probability to fabricate, objects of gold, silver, and bronze, showing considerable skill in their manufacture, as well as pottery of a highly finished description; while they were able to construct fortifications and edifices of a character, which if they do not possess the imposing massiveness of the earliest architectural remains in Greece, are not the less calculated to convey the impression of a people sufficiently far advanced in civilization to build with a view to grandeur of effect as well as to permanent solidity of construction. There is nothing to determine, even within the widest limits of approximation, the period to which these remains belong, any more than there is really the slightest clue to the chronological determination of the Trojan War. If therefore we attempt to combine the two, and to assign the name of Troy to the buried city that has been thus unexpectedly brought to light, we must admit that the assumption is not one that carries with it necessary conviction, nor even the amount of *à priori* probability which attaches to cases like Mycenæ and Tiryns, where there is every reason to believe in an unbroken tradition from the earliest ages. But if there was — as we believe there was — an immemorial tradition, long anterior to the Homeric poems, which attached the legends connected with Troy and its destruction by the Greeks to the little district on the shores of the Hellespont, which bore in all later ages the name of the Troad, it seems but natural to conclude that the city which is thus found to have existed there, during a period of civilization apparently very analogous to what we believe to have subsisted in the heroic ages, was really the capital of the surrounding district, to which the concurrent voice of legendary tradition assigned the two names of Ilium and Troy. And we have already remarked that the circumstance brought to light by Dr. Schliemann of the destruction of this ancient city by fire, adds much to the probability that it really represents that far-famed city which owed its world-wide celebrity to a similar catastrophe.

We are not disposed to attach much importance to the identification proposed by Dr. Schliemann, of certain parts of the ruins of the Scæan Gates with the Great Tower of Ilium. It is evident that if we accept the conclusion that the ancient city was limited to the very small space indicated by its existing remains, we must reject altogether the Homeric topography, and admit the picture of the city, such as it is drawn in the Iliad, to be the mere creation of the poet's fancy. Moreover, as Dr. Schliemann himself remarks, it results clearly from his researches that if Homer wrote — as almost all scholars would agree — centuries after the Trojan War, he could have had no information concerning the ancient city of Priam, except from tradition. The proud palaces of Troy, if they ever existed, had long ceased to exist, and the ancient walls, the Great Tower, and the Scæan Gates, had been long buried under accumulated heaps of rubbish, piled up on the cinders and ashes of the first great conflagration, before the glories and the fate of Troy were celebrated in the immortal poems that perpetuated their memory for ever. Whence, then, did Homer derive the names? Evidently from the tradition preserved by earlier bards, and the ruder compositions of the ages when the memory of Troy was still fresh in the minds of men. Whatever opinion we may form of the actual composition of the Iliad — whether we assign it to one author or to several — it is clear that it must have been preceded by numbers of popular ballads, which had rendered the names of the localities connected with the legend as familiar to the public as to the poet himself. We certainly do not agree with Dr. Schliemann that Homer himself *invented* the name of Pergamus, any more than he invented that of Troy; and we believe that he adopted all these names from his predecessors, without troubling himself about the topographical

Digitized by Google

correctness of his picture, any more than the English school-boy does who reads the Iliad for the first time.

But (if we cannot admit that these indications are so clear as to furnish much additional force to the identification of the city with Troy), neither do we see any reason for rejecting them altogether. Supposing that they really formed part of the Homeric city, it is clear that the double gate, which has been discovered by Dr. Schliemann, must have formed the principal outlet to the plain below, just as the Scæan Gates are represented as doing in the Iliad; and the massive bulwark adjoining them, though it is rather like a rampart than a tower, must certainly have formed one of the principal works of the fortifications, while from its position it commanded such an extensive view over the plain as would lead to its being chosen as the obvious point from which to gaze on the combatants below. Both these local features would thus from the earliest period obtain a prominent place in all descriptions of the city, and of the battles beneath its walls. They assumed such a place in the Iliad, because they had already figured in the productions of earlier poets, and were familiar to the mind of Homer, as well as to his audience, and their names would be handed down by tradition whether or not their massive ruins still towered over the Trojan plain.

If we are thus compelled to surrender all faith in the accuracy of the Homeric picture of "the sacred Ilium," what are we to think of his authority in regard to the surrounding localities? The two cases are not indeed similar; for the natural features of the Trojan plain must always have remained substantially unchanged, and there are abundant proofs that the poet, at whatever period he wrote, was well acquainted with the scenery of the Troad and the adjoining Hellespont. But it is impossible to deny that all future inquiries into the topography of the plain of Troy will require to be materially modified, and must start to a great extent from a new point of view. And this, not merely because the arguments in favour of the Hissarlik site have received a strong — in our opinion a conclusive — confirmation from the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann, but because these researches have shown the entire fallacy in the line of argument adopted by those who cling to the literal interpretation of every passage in the Iliad, as if Homer wrote with the minute local accuracy of a newspaper correspondent describing the siege of Paris. As Mr. Grote remarked long ago: "The mistake consists in applying to Homer and to the Homeric siege of Troy criticisms which would be perfectly just if brought to bear on the Athenian siege of Syracuse as described by Thucydides." *

The principal objection that has been made in all ages to the reputed site of Ilium, was that it lay too near the sea, and the space between the hill on which it stood and the shore of the Hellespont was too limited to allow for the movements of such great armies as those of the Greeks and Trojans. But this argument evidently rests upon the assumption that we are to accept the details furnished by Homer concerning the Greek armament as literally true: a mode of reasoning intelligible enough in the case of Thucydides or Demetrius of Scepsis, but wholly inapplicable in an age of critical scholarship. Dr. Schliemann, indeed, as we have seen, went to the Troad in the full faith that all such statements were to be received as thoroughly trustworthy — and that the army under the command of Agamemnon really mustered a hundred thousand men! But if Troy is to dwindle from the dimensions of a mighty city, with 50,000 inhabitants, to the little fortress on the hill of Hissarlik, we are afraid that the vast host of Agamemnon will melt away with equal rapidity before the breath of historical criticism. The poet who could represent the whole of this great armament — the fleet and camp together — as surrounded by a lofty wall with towers and a deep ditch — the whole constructed within a single day — is surely not amenable to the same laws of military possibility that we should apply to Xenophon or Polybius.†

A still more glaring instance of the same tendency is to be found in the discussions concerning the pursuit of Hector three times round the walls of Troy. Such a description undoubtedly suggests

* Grote's "History of Greece," vol. i. p. 450.

† The most amusing instance of the spirit of *literal* criticism is to be found in a book published at Paris, in 1867, by a M. Nicolaïdes, a Greek of the island of Crete, entitled "Topographie et Plan stratégique de l'Iliade," in which the author discusses all the military details of the poem with the same confidence in their accuracy as if he were investigating the operations of Cæsar before Dyrrhachium or Thapsus as related in his Commentaries. He bestows especial pains upon the study of the Greek camp, and the arrangement of their forces within it: of which he gives an elaborate plan, that may remind some of our readers of the plans of the interior of Noah's Ark to be found in some of the older Dictionaries of the Bible.

Digitized by Google

the idea of a city built on a hill, but rising out of a surrounding plain; and such we believe is the picture that presents itself to the mind of every reader who has not troubled himself with topographical investigations. But such a picture is wholly inapplicable to either of the sites that dispute the claim to have been that of Troy. It may, or may not, be physically possible to perform such a circuit round the hill of Hissarlik, or that above Bunarbashi — enthusiastic believers maintain in each case that it is so — but it is certain that the ground is not such as to suggest, or in the judgment of unprejudiced observers to correspond with any such idea. But are we seriously expected to accept the details of the death of Hector as historically accurate, or to inquire whether any mere mortal could follow in the track of the two godlike heroes? Even Aristotle himself selected this very episode as an instance where the poet might without censure exceed the limits of possibility;* but unfortunately his sound judgment has been ignored by most of the modern critics, as it was by Demetrius of Scepsis, who made this very difficulty one of his principal grounds for departing from the received tradition. It is not by such discussions as these that we shall ever make any progress towards understanding the ancient topography of the Troad, any more than they will assist us in estimating aright the true character of the Iliad.

In the preceding remarks we have directed our attention chiefly to the historical and topographical questions connected with Dr. Schliemann's researches. As we have already intimated, it will require a considerable time before their archæological results can be fully estimated. And it would be almost impossible for us to convey to our readers any distinct ideas on the subject without the aid of figures, or without continual reference to the somewhat cumbrous body of photographic plates accompanying his work, which we cannot assume to be at the command of the greater part of our readers. We shall confine ourselves therefore to a very brief notice of some of the leading topics suggested by the examination of the wonderful series of ancient objects discovered in the course of his excavations. Their number is indeed marvellous. The objects of various kinds that are figured in his Atlas amount to not less than three thousand six hundred, and these are selected out of at least twenty thousand more, all of which have been carefully preserved and registered. Such a record is especially valuable as stating precisely the depth below the surface at which every object was found, and consequently the stratum to which it belongs.

Out of so vast a mass of materials, unquestionably the most important of all, had their evidence been more definite, would be the Inscriptions, some fragments of which have been discovered under circumstances that certainly lead to the inference that they belonged to the Trojan era. Unfortunately, as Professor Max Müller observes, they are most disappointing.

"One inscription on a terra-cotta vase (according to the same high authority) is no inscription at all, but rude ornamentation, consisting of simple crosses, and crosses surrounded by a line, the former reminding one at first of a Phœnician *t*, the other of a *th*. Another inscription, consisting of six or seven letters, arranged in a circle, contains certainly Semitic letters, but they belong to no definite series:" while the most important inscription, which is found on a hone, or piece of red slate, discovered in the Palace of Priam, contains "among the eight or ten signs of which it consists some decidedly Phœnician letters in their earliest form." Another, which is inscribed on a seal or signet of terra-cotta, found seven mètres beneath the surface, the learned professor "feels strongly tempted to read Ιλιον or Ειλιον, if only there was any precedent for the arrangement of the letters, and particularly for the horizontal position of the Vau."*

We need hardly add that these conclusions, or rather conjectures, of Professor Max Müller have not met with general acquiescence among the learned: and these few fragmentary Inscriptions, of a few letters each, have been already the subject of considerable discussion and controversy. Thus, the one pronounced by the Oxford Professor to be no inscription at all, is maintained by M. Emile Burnouf to be "perfectly legible — in Chinese!!!"† a fact which, *if we could believe it*, would certainly open a curiously new page in the history of Troy. But

* Aristotle, "De Poeticâ," c. 25. We are indebted to Mr. Tozer for pointing out this instance of the great philosopher's sound spirit of criticism.

* Max Müller in the "Academy," No. 88 (Jan. 10, 1874).

† Schliemann, "Einleitung," p. 11. The same conclusion is published by M. Burnouf himself in the "Revue Archéologique" for February 1874.

Digitized by Google

we fear we must be content to admit, that there is no hope of any real light being thrown upon the subject from this source. It is very improbable that these few ill-shaped letters, scratched at random upon scraps of stone and pottery, will ever be deciphered and translated in a satisfactory manner; but it is still more improbable that, if deciphered, they will be found to contain anything of value or interest. The only point of importance that appears to result from these tantalizing relics, is the evidence that some kind of alphabetical writing was in use in this part of Asia Minor at so early a period as is indicated by the circumstances of their discovery, and the other remains by which they are accompanied.

Another class of objects which deserves a passing remark is one that was found in extraordinary numbers in every stage of the excavations, beginning from the lowest and ranging up, through every stratum of *débris*, even into that of the Hellenic period. These are the curious articles known to Italian archæologists by the name of *fusaioli*, but which are usually distinguished by Dr. Schliemann as *carroussels*, a name of the origin of which we must confess our ignorance. They are small objects of terra-cotta, most frequently of a conical form, at others in the shape of a double cone, while many of them are much flattened, till they gradually pass into a form resembling that of a wheel. All alike are perforated with a round hole through the middle, and from this circumstance, combined with their form being always adapted to a rotatory motion, they have generally been regarded as intended for weights to be used in spinning. This explanation is rejected by Dr. Schliemann, on the ground that among the hundreds of them which he had brought to light and examined he never could find any trace of their being worn by use. He therefore comes to the conclusion that they were *ex voto* offerings: a suggestion which appears highly improbable, considering the vast numbers in which they are found,* and the wholly irregular manner in which they are scattered through the mass of accumulated rubbish. But he finds a strong confirmation of this view in the manner in which a considerable number of these petty objects are decorated with marks of various kinds, circles, crosses, stars, and irregular lines scratched upon their surface. By far the greater number of these — of which he has figured several hundred varieties in his photographic plates — have to an unsophisticated eye the appearance merely of rude ornamentation. But Dr. Schliemann finds in them generally some mystical or symbolical meaning, which convinces him of their having had a religious character. A few of them certainly bear what look like isolated Phœnician characters, while others present apparently rude attempts at representing, or rather indicating, figures of men and animals, but attempts of so very rude and primitive a kind that those which have been found in the bone-caves of France are finished works of art in comparison with them. In one instance Dr. Schliemann found himself compelled to acknowledge that he had taken one of these attempts at a human figure for a Phœnician letter! We must leave it to archæologists less enthusiastic than Dr. Schliemann, and to a more extensive comparison with similar remains found on other sites, to determine whether there is any foundation for the symbolical interpretation of these engraved marks; but we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that the greater part of those figured in his plates have no meaning of any kind, and are nothing but specimens of simple ornamentation.

But unquestionably one of the most important results of Dr. Schliemann's researches remains still to be noticed. This is the very unexpected number of implements of stone and other objects of what is commonly called "the Stone Age," that were brought to light in the course of his excavations. All our readers are doubtless well aware that recent inquirers into the primitive history of mankind have been accustomed to divide the prehistoric period into three great intervals of time, characterized by the materials which they employed for their arms, tools, and other implements, and termed in consequence the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age. This classification was at first established by the Scandinavian antiquaries in Denmark, and was from thence extended by what has always appeared to us a hasty generalization, to the rest of Europe. Recent researches have indeed thrown considerable doubt upon the value of the distinctions thus assumed, and Mr.

* Whatever was the purpose and use to which they were applied, the number of them found is certainly astonishing. At one period Dr. Schliemann collected, *in the course of eleven days*, 991 of these curious objects, of which 581 were adorned with "symbolical" marks. (P. 263.)

Digitized by Google

Fergusson has in several of his writings shown incontestably that they cannot continue to be received without great modification. Yet many of the modern school of archæologists cling to them with a tenacity that will not be easily shaken. We have seen that Dr. Schliemann himself at one time supposed that he had got down "into the midst of the Stone Age," and was consequently working among the relics of a period "several thousand years anterior to the Trojan War." * And there is no doubt that any archæologist fresh from researches among the barrows and tumuli of England or Germany would have arrived at the same conclusion.

In this respect, therefore, the results ultimately attained were as unexpected as they were decisive. While he found (as has been already stated) an enormous mass of stone implements of all kinds at a comparatively small depth below the surface, he found below these, at a considerably greater depth, arms and implements of bronze in almost equal abundance, associated with the elaborate works in gold and silver, which have been so often referred to, as well as with finely wrought pottery, and accompanied with small objects in ivory and ebony, affording proof of undoubted commercial relation with distant countries. Whatever may be thought of the identification of the people to whom these relics belonged with the Trojans of the heroic legend, there can be no doubt that they were a people in a comparatively advanced stage of civilization — immensely superior to the population which at a long subsequent period occupied the same site and left its relics in the shape of stone axes, flint knives, bone combs, and other similar objects. In this case we possess, what is wanting in almost all others, distinct evidence of chronological sequence, proved by the superposition of strata containing the respective classes of objects, precisely of the same character as that which has formed the basis of all geological classification. At the same time the vast quantities of these remains that have been brought to light afford a basis of induction far different from what can be obtained by the examination of detached *tumuli* or graves, or from any amount of objects accidentally scattered in different localities.

The conclusion appears inevitable, that whatever value may continue to be attached to the distinction of the three ages of Pre-historic Man, in treating of countries like Scandinavia or Germany, they must be altogether cast aside when we have to deal with countries such as Greece and Asia Minor, where there existed a very ancient civilization, closely surrounded by barbarous or semi-barbarous tribes. And if we discard altogether the assumption that the use of stone implements indicates a very remote antiquity, it is worthy of remark that the results of Dr. Schliemann's researches correspond extremely well with what we know from historical sources. It must be admitted that there was no history — in the strict sense of the term — of those regions before the settlement of the Greek colony: and even the date of that is very imperfectly known; but the historical traditions collected by Demetrius of Scepsis, which there seems no reason to reject, pointed to the population of the Troad having undergone great changes, and to the country having been occupied in succession by different nations of barbarians, most, if not all of them of Thracian origin.* Its immediate proximity to the Hellespont — the highway of nations in all ages between Europe and Asia — lends great additional probability to this statement. Now, all we learn of the Thracians in historical times shows them to have been a rude and barbarous people, whose manners and customs presented a striking contrast to the arts and civilization of the neighbouring Hellenes. It was among the Thracians that there were still found in the days of Herodotus a people dwelling in huts built upon piles, in a lake, precisely in the same manner as the lake-dwellings, of which the remains in Switzerland have attracted of late years so much attention.† Yet these primitive lake-people were found within less than fifty miles of flourishing Greek colonies, possessing all the refinements in art and literature which the Greek settlers never failed to carry with them. Can we wonder if their ancestors, three or four centuries before, were still in the Stone Age? — that is to say, backward enough in civilization to be still content with the same rude implements that had served their forefathers from the earliest ages, though not altogether ignorant of the use of metals, the knowledge of which they could hardly fail to obtain from the neighbouring Greek colonies.

* P. 23.

* Strabo, lib. xiii. c. 1. § 8.
† Herodotus, lib. v. c. 16.

Digitized by Google

But this is not all. While stone implements are found in this overwhelming preponderance, in one of the uppermost strata of the series, they are so far from being characteristic of the peculiar phase of civilization which it represents, that they are still found in considerable numbers in all those below it, down quite to the fundamental rock. Knives and saws of flint, and sometimes of volcanic glass (obsidian), hammers and mallets of stone, and well polished axe heads of diorite, continued to be found throughout the "Trojan" period, associated with similar objects in bronze; flint knives being especially abundant, though found side by side with others of bronze.* But all these implements, as well as the pottery with which they are associated, are of much finer and more careful execution than those found in the stratum above, in which the use of stone seems to have been all but exclusively prevalent. So far, therefore, as the evidence of Dr. Schliemann's excavations goes — and they are by far the most important in this respect that have been carried on either in Greece or Asia Minor, indeed the only ones that throw any considerable light upon the pre-historic antiquities of those countries — it is impossible to assume that there was any marked line of demarcation between the bronze and stone periods, implements of both classes being found promiscuously mixed together, though in varying proportions, indicating undoubtedly different states of civilization, but not in accordance with any chronological sequence.

One other point must be mentioned, in respect to which the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann appeared likely to throw a very unexpected light upon the history of early civilization, but on which unfortunately his evidence has broken down. Throughout the body of his work, both in the detailed reports of the progress of his excavations, and in the general introduction in which he sums up the results, he speaks of all the metallic objects found as of copper; and he tells us distinctly that while those discovered in the Hellenic stratum were alloyed with tin — that is to say were of bronze, like all other Hellenic remains of the kind — those found in the lower strata were uniformly *of pure copper*, without any alloy whatever. Such a fact would have been as interesting as it was unique. It has always been one of the most difficult questions in the history of mankind to account for the very early and general use of bronze, a mixed metal, one of the ingredients of which is tin, a metal found only in a few localities, far distant from the earliest centres of civilization. And it would seem but natural to suppose that an "age of copper" must have preceded the Age of Bronze, before people had found the art of hardening the one metal by the admixture of the other. To have lighted upon such a period would indeed have been a most interesting discovery, and Dr. Schliemann's precise testimony upon the subject was based on the authority of Professor Landerer, Professor of Chemistry at Athens. Unfortunately, the result of a more careful analysis made for him at Lyons by M. Damour, which is appended to the very last page of his book, shows that both specimens submitted to him, from the objects discovered with the "treasure" itself, contained tin in considerable quantities, and in one instance in almost precisely the same proportions as one from an axe of the pure Hellenic period. There can therefore be but little doubt that all, or almost all, the implements and utensils discovered in the course of his excavations, and described by him as of copper, were really of bronze, as has been found to be the case with similar objects in all other instances.

We feel that we are so far from having exhausted the many interesting topics which Dr. Schliemann's discoveries suggest for our consideration, that we have only found time to touch upon a few of them. He has opened a field of research in great measure new, and combining at once so much interest with difficulties and anomalies of so startling a character, that we have little doubt it will afford a battle-field for archæologists and philologers for many years to come. We do not think that his own theories will find general acceptance; but we cannot be too grateful for the zeal and energy which he has displayed in his researches, as well as for the conscientious and highly satisfactory manner in which he has given their results to the public.

* P. 42.

Digitized by Google

From The Cornhill Magazine.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER XXI.

TROUBLES IN THE FOLD: A MESSAGE.

GABRIEL OAK had ceased to feed the Weatherbury flock for about four-and-twenty hours, when on Sunday afternoon the elderly gentlemen, Joseph Poorgrass, Matthew Moon, Fray, and half-a-dozen others came running up to the house of the mistress of the Upper Farm.

"Whatever *is* the matter, men?" she said, meeting them at the door just as she was on the point of coming out on her way to church, and ceasing in a moment from the close compression of her two red lips, with which she had accompanied the exertion of pulling on a tight glove.

"Sixty!" said Joseph Poorgrass.

"Seventy!" said Moon.

"Fifty-nine!" said Susan Tall's husband.

"—Sheep have broke fence," said Fray.

"—And got into a field of young clover," said Tall.

"—Young clover!" said Moon.

"—Clover!" said Joseph Poorgrass.

"And they be getting blasted," said Henery Fray.

"That they be," said Joseph.

"And will all die as dead as nits, if they baint got out and cured!" said Tall.

Joseph's countenance was drawn into lines and puckers by his concern. Fray's forehead was wrinkled both perpendicularly and crosswise, after the pattern of a portcullis, expressive of a double despair. Laban Tall's lips were thin, and his face was rigid. Matthew's jaws sank, and his eyes turned whichever way the strongest muscle happened to pull them.

"Yes," said Joseph, "and I was sitting at home, looking for Ephesians, and says I to myself, ''Tis nothing but Corinthians and Thessalonians in this danged Testament,' when who should come in but Henery there: 'Joseph,' he said, 'the sheep have blasted themselves ——'"

With Bathsheba it was a moment when thought was speech and speech exclamation. Moreover, she had hardly recovered her equanimity since the disturbance which she had suffered from Oak's remarks.

"That's enough—that's enough!—oh, you fools!" she cried, throwing the parasol and prayer-book into the passage, and running out of doors in the direction signified. "To come to me, and not go and get them out directly! Oh, the stupid numskulls!"

Her eyes were at their darkest and brightest now. Bathsheba's beauty belonging rather to the redeemed-demonian than to the blemished-angelic school, she never looked so well as when she was angry—and particularly when the effect was heightened by a rather dashing velvet dress, carefully put on before a glass.

All the ancient men ran in a jumbled throng after her to the clover-field, Joseph sinking down in the midst when about half way, like an individual withering in a world which got more and more unstable. Having once received the stimulus that her presence always gave them, they went round among the sheep with a will. The majority of the afflicted animals were lying down, and could not be stirred. These were bodily lifted out, and the others driven into the adjoining field. Here, after the lapse of a few minutes, several more fell down, and lay helpless and livid as the rest.

Bathsheba, with a sad, bursting heart, looked at these primest specimens of her prime flock as they rolled there,

Swoln with wind and the rank mist they drew.

Many of them foamed at the mouth, their breathing being quick and short, whilst the bodies of all were fearfully distended.

"Oh, what can I do, what can I do!" said Bathsheba, helplessly. "Sheep are such unfortunate animals!—there's always something happening to them! I never knew a flock pass a year without getting into some scrape or other."

"There's only one way of saving them," said Tall.

"What way? Tell me quick!"

"They must be pierced in the side with a thing made on purpose."

"Can you do it? Can I?"

"No, ma'am. We can't, nor you neither. It must be done in a particular spot. If ye go to the right or left but an inch you stab the ewe and kill her. Not even a shepherd can do it, as a rule."

"Then they must die," she said, in a resigned tone.

"Only one man in the neighbourhood knows the way," said Joseph, now just come up. "He could cure 'em all if he were here."

"Who is he? Let's get him!"

"Shepherd Oak," said Matthew. "Ah, he's a clever man in talents!"

"Ah, that he is so!" said Joseph Poorgrass.

Digitized by Google

"True—he's the man," said Laban Tall.

"How dare you name that man in my presence!" she said, excitedly. "I've told you never to allude to him, nor shall you if you stay with me. Ah!" she added, brightening, "Farmer Boldwood knows!"

"O no, ma'am," said Matthew. "Two of his store ewes got into some vetches t'other day, and were just like these. He sent a man on horseback here posthaste for Gable, and Gable went and saved 'em. Farmer Boldwood hev got the thing they do it with. 'Tis a holler pipe, with a sharp pricker inside. Isn't it, Joseph?"

"Ay—a holler pipe," echoed Joseph. "That's what 'tis."

"Ay, sure—that's the machine," chimed in Henery Fray, reflectively, with an Oriental indifference to the flight of time.

"Well," burst out Bathsheba, "don't stand there with your ayes and your sures, talking at me! Get somebody to cure the sheep, instantly!"

All then stalked off in consternation, to get somebody as directed, without any idea of who it was to be. In a minute they had vanished through the gate, and she stood alone with the dying flock.

"Never will I send for him—never!" she said, firmly.

One of the ewes here contracted its muscles horribly, extended itself, and jumped high into the air. The leap was an astonishing one. The ewe fell heavily, and lay still.

Bathsheba went up to it. The sheep was dead.

"Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do!" she again exclaimed, wringing her hands. "I won't send for him. No, I won't!"

The most vigorous expression of a resolution does not always coincide with the greatest vigour of the resolution itself. It is often flung out as a sort of prop to support a decaying conviction which, whilst strong, required no enunciation to prove it so. The "No, I won't" of Bathsheba meant virtually "I think I must."

She followed her assistants through the gate, and lifted her hand to one of them. Laban answered to her signal.

"Where is Oak staying?"

"Across the valley at Nest Cottage."

"Jump on the bay mare, and ride across, and say he must return instantly—that I say so."

Tall scrambled off to the field, and in two minutes was on Poll, the bay, bare-backed, and with only a halter by way of rein. He diminished down the hill.

Bathsheba watched. So did all the rest. Tall cantered along the bridle-path through Sixteen Acres, Sheeplands, Middle Field, The Flats, Cappel's Piece, shrank almost to a point, crossed the bridge, and ascended from the valley through Springmead and Whitepits on the other side. The cottage to which Gabriel had retired before taking his final departure from the locality was visible as a white spot on the opposite hill, backed by blue firs. Bathsheba walked up and down. The men entered the field and endeavoured to ease the anguish of the dumb creatures by rubbing them. Nothing availed.

Bathsheba continued walking. The horse was seen descending the hill, and the wearisome series had to be repeated in reverse order: Whitepits, Springmead, Cappel's Piece, The Flats, Middle Field, Sheeplands, Sixteen Acres. She hoped Tall had had presence of mind enough to give the mare up to Gabriel, and return himself on foot. The rider neared them. It was Tall.

"O, what folly!" said Bathsheba.

Gabriel was not visible anywhere.

"Perhaps he is already gone," she said.

Tall came into the enclosure, and leapt off, his face tragic as Morton's after the Battle of Shrewsbury.

"Well?" said Bathsheba, unwilling to believe that her verbal *lettre-de-cachet* could possibly have miscarried.

"He says *beggars mustn't be choosers*," replied Laban.

"What!" said the young farmer, opening her eyes and drawing in her breath for an outburst. Joseph Poorgrass retired a few steps behind a hurdle.

"He says he shall not come unless you request him to come civilly and in a proper manner, as becomes any person begging a favour."

"O, ho, that's his answer! Where does he get his airs? Who am I, then, to be treated like that? Shall I beg to a man who has begged to me?"

Another of the flock sprang into the air, and fell dead.

The men looked grave, as if they suppressed opinion.

Bathsheba turned aside, her eyes full of tears. The strait she was in through pride and shrewishness could not be disguised longer: she burst out crying bitterly; they all saw it; and she attempted no further concealment.

Digitized by Google

"I wouldn't cry about it, Miss," said William Smallbury, compassionately. "Why not ask him softer like? I'm sure he'd come then. Gable is a true man in that way."

Bathsheba checked her grief and wiped her eyes. "O, it is a wicked cruelty to me—it is—it is!" she murmured. "And he drives me to do what I wouldn't; yes, he does!——Tall, come indoors."

After this collapse, not very dignified for the head of an establishment, she went into the house, Tall at her heels. Here she sat down and hastily scribbled a note between the small convulsive sobs of convalescence which follow a fit of crying, as a ground-swell follows a storm. The note was none the less polite for being written in a hurry. She held it at a distance, was about to fold it, then added these words at the bottom:

"*Do not desert me, Gabriel!*"

She looked a little redder in refolding it, and closed her lips, as if thereby to suspend till too late the action of conscience in examining whether such strategy was justifiable. The note was despatched as the message had been, and Bathsheba waited indoors for the result.

It was an anxious quarter of an hour that intervened between the messenger's departure and the sound of the horse's tramp again outside. She could not watch this time, but, leaning over the old bureau at which she had written the letter, closed her eyes, as if to keep out both hope and fear.

The case, however, was a promising one. Gabriel was not angry, he was simply neutral, although her first command had been so haughty. Such imperiousness would have damned a little less beauty; and, on the other hand, such beauty would have redeemed a little less imperiousness.

She went out when the horse was heard, and looked up. A mounted figure passed between her and the sky, and went on towards the field of sheep, the rider turning his face in receding. Gabriel looked at her. It was a moment when a woman's eyes and tongue tell distinctly opposite tales. Bathsheba looked full of gratitude, and she said:

"Oh, Gabriel, how could you serve me so unkindly!"

Such a tenderly-shaped reproach for his previous delay was the one speech in the language that he could pardon for not being commendation of his readiness now.

Gabriel murmured a confused reply, and hastened on. She knew from the look which sentence in her note had brought him. Bathsheba followed to the field.

Gabriel was already among the turgid prostrate forms. He had flung off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and taken from his pocket the instrument of salvation. It was a small tube or trochar, with a lance passing down the inside; and Gabriel began to use it with a dexterity that would have graced a hospital-surgeon. Passing his hand over the sheep's left flank, and selecting the proper point, he punctured the skin and rumen with the lance as it stood in the tube; then he suddenly withdrew the lance, retaining the tube in its place. A current of air rushed up the tube, forcible enough to have extinguished a candle held at the orifice.

It has been said that mere ease after torment is delight for a time; and the countenances of these poor creatures expressed it now. Forty-nine operations were successfully performed. Owing to the great hurry necessitated by the far-gone state of some of the flock, Gabriel missed his aim in one case, and in one only—striking wide of the mark, and inflicting a mortal blow at once upon the suffering ewe. Four had died; three recovered without an operation. The total number of sheep which had thus strayed and injured themselves so dangerously was fifty-seven.

When the love-led man had ceased from his labours, Bathsheba came and looked him in the face.

"Gabriel, will you stay on with me?" she said, smiling winningly, and not troubling to bring her lips quite together again at the end, because there was going to be another smile soon.

"I will," said Gabriel.

And she smiled on him again.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GREAT BARN AND THE SHEEP-SHEARERS.

MEN thin away to insignificance and oblivion quite as often by not making the most of good spirits when they have them as by lacking good spirits when they are indispensable. Gabriel lately, for the first time since his prostration by misfortune, had been independent in thought

Digitized by Google

and vigorous in action to a marked extent —conditions which, powerless without an opportunity, as an opportunity without them is barren, would have given him a sure and certain lift upwards when the favourable conjunction should have occurred. But this incurable loitering beside Bathsheba Everdene stole his time ruinously. The spring tides were going by without floating him off, and the neap might soon come which could not.

It was the first day of June, and the sheep-shearing season culminated, the landscape, even to the leanest pasture, being all health and colour. Every green was young, every pore was open, and every stalk was swollen with racing currents of juice. God was palpably present in the country, and the devil had gone with the world to town. Flossy catkins of the later kinds, fern-fronds like bishops' crosiers, the square-headed moschatel, the odd cuckoo-pint — like an apoplectic saint in a niche of malachite —clean white lady's-smocks, the toothwort, approximating to human flesh, the enchanter's nightshade, and the black-petaled doleful-bells were among the quainter objects of the vegetable world in and about Weatherbury at this teeming time; and of the animal, the metamorphosed figures of Mr. Jan Coggan, the master-shearer; the second and third shearers, who travelled in the exercise of their calling and do not require definition by name; Henery Fray the fourth shearer, Susan Tall's husband the fifth, Joseph Poorgrass the sixth, young Cain Ball as assistant-shearer, and Gabriel Oak as general supervisor. None of these were clothed to any extent worth mentioning, each appearing to have hit in the matter of raiment the decent mean between a high and low caste Hindoo. An angularity of lineament and a fixity of facial machinery in general proclaimed that serious work was the order of the day.

They sheared in the great barn, called for the nonce the Shearing Barn, which on ground plan resembled a church with transepts. It not only emulated the form of the neighbouring church of the parish, but vied with it in antiquity. Whether the barn had ever formed one of a group of conventual buildings nobody seemed to be aware; no trace of such surroundings remained. The vast porches at the sides, lofty enough to admit a waggon laden to its highest with corn in the sheaf, were spanned by heavy pointed arches of stone, broadly and boldly cut, whose very simplicity was the origin of a grandeur not apparent in erections where more ornament has been attempted. The dusky, filmed chestnut roof, braced and tied in by huge collars, curves, and diagonals, was far nobler in design, because more wealthy in material, than nine-tenths of those in our modern churches. Along each side wall was a range of striding buttresses, throwing deep shadows on the spaces between them, which were perforated by lancet openings, combining in their proportions the precise requirements both of beauty and ventilation.

One could say about this barn, what could hardly be said of either the church or the castle, its kindred in age and style, that the purpose which had dictated its original erection was the same with that to which it was still applied. Unlike and superior to either of those two typical remnants of mediævalism, the old barn embodied practices which had suffered no mutilation at the hands of time. Here at least the spirit of the builders then was at one with the spirit of the beholder now. Standing before this abraded pile, the eye regarded its present usage; the mind dwelt upon its past history with a satisfied sense of functional continuity throughout — a feeling almost of gratitude, and quite of pride, at the permanence of the idea which had heaped it up. The fact that four centuries had neither proved it to be founded on a mistake, inspired any hatred of its purpose, nor given rise to any reaction that had battered it down, invested this simple grey effort of old minds with a repose, if not a grandeur, which a too curious reflection was apt to disturb in its ecclesiastical and military compeers. For once mediævalism and modernism had a common standpoint. The lanceolate windows, the time-eaten arch-stones and chamfers, the orientation of the axis, the misty chestnut work of the rafters, referred to no exploded fortifying art or worn-out religious creed. The defence and salvation of the body by daily bread is still a study, a religion, and a desire.

To-day the large side doors were thrown open towards the sun to admit a bountiful light to the immediate spot of the shearers' operations, which was the wood threshing-floor in the centre, formed of thick oak, black with age and polished by the beating of flails for many generations, till it had grown as slippery and as rich in hue as the state-room floors of an Elizabethan mansion. Here the shearers knelt, the sun slanting in upon

Digitized by Google

their bleached shirts, tanned arms, and the polished shears they flourished, causing them to bristle with a thousand rays strong enough to blind a weak-eyed man. Beneath them a captive sheep lay panting, increasing the rapidity of its pants as misgiving merged in terror, till it quivered like the hot landscape outside.

This picture of to-day in its frame of four hundred years ago did not produce that marked contrast between ancient and modern which is implied by the contrast of date. In comparison with cities, Weatherbury was immutable. The citizen's *Then* is the rustic's *Now*. In London, twenty or thirty years ago are old times; in Paris, ten years or five; in Weatherbury three or four score years were included in the mere present, and nothing less than a century set a mark on its face or tone. Five decades hardly modified the cut of a gaiter, the embroidery of a smock-frock, by the breadth of a hair. Ten generations failed to alter the turn of a single phrase. In these nooks the busy outsider's ancient times are only old; his old times are still new; his present is futurity.

So the barn was natural to the shearers, and the shearers were in harmony with the barn.

The spacious ends of the building, answering ecclesiastically to nave and chancel extremities, were fenced off with hurdles, the sheep being all collected in a crowd within these two enclosures; and in one angle a catching-pen was formed, in which three or four sheep were continuously kept ready for the shearers to seize without loss of time. In the back-ground, mellowed by tawny shade, were the three women, Maryann Money, and Temperance and Soberness Miller, gathering up the fleeces and twisting ropes of wool with a wimble for tying them round. They were indifferently well assisted by the old maltster, who, when the malting season from October to April had passed, made himself useful upon any of the bordering farmsteads.

Behind all was Bathsheba, carefully watching the men to see that there was no cutting or wounding through carelessness, and that the animals were shorn close. Gabriel, who flitted and hovered under her bright eyes like a moth, did not shear continuously, half his time being spent in attending to the others and selecting the sheep for them. At the present moment he was engaged in handing round a mug of mild liquor, supplied from a barrel in the corner, and cut pieces of bread and cheese.

Bathsheba, after throwing a glance here, a caution there, and lecturing one of the younger operators who had allowed his last finished sheep to go off among the flock without re-stamping it with her initials, came again to Gabriel, as he put down the luncheon to drag a frightened ewe to his shearing station, flinging it over upon its back with a dexterous twist of the arm. He lopped off the tresses about its head, and opened up the neck and collar, his mistress quietly looking on.

"She blushes at the insult," murmured Bathsheba, watching the pink flush which arose and overspread the neck and shoulders of the ewe where they were left bare by the clicking shears — a flush which was enviable, for its delicacy, by many queens of the coteries, and would have been creditable, for its promptness, to any woman in the world.

Poor Gabriel's soul was fed with a luxury of content by having her over him, her eyes critically regarding his skilful shears, which apparently were going to gather up a piece of the flesh at every close, and yet never did so. Like Guildenstern, Oak was happy in that he was not over happy. He had no wish to converse with her: that his bright lady and himself formed one group, exclusively their own, and containing no others in the world, was enough.

So the chatter was all on her side. There is a loquacity that tells nothing, which was Bathsheba's; and there is a silence which says much: that was Gabriel's. Full of this dim and temperate bliss, he went on to fling the ewe over upon her other side, covering her head with his knee, gradually running the shears line after line round her dew-lap, thence about her flank and back, and finishing over the tail.

"Well done and done quickly!" said Bathsheba, looking at her watch as the last snip resounded.

"How long, miss?" said Gabriel, wiping his brow.

"Three-and-twenty minutes and a half since you took the first lock from its forehead. It is the first time that I have ever seen one done in less than half an hour."

The clean, sleek creature arose from its fleece — how perfectly like Aphrodite rising from the foam, should have been seen to be realized — looking startled and shy at the loss of its garment, which

Digitized by Google

lay on the floor in one soft cloud, united throughout, the portion visible being the inner surface only, which, never before exposed, was white as snow, and without flaw or blemish of minutest kind.

"Cain Ball!"

"Yes, Mister Oak; here I be!"

Cainy now runs forward with the tar-pot. "B. E." is newly stamped upon the shorn skin, and away the simple dam leaps, panting, over the board into the shirtless flock outside. Then up comes Maryann; throws the loose locks into the middle of the fleece, rolls it up, and carries it into the background as three-and-a-half pounds of unadulterated warmth for the winter enjoyment of persons unknown and far away, who will, however, never experience the superlative comfort derivable from the wool as it here exists, new and pure — before the unctuousness of its nature whilst in a living state has dried, stiffened, and been washed out — rendering it just now as superior to anything *woollen* as cream is superior to milk-and-water.

But heartless circumstance could not leave entire Gabriel's happiness of this morning. The rams, old ewes, and two-shear ewes had duly undergone their stripping, and the men were proceeding with the shearlings and hogs, when Oak's belief that she was going to stand pleasantly by and time him through another performance was painfully interrupted by Farmer Boldwood's appearance in the extremest corner of the barn. Nobody seemed to have perceived his entry, but there he certainly was. Boldwood always carried with him a social atmosphere of his own, which everybody felt who came near him; and the talk, which Bathsheba's presence had somewhat repressed, was now totally suspended.

He crossed over towards Bathsheba, who turned to greet him with a carriage of perfect ease. He spoke to her in low tones, and she instinctively modulated her own to the same pitch, and her voice ultimately even caught the inflection of his. She was far from having a wish to appear mysteriously connected with him; but woman at the impressible age gravitates to the larger body not only in her choice of words, which is apparent every day, but even in her shades of tone and humour, when the influence is great.

What they conversed about was not audible to Gabriel, who was too independent to get near, though too concerned to disregard. The issue of their dialogue was the taking of her hand by the courteous farmer to help her over the spreading-board into the bright May sunlight outside. Standing beside the sheep already shorn, they went on talking again. Concerning the flock? Apparently not. Gabriel theorized, not without truth, that in quiet discussion of any matter within reach of the speakers' eyes, these are usually fixed upon it. Bathsheba demurely regarded a contemptible straw lying upon the ground, in a way which suggested less ovine criticism than womanly embarrassment. She became more or less red in the cheek, the blood wavering in uncertain flux and reflux over the sensitive space between ebb and flood. Gabriel sheared on, constrained and sad.

She left Boldwood's side, and he walked up and down alone for nearly a quarter of an hour. Then she reappeared in a new riding-habit of myrtle green, which fitted her to the waist as a rind fits its fruit; and young Bob Coggan led on her mare, Boldwood fetching his own horse from the tree under which it had been tied.

Oak's eyes could not forsake them; and in endeavouring to continue his shearing at the same time that he watched Boldwood's manner, he snipped the sheep in the groin. The animal plunged; Bathsheba instantly gazed towards it, and saw the blood.

"O Gabriel!" she exclaimed, with severe remonstrance. "You who are so strict with the other men — see what you are doing yourself!"

To an outsider there was not much to complain of in this remark; but to Oak, who knew Bathsheba to be well aware that she herself was the cause of the poor ewe's wound, because she had wounded the ewe's shearer in a still more vital part, it had a sting which the abiding sense of his inferiority to both herself and Boldwood was not calculated to heal. But a manly resolve to recognize boldly that he had no longer a lover's interest in her, helped him occasionally to conceal a feeling.

"Bottle!" he shouted, in an unmoved voice of routine. Cainy Ball ran up, the wound was anointed, and the shearing continued.

Boldwood gently tossed Bathsheba into the saddle, and before they turned away she again spoke out to Oak with the same dominative and tantalizing graciousness.

"I am going now to see Mr. Boldwood's Leicesters. Take my place in the

Digitized by Google

barn, Gabriel, and keep the men carefully to their work."

The horses' heads were put about, and they trotted away.

Boldwood's deep attachment was a matter of great interest among all around him; but, after having been pointed out for so many years as the perfect exemplar of thriving bachelorship, his lapse was an anticlimax, somewhat resembling that of St. John Long's death by consumption, in the midst of his proofs that it was not a fatal disease.

"That means matrimony," said Temperance Miller, following them out of sight with her eyes.

"I reckon that's the size o't," said Coggan, working along without looking up.

"Well, better wed over the mixen than over the moor," said Laban Tall, turning his sheep.

Henery Fray spoke, exhibiting miserable eyes at the same time: "I don't see why a maid should take a husband when she's bold enough to fight her own battles, and don't want a home; for 'tis keeping another woman out. But let it be, for 'tis a pity he and she should trouble two houses."

As usual with decided characters, Bathsheba invariably provoked the criticism of individuals like Henery Fray. Her emblazoned fault was to be too pronounced in her objections, and not sufficiently overt in her likings. We learn that it is not the rays which bodies absorb, but those which they reject, that give them the colours they are known by; and in the same way people are specialized by their dislikes and antagonisms, whilst their goodwill is looked upon as no attribute at all.

Henery continued in a more complaisant mood: "I once hinted my mind to her on a few things, as nearly as a battered frame dared to do so to such a froward piece. You all know, neighbours, what a man I be, and how I come down with my powerful words when my pride is boiling with indignation?"

"We do, we do, Henery."

"So I said, 'Mistress Everdene, there's places empty, and there's gifted men willing; but the spite'—no, not the spite—I didn't say spite—'but the villany of the contrarikind,' I said (meaning womankind), 'keeps 'em out.' That wasn't too strong for her, say?"

"Passably well put."

"Yes; and I would have said it, had death and salvation overtook me for it. Such is my spirit when I have a mind!"

"A true man, and proud as a lucifer."

"You see the artfulness? Why, 'twas about being baily really; but I didn't put it so plain that she could understand my meaning, so I could lay it on all the stronger. That was my depth! . . . However, let her marry an she will. Perhaps 'tis high time. I believe Farmer Boldwood kissed her behind the spear-bed at the sheep-washing t'other day—that I do."

"What a lie!" said Gabriel.

"Ah, neighbour Oak—how'st know?" said Henery, mildly.

"Because she told me all that passed," said Oak, with a pharisaical sense that he was not as other shearers in this matter.

"Ye have a right to believe it," said Henery, with dudgeon; "a very true right. But I may see a little distance into things. To be long-headed enough for a baily's place is a poor mere trifle—yet a trifle more than nothing. However, I look round upon life quite promiscuous. Do you conceive me, neighbours? My words, though made as simple as I can, may be rather deep for some heads."

"Oh yes, Henery, we quite conceive ye."

"A strange old piece, goodmen—whirled about from here to yonder, as if I were nothing worth. A little warped, too. But I have my depths; ha, and even my great depths! I might close with a certain shepherd, brain to brain. But no—Oh no!"

"A strange old piece, ye say!" interposed the maltster, in a querulous voice. "At the same time ye be no old man worth naming—no old man at all. Yer teeth baint half gone yet; and what's a old man's standing if so be his teeth baint gone? Weren't I stale in wedlock afore ye were out of arms? 'Tis a poor thing to be sixty, when there's people far past four-score—a boast weak as water."

It was the unvarying custom in Weatherbury to sink minor differences when the maltster had to be pacified.

"Weak as water! yes," said Jan Coggan. "Maltster, we feel ye to be a wonderful old veteran man, and nobody can gainsay it."

"Nobody," said Joseph Poorgrass. "Ye are a very rare old spectacle, maltster, and we all respect ye for that gift."

"Ay, and as a young man, when my senses were in prosperity, I was likewise

Digitized by Google

liked by a good-few who knowed me," said the maltster.

"'Ithout doubt you was — 'ithout doubt."

The bent and hoary man was satisfied, and so apparently was Henery Fray. That matters should continue pleasant Maryann spoke, who, what with her brown complexion, and the working wrapper of rusty linsey, had at present the mellow hue of an old sketch in oils — notably some of Nicholas Poussin's: —

"Do anybody know of a crooked man, or a lame, or any second-hand fellow at all that would do for poor me?" said Maryann. "A perfect article I don't expect to get at my time of life. If I could hear of such a thing 'twould do me more good than toast and ale."

Coggan furnished a suitable reply. Oak went on with his shearing, and said not another word. Pestilent moods had come, and teased away his quiet. Bathsheba had shown indications of anointing him above his fellows by installing him as the bailiff that the farm imperatively required. He did not covet the post relatively to the farm: in relation to herself, as beloved by him and unmarried to another, he had coveted it. His readings of her seemed now to be vapoury and indistinct. His lecture to her was, he thought, one of the absurdest mistakes. Far from coquetting with Boldwood, she had trifled with himself in thus feigning that she had trifled with another. He was inwardly convinced that, in accordance with the anticipations of his easy-going and worse-educated comrades, that day would see Boldwood the accepted husband of Miss Everdene. Gabriel at this time of his life had outgrown the instinctive dislike which every Christian boy has for reading the Bible, perusing it now quite frequently, and he inwardly said, "'I find more bitter than death the woman whose heart is snares and nets!'" This was mere exclamation — the froth of the storm. He adored Bathsheba just the same.

"We workfolk shall have some lordly junketing to-night," said Cainy Ball, casting forth his thoughts in a new direction. "This morning I see 'em making the great puddens in the milking-pails — lumps of fat as big as yer thumb, Mister Oak! I've never seed such splendid large knobs of fat before in the days of my life — they never used to be bigger than a horse-bean. And there was a great black crock upon the brandise with his legs a-sticking out, but I don't know what was in within."

"And there's two bushels of biffins for apple-pies," said Maryann.

"Well, I hope to do my duty by it all," said Joseph Poorgrass, in a pleasant, masticating manner of anticipation. "Yes; victuals and drink is a cheerful thing, and gives nerves to the nerveless, if the form of words may be used. 'Tis the gospel of the body, without which he perish, so to speak it."

CHAPTER XXIII.

EVENTIDE: A SECOND DECLARATION.

For the shearing-supper a long table was placed on the grass-plot beside the house, the end of the table being thrust over the sill of the wide parlour-window and a foot or two into the room. Miss Everdene sat inside the window, facing down the table. She was thus at the head without mingling with the men.

This evening Bathsheba was unusually excited, her red cheeks and lips contrasting lustrously with the mazy skeins of her shadowy hair. She seemed to expect assistance, and the seat at the bottom of the table was at her request left vacant until after they had begun the meal. She then asked Gabriel to take the place and the duties appertaining to that end, which he did with great readiness.

At this moment Mr. Boldwood came in at the gate, and crossed the green to Bathsheba at the window. He apologized for his lateness: his arrival was evidently by arrangement.

"Gabriel," said she, "will you move again, please, and let Mr. Boldwood come there?"

Oak moved in silence back to his original seat.

The gentleman-farmer was dressed in cheerful style, in a new coat and white waistcoat, quite contrasting with his usual sober suits of grey. Inwardly, too, he was blithe, and consequently chatty to an exceptional degree. So also was Bathsheba now that he had come, though the uninvited presence of Pennyways, the bailiff who had been dismissed for theft, disturbed her equanimity for a while.

Supper being ended, Coggan began on his own private account, without reference to listeners: —

I've lost my love, and I care not,
I've lost my love, and I care not;
I shall soon have another
That's better than t'other;
I've lost my love, and I care not.

Digitized by Google

This melody, when concluded, was received with a silently appreciative gaze at the table, implying that the performance, like a work by those established authors who are independent of notices in the papers, was a well-known delight which required no applause.

"Now, Master Poorgrass, your song," said Coggan.

"I be all but a shadder, and the gift is wanting in me," said Joseph, diminishing himself.

"Nonsense; wou'st never be so ungrateful, Joseph — never!" said Coggan, expressing hurt feelings by an inflection of voice. "And mistress is looking hard at ye, as much as to say, 'Sing at once, Joseph Poorgrass.'"

"Faith, so she is; well, I must suffer it! . . . How do I bear her gaze? Do I blush prodigally? Just eye my features, and see if the tell-tale blood overpowers me much, neighbours."

"No, yer blushes be quite reasonable," said Coggan.

"A very reasonable depth indeed," testified Oak.

"I always tries to keep my colours from rising when a beauty's eyes get fixed on me," said Joseph, diffidently; "but if so be 'tis willed they do, they must."

"Now, Joseph, your song, please," said Bathsheba, from the window.

"Well, really, ma'am," he replied, in a yielding tone, "I don't know what to say. It would be a poor plain ballet of my own composure."

"Hear, hear!" said the supper-party.

Poorgrass, thus assured, trilled forth a flickering yet commendable piece of sentiment, the tune of which consisted of the key-note and another, the latter being the sound chiefly dwelt upon. This was so successful that he rashly plunged into a second in the same breath, after a few false starts: —

I sów-ed thé-e . . .
I sów-ed . . .
I sów-ed thé-e seéds óf lové,
I-it wás áll í-in thé-e spríng,
I-in A-prfl, Má-ay, á-nd sún-ný Juné,
When smá-all bí-irds they dó síng.

"Well put out of hand," said Coggan, at the end of the verse. "'They do sing' was a very taking paragraph."

"Ay; and there was a pretty place at 'seeds of love,' and 'twas well rehearsed. Though 'love' is a nasty high corner when a man's voice is getting crazed. Next verse, Master Poorgrass."

But during this rendering young Bob Coggan evinced one of those anomalies which will afflict little people when other persons are particularly serious, and, in trying to check his laughter, pushed down his throat as much of the table-cloth as he could get hold of, when, after continuing hermetically sealed for a short time, his mirth ultimately burst out through his nose. Joseph perceived it, and with hectic cheeks of indignation instantly ceased singing. Coggan boxed Bob's ears immediately.

"Go on, Joseph — go on, and never mind the young scamp," said Coggan. "'Tis a very catching ballet. Now then again — the next bar; I'll help ye to flourish up the shrill notes where yer wind is rather wheezy: —

O the wí-il-ló-ow treé wíll twíst,
And the wíl-lów tré-ee wí-ill twiné.

But the singer could not be set going again. Bob Coggan was sent home for his ill manners, and tranquillity was restored by Jacob Smallbury, who volunteered a ballad as inclusive and interminable as that with which the worthy toper, old Silenus, amused on a similar occasion the swains Chromis and Mnasylus, and other jolly dogs of his day.

It was still the beaming time of evening, though night was stealthily making itself visible low down upon the ground, the western lines of light raking the earth without alighting upon it to any extent, or illuminating the dead levels at all. The sun had crept round the tree as a last effort before death, and then began to sink, the shearers' lower parts becoming steeped in embrowning twilight, whilst their heads and shoulders were still enjoying day, lacquered with a yellow of self-sustained brilliancy that seemed inherent rather than acquired.

The sun went down in an ochreous mist; but they sat, and talked on, and grew as merry as the gods in Homer's heaven. Bathsheba still remained enthroned inside the window, and occupied herself in knitting, from which she sometimes looked up to view the fading scene outside. The slow twilight expanded and enveloped them completely before the signs of moving were shown.

Gabriel suddenly missed Farmer Boldwood from his place at the bottom of the table. How long he had been gone Oak did not know; but he had apparently withdrawn into the encircling dusk. Whilst he was thinking of this, Liddy brought candles into the back part of the room overlooking the shearers, and their

Digitized by Google

lively new flames shone down the table and over the men, and dispersed among the green shadows behind. Bathsheba's form, still in its original position, was now again distinct between their eyes and the light, which revealed that Boldwood had gone inside the room, and was now sitting near her.

Next came the question of the evening. Would Miss Everdene sing to them the song she always sang so charmingly — "The Banks of Allan Water" — before they went home?

After a moment's consideration Bathsheba assented, beckoning to Gabriel, who hastened up into the coveted atmosphere at once.

"Have you brought your flute?" she whispered.

"Yes, miss."

"Play to my singing, then."

She stood up in the window-opening, facing the men, the candles behind her, and Gabriel on her right hand, immediately outside the sash-frame. Boldwood had drawn up on her left, within the room. Her singing was soft and rather tremulous at first, but it soon swelled to a steady clearness. Subsequent events caused one of the verses to be remembered for many months, and even years, by more than one of those who were gathered there: —

For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he:
On the banks of Allan Water
None was gay as she!

In addition to the dulcet piping of Gabriel's flute, Boldwood supplied a bass in his customary profound voice, uttering his notes so softly, however, as to abstain entirely from making anything like an ordinary duet of the song; they rather formed a rich unexplored shadow, which threw her tones into relief. The shearers reclined against each other as at suppers in the early ages of the world, and so silent and absorbed were they that her breathing could almost be heard between the bars; and at the end of the ballad, when the last tone loitered on to an inexpressible close, there arose that buzz of pleasure which is the attar of applause.

It is scarcely necessary to state that Gabriel could not avoid noting the farmer's bearing to-night towards their entertainer. Yet there was nothing exceptional in his actions beyond what appertained to his time of performing them. It was when the rest were all looking away that Boldwood observed her; when they regarded her he turned aside; when they thanked or praised he was silent; when they were inattentive he murmured his thanks. The meaning lay in the difference between actions, none of which had any meaning of themselves; and the necessity of being jealous, which lovers are troubled with, did not lead Oak to under-estimate these signs.

Bathsheba then wished them good-night, withdrew from the window, and retired to the back part of the room, Boldwood thereupon closing the sash and the shutters, and shutting himself inside with her. Oak wandered away under the quiet and scented trees. Recovering from the softer impressions produced by Bathsheba's voice, the shearers rose to leave, Coggan turning to Pennyways as he pushed back the bench to pass out: —

"I like to give praise where praise is due, and the man deserves it — that 'a do so," he remarked, looking at the worthy thief comprehensively, as if he were the masterpiece of some world-renowned artist.

"I'm sure I should never have believed it if we hadn't proved it, so to allude," said Joseph Poorgrass, "that every cup, every one of the best knives and forks, and every empty bottle be in their place as perfect now as at the beginning, and not one stole at all."

"I'm sure I don't deserve half the praise you give me," said the virtuous thief, grimly.

"Well, I'll say this for Pennyways," added Coggan, "that whenever he do really make up his mind to do a noble thing in the shape of a good action, as I could see by his face he did to-night afore sitting down, he's generally able to carry it out. Yes, I'm proud to say, neighbours, that he's stole nothing at all."

"Well, 'tis an honest deed, and we thank ye for it, Pennyways," said Joseph; to which opinion the remainder of the company subscribed unanimously.

At this time of departure, when nothing more was visible of the inside of the parlour than a thin and still chink of light between the shutters, a passionate scene was in course of enactment there.

Miss Everdene and Boldwood were alone. Her cheeks had lost a great deal of their healthful fire from the very seriousness of her position; but her eye was bright with the excitement of a tri-

Digitized by Google

umph — though it was a triumph which had rather been contemplated than desired.

She was standing behind a low armchair, from which she had just risen, and he was kneeling in it — inclining himself over its back towards her, and holding her hand in both his own. His body moved restlessly, and it was with a too happy happiness. This unwonted abstraction by love of all dignity from a man of whom it had ever seemed the chief component, was, in its distressing incongruity, a pain to her which quenched much of the pleasure she derived from the proof that she was idolized.

"I will try to love you," she was saying, in a trembling voice quite unlike her usual self-confidence. "And if I can believe in any way that I shall make you a good wife I shall indeed be willing to marry you. But, Mr. Boldwood, hesitation on so high a matter is honourable in any woman, and I don't want to give a solemn promise to-night. I would rather ask you to wait a few weeks till I can see my situation better."

"But you have every reason to believe that *then* . . ."

"I have every reason to hope that at the end of the five or six weeks, between this time and harvest, that you say you are going to be away from home, I shall be able to promise to be your wife," she said, firmly. "But remember this distinctly, I don't promise yet."

"It is enough; I don't ask more. I can wait on those dear words. And now, Miss Everdene, good night!"

"Good-night," she said, graciously — almost tenderly; and Boldwood withdrew with a serene smile.

Bathsheba knew more of him now; he had entirely bared his heart before her, even until he had almost worn in her eyes the sorry look of a grand bird without the feathers that make it grand. She had been awe-struck at her past temerity, and was struggling to make amends, without thinking whether the sin quite deserved the penalty she was schooling herself to pay. To have brought all this about her ears was terrible; but after a while the situation was not without a fearful joy. The facility with which even the most timid women sometimes acquire a relish for the dreadful when that is amalgamated with a little triumph, is marvellous.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SAME NIGHT: THE FIR PLANTATION.

AMONG the multifarious duties which Bathsheba had voluntarily imposed upon herself by dispensing with the services of a bailiff, was the particular one of looking round the homestead before going to bed, to see that all was right and safe for the night. Gabriel had almost constantly preceded her in this tour every evening, watching her affairs as carefully as any specially appointed officer of surveillance could have done; but this tender devotion was to a great extent unknown to his mistress, and as much as was known was somewhat thanklessly received. Women are never tired of bewailing man's fickleness in love, but they only seem to snub his constancy.

As watching is best done invisibly, she usually carried a dark lantern in her hand, and every now and then turned on the light to examine nooks and corners with the coolness of a metropolitan policeman. This coolness may have owed its existence not so much to her fearlessness of expected danger as to her freedom from the suspicion of any; her worst anticipated discovery being that a horse might not be well bedded, the fowls not all in, or a door not closed.

This night the buildings were inspected as usual, and she went round to the farm paddock. Here the only sounds disturbing the stillness were steady munchings of many mouths, and stentorian breathings from all but invisible noses, ending in snores and puffs like the blowing of bellows slowly. Then the munching would re-commence, when the lively imagination might assist the eye to discern a group of pink-white nostrils, large as caverns, and very clammy and humid on their surfaces, not exactly pleasant to the touch until one got used to them; the mouths beneath them having a great partiality for closing upon any fragment of Bathsheba's apparel which came within reach of their tongues. Above each of these a still keener vision suggested a brown forehead and two staring though not unfriendly eyes, and above all a pair of whitish crescent-shaped horns like two particularly new moons, an occasional stolid "moo!" proclaiming beyond the shade of a doubt that these phenomena were the features and persons of Daisy, Whitefoot, Bonnylass, Jolly-O, Spot, Twinkle-eye, &c., &c. — the respectable

Digitized by Google

dairy of Devon cows belonging to Bathsheba aforesaid.

Her way back to the house was by a path through a young plantation of tapering firs, which had been planted some years earlier to shelter the premises from the north wind. By reason of the density overhead of the interwoven foliage it was gloomy there at cloudless noontide, twilight in the evening, dark as midnight at dusk, and black as the ninth plague of Egypt at midnight. To describe the spot is to call it a vast, low, naturally formed hall, the plumy ceiling of which was supported by slender pillars of living wood, the floor being covered with a soft dun carpet of dead spikelets and mildewed cones, with a tuft of grass-blades here and there.

This bit of the path was always the *crux* of the night's ramble, though, before starting, her apprehensions of danger were not vivid enough to lead her to take a companion. Slipping along here covertly as Time, Bathsheba fancied she could hear footsteps entering the track at the opposite end. It was certainly a rustle of footsteps. Her own instantly fell as gently as snow-flakes. She reassured herself by a remembrance that the path was public, and that the traveller was probably some villager returning home, regretting, at the same time, that the meeting should be about to occur in the darkest point of her route, even though only just outside her own door.

The noise approached, came close, and a figure was apparently on the point of gliding past her when something tugged at her skirt and pinned it forcibly to the ground. The instantaneous check nearly threw Bathsheba off her balance. In recovering she struck against warm clothes and buttons.

"A rum start, upon my soul!" said a masculine voice, a foot or so above her head. "Have I hurt you, mate?"

"No," said Bathsheba, attempting to shrink away.

"We have got hitched together somehow, I think."

"Yes."

"Are you a woman?"

"Yes."

"A lady, I should have said."

"It doesn't matter."

"I am a man."

"Oh!"

Bathsheba softly tugged again, but to no purpose.

"Is that a dark lantern you have? I fancy so," said the man.

"Yes."

"If you'll allow me I'll open it, and set you free."

A hand seized the lantern, the door was opened, the rays burst out from their prison, and Bathsheba beheld her position with astonishment.

The man to whom she was hooked was brilliant with brass and scarlet. He was a soldier. His sudden appearance was to darkness what the sound of a trumpet is to silence. Gloom, the *genius loci* at all times hitherto, was now totally overthrown, less by the lantern light than by what the lantern lighted. The contrast of this revelation with her anticipations of some sinister figure in sombre garb was so great that it had upon her the effect of a fairy transformation.

It was immediately apparent that the military man's spur had become entangled in the gimp which decorated the skirt of her dress. He caught a view of her face.

"I'll unfasten you in one moment, miss," he said, with new-born gallantry.

"O no — I can do it, thank you," she hastily replied, and stooped for the performance.

The unfastening was not such a trifling affair. The rowel of the spur had so wound itself among the gimp cords in those few moments, that separation was likely to be a matter of time.

He too stooped, and the lantern standing on the ground betwixt them threw the gleam from its open side among the fir-tree *débris* and the blades of long damp grass with the effect of a large glow-worm. It radiated upwards into their faces, and sent over half the plantation gigantic shadows of both man and woman, each dusky shape becoming distorted and mangled upon the tree-trunks till it wasted to nothing.

He looked hard into her eyes when she raised them for a moment; Bathsheba looked down again, for his gaze was too strong to be received pointblank with her own. But she had obliquely noticed that he was young and slim, and that he wore three chevrons upon his sleeve.

Bathsheba pulled again.

"You are a prisoner, miss; it is no use blinking the matter," said the soldier, drily. "I must cut your dress if you are in such a hurry."

"Yes — please do!" she exclaimed, helplessly.

"It wouldn't be necessary if you could wait a moment;" and he unwound a cord from the little wheel. She withdrew her

Digitized by Google

own hand, but, whether by accident or design, he touched it. Bathsheba was vexed; she hardly knew why.

His unravelling went on, but it nevertheless seemed coming to no end. She looked at him again.

"Thank you for the sight of such a beautiful face!" said the young sergeant, without ceremony.

She coloured with embarrassment. "'Twas unwillingly shown," she replied, stiffly, and with as much dignity — which was very little — as she could infuse into a position of utter captivity.

"I like you the better for that incivility, miss," he said.

"I should have liked — I wish — you had never shown yourself to me by intruding here!" She pulled again, and the gathers of her dress began to give way like liliputian musketry.

"I deserve such a chastisement as your words give me. But why should such a fair and dutiful girl have such an aversion to her father's sex?"

"Go on your way, please."

"What, Beauty, and drag you after me? Do but look; I never saw such a tangle!"

"O, 'tis shameful of you; you have been making it worse on purpose to keep me here — you have!"

"Indeed, I don't think so," said the sergeant, with a merry twinkle.

"I tell you you have!" she exclaimed, in high temper. "I insist upon undoing it. Now, allow me!"

"Certainly, miss; I am not of steel." He added a sigh which had as much archness in it as a sigh could possess without losing its nature altogether. "I am thankful for beauty, even when 'tis thrown to me like a bone to a dog. These moments will be over too soon!"

"Not for my pleasure," she said.

Bathsheba was revolving in her mind whether by a bold and desperate rush she could free herself at the risk of leaving a portion of her skirt bodily behind her. The thought was too dreadful. The dress — which she had put on to appear stately at the supper — was the head and front of her wardrobe; not another in her stock became her so well. And then, her appearance with half a skirt gone! What woman in Bathsheba's position, not naturally timid, and within call of her retainers, would have bought escape from a dashing soldier at so dear a price?

"All in good time; it will soon be done, I perceive," said her cool friend.

"This trifling provokes, and — and —"

"Not too cruel!"

"— Insults me!"

"It is done in order that I may have the pleasure of apologizing to so charming a woman, which I straightway do most humbly, madam," he said, bowing low.

Bathsheba really knew not what to say.

"I've seen a good many women in my time," continued the young man in a murmur, and more thoughtfully than hitherto critically regarding her bent head at the same time; "but I've never seen a woman so beautiful as you. Take it or leave it — be offended or like it — I don't care."

"Who are you, then, who can so well afford to despise opinion?"

"No stranger. Sergeant Troy. I am staying in this place.— There! it is undone at last, you see. Your light fingers were more eager than mine. I wish it had been the knot of knots, which there's no untying."

This was worse and worse. She started up, and so did he. How to decently get away from him — that was her difficulty now. She sidled off inch by inch, the lantern in her hand, till she could see the redness of his coat no longer.

"Ah, Beauty; good-bye!" he said.

She made no reply, and reaching a distance of twenty or thirty yards, turned about, and ran indoors.

Liddy had just retired to rest. In ascending to her own chamber, Bathsheba opened the girl's door an inch or two, and said —

"Liddy, is any soldier staying in the village — Sergeant somebody — rather gentlemanly for a sergeant, and good-looking — a red coat with blue facings?"

"No, miss. . . . No, I say; but really it might be Sergeant Troy home on furlough, though I have not seen him. He was here once in that way when the regiment was at Casterbridge."

"Yes — that's the name. Had he a moustache — no whiskers or beard?"

"He had."

"What kind of a person is he?"

"Oh! miss — I blush to name it — a gay man. But I know him to be very quick and trim, who might have made his thousands, like a squire. Such a clever young dand as he is! He's a doctor's son by name, which is a great deal; and he's an earl's son by nature!"

"Which is a great deal more. Fancy! Is it true?"

"Yes. And he was brought up so

Digitized by Google

well, and sent to Casterbridge Grammar School for years and years. Learnt all languages while he was there; and it was said he got on so far that he could take down Chinese in shorthand; but that I don't answer for, as it was only reported. However, he wasted his gifted lot, and listed a soldier; but even then he rose to be a sergeant without trying at all. Ah! such a blessing it is to be high-born; nobility of blood will shine out even in the ranks and files. And is he really come home, miss?"

"I believe so. Good-night, Liddy."

After all, how could a cheerful wearer of skirts be permanently offended with the man? There are occasions when girls like Bathsheba will put up with a great deal of unconventional behaviour. When they want to be praised, which is often; when they want to be mastered, which is sometimes; and when they want no nonsense, which is seldom. Just now the first feeling was in the ascendant with Bathsheba, with a dash of the second. Moreover, by chance or by devilry, the ministrant was antecedently made interesting by being a handsome stranger who had evidently seen better days.

So she could not clearly decide whether it was her opinion that he had insulted her or not.

"Was ever anything so odd!" she at last exclaimed to herself, in her own room. "And was ever anything so meanly done as what I did — to skulk away like that from a man who was only civil and kind!" Clearly she did not think his barefaced praise of her person an insult now.

It was a fatal omission of Boldwood's that he had never once told her she was beautiful.

From Temple Bar.

SIR PETER LELY.

THE town of Soest in the old German circle of Westphalia, is a quaint, picturesque, ancient place, well known to easy-going travellers between Cologne and Hanover. There Lely was born in 1618; and there he spent his boyhood, playing under the shadows of the three fine old churches, making holiday excursions out to Sassendorf, or tarrying in the market-place, watching the expression in the faces of the sellers and buyers of corn.

Nagel says that Lely's father, a poor military officer, bore the surname by which his son is known. The common story runs that the family name was Van der Faes, that the house in which the Captain dwelt was decorated with a sculptured lily or lilies, and that Captain Van der Faes became known as the Captain at the Lily. The objection to this story is that neither in Altdeutsch, Mitteldeutsch, Oberdeutsch, nor in modern German does "Lely" mean "lily." It was probably Peter's mother's name, added to that of the husband, as is the fashion on the Continent at the present time.

When Peter Lely was born, by the side of one of the clear streams which freshen the town of Soest from the neighbouring lake, Rubens was forty-one years old, living in Antwerp in a sort of state which Lely subsequently emulated in London. In that year, 1618, Vandyck was a handsome lad, nineteen years old, studying in Rubens's painting-room. The Captain's little son, in his cradle at Soest, was destined to follow Vandyck in the English capital, to equal him in style of life, without imitating his extravagance, and to occasionally come very near him in power of painting, without any imitation of his manner.

The parents of Peter Van der Faes thought of the church and then of the army as affording their son chances for a fortunate career. Peter heard but heeded not. His talk, tastes, and pursuits indicated an irrepressible bent. At eighteen, instead of preparing for ordination or learning the sword exercise, Peter went, by his father's consent, to Haarlem as a pupil in the studio of a now less remembered Peter — Peter Grebber. Grebber was not a great master, but he was a man of infinite taste, and Lely applied himself with such effect to follow his instructions in historical and portrait painting, adding thereto much successful practice in landscape, that in two years Grebber kindly touched the young fellow on the shoulder, and bade him enter the world on his own account, as he then knew quite as much as his master.

Peter took Grebber at his word, but he studied the works of Vandyck before he repaired to the country where Vandyck's career was closing. Lely's first appearance in England is said to have been in the suite of the boy bridegroom from Holland, who came over here in 1641 to marry the little daughter (Mary) of Charles the First. This was the last of the royal

Digitized by Google

child marriages which was celebrated in England, and it was full of circumstances worthy of a painter's record. The ceremony took place on a May day, in 1641, in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall. The bride was in her tenth year. The bridegroom, William, afterwards second Prince of Orange, was only eleven. When Bishop Wren blessed the little couple the bevy of as little bridesmaids were in a flutter of delight and wonderment. The consequent festival was of an old-fashioned romping quality; and when king, queen, and court conducted the illustrious pair to their several rooms in the palace nursery, the little husband and his little wife were the most weary of all that joyous romping party. In the year 1643 Van Tromp came hither and escorted the little bride over the seas to Holland; his ships of war accompanying the progress with thundering symphonies from the throats of their guns.

At the time above named, Peter, looking about him in London, was taken by ever-generous Geldorp into his studio in Drury Lane. Geldorp welcomed the Westphalian to his house in the Lane as warmly as he had welcomed Vandyck to his former house and studio in Blackfriars. Charles the First, who loved to spend an hour with his courtiers in artists' studios, probably first saw Lely at Geldorp's in Drury Lane. It was at a later period that Peter painted the king's portrait. Lely may have worked for Charles before that. In the catalogue of Charles's pictures was "A Landscape done by Geldorp's Man." It was valued by the commissioners at 2l. 10s., and it fetched the moderate price demanded.

Lely, for some time after this, was rather a painter of history and of landscapes than of portraits. There was no one to rival or follow him in the two former departments of art. Vandyck, in portraiture, was held to be a master not to be surpassed. Lely nevertheless resolved to pursue the path by which Vandyck had earned golden reputation and enchanted the world. The masterpieces of Vandyck moved the pulses of his heart and fired his aspirations. Lely probably never stood at his easel without his mind dwelling on the great artist whom he adopted as his master. When he grew rich enough he bought Vandycks for study and for increase of gracefulness to his house. When he looked at other men's labours he measured them by Vandyck. The highest praise he could give was, "That's the nearest to Vandyck of anything I have seen since I came to England;" and it was such praise that he gave to Mary Beale.

Lely was very soon at court. The earliest work in portraiture on which Lely was employed in England was in copying Vandyck. That portrait of Charles the First with his little son James, which Evelyn saw in 1658 at Northumberland House, and which he describes as "the last of our blessed Kings and the Duke of York," and as Lely's work, was in fact Lely's admirable copy of one of the late pieces by Vandyck. From such work he passed to original efforts He was to be seen not only in Aldersgate Street and Drury Lane, painting the ladies of those and similar aristocratic places, but in more exclusive Whitehall, with the king and queen sitting before him, graciously condescending to be limned.

After royalty had departed from Whitehall, Lely painted the portraits of leading Commonwealth men, and that of him who led the leaders — Cromwell. "Mr. Lely," said Oliver, "I desire you will use all your skill to paint my picture only like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me; otherwise I will never pay you a farthing for it." The Protector knew that a portrait could be an historical picture.

When Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, commissioned Lely to paint the handsomest women at the court of Charles the Second, he naturally began with her highness and her ladies. Twelve of these are known now as the "Windsor Beauties," having long hung in the gallery at the Castle, before they joined Kneller's "Beauties" at Hampton Court. They are almost entirely free from the faults which have been laid to the artist's charge, and this in despite of the free and flowing fashion of dress or undress which then prevailed. There was little covering to speak of, except from the waist downwards. Ladies hid their feet and revealed their bosoms. They came to court with trains, some of which reached from the foot of the throne far away into the outer chamber or staircase. Lely simply indicates the fashion of the period. In his "Windsor Beauties," his Duchess of York is a cold English lady. In the quarter-length, in the National Portrait Gallery, she is a good-natured looking person, with a well-bred stare and a blue stomacher. His Queen Catherine of Braganza is a quiet, lady-like woman, with only her fine eyes to be proud of,

Digitized by Google

and she has a slight expression of being "bored" at having to "sit" for such a special purpose.

Look at Lely's Duchess of Cleveland, that supreme "hussy of the hussies." He has represented her as Pallas. She has an air of Venus in her wiser cousin's panoply. She carries a spear, wears a helmet, and rests on, rather than grasps, a shield. She is manifestly more ready for love than war. She is calmly proud in the strength, less of her arms than of her beauty. She is lovely, but she is also wide awake, and the storm-cloud in the background is a fine indication of character in a lady whose humanity suffered a notable change when her remarkable temper was ruffled.

Then, turn to Diana, alias Duchess of Richmond, whom Lely makes pass for the Goddess of Chastity (the *belle Stuart* being *difficile*) by putting a bow in her hand, and placing the Queen of the Nymphs in a forest. A necklace sparkles round her throat, but the pearls are from the royal jewellers. Her train will be troublesome to bear through the thickset forest; but she might woo Endymion himself in such a bodice: it is so discreetly fashioned that the most timid of swains might look on it and yet keep his senses.

From Diana, turn next to Mrs. Middleton, as Plenty, or as Pandora. In the first character she looks like the charming, modest, eldest daughter of the house, in whose service she is bearing from the garden, not a cornucopia, but a freight of fruit for the afternoon dessert. She is, perhaps, more characteristically painted as Pandora. A box full of evils was not a bad symbol. As Plenty, her dress has no particularly winning wave in it, and the full bosom is, at least, half veiled, as if more than that grace were not good for gods or men to behold. As for wantonness or voluptuous negligence, or luxurious magnificence, the picture is full of honest, hearty nature.

In allegory, Lely was weak; yet his Rape of Europa has been pronounced worthy of Lairesse. But Lely cannot be compared with Lairesse in the lumbering apologue which mars Lely's portrait of Lady Falmouth. Yet, of all his portraits, this is said to be the one in which he most nearly equals Vandyck. The lady had been made a widow by the sea-fight off Harwich, in which her gallant husband was slain. *Therefore*, in the widow's lap lies a cannon-ball, a real four-and-twenty pounder, with her hand slightly resting on it. The grief, symbolized by the ball, is apparently heavy, but it was probably not so heavy as it seemed, for the lap bears hardly an impress of the weight. The lady's left hand is keeping the young widow's somewhat too loose drapery together, which falls from her bosom, as such drapery does from that of a *péronnelle* in the illustration to a French love-song. In truth, it fell to similar purpose, and accomplished Dorset was but too happy to lay his head on the boson which had been the loved pillow of gallant Falmouth.

As it was impossible, even for Lely, to make the audacious Lady Southesk look like a repentant Magdalen, he has painted her trying to look like one, and he failed in the attempt. This lady carries her capacious bust, and a pile of drapery that might hedge in a thousand sacred virtues, to a covert in a wood; but she has not the air of a Mary who is likely to cast herself to the ground in sorrow, and lean painfully on her elbow in perusal of a book that teaches only wisdom. On the other hand, Lady Chesterfield's pure, grave expression might have subdued a Puritan. The figures in the background might be taken for little Loves, carrying away between them the sweet flowers of life, and leaving nothing in their place. Again, the most straight-laced virtue might go abroad in such becoming folds as cling round Lady Rochester, and never be ashamed. Most of a Precisian looks Anne Digby, subsequently Countess of Sunderland. This modest Anne shields her own breast that it may not be seen to sigh. The Earl of Sunderland, as versatile in love as he was in politics and in religion, was under promise to her; but he broke his vow, begged he might not be asked why, and then married the lady after all. He was the son of Dorothea, Countess of Sunderland, Waller's *Sacharissa*, whom Lely also painted during her long widowhood, and with an effect which again brought him in close affinity with Vandyck. There is no fear of Anne Digby's drapery falling, if she move — an accident which some think would certainly happen to the Duchess of Somerset. But those who think so should mark how the lady's right hand so holds it as to make it safe under the most active emergency. Again, how true a lady is seen in the portrait of the Countess of Northumberland! The figure, full of life, and marked by grace, is.

Digitized by Google

worthy of Sir Joshua. The landscape has a natural beauty that would have won the generous praise of Gainsborough.

Walpole's objections to Lely are inapplicable to the portrait of Lady Whitmore, and more so to that of the belle Jenings (subsequently Duchess of Tyrconnel): *she* has no *clinquant*, no absurd superflux of robes to drag through woods and brooks. The belle Jenings is, in Lely's portraiture, a mild, modest beauty, quaintly but becomingly dressed. George Fox might have looked on the face without discerning wantonness, and on the dress without recognizing either voluptuousness or negligence. If there be one in the bevy of "Windsor Beauties" obnoxious to such censure as Walpole has showered indiscriminately on the whole, it is the Querouaille (Duchess of Portsmouth). She is a true French courtesan. *Lorette*, *cocotte* and *péronnelle* are combined in her. She is here an Arcadian shepherdess, in skirts that would take Audrey's breath away only to look at. To suppose that Audrey could have stood under a tree as this "beauty" does, with no more of the woman about her veiled than there is in a mermaid, would be to do Audrey infinite wrong. She would cry heartily at the thought of it.

Perhaps the most glorious of all these portraits is that of Lady Denham. The full-blown flowers in her lap symbolize the perfection to which the style of this haughty beauty had reached. The portrait, however, with which Sir Peter himself was infinitely pleased, was that of the belle Hamilton. The exquisite creature looks as if she was *posing* for a saint, and was enduring the trouble (saving a certain playfulness) *like* one. Lely finished few pictures so exquisitely as this. He confessed to having a particular pleasure in this special work. The Duke of York, says Grammont, "took a delight in looking at it, and began again to ogle the original."

When these portraits were hung up in the Duke of York's house, Pepys was among the many who went to gaze at them. His comment in his diary is "Good, but not like." Dryden insinuates of Lely, under the guise of "a late noble painter," that the common opinion was that Lely "drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like." The reason assigned is that Lely "studied himself more than those who sat to him." A better judge, Vertue, attributes the cause of the work being less true in resemblance than in handling to the circumstance that Lely "was not so firm and true in his lineaments, as he was an excellent colourist and of a fine freedom of pencil." This excellence of colour and freedom of pencil are manifest in Lely's Nell Gwynn. The portrait may not be a perfect likeness, for Nell's saucy hilarity of expression is not represented. The head, however, has a certain boyishness of character in it. In her soft, pensive mood, innocence, sweetness, and delicacy of sentiment, with her hand tenderly resting on and carrying a lamb, the figure might suggest a young St. John. The wanton undress and the boundless expanse of bosom soon disperse the suggestion. The character of the woman is perfectly interpreted.

Lely painted Nell in more moods than one. The most casual glance at her likeness in the National Portrait Gallery would not lead to the most transitory thought that the lady there is a nun. She is half fashionably, half fantastically dressed. Her hair is of the court, not of the desert. She is seated in a garden, attired in a dress that has now an almost dead-leaf colour, and over it and about it sweeps and falls, and clings and hangs, one of the loveliest of Lely's lovely blue draperies. The hands are exquisitely painted. One of them is nearly laid on the heart, but a finger points towards a side-walk, and there is a speaking, laughing expression on the lips and in the eyes, as if she were making some allusion to the king, and Lely had stirred her mirth by some saucy reply.

Not merely as compared with Nell, but purely of itself, Lely's portrait of Mary Davies, another "Miss" of the king's, is that of the most modest, refined, and attractive of maidens. The face is sad and full of thought. The warm auburn hair falls about it in natural curls, and the eyes are life-like, liquid, and with a slightly startled expression, as if she would fain not be surprised sitting on a bench in a retired garden-nook, in that attire. Yet there is abundance of it, the ever exquisite Lely blue over a tender, now somewhat faded, white. In the sad, soft expression of the lovely face, Lely has transmitted a warrant of the touching effect with which Mary Davies sang, "My lodging is on the cold ground." Looking on the two portraits, the Lords Petre might justifiably be prouder of Moll Davies for an ancestress than the Dukes of St. Albans of Nell Gwynn.

Nowhere has Lely given better proof

Digitized by Google

of his power to paint character than in his portraits of the Duke of Buckingham and the infamous Countess of Shrewsbury. The latter is very simple in its details. A circlet of pearls round the throat is the sum of all decoration. The dress is not particularly loose. The face, however, with its voluptuous lips, handsome animal flesh and feature, and audacious eyes, is the face of a woman who might stand by as a page to see her husband murdered in a duel by her lover. And the portrait of that lover is a perfect pendant. It is grandly robed; but the peer's insignia cannot humanize a face which is bursting with sensuality, and a fat pollution of its own. He is evidently the man who took that woman home to the house where his own wife, Fairfax's daughter, kept her sorrowful state. When she was aware of the intrusion, the Duchess moved towards the door, with the remark that it was not fitting for her to be under the same roof with the woman who accompanied him. "I know that," said the Duke, "and I have left my coach at the door, to take you to your father's."

Lely's portraits of the second Duchess of York (afterwards Queen Mary of Modena) are sufficient to show that he was not a mere meretricious painter. She was but fifteen when she came a bride to England. Lely then painted her in the character of Innocence; and the exquisite grace and simplicity of the work, its power in design, and its purity in colour and sentiment, charmed every one who had both heart and eyes. Lely is said to have never wearied of portraying this duchess, who was such a contrast with her heavy predecessor, Anne Hyde. Indeed, the painter's power is manifested in his contrasts. Lely's Mary of Modena is almost a spiritual being. His Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, is a living, vigorous substantiality. One may believe that the painter looked not only *at* but *through* that most unhappy of villains. The passion in the heart is reflected in the expression on the face. There is vigour, too, in many of Lely's female portraits. Walpole had no ground for saying that Lely, wanting taste, supplied *clinquant*. Lely did not always dress his nymphs in "fantastic night-gowns fastened with a single pin." Whenever he *did*, the lapses of dress, the hair flung free, these indicated the fashion of the time. "The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul" was the languid mode of the day, and Lely matched it by costume, or the lack of it. Yet the ladies are ladies still; saucy, it may be, in a high and haughty way.

Lely acquired more money and contemporary fame by his female portraits than by those of men. In his flattery to old female sitters he has scarcely been outdone by Lawrence or by Ross. His flattery (let it be avowed) trenched on caricature. His second portrait of Catherine of Braganza, when old, in a chemise relieved by a broad scarf, has been not inappropriately described as looking more like a bloated child cheated of a box of sugar-plums than a corpulent, middle-aged, ill-used woman. Lely's Prince Rupert is reckoned to be as near to Vandyck as any male portrait Sir Peter ever painted, and there is in it the presentiment of a soldier and a gentleman, of a leader in the field, and of a man who would not be out of place either in a library or a boudoir. Lely's Earl of Essex, at Knole, is full of dignity and also of a commonplace nature bespeaking a gentleman who had every-day work to do in the world and was prepared to do it. Fifty years after Lely was dead, Harris of Saulsbury was looking at the artist's portrait of Sir William Temple, "where," as he wrote to Highmore, "the austerity of everything that surrounds seems purposely intended to give life and vigour to the countenance, and there fix the attention of the spectator." It is the best possible guess at a true master's intention. Nagle asserts that Lely's Horace Townshend, his Alderman La Neve, in Robes, his Earl of Sandwich (an object of Pepys' idolatry), and his last portrait of Charles the First, manifest a master-power in heroic portraiture quite equal to that of Vandyck. As much may be said of Lely's portrait of Thomas Stanley, the author of a now forgotten "History of Philosophy." In this work Lely, in painting the eyes, has reflected the philosophy or heroism, the thought or resolution of the mind. You may see that Stanley's head is full of brains. Even when Lely had to deal with fashions against which Vandyck had never to contend, he contrived to keep the *man* intact. His Henry Jermyn (afterwards Earl of St. Albans) is all heavy robes and cataract peruke. The individual is not heroic, though Henrietta Maria loved, if she did not marry, him. He looks like a man who would play cards till and after he was blind, as he did, some one telling him the points. Under all that heap of robes there is a breathing being of so many stone weight. The head is wig

Digitized by Google

and nothing else, but the face is not a mere mask on a block, as in the careless portraits of Verrio and Kneller.

After Lely established himself in Covent Garden in 1662 his pupils could not have much profited by the study of their master, if he was as reserved to all as he is said to have been to Greenhill and Buckshorn. He would not permit them, we are told, to see him mix his colours, to observe how he laid them on, nor how he marked or distributed them with his pencil. They were obliged, so goes the story, to watch him by stealth, and peep at him from hiding-places. On the other hand, we learn from Vertue's MSS. that the two Beales, brother and sister, were allowed to look over Sir Peter as he worked, and even to criticise him most freely, that from his explanations they might learn to snatch graces of their own when before their own easels in the street hard by. While Lely was engaged, in 1666, on the portrait of the Duchess of York at the Duke's lodgings in Whitehall Peyps contrived to overlook him. He has recorded his delight at observing that the painter had not succeeded nearly so well at getting a likeness of the Duchess, in two or three sittings, as he had of Mrs. Pepys, on the first attempt. Pepys gave Lely's "fellow" a piece of money for permission to enter the artist's studio and to see, among other rare things, this portrait of the Duchess of York, just finished. Pepys saw at once the hand of no ordinary master in this work, "her whole body sitting in state in a chair, in white satin, and another of the King's that is not finished, most rare things!" He was still more ecstatic when he saw *gratis* what he calls "the so much desired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine. A most blessed picture!" The amateur compared the foreign artist with English painters. He weighed Lely's "Duchess" with Wright's; "but Lord, the difference!" is his summary criticism. He measured the Westphalian against Hailes, who had painted Pepys' father, and was one of Lely's rivals. Pepys is sorry, but "Lely's pictures are without doubt much beyond Mr. Hailes's."

Lely was modest when estimating himself. "Sir Peter," said one of the sons of Folly, at Charles the Second's court, "how did you get your reputaiion? You know you are no great painter." "I know I am not," said Lely calmly, "but I am the best you have." His royal patrons were munificent for the time. For the portraits of Charles the Second and his queen, Lely received one hundred pounds.

In the estimation of Pepys, Lely was fond of a pompous way of living. The Lord Keeper Guilford found him a perfect gentleman. Lely conversed so charmingly on his own art that his hearers, if they could not become, by listening, infallible judges, at least fell in love with the art itself, and had a longing to buy pictures. Lely knew the history of his art better than he knew any other history; and he had the materials of knowledge curiously arranged for the sake of reference. He cut out of the "Colonna Trajani" all the historical part, "contenting himself with so much, and no more, as touched the profession of a painter, without that of a scholar." Pepys, who tells us this, calls Lely "a proud man and full of state," because Pepys saw "in what pomp Lely's table was laid," in his house in Covent Garden, "for himself to go to dinner." Pepys was astounded at the extent of Lely's practice. Lely's portrait of the Earl of Sandwich had inspired Pepys with a desire to have a copy of the work. The painter answered that his time was fully engaged for the next three weeks. Subsequently, when the Duke of York had given Lely a commission to paint the Duke's flag-captains, one of those heroes, Sir William Penn, accompanied Pepys to arrange for a sitting. Lely was so "full of work" that "he was fain to take his table-book out to see how his time is appointed; and appoints six days hence for him to come between seven and eight in the morning." At a later period, Lely's hours for work were from nine to four; and he was very independent in his bearing with the noblest and proudest of his sitters. If the most imperious duke or most wayward duchess failed to appear at the time appointed, Lely, or Lely's porter, would transfer the name of the offender to the bottom of the artist's list of engagements, and the transgressor had to wait for a new turn till that list had been duly worked out. On this point Lely was inexorable.

There are two different accounts of the rate at which Lely worked. A well-known story runs,— that the Duke of York and the Duke of Monmouth being desirous of possessing a portrait of Charles the Second, the first commissioned Lely, while Monmouth gave the work to Kneller. It was to be a sort of "match," whereby the qualities of the respective

Digitized by Google

artists were to be settled. Kneller's rapid hand and fiery pencil combined to finish the portrait at one sitting. Lely, though bold, was discreet; he took his time, and impatient people pronounced him slow, while fashion went over to Kneller. Even if this be true, it must be remembered that Lely was then in his last days. At an earlier period his pencil could be rapid without failing to be effective; he is known to have executed two heads of Tillotson (for Mr. Beale and for the Rev. Dr. Cradock, Mrs. Beale's father) in chalks and colour in one hour. "Fa Presto" could hardly have outdone that: Kheller would have fallen short of it.

When Charles the Second dubbed Peter Lely knight, and made him a gentleman of the bedchamber, Sir Peter had acquired the right to live like a knight and a gentleman. The painter had saved money, had put it out at interest, and invested it in land. He had estates and honest tenants in both Lincolnshire and Herts; and the great artist was not a stern landlord. When he had the vapours, or when his lady had,—a woman of good family, but so totally unremarkable that she fades out of the household picture altogether,—he could change from his town house to his suburban cottage at Kew, or to a country residence as easily as any nobleman, and with as little uneasy thought about the cost. But he was most at "home" in Covent Garden, where he lived indeed a deservedly "mighty proud man," with infinite grandeur but without selfishness. His table was not laid out in state exclusively for his own gratification. He gathered his friends around it, enjoyed with them the delights he had earned, and partook with them of the generous fare he had already paid for. His cellars were rich in favourite liquids, from rare wines to the then still popular *mum*. Curious clocks, rich furniture, antique cabinets, stately beds, quaint mirrors, costly plate and jewels, these were only small matters in a house where the artist had brought together the noblest private collection of pictures then existing in England, and among them were six and twenty Vandycks. Next to them and to the art by cunning exercise of which they were produced, Sir Peter loved music. Half a dozen caged singing-birds made his house and garden joyous. His violins, his bass-viols, his theorbos, and his harpsicals discoursed to him most exquisite music while he sat at dinner, when, Nagle says, he was fed with sweet sounds as well as with rich viands. In summer, fancy may see him and his group of familiars assembled on his lawn, which extended up to Long Acre, while amateurs or professional friends touched the instruments he kept for harmonious use. Lely's "books of devotion" may justify us in the conclusion that he was not far from godliness; and his "bathing-tubs" show that he was beyond his age, and loved what is next to godliness—cleanliness. These items we gather from his executors' accounts.

Lely was adding money to money, and acre to acre, by his daily work in Covent Garden, when a thought came over him of the great hereafter, and a desire to set his house in order, that his two young children might enter without trouble on their succession. A courtier, who loved art and Sir Peter, took the latter by the sleeve and introduced him to the then Attorney-General North. North frightened "the old gentleman," as North called him, by urgent counsel to make an immediate settlement, as in spite of his naturalization, if he were to die intestate his estate might go to the Crown. North arranged this important affair, and took no fees. He was well paid, nevertheless. Lely gave him several portraits, "and between them," says Roger North, in his Life of the Lord Keeper, "this was called commuting of faculties."

In the beginning of the year 1679 Lely made his will. In a few words, he leaves all to his young daughter Anne and his little son John. His Lincolnshire estates, his rents, in short, all he possessed, was then bequeathed, with ample means for the education of the son, and an especial three thousand pounds to Anne, to be put out at the interest of five or six per cent., and to be applied for her support till she was eighteen or got married. In case of the children dying before they were of age to execute a testament, Lely thought of the sole survivor of his old home in Westphalia. To his sister Kate Maria Weck, widow of Conrad Weck, once burgomaster of Groll, in Guelderland, and to her children, he gave the reversionary interest. And having thus provided for his kin, Sir Peter seems to have thought of his friends and of something to be done for them *by-and-by*. "As to legacies," he says quaintly, "to my particular friends and to servants, I hope it will please God to afford me leisure and opportunity to declare my mind therein by a codicil." Sir Peter,

Digitized by Google

however, does not appear to have found either, during the troubled year in which he signed the document.

He still had time to work. Among Lely's latest productions was his best known portrait of the second Duchess of York. The Duchess sat for it previous to the journey which she made to Scotland in company with the Duke. She is, moreover, in her habit as she lived; in a dress of scarlet and gold, with a tucker and undersleeves of the fairest lawn. Over the shoulders and bosom there is a "cataract" of beautiful hair, falling from the most classical of heads. A scarf of blue (the edges of gold and pearls) crosses the dress obliquely, rests in rich profusion in the lap, and descends in copious folds of drapery to the ground. She is sitting in one of Lely's best garden scenes, beneath a tree entwined by roses and honeysuckles. The portrait is remarkable for its feminine dignity and its sweet expression. It was painted as a gift to the Duke of Rothes, who was to be the host of the royal pair in Scotland, and it is still one of the chief ornaments of Leslie House. This portrait is probably the very last of the works which Lely lived to finish. It was begun in the year 1679, and the career of the great artist was then drawing to a close. In the following February (1680), a young lady of great fame, rank, and beauty was sitting to him in his room in Covent Garden — Elizabeth, daughter of Josceline, Earl of Northumberland, and wife of Lord Ogle, whom she had married in the previous November, when she was only fourteen years of age. She was afterwards contracted to "Tom of ten thousand," Thynne of Longleat, and was subsequently Duchess of Somerset. One of the first portraits painted by Lely, in England, was that of her father, Josceline, Earl of Northumberland, when the Earl was a little boy. His last, but unfinished, portrait was that of Josceline's daughter. While engaged upon it, the pencil slipped from his hand, and a fit of apoplexy closed the career of this great painter forever. He died the same day; and his enemies said that he died all the sooner at hearing his doctor speak in praise of Kneller!

The succession to his formal Court appointment was vacant till March 1685, when Antonio Verrio was, in the words of Luttrell's Diary, made the King's "chief and first painter in the place of Sir Peter Lely, deceased."

Sir Peter was buried, like a knight and a gentleman, by torchlight. The procession had not far to go to the old church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The torches and wax cost more than the coffin. Seven pounds the former and five pounds additional to the bearers, while the coffin cost but six. The apothecary received twelve pounds for embalming Sir Peter, and the herald-painter a few shillings over sixteen pounds for executing the bright and garish 'scutcheons of arms which glittered in the torchlight to the admiration of the Piazza mob. Altogether, the funeral charges reached a hundred and seventy-five pounds, minus five shillings.

The executors' accounts show what activity reigned in Lely's studio immediately after his death. Walton was there appraising and varnishing the part of the collection that was to be first sold. Lancrinck was running to and from his lodgings in the north-west corner of the Piazza to his old master's house in the north-east, where he made the inventory, estimated prices, and placed the pictures in the best lights. At other times, Lancrinck and Sonnius (Van Son) were busily engaged in completing the portraits or the backgrounds and accessories which Sir Peter had left unfinished. On some occasions, the studio was crowded with artists giving last touches, for love or money, to pieces which Lely had not had leisure to terminate. Among them were brilliant Roestraten, careful Tilson, and eccentric Wissing, with inferior workmen, such as Nason, Warton, and Landervert, a trio of "journeymen painters" of the time. Mr. Baptist figures among the more dignified artists engaged in conveying graces to Sir Peter's uncompleted pictures. "Mr. Baptist" was the familiar name of Gaspars, the Antwerp painter, whom Lely had long retained as an assistant. Gaspars earned at this work £56; Wissing was paid about £30; Sonnius £20, and Lancrinck about £12. Of the latter sum, £9 was paid to him for finishing Sir Peter's portrait of Sir Thomas Deerham; a few shillings were considered enough for completing copies from other masters, which Lely had commenced and had then put aside.

The most curious scene in Lely's studio occurred when his brother artists looked over his properties. He possessed a variety of costumes and materials for them, which would have made wardrobes for a score of theatres. There was Lancrinck turning over the embroidered dresses, and Wissing and Gaspars

Digitized by Google

holding up to admiration the glittering tiffanies, the gay taffetas, the silks, sad and light-coloured, the pearl satins, the grey satins, the ash satins, the crimson, violet, blue, and emerald satins; the sleeves, the skirts, the "tiffany white and red shifts," the laced shirts, the gorgeous petticoats, the marvellous waistcoats, and the Isabella cloth of gold; and they bought largely, as if from the old materials they could catch the master's power. Wissing carried off silken gear, and by half of it imitated Lely more closely than ever. "Mr. Baptist" doubtless turned all his bright purchases to good account in his draperies and tapestry. As for Lancrinck, he bought not only such brilliant articles as those above mentioned, but Sir Peter's palettes and pencils. Lancrinck, indeed, purchased so largely, that he was fain to complete more of Lely's unfinished works, in part payment. Moreover, "for pains at the first sale," Lancrinck was allowed a commission of ninepence in the pound, and he put nearly a hundred pounds in his pocket by an agency which a respectable artist would not in these days think becoming. At the first sale, Lancrinck purchased forty-nine pictures for £206. Among them was a "Psyche," by Rubens, £41. For "Van Tromp," he gave £6, and 10*s*. more for "A Lucrece of Sir Peter's after Titian." Richard Cromwell was not in favour, his portrait (it is not said by whom) was knocked down at £2 10*s*. A "Cupid of Fiamingo" fetched more than Rubens's "Psyche," namely, £145; Mr. Baptist being the buyer. Tilson succeeded in obtaining "an original of Sir Peter," for a poor £10. Wissing gave one pound more for an original of "Mr. Hughes;" while Streater, the scene painter, bought a whole-length, a half, and two heads, for £6 and an odd shilling; Sonnius (Van Son), perhaps as an agent for other artists, laid out nearly £400 in originals, and about £50 for copies. In purchasing for himself he was as fortunate as Wissing or Streater, in obtaining seven pictures out of the collection — originals and copies — for £24. Riley, luckier still, carried off from Lely's collection to his own studio, portraits of the Duchess of Lauderdale, the Dukes of York, Monmouth, and Ormond, and Sir William Swan, for £20. Beale, however, perhaps surpassed Riley in good fortune. For himself, or for his more clever wife, Beale bought portraits of the Duchess of Mazarin and Lady Norris, with a girl's head, and three or four pictures on panel, and all for £8 15*s*. With the above group of lively artists there appeared the greatest actor of his own, and perhaps of any time — the grave, handsome Thomas Betterton. He was a well-known collector of pictures, and he came now to Covent Garden, to take from the collection there, and add to his own, close by, in Great Russell Street. His purchases comprised: "Venus and Adonis, a scisse (*sic*) of Titian," for £13, a "Fortune Teller of Giorgione," £24, and a "Man and Dog of Anthony More," £22. Three pictures by three foremost men, and not £60 for the three!

Among the company, too, was Anthony Grey, Earl of Kent, who was so famous for his collection of books. Philip Sydney, Earl of Leicester, was there, looking out for pictures wherewith to decorate the great house his father had built in Leicester Fields. Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, who with one eye was as good a judge of a picture as any man with two, with Lords Grandison, Vaughan, Berkeley, and Newport, also took personal interest in the great sale. The first was uncle of the Duchess of Cleveland, an honest man enough to scowl at Lely's glowing portrait of his niece. Old Lord Vaughan was an object of attraction as the protector of Jeremy Taylor. Lord Berkeley was probably there in search of pictorial decorations for the house which his father had erected in Piccadilly. Connoisseurs and amateurs were exceedingly well represented. Among them were Sir Peter Parker, Sir Nathaniel Napier, Sir Richard Temple, Sir Allen Apsley, Sir John Brownlow, and Sir James Oxenden. The chief singularity about Sir Allen Apsley's purchases, or rather his payments for them, was, that when he went to deposit the money at Child's, the banker, fifteen pounds of it were refused by the clerk or cashier as "suspicious!"

Lord Peterborough, for a Christ, by Paul Veronese, gave £200. Mr. R. Mountague, for "37 Grizailles," of Vandyck, £115. Mr. Drax, of Dorsetshire, bought a "Dutch Family" for £100. The Earl of Kent, for a "Venus and Cupid, of Paris Perdon" (*sic*) gave £105. For a portrait of Tom Killigrew, by Vandyck, Lord Newport gave £83. For two pounds less, the Earl of Shrewsbury obtained "A Tantalus of Titian," and for 30*s*., "A little picture with a ruff." Sir James Oxenden took away with him to his old house at Dene, in Kent, six pictures, including "A Jeweller of Anthony

Digitized by Google

More," at the cost of £245; the "Jeweller" being worth all the money. Sir Richard Temple was quite as fortunate. Four pictures from this Lely collection cost him £51, among them was the "Wife of Rubens," which was sold for £15. The highest sum given for a foreign picture was £252 for "The Four Bassas," but the name of artist or purchaser is not given.

Among Sir Peter's pictures, the work of his own hand, are recorded, an unfinished half-length of the Duke of Grafton, sold for £15, and an unfinished sketch of Nell Gwynn, £25. For a copy of Sir Peter's half-length of Charles the Second, Roger North gave £2 10*s*. Lord Grandison gave £20 for a half-length of "Mrs. Villers," an original of Sir Peter's, while Lord Berkeley got a three-quarter Cromwell for 18*s*. This was as cheap as Ravenscroft's bargain, "The Judgment of Solomon," of Peter Van Teed, £6! The first sale realized nearly £6000, and subsequently, an eight days' sale of part of Sir Peter's wonderful collection of drawings and prints brought in nearly £2500. The prices seldom varied, or, rather, there was always the same variety. Of twenty-four portraits described in the executors' accounts as "originals," twelve were of ladies. Altogether, they fetched four hundred and seventy-three pounds. The highest bid was for the "Duchess of Richmond," namely, fifty pounds. The lowest, for a half-length outline of "Lady Mundy," and an unfinished portrait of "Lord Hyde," one pound each. Thirteen "copies" were sold for forty-six pounds thirteen shillings, at rates varying between one pound and twelve.

At no time during this protracted sale was any agent present to purchase on the part of Goverment. Esteemed as Lely had been by the king and royal family, they seem to have been satisfied with such portraits as he had painted of or for them. Of his other works, or of the Titians, Claudes, Paul Veroneses, Rubens, and Vandycks (more than two dozen of the latter), not one was bought by the court. Lely's "Prince Rupert" and a "Charles the Second" are at Windsor, the National Gallery containing no sample of the artist's handiwork.

The home life of Lely is brought before us in the executors' accounts of sums paid to creditors. Mr. Soaper, the artist's "barber," was paid £7, and Mr. Valentine £6 for the last periwig which Sir Peter wore. The collector of "chimney money" called for his obnoxious due, and received 18*s*. The last half-year's rent of the fine old house is paid. The sum is in one place put down as £20, it is called a quarter's rent, and the sum in another £25. Sir Peter's "great bed, bedding, and chair" fetched £56. The "great clock" realized £35; more than the musical instruments were sold for, though these had some lofty personages among the buyers. Lord Chief Justice North carried off many lots, pearls, lace, and among other things, Lely's bass viol. The violin went for £15, the "harpsicals" for £10, the theorbo for half the latter sum, and the half-dozen birds and four cages were handed over to the purchaser for the respectable sum of £8. While some bid for the wine and claret, one individual carried off a memorial of the defunct in the shape of his wig-block. Whoever got the painter's "eight books of devotion" obtained so many aids to a pious life at a low rate, 11*s*.; and as for the "bathing tubs," they were part of a miscellaneous lot, and are not to be estimated. The popular story runs that the sale of the pictures continued for forty days. It continued, at intervals, for many years. As soon as the first enthusiasm a little subsided, the executors stopped the sale; and when the public appetite was whetted for more of the rich supply from Lely's stores, the sale was renewed, being again occasionally interrupted, as the world was busy about lords getting their necks into peril through treason, or while the Londoners were flocking to see the "great straunge beaste, the Rhynoceros," which was being exhibited at *Belle Sauvage*, on Ludgate Hill. In this way the sale of Lely's pictures and drawings was carried on till towards the close of the century. In the intervals, his house was hired for other sales.

One of the adjourned sales of Lely's treasures is announced in the *London Gazette*, February, 1687: "Upon Monday in Easter Week," it says, "will be exposed by public auction, a most curious and valuable collection of drawings and prints made with great expenses and care by the late Sir Peter Lely, painter to his late majesty. The drawings are of all the most eminent masters of Italy, being originals, and most curiously preserved. The prints are all the works of Marc Antonio, after Raphael and other the best Italian masters; and of the best impressions, and good prints, in good condition, and carefully preserved. Some are double

Digitized by Google

and treble. The sale will be at the house in Covent Garden, where Sir Peter Lely lived."

That sale, which had commenced under Charles the Second, and was carried on during the reign of James, extended far into that of William the Third, before it concluded. In 1694, when one of Lely's executors, Roger North, occupied "the house in Covent Garden where Sir Peter Lely lived," the final sale was announced in the *London Gazette* for September 17–20, A.D. 1694: "On the 2nd October, from 5 to 9 at night, will be exposed for sale, at Mr. Walton's house in Holborn Row Side, next door but one from the corner going to Queen Street, the remains of Sir Peter Lely's curious collection of prints and drawings of the best Italian masters. The collection will be laid open three days before, and may be seen." From first to last, the sale produced about £26,000.

To complete this story there remain but a few words to be said. Lely's daughter, a young lady with some infirmity in the eyes, was enabled by her father to live in ease as she also did in privacy. She died young. The son John, while a boy, was well cared for by his trustees. Their accounts show that they kept him in succulents and sweetmeats and "reasons." They furnished him with money for "plays, and Christmas-boxes for ushers," generally a guinea, reckoned at twenty-three shillings; and they paid about forty pounds a year for his schooling. Only on one occasion is there any trace of the son's connection with his father's calling, in an account of "money spent on prints and crayons." No more is heard of him till 1728, when the *Historical Register* has among its "deaths" the simple entry, "Nov. 5, John Lely, Esq., son of Sir Peter Lely, the famous painter." This John Lely left a son of the same name, who was so celebrated in his own day that after his death, in 1737, the poet of the *Gentleman's Magazine* broke out into verse at once elegiac and eulogistic. The bard especially praises the excellence of the portraits of women by this grandson of Sir Peter, and he names a whole roll of aristocratic beauties whose charms will "survive themselves," because they will live forever on John Lely's canvas. His "Lady Torrington" can "move without life, and in effigie charm." John Lely's "manly genius," it is said, "scorn'd the beaten ways."

> Hence, thy Eliza can in absence move
> And melt the frozen anchorite to love.

John Lely's power of representing character is shown by his illustration of "awful piety," in his "Lady Sunderland," while the charming Ranelagh, on his canvas, may defy death, and be beautiful forever, that is,

> Till painting cease and art herself expire.

The poet even claims for this artist an equality with Sir Peter, not merely in portraiture, but in the noble accessories which enhanced the grace of his pictures. In depicting meadows, plains and woods and fountains, "there all his grandsire in the painter lived."

The Lely story ends unhappily. Estate and fortune (nine hundred pounds a year) came to nothing, or went to Sir Peter's nephew, Weck, of Groll, in Guelderland. However this may be, the widow of the above-named grandson of Lely was rescued from deep distress by the charity of the Free Society of Artists, and she ended her days in Megg's Almshouses, Mile End.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE school that Valentine Ross, Lord Eskside's grandson and heir, was sent to was, naturally, Eton. His father had been educated there, but not his grandfather, who belonged to an older fashion in education as in everything else, and was Scotch to his fingers' tips, and to every shade of idea in his mind. Valentine was placed with the brother of the tutor who had succeeded so indifferently with his early training — a kind of mingled compensation for that failure, and keeping up of old associations — for Mr. Grinder's father had been Richard's tutor — which satisfied Lord and Lady Eskside. The boy's departure was no small trial to the old people. Each of them said something to him privately before he went away. Lord Eskside took him out for a last walk, and showed him the new feus that had been marked out, and told him confidentially — recognizing for the first time his partially grown-up condition — of the improvements he had been making, and the additions to the rent-roll of the estate which the feus would make — "enough to pay your school expenses, Val," he said; and then he gave his grandson his parting advice.

Digitized by Google

"You have not to make your living by learning," said the old lord, "therefore I don't bid you give every moment to it that health allows; but a good scholar is always a credit to every rank in life; and if a thing is worth doing at all, it's worth doing well. But there are other things at Eton besides books. A man in the position you will hold should know men like himself — not only the outside of them, but their ways of thinking, and what's working in their heads. The working of young heads is a sign how the tide's going; and I want you, if it's in you, Val, some time or other, to go on the top of the tide — not just to be dragged with the swing of it, like common lads. You're too young for that at present, but when you're old enough you must try to get into what societies they have — debating, or the like. I don't know very well what you're going to turn to. You have good abilities — very good abilities — and plenty of spirit when you like; and mind, to give all that over to play, and nonsense games, is bairnly, not manly — I would have you recollect that."

"Do you mean cricket, grandpapa?" said Valentine, with astonished eyes.

"I mean everything that turns a gentleman into a player, sir," said the old lord, knitting his brows; "setting sport above the honest concerns of this life and the ruling of the world — which is what young men of good family are born for. if they like to put their hand to their work. To set up a game in the highest place is bairnly, Val — mind what I say to you — and not manly. If you mean to put your life into cricket, you had better make up your mind to earn your bread by it, and give up the other trade I'm speaking of — which is not to say you may not play to amuse yourself," he added, dropping from the seriousness of the previous address, "and, in moderation, as much as you like; only never make a business of a mere pleasure. I am taking you into my confidence," Lord Eskside continued, after a little pause. "I want you to go into public life. Your father will not, and he has his reasons, which are perhaps good enough; and I had not the time nor the possibility when I was young like you. I succeeded early for one thing; and a Scotch representative peer does not cut much of a figure in politics. But you, my boy, have little chance of succeeding early. If your father lives to be as old as I am, you have a long career before you — and you'll mind my advice."

"Yes, grandpapa," said the boy, bewildered. Valentine was proud, yet much confounded, to be thus advanced to the position of his grandfather's confidant, and spoken to as if he were on the verge of the university, instead of entering at fourteen a public school. He did his best to understand, with eyes intent upon the old man's face.

"The secret of all success, Val," said the old lord, "is to know how to deny yourself. It does not matter very much what the object is. That's one advantage about even these games I was speaking of. Training, as they call it, is a good thing, an excellent thing. If you once learn to get the whip-hand of yourself, that's the best education. There is nothing in this world like it, Val. Prove to me that you can control yourself, and I'll say you're an educated man; and, without this, all other education is good for next to nothing. Other people, no doubt, can do you harm more or less, but there is no living creature can do you the harm yourself can. I would write that up in gold letters on every school, if I had it in my power. Not that I like asceticism — far from it — but a man is no man that cannot rule himself."

Lord Eskside paused with a sigh, while the boy looked at him with eyes and ears intent, taking in the words, but not all or indeed much of their meaning. And here I think Val's attention began to wane a little; for he had not the slightest clue to the thoughts into which the old man plunged, almost against his will — the dismal recollections of shipwreck which crowded into his mind as he spoke. "We won't enter into the subject at length," he resumed; "but, Val, you have more than ordinary occasion to be upon your guard."

"Why have I more than ordinary occasion?" said the boy, wondering and curious; this mysterious intimation immediately roused him up.

"Ah, well, we'll say nothing about that. You've wild blood in you, my boy; and when you're a man, you'll remember that I gave you sound advice. These are the great things, Val. I don't need to tell you to be good, for I hope you know your duty. Try and never do anything that you would think shame to have told to us; you may be sure sooner or later that it will be told to us, and to every soul you want it kept from. There's no such thing as a secret in this world; and the more you want to hide a thing the more it's

Digitized by Google

known — mind that. For lesser matters, I'll see you have enough of pocket-money, and I hope you'll take care to spend it like a gentleman — which does not mean to throw it away with both hands, mind; and you'll keep your place, and learn your lessons like a man; and you'll write regularly to your grandma; and God bless you, Val!"

Saying this, the old lord wrung the boy's hand, and turned off down a side path, leaving him alone in the avenue. Lord Eskside's shaggy eyebrows were working, and something strangely like tears welled up somehow from about his heart, and stood in two pools, unsheddable, under these penthouses. Not for all he had in the world would he have let that moisture drop in sight of living man.

Val was somewhat startled by this abrupt withdrawal, and tried hard, without being quite able, to make it out, what it meant; for the notion that he himself was supremely loved by his old grandfather was one that did not immediately enter into the boy's mind, far from all sentimental consciousness as boys' minds generally are. He went up thoughtfully to the house, but I am afraid it was not the wisdom of his grandfather's advice or the contagion of his emotion which moved him. He was wondering what it meant — why *he*, Valentine, should have more than ordinary reason to take care; and what was the wild blood he had in his veins? The wonder was vague; I cannot say that the boy was possessed by any eager longing to penetrate the mystery; but still he wondered, having arrived at a kind of crisis in his life, a thing which makes even a child think. He went in to his grandmother serious, and, as she thought, sad; and Lady Eskside was pleased by the cloud over his face, and set it down to his sorrow at leaving home, putting her own sentiments into Valentine's mind, as we all do.

"You must not be down-hearted, Val," she said, drawing him close to her, and speaking with a quiver in her lip. "When once the shock is over, you will find plenty of new friends, and be very happy. It is natural at your age. It is us that will miss you — oh my bonnie boy! — far, far more than you will miss my old lord and me."

Val did not say anything; he felt his breast swell with a certain soft sympathy, but he was not deeply dismayed at the thought of leaving home, as she supposed. Lady Eskside put her arm round him, and drew her boy close. She was not ashamed of the tears that came heavily to her eyes.

"My bonnie boy!" she said, "my darling! Ye cannot think what you have been to us, Val — like light to them in darkness; you've made God's providence clear to me, though you're too young to understand why. When you are away, Val, you'll think of that. If anything ill were to happen to you in body or soul, it would break my heart — you'll remember that? Oh, my own boy, be good! There are all kinds at a great school, some not innocent lads like you. You'll shut your ears to bad words and wicked things for my sake? Don't listen to them — but say your prayers night and morning, and read your chapter, and God will protect my boy. Nobody can make you do wrong, Val, except yourself."

"But I don't mean to do wrong, grandma," said Valentine, with a little self-assertion. "Why should you think I would? Is there anything particular about me?"

"There is a great deal particular about you," said the old lady; "you are the hope and the joy of two old folk that would never hold up their heads again in this world if any harm came to you. Is not that enough? But I am not afraid of my boy," she added, seeing that the admonition had gone far enough, and smiling a wintry, watery smile, the best she could muster. "Mind all that Mr. Grinder says too, and don't be too rough in your plays. You're a very stirring boy, Val; but I want my boy to be always a gentleman, and not too rough. Your manners are not so nice as they once were ——"

"I'm not a baby any longer," said the boy. "I don't know how to speak to ladies and grand people; but I don't mean to be rough."

"Well, dear, perhaps that is true," said Lady Eskside, with a sigh; "but you'll mind, Val, to be very particular about your manners as well as other things. It's more important than you think."

"I wish you would tell me something, grandma," said Val; "why is it more important than I think? and what do grandpapa and you mean by saying that I need to be on my guard more than others? There must be something particular about me."

"Then your grandpapa has been speaking to you!" said the old lady, with a little vexation, feeling herself forestalled. "I suppose being old we are more particular than most people, and more anx-

Digitized by Google

ious. Your father, you see, makes no such fuss."

"I don't know anything about my father, grandma."

"Oh, Val, hush! he is at a distance, where duty keeps him; he has never been at home but that once since you came, and he is not a good correspondent; but now that you are at school you must write to him direct, and be sure he will answer. He knows you are safe in our hands."

"That may be," said Val, seriously; "but still, you see, grandma, it's a fact that I don't know much about my father — nor my mother either," he added, suddenly dropping his voice. Since he had been a small child, he had not mentioned her before. Lady Eskside could not restrain a startled movement, which he felt, standing so close to her. The boy lifted his eyes and fixed them on her face.

"Was that her, grandma," he said in a low voice, "that brought me here? and why is she never here now? I know there is something strange about me, for all you say."

"Do you remember her, Val?"

"No," said the boy, somewhat impatiently; "that is I remember *her*, but not to know her now if I saw her. Why do you never speak of her? why is she never here? I think I ought to know."

"Oh, my dear, it's a long story — a long and a sad story," said the old lady. "I wish — I wish I could find her, Val. I have sought for her everywhere, both now and when you were born; but I cannot find her. It is not our fault."

"Where is she?" said the boy. His face was flushed and agitated, his utterance hurried and breathless as if with shame.

"I tell you we cannot find her, Val."

"But she is alive, in the world, *like that?*" said the boy; and drew a long painful breath. Lady Eskside could not tell, and dared not ask, how much Val understood or remembered of his mother and her life when he said these words; and indeed, I think the boy himself would have found it very difficult to tell. He had lost all clear recollection of her in those seven years past, which were just the years in which a child forgets most easily, or remembers most tenaciously, when its recollections are encouraged and cultivated. He recollected dimly his coming to Eskside, and more dimly a life beyond, which was not as his present life, — a curious dull chaos of wanderings and change, with a woman in it, and a playfellow, for whom he used to cry of nights. The chief impression on his mind, however, was of the strange difference between that life and his present one. He had escaped out of that into this; and the thought of being made to go back again filled him with a vague alarm. If this woman was his mother, might she not meet him somewhere, claim him, take him back again? This thought filled him with a confused and indescribable horror. He had experienced this strange feeling before now; when he saw caravans passing — when he met a wandering party of tramps on the road — it had occurred to him more than once, what if some one should claim him? though he scarcely knew the ground of his own fears. This had given a curious inarticulate duality to his life. There were two of him. One Valentine Ross, whom he could identify boldly, who was happy and free and beloved — the other, something he did not know. But after his conversation with his grandmother, this vague terror suddenly took shape and form. His mother, his *real* mother, who had a right to him, might claim him, might seize upon him and carry him away. The idea filled him for the moment with mortal terror. He lost the security of childhood, and for the time felt himself involved in that insecurity, that panic, which is more terrible to a child than it ever can be in more mature life. A spasm came into his throat — a pang of shame and outraged feeling — which added to the terror, and made it very hard to bear. His eyes grew wet with a hot-springing moisture, salt and bitter, which seemed to scorch his eyelids. Lady Eskside, partially discovering the agitation in the boy's mind, pressed him closer to her in sympathy and tenderness; but he set his elbow square, and repulsed the fond consoling movement. He was angry with her and with all the world, because he himself was thus separated from all the world, though he was no more than a child.

"I am going out," he said abruptly, with a slight struggle to be free, "to say good-bye to Hunter and the rest. I promised to say good-bye to them. Let me go, grandma; I shall not be long away."

"Come back before dinner, dear. You are to have your dinner with us to-night," said the old lady, kissing his hot forehead as she let him go. He ran from her, and out into the woods, and never drew breath till he reached Hunter the gamekeeper's cottage, which was two miles off.

Digitized by Google

The hot tears dried in the boy's eyes as he ran, swift as an arrow from the bow. It was a half-savage way of relieving the pain in him; yet it did relieve it, probably because of the half-savage blood which was boiling in his veins. He did not feel quite sure that he was safe even in the woods, and flew as if some one were pursuing him. In this panic there mingled no curiosity about his mother — no longing wish to see her — no stirring of filial love, such as one would imagine natural in such a case. Strangely enough, children show little curiosity in most cases about the parents they have lost. It seems so natural to them to accept what is, as absolutely unchangeable, the one only state of affairs they have ever known, as the state which must be, and to which there is no alternative. The very idea of an alternative disturbs the young mind, and wounds it. And Valentine had more than ordinary cause to be disturbed. He was afraid and he was ashamed of that duality in his existence. It mortified him as only a child can be mortified. If he could only forget it, shut it out of his mind for ever! He did not want to hear any more upon the subject, which was hateful to him; he could not bear even to think that any one was aware how much of it he knew. The sight of the little colony of children and dogs at the gamekeeper's was a wholesome distraction to his burdened mind; and fortunately there were many people to be shaken hands with, and to be told of his start to-morrow. "To Edinburgh first, and then to London! My word, Mr. Valentine, but you'll be far afore us all, country folk. And I wouldna wonder but you would see the Queen and the House of Parliament, and a'thing that's splendid," said the gamekeeper's wife. The boy was pleased; the thought of all the novelty to come moved him for a moment; but even the delight of novelty could not banish from his mind his new horror and fear.

He dined with his grand-parents that night as they had promised; and the old people watched him with anxious scrutiny, of which the child was vaguely conscious. They had no insight into the tempest that was surging in his childish bosom, but watched him as wistfully as if they had been the children and he the man, wondering whether "his mother's blood" was working in him, and any wild desire of adventure and vagrancy like hers arising in his mind, or whether he was thinking of and longing for her, which seemed the most natural supposition. I think had they known the selfish shame and fear which had taken possession of him, both of them would have been disappointed and shocked, even though satisfied. They would have blamed the boy as without natural feeling, and they would have been wrong. The feeling in Valentine's heart was all chaotic, undeveloped. He had found out what was the meaning of the contradiction of two natures in him, the jar of which he had been dimly conscious, without knowing what it was. The struggle itself had been going on within him for years, since the time when a mere child he had suffered and conquered that natural thirst for the out-of-door life to which he had been born. He had stood by his nursery window and gazed out, and beaten his head and his hands against the panes, longing to escape, with a longing which was only recognized as naughtiness, and which by force of circumstances and some innate force of nature he had restrained. The ductile infantine nature had been forced into the new channel, and now thought of the old one with a thrill and shiver of imaginative terror. But no chance light as yet pierced the childish imbroglio of his thoughts. He felt rather than thought that he was in danger; he had lost his happy sense of security; but his mind had not gone further. All this, however, was as invisible, as unrevealable, to the two old people, who watched him so anxiously, as their eager watch was to him. He had not left their charge for a day for seven long years, and yet they knew as little of him as you and I, dear reader, know of the child who has never left our side, and has, as it seems, no thought, no object in life apart from ours. How can we tell what that unknown familiar creature will do when set out upon independent life for itself? and how could they tell what was passing in Val's bosom, which had no window to it, any more than have the rest of us? They watched him, consulting each other now and then with their eyes, and said things to him which meant more than the words, but which Val received without thinking at all what they meant. That last night at home was meant to be a solemn one, and would have been so, had Val's mind not been absorbed in its own excitement. Lord Eskside gave him a watch, which made his heart jump for the moment — a gold hunting-watch, such as Val had long admired and longed for, with his initials and crest on the back;

Digitized by Google

but even this affected him much less than it would have done, had he received it a week — a day before. He was to start early the next morning, and his portmanteaus were packed, and everything ready that night. He went and looked at them before he went to bed, and the higher pulsation of novelty and adventure began to swell in his young veins. The shadow slid still a little further off his heart when Lady Eskside came into his room on her way to her own, as she had done every night for years. Val was not asleep, but only pretended to be so, to avoid any self-betrayal. The boy, peering curiously through his eyelashes, which showed him this little scene as through a veil of tinted gauze, saw the old lady put down her candle, look at him closely, and when she saw him, as she thought, fast asleep, kneel down by his bedside. She said no audible words, but she put her hands together and lifted her face, with tears standing full in her eyes. It was all Val could do not to cry too, and betray himself; the water came welling up, feeling warm within his eyelids, and blurring out the sight before him. After a little while my lady rose, and put her hand softly on his forehead and kissed him; then took up her candle and walked softly away, closing the door carefully after her not to wake her boy. Val felt strangely desolate for the first moment after the door closed, and the soft light and the watchful presence went away. He did not say anything tender within himself, for he was (or had become) a Scotch boy, totally unused to the employment of endearing words. But his small heart swelled, and a sense of soft security, of watchers round him, and ever-wakeful all-powerful love, came to him unawares. He fell asleep directly, and woke in the morning cured of his first trouble, with as light a heart as any schoolboy need have — the shock having gone off with all its consequences, and his mind being too full of his new start, of his new watch, of his long journey — the first he had ever taken — and of Eton at the end, most wonderful of all,— far too full of these things to be sad. He gave his grandmother a hug when the moment came to go away. "I'll be back at Christmas, grandma," he said, between laughing and crying. The old lord was going with his heir, and this "broke the parting very much, so that he bore up like a man," Lady Eskside said afterwards, wishing, I fear, that Val had been a little more "overcome." She shed tears enough for both of them after the carriage had driven away, with a large box of game — to conciliate Mr. Grinder — fastened on behind. From the window of one of the turrets she could see it driving across the bridge at Lasswade; and there she went, though the stairs tired her, and waved her handkerchief out of the narrow window, and wept at thought of the dreariness he left behind him. It seemed to my lady that there was not one creature left in the great house, or on Eskside, up the water and down the water, save herself: and thus Val made his first start in life.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE boy was very tired when he arrived in London, and not capable of the hot interest he expected to feel in the great muddy capital, which was one muddle of mean houses, noisy roads, carts and carriages, and crowding people, to his tired perceptions. The day after, he and his grandfather went to Windsor through the mild soft country, half veiled in the "mists and mellow fruitfulness" that distinguish autumn, and warm with the all-pervading and diffused sunshine of the season. How different was the calm slow river, lingering between its placid banks, seeking no coy concealment under cliff or tree, but facing the daylight with gentle indifference, from the wild shy Esk, which played at hide-and-seek with the sunshine, like a flying nymph among the woods! The old lord seemed half inspired by this return to scenes which he remembered so well, though he had not been himself brought up at Eton. "I brought your father here, as I'm bringing you," he said, as they rolled along, round the curves of the railway, looking out upon the distant castle and the river. "You will see plenty of boats on the river in another day, my boy; and if your grandma and I come here next summer, I daresay we shall see you strutting along in all your finery, with flowers in your hat, and a blue shirt." Innocent old lord! he thought his little rustic, just out of the nest, might reach the celestial heights of Eton in a few months, and perhaps — for what limits are there to the presumption of ignorance? — find a place in the Eight in his first summer. But, indeed, I don't really think Lord Eskside's ignorance went so far as this. He said it, not knowing what else to say, to please the boy. They went down together to the great dame's house, full already of small boys settling into their fa-

Digitized by Google

miliar quarters, upon whom Val looked with all the wondering envy and respect natural to a freshman. He had himself assumed the tall hat for the first time in his life, and the sight of so many tall hats moving about everywhere confused yet excited him. His tutor, who was not his "dame," lived in a tiny house attached to a big pupil-room, and had no accommodation for boys, or for much else, except the blue-and-white china in which his soul delighted. Mr. Gerald Grinder, like his brother Mr. Cyril Grinder, who had been Val's tutor at Eskside, had one of the finest minds of his time; but the chief way in which this made itself evident to the outer world was in his furniture, and the fittings-up of his little house, every "detail" in which he flattered himself was a study. It was a very commonplace little house, but the thought that had been expended on its decoration might have built pyramids — if anything so rude and senseless as building pyramids could have occurred to the refined intelligence of a man of Mr. Gerald Grinder's day. Val gazed at all the velvet brackets, and all the antique cabinets (which had been "picked up" in holiday travels all over the world, and were each the subject for a tale), and all the china, with a sense of failing breath and space too small for him; while his grandfather engaged Mr. Grinder in conversation, and pointed out the boy's peculiarities, as if these characteristics could be of any particular interest to any one out of Val's own family — and the young tutor listened with a smile. "I don't doubt we shall soon know each other," he said suavely, and shook hands with Val, and dismissed him: to receive just such a description of another boy next moment from another anxious parent. "Whether is it Ross or Smith, now, that is the self-willed one, and which is the boy that catches cold?" the young tutor asked himself, when the audience was over. He concluded finally, that the latter case must be Smith's, since he was brought by his mother — a generalization which perhaps was justifiable. Poor Mr. Grinder! he knew all the marks of his china as well as these tiresome people knew, so to speak, the manufacturer's marks on their boys; but how much more interesting was one than the other! He took a walk up to an old furniture shop, where bargains of precious ware were now and then to be had, with a delicious sense of relief when it was too late to expect more pupils, and fell upon a bit of real Nankin there which refreshed his very soul.

Meanwhile the old lord and his boy strayed about the narrow streets. They went to the bookseller's and bought pictures for Val's room — which, I need not say, were chiefly Landseer's, though, granting the subject, Val was not particular as to the artist — and then they walked to the castle, the grandfather making a conscientious but painful attempt to remember who built the Round Tower, and who was responsible for St. George's Chapel. As to these points, however, or as to the other, Val was not at all exacting, and had no thirst for information. He liked to walk on the terrace better, where the great sunny misty plain before him made his young heart expand with a delightful sense of space and distance, but did not care for the splendid alleys of the Long Walk, which were too formal to please his ill-regulated fancy. And then they went to the river, along the green bank of the Brocas, which touched Lord Eskside's heart with many recollections. "I have walked with your father here fifty times, I should think," said the old lord. "He was not much of a boating man himself, but he was fond of the river. Your father had always what is called a fine mind, Val."

"What is a fine mind?" said the boy, who did not know very much about his father, or care a great deal, if the truth must be told.

"It's rather hard to define," said the old lord, "when you don't possess the article; and you must not learn to generalize too much, my boy; it's a dangerous custom. It is, so far as I've been able to remark, an intellect which pays more attention to the small things than the great in this life; it cares for what it calls the details, and lets the bigger matters shift for themselves."

"Was my father — very good at anything?" asked Val, whom this definition interested but moderately. He had some difficulty in shaping his question; for indeed, having just heard that his father was not a boating man, his curiosity was partially satisfied before expressed.

"Your father has very good abilities," said Lord Eskside — "very good abilities. I wish he would put them to more use. I've been told he was an elegant scholar, Val."

"What is an elegant scholar, grandpa?"

The old lord laughed. "Not me nor

Digitized by Google

you," he said; "and I doubt if either you or me are the stuff to make one of; but your father was. I'll show you an old school-list at home with his name in it. I've heard his Latin verses were something very fine indeed; Val, Latin verses are grand things. Poetry in English is a thriftless sort of occupation; but dead language makes all the difference. If you ever can make Latin verses like your father, you'll be a great man, Val."

Val never knew whether his grandfather was laughing at him when he adopted this tone. "Is my father a great man?" he asked, with a serious face. "I should like to know a little more about him. I have only seen him once. Once is not much for a fellow to have seen his father; and I was so small then, and never thought of anything."

"Most of us are just as well without thinking," said Lord Eskside, with a suppressed sigh, "except about your work, my boy. You may be sure you will want all your thoughts for your work."

"That is just how you always turn me off," said Val. "I ask you about my father, grandpa, and you tell me about my work. I will do my work," said the boy, with a dogged air, which he sometimes put on; "but why does my father never come home?—why doesn't he care for me? All these fellows there are with their fathers. I like you a great deal better—but *why* doesn't he come?"

"Because he likes his own way," said the old lord, "better than he likes you or me—better than he likes his own country or our homely life. Observe, my boy, this is nothing for you to judge, or make your remarks upon," he added, bending his brows at Val, who was not used to be looked on frowningly. "Your father is no boy like you, but a man, and able to judge for himself. His profession takes him abroad. He will be an ambassador one of these days, I suppose, and represent his sovereign—which is more honour than often falls to the lot of a poor Scots lord."

Val did not make any reply, and the pair continued their walk along the riverside. His father a representative of his sovereign; his mother——. For the last time before he was engulfed by the practical schoolboy life which was more congenial to his years, Val felt the whirl of wonder, the strange chaos of his double life which was made up of such different elements, and lay as it were between two worlds. His panic was gone, having worn itself out, and no real interest in his unknown mother kept her image before him; but he felt the jar in him of these two existences, so strangely, widely separated. His head felt giddy, as if the world were turning round with him. But every moment the river was becoming more gay and bright, and the moving panorama before him after a while overcame his individual reflections. The "fellows" newly arrived were already crowding down to the river—little new boys standing about with their hands in their pockets looking wistfully on; but the old *habitués* of the Thames asserted their superiority, and got afloat in swarms—some in the strange outriggers which Val had heard of, but had never seen before. Lord Eskside was as eager about the sight as if it had been he who was the new boy. "Look how light they are, Val!" he cried—"how cleverly they manage them! If those long oars get out of balance the thing upsets. Look at that small creature there no bigger than yourself——"

"Bigger! he's not up to my elbow," cried Val, indignant.

"Well, smaller than yourself: but you could not do that, you lout, to save your life."

Val's face grew crimson. "Come back next week, grandpa," he said, "and see if I can't; or come along, I'll try now: it would only be a ducking—and what do I care for a ducking? I'll try this very day."

"Come back, come back, my boy; they won't let you try to-day," cried the old lord, laughing at the boy's impetuosity. Val had turned back, and was rushing down to the "rafts" where boats were to be had; and it was all that his grandfather could do to restrain him. "You are not, Val Ross, your own master—not to speak of other people's—here," he said, holding the boy by the arm, "but a member of a corporation, and you must obey the laws of it. They'll not give you a boat, or if they do, it will be because they think you don't belong to Eton; and if you were to go out without fulfilling all the regulations, they'd punish you, Val."

"Punish me!" cried Val, with nostrils dilating, and a wild fire in his eyes.

"Ay, punish *you*, though you are such a great man. This will never do," said Lord Eskside; "do you mean to struggle with me, sir, in the sight of all these lads? Master yourself! and that at once."

The boy came to himself with a gasp,

Digitized by Google

as if he had been drowning. I don't think he had ever in his life been spoken to in so severe a voice. He ceased to resist, and the old lord gave up his hold on his arm, and continued in a lower tone —

"You must learn this lesson, my boy, at once. You are nobody here, and you must master yourself. Do it of your own will, and you show the makings of a man. Do it because you are compelled, and what are you but a slave? The thing is in your own hands, Val," said Lord Eskside, softened, and putting off his peremptory tone; "you have almost made an exhibition, before all these strange lads, of yourself — and me."

Val did not say anything; his breast was swelling high, his heart throbbing with the effort he had made; and he was not pleased that he had been obliged to make the effort, nor did he feel that satisfaction in having done his duty which is said always to attend that somewhat difficult operation. He walked along the river-side panting and drawing his breath hard, as if he really had tried the experiment of a ducking. How he longed to do this thing which he had been assured he must not do! He would have liked to jump into the river and swim out to one of the long slim boats, poised like big dragon-flies on the water, and eject its rower, and take the vacant place; in which case, no doubt, Val would have come to signal grief, as he would have deserved — for he had never been in an outrigger in his life.

Then the pair went and dined at the hotel, where Val recovered his spirits; and then the old lord took the boy to his little room, where they found his things unpacked, and his pictures standing in a little heap against the wall, and his room almost filled up with the bed which had been folded up out of the way when they were there before. It was not like the luxurious large airy room which had been Val's at home, any more than the house with its long passages, with regiments of doors on either side, was like the old-fashioned arrangements of Rosscraig. And here at last the parting so often rehearsed had to be done in earnest. "Master yourself," said the old lord, with a voice which was neither so cheery nor so firm as he meant it to be; "and God bless you, Val!" And then he was gone, walking up the dark street with a heavy heart in his old bosom, and his eyebrows working furiously. And Val sat down upon his bed and looked round him wonderingly, and for the first time realized that he was left alone.

However, it is useless to enter upon the details of so very common a scene. Perhaps the boy shed a few tears silently when the maid took away his candle, and he felt that no soft step, subdued lest he should be sleeping, no rustling silken garments, could come into his room that night. In the morning he faced his new existence vigorously, and hung his pictures, and began his work without any weakness of recollection. The old people felt it a great deal more, and a great deal longer; but Val could not have been known from the most accustomed and habitual schoolboy, and stranger still, scarcely knew himself for anything else after that night. At the end of the week he felt as if he had lived there all his life — as if he had been there before in some previous kind of existence. I suppose this readiness of a child to adapt itself to new habits, and make them its own, does but increase the strange unreality of life itself to the half-conscious mind — life which changes in a moment, so that one week seems like years, and years, being past, look as if they had never been.

At the end of the week Val wrote home; and in his first letter there was this paragraph, written in his clearest hand: —

"Tell grandpapa I rowed up to Surly Hall, a long way above where we walked, above locks, *in an outrigger*, this morning. I rowed another fellow and licked him. I passed swimming on Thursday, and *outriggers is very* easy. You have nothing to do but keep steady, and it flies like a bird."

"What is an outrigger?" said Lady Eskside, as she gave her husband the letter. The old lord gave an internal shiver, and thanked heaven that she did not remember; and Val did not think it necessary to inform his anxious grandparents how often he had swamped his little craft on the Friday, before he succeeded in making that triumphal progress to Surly on Saturday morning. "He's a determined rascal, that boy of yours, my lady," was all the answer Lord Eskside made.

I would not assert, however, that Val found all his difficulties at school to be surmounted so easily as the outrigger. He had to go through the average number of accidents and perils, and overcome various wild stirrings of nature within him, before he learned, as a true

Digitized by Google

Etonian does, to take pride in the penalties and hardships as well as the pleasures which distinguish his school. Val's natural pride in his own person as Val Ross had to be met and routed by his artificial and conventional pride as a schoolboy, before, for instance, he could reconcile himself to be some one's fag, a fate which overtook him instantly. Little Lord Hightowers, the Duke's son, who was in the same house, took to it naturally, without any stirring of repugnance, and made his master's toast with conscientious zest, and went his master's errands, and accepted his share of the dainties he had fetched when that potentate was in a liberal mood, without any struggle whatever with himself. But Val had a struggle, the wild blood in his veins being unused to obedience and finding subjection hard. I am happy to say, however, that his powers were equal to the necessary sacrifice, and that he never made an exhibition of himself as he had been on the eve of doing on the day of his arrival. Time passed on, and Val grew and "mastered himself;" but sometimes did not master himself, and got into disgrace, and scrambled out again, and had no fair-weather voyage, but all a schoolboy's troubles at their hardest. Hightowers had a very much easier time of it, for he was neither proud nor ambitious, but was just as happy at the foot of his division as anywhere else, quite as happy looking on at a game as playing, and took the floggings which overtook him periodically with the most heavenly calm; whereas the mere threat of one wrought Val to the point of desperation. Hightowers was better off than Val by right of his temperament and calmer blood. He took everything much more lightly, and used to discourse to his companion on the vanity of "making a fuss" with ponderous and precocious wisdom. "Why don't you take it easy, as I do?" said Hightowers; "what's the good of verses, for instance? A fellow never does verses after he leaves school. If you get complained of, it don't hurt you; and even a swishing, though it stings, it's only for a minute — I don't mind. There's a house match on to-day between Guerre's and Whiting's. Put that rubbish away and come along."

Val was on the point of going, when a recollection of what he had heard of his father's eminence in the way of verse-making returned to his mind; whereupon he sat down again doggedly to grind the smooth English into rugged schoolboy Latin. He clenched his teeth at the thought of being inferior to his father — not from love — for how should he love the man who had not spent a kind word on him, or seen him, but once in his life? — but from a violent instinct of opposition which had sprung up in his soul, he could not tell why. He would not be beaten by his father; and this visionary jealousy overcame all Hightowers' philosophizings, and even the attractions of the match beteween Whiting's and Guerre's.

Thus the boy grew, not perhaps a very amiable boy, though with a side to his character which was as sweet and soft as the other was rugged; and with his grandfather's lesson well learned and bearing fruit. People who do right by a struggle are not so pleasant as those who do right because it comes natural to them — or even sometimes as those who do wrong in an easy and natural way without any effort; and when Val went home he would carry occasional traces of the conflict, and sometimes showed a chaotic condition of mind which disturbed the peace of his elders almost as much as it disturbed his own; and his career at school was of a mixed character, sometimes almost brilliant, sometimes very doubtful. What wild impulses would rise in him, longings for he knew not what, desires almost uncontrollable to rush away out of the routine in which his life was spent! Sometimes a fierce inclination to go to sea seized upon him; sometimes he would be suddenly tempted by the sight of the soldiers, of whom he saw so many, and for the moment the fancy of enlisting and going off unknown to India, China, or the end of the world, in search of adventures — a veritable knight-errant — moved the boy. But only himself knew how sudden and fierce were these temptations. He did not confide them to any one. He could not tell where they came from, not being learned enough or clever enough to refer them to his mother's vagrant blood, which stirred and rose in spring-tides and periodical overflowings with the rising of his youth. But his practical schoolboy life had this excellent effect, that it withdrew him from everything visionary, giving him only practical difficulties and temptations to struggle against. He forgot at Eton all about the other strange and jarring elements in his existence which had perplexed him in his childhood. And, indeed, the boy had no leisure, even had he been disposed, to brood over his pa-

Digitized by Google

rentage, or ask himself why his father and mother were unlike those *paters* and *maters* of whom his companions talked. It was so; and what more could be said? He accepted the fact without further questioning, and thought no more about it. He had enough to do with his schoolboy occupations, and with that high art in which he was being trained by all the influences round him — the art of mastering himself.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.

II. — The Natives.

The Fijians, among whom so many of our fellow-countrymen have thought proper to risk their lives and their fortunes, were formerly — though by no means quite without civilization of an inchoate sort — one of the most treacherous and bloodthirsty races of cannibals to be found in the South Seas. Neither so black nor so woolly as the natives of the groups to the west of the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands, or the great island of Papua, they are nevertheless nearer akin to the full-blooded negro than they are either to the Tongan or to the Samoan. The comparative lightness of skin to be observed in the windward portion of the group, and among some of the chiefs on the coast of Viti Levu, is due to an admixture of Tongan blood. In the interior of the two large islands the negro type is more apparent, and to this day the mountaineers, with their great unshapely heads of hair and singular methods of painting their bodies, might pass muster as immigrants from Central Africa. The men are for the most part tall stalwart fellows; but those who live on the leeward side of the islands, sheltered from the trade winds, seem, like the vegetation, somewhat weak and stunted. This no doubt arises from the greater difficulty in getting food. The women, too, are scarcely a match for the men in appearance, and become flabby or wizened at an early age. Various estimates, between 120,000 and 250,000, have been made of the numbers of the native population. Probably at the present time 150,000 would not be very far from the mark. There can be no doubt that they are rapidly dying out before the advance of the white man, like the Maories, the Kanakas, and other Polynesians. The statistics which Mr. Lorimer Fison contrived to procure in the Rewa district of the births and deaths in the native villages showed quite a remarkable falling-off in the former. It is, perhaps, difficult to account satisfactorily for the almost invariable fading away of native races; but in this instance the complete change which has been brought about in their social system by the introduction of Christianity must have produced a great effect, even if gin and disease had not of late years worked together in the same direction. The more enlightened of the Fijians themselves are convinced that their race is doomed, and sometimes say to white men who have gained their confidence that the Kai Viti have run their course, and that the Kai Papalangi will soon possess the country undisturbed. And so it is throughout Polynesia, from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand.

Fijian society, before the coming of the white man, rested almost entirely upon the system of chieftainship, which linked together in a more or less stringent bond the different islands of the group. It was, in fact, a sort of rude feudalism, which was thrown off or submitted to according to the strength of each great or petty chief at the particular time. The chiefs of Mbau, a little island scarcely separated from Viti Levu, have long claimed a nominal supremacy over most of Fiji, but in reality they had little means of enforcing it, especially in the two large islands. The chiefs took rank by their mothers, but wars of succession were common enough. All below them were bound to show the most complete deference, and any unfortunate artisan or slave who failed to display a grovelling obsequiousness to his superior stood a good chance of being clubbed on the spot. An accident which happened to Tui Levuka, the chief of Ovalau, before he died of gin-drinking a few years ago, will serve to show the extraordinary devotion displayed towards a chief by his immediate followers in some cases. Tui Levuka was upset in his large canoe when about half-way between Wakaia and Ovalau, seven miles from land. He had with him at the time some forty-six dependants. As the canoe sank these men made a circle round their chief, joining hands and keeping themselves afloat with their feet. One by one the sharks, who quickly gathered to the spot, took his attendants down. The remainder joined hands afresh over the gaps thus caused, and Tui Levuka continued to swim about peaceably in the midst of the

Digitized by Google

constantly narrowing circle. The sharks kept steadily at their work, and when at length the whole party was picked up only twenty out of the forty-six survived. There can be no doubt that the chief's retinue were the less inclined to shirk their duty from the knowledge that if they had landed without their chief they would have been considered candidates for the oven.

Notwithstanding the power which these rulers possessed, their right of clubbing whom they saw fit was in practice considerably restricted, and they held much of their authority in trust for the benefit of the artisans, the sailors, the cultivators, and others who went to make up the population. The slaves, however, seem to have been fair game, and the vilest insult in the Fijian language is to call a man "kaisi mbukola," or slave ready dressed for the oven. The cannibalism to which this refers, and which is not even now wholly extinct, appears to have arisen from very simple causes; and though curiously enough baked man is now called "long pig" in Fijian, there can be no doubt that man was originally eaten because he was the only meat handy. The lust after flesh which comes from a constant vegetable diet drove the Fijians to eat their enemies, and religion afterwards sanctified the prevailing usage. It is not impossible that the man-eating instinct might be awakened anew even among some of the Christian tribes; and the cry of "To the oven!" sometimes breaks out when disputes have become bitter between the natives of different islands or between the Fijians and the imported labourers. It is believed that no white man has been eaten in the group since Mr. Baker, the missionary, so rashly courted his fate in the mountains of Viti Levu. But the Fijians were not simply brutal cannibals. They showed a considerable advance beyond the stage of pure barbarism when white men first made their home in the islands.* Their canoes, their houses, their agriculture, their pottery, their tappa were by no means to be despised. The large double canoes are marvels of patience and ingenuity, put together as they are without a nail and without the use of iron tools. Their yam-beds and taro-patches have evidently been cultivated for centuries with the greatest care and industry, the latter being irrigated with great skill by streams brought down the mountain sides through rock-channels and bamboos. Of late years, of course, they have had the advantage of European implements and have shown themselves by no means incapable of turning them to advantage.

Thakombau, the chief of Mbau, who has been such a prominent figure in the recent history of Fiji, is a very fitting representative of the transition period from the old system to the new, and to him is owing in great part the change which has been wrought. In his early youth he commenced by retrieving his father's fortunes and his own by the exercise of an astuteness, a determination, and a cruelty beyond that of the ablest and oldest among his adversaries. Warfare and conquest in Fiji are as a rule carried on without much actual fighting. It is from the outset one long contest of treachery and lying manœuvring on the part of both. The moment either side obtains by deception an overwhelming advantage then of course the foe is to be slaughtered without mercy. Thakombau was the beau-ideal of a Fijian warrior. He was in no hurry; but when he struck he took care that he should have no chance of failure. After his triumph, like Narvaez he had little need to ask pardon of his enemies; he had clubbed them all. In spite, nevertheless, of his early success and of his being proclaimed chief of Mbau, he was more than once sorely troubled to hold his own in after years. There is little doubt, indeed, that had it not been for the interference of the white men and their war-vessels, Fiji would have been conquered by the Tongans long ago. The Tongans fight in no Fiji fashion, and hold the Fijians themselves altogether in contempt. On one occasion when Thakombau himself was present at a battle with them, the Fijians were so amazed that their enemies continued to advance after a few of their men had fallen that in true Fiji fashion they, without losing a man, ran away. Still, in the end, Thakombau, by negotiation, and by the support of the white men, assured his position; and about ten years ago, when it was suggested to King George of Tonga that Fiji might be a desirable acquisition, he replied that the islands were already "too white." These Tongans are a very fine race, and whether the Malayan or the American theory of their origin — which Mr. William Colenso now so stoutly maintains in reference to the Maories — be correct, it

* The best account of the Fijians in their native state is to be found in the Wesleyan Mr. Williams's admirable "Fiji and the Fijians."

Digitized by Google

is clear that they have little in common with the negroish races to the west of them.

Returning to Thakombau, who is at the present time a rather feeble old man of nearly seventy, it must be conceded that according to his lights he has done his best to maintain a proper rule among his own people since he became Christian and the white men have flocked into Fiji, but his position as well as that of the other great chiefs has been a very difficult one. What with the white men who advised him, and the white men who bullied him, and the white men who persisted in making a "king" of him, to say nothing of the naval captains who were "proclaiming" and presenting "petitions" to him, the old man, clever as he is, became completely confused. No doubt he and his followers would be heartily glad if, retaining their present advantages, they could clear every white man out of the group, but the constant appearance of men-of-war puts that out of the question. Accordingly, he is ready enough to surrender his nominal supremacy, and end his days in peace. Fond as he is of money and power, he has seen clearly enough that for the last three years he has been merely a tool in the hands of the unscrupulous whites around him. It is the same with the other great chiefs, who, so long as they are permitted to exercise authority over their respective confederations, will be glad enough to give up to others the difficult task, to them, of dealing with the whites. Unfortunately, the grog-bottle has taken fast hold of nearly all the chiefs of Fiji, and when Thakombau and Maafu die it will be no easy matter to find sober successors to them.

The effect of Christianity upon chiefs and people is outwardly very marked. Constant attendance at church, abstinence from the old Fiji dances, and a strict adherence to rules which have been laid down for their domestic guidance, are enforced by heavy fines and punishments. Native Christian teachers are provided for all the villages, and they almost overshadow the authority of the local chiefs. Polygamy and nearly all the devil-customs have been uprooted, and it is possible that a few may really comprehend the highly refined religion which has now been established among them for little short of a generation. It is clear, nevertheless, that the superstitions of former times die hard, and some of the more observant and plain-spoken missionaries have been ready to confess that Fijian Christianity is very superficial, and that it would probably disappear tomorrow in a reaction to fetichism if the white influence were withdrawn. But what has been achieved is not the less creditable, and the fact that the chiefs have very rarely permitted men to be taken by the planters for a longer period than twelve months, and then only under some sort of guarantee for their good treatment and proper payment, may be attributed almost entirely to the influence of the Wesleyan missionaries, who in some instances have gone even beyond what was justifiable in their zeal for the interests of the natives. We believe that most of them are now in favour of annexation to England as the only way of preventing serious encounters between the Fijians and the planters. On the whole it is unlikely that any great difficulty will be experienced in forming a Government which will be much to the advantage of all the Christianized tribes, while the few thousand cannibals who still linger among the mountains will gradually yield to the central authority. It is to be hoped, however, that the first governor appointed may be a man who has had previous experience in dealing with a mixed community, and one not inclined to work out new crotchets at the expense of the people whom he is commissioned to rule.

From The Spectator.

THE DOMESDAY BOOK OF SCOTLAND.

WE wonder if the Domesday Book of Scotland is satisfactory to Lord Derby? His object in moving for the remarkable record which has just been presented to Parliament, and which will hereafter exercise no small influence upon politics, was to dissipate a popular delusion, viz., that the land of Great Britain belonged to very few persons, indeed, as it was imagined, to less than 30,000 individuals. He maintained that there was no authority for this belief, that there were probably half-a-million owners of the soil, and requested an inquiry so full as to include a nominal roll of every man or woman owning more than one acre, or holding land on a lease of not less than ninety-nine years. The Peers, who knew perfectly well that if the limit were fixed low enough, and the long leases of the cities included, the number of owners would

Digitized by Google

seem large, consented, and the first Division of the New Domesday Book — that for Scotland — has now been presented to both Houses. It is an admirable return, a monument of patient research and indomitable inquisitiveness, and requires but two improvements to be perfect. The first is a separation between leaseholders and freeholders, the absence of which greatly and, in our judgment, unfairly increases the apparent number of the latter; and the second is a note to remind the reader that the person mentioned has property in more than one county. Apart from this, the work has been most patiently done; but whether Lord Derby, who understands statistics, will approve the result, is a most doubtful question. Of course the Tory papers, reading the Abstract, and finding that the total number of owners is stated at 131,530, have raised their usual pæan of exultation over "those prejudiced Liberals;" but unfortunately the statement is true only to the ear, being in the sense in which the inquiry was ordered ludicrously and flagrantly false. Nobody was inquiring about borough property, or about the owners of single cottages with less than an acre round them, and apart from these two classes, the whole of Scotland outside the cities is owned or leased by 17,151 persons, of whom a large section own less than 20 acres. This number includes all who own even one acre — many hundreds own but two — even by a lease which was originally given for 99 years, and shows that the average ownership of Scotland, which contains nineteen millions of acres, is a block of 1,100 acres,—a result of no use in itself, but indicating the presence of an unusual number of enormous proprietors. This, accordingly, we find to be the case, there being no less than 106 who hold more than 20,000 acres of land, and among them 52 who hold more than 50,000 acres. We give a list of these men, drawn up as accurately as we can manage, the only doubtful case in our own mind being the Duke of Roxburghe, who must have a fourth estate somewhere which we have failed to find, and the list shows past all doubt or question that 106 persons hold within a fraction half the whole extent of Scotland. From the method of calculation we have adopted, two or three men may have more than we have said — for example, Balfour of Whittinghame, whom it is necessary to hunt through an actuary — but no one can hold less. Moreover, we have sternly omitted every man just under the 20,000 acres, the single exception being Lord Lothian, who must have some outlying bit sufficient to make up his fractional difference. One man alone in his own right and his wife's holds more than a fifteenth of the entire area of the kingdom, and 21 men own nearly a third, a proportion probably exceeding anything known in Western Europe. There are vast estates in South Italy, no doubt, and in Austria, and in Spain; but except in the instance of grandees of the latter country, they are held by families, and not by individuals. We have abstained rigidly from adding anything to the avowed ownership of the individual, except, in one or two cases, his predecessor's "Trusts," which, on expiry, rejoin the main property — and this is the result: —

	Acres.
Duke of Sutherland	1,176,343
Duchess of Sutherland	149,879
Sir J. Matheson	406,070
Mr. A. Matheson	220,433
Earl of Breadalbane	437,690
Duke of Buccleugh	432,183
Earl of Seafield	306,000
Mr. Evan Baillie	300,000
Earl of Stair	270,000
Duke of Richmond	255,000
Duke of Athole	194,000
Duke of Hamilton	183,000
Duke of Argyll	175,000
Sir K. Mackenzie of Gairlock	164,680
Macleod of Macleod	141,700
Earl of Dalhousie	136,000
Lord Macdonald	130,000
The Mackintosh	124,000
Earl of Fife	113,000
Sir C. W. Ross	110,400
Cameron of Lochiel	109,500
Duke of Portland	106,000
Sir G. M. Grant	103,000
Mr. E. Ellice	99,500
The Chisholm	94,500
Marquis of Bute	93,000
Sir J. O. Orde	81,000
Balfour of Whittinghame	81,000
Marquis of Huntly	80,000
Mr. J. Malcolm	80,000
Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby	76,800
Marquis of Ailsa	76,000
Grant of Glenmorriston	74,600
Meyrick Bankes	70,000
Duke of Montrose	68,000
C. Morrison	67,000
Sir J. Colquhoun	67,000
Earl of Airlie	65,000
Mr. J. J. H. Johnstone	64,000
Mackenzie of Dundonell	64,000
Earl of Aberdeen	63,500
Lord Middleton	63,000
Countess of Home	62,000
Earl of Moray	61,700
Duke of Roxburghe	60,000

Digitized by Google

	Acres.
Earl of Dunmore	60,000
Sir J. Ramsden	60,000
Mr. J. Baird	60,000
E. H. Scott (Harris)	59,700
Sir C. W. A. Ross	55,000
Sir J. Riddell	54,500
Earl of Wemyss	52,000
J. G. M. Heddle	50,400
Earl of Cawdor	46,000
Sir J. Gladstone	45,000
H. G. M. Stewart	45,000
Mackenzie of Coul	43,000
Cluny Macpherson	42,000
J. Fowler	39,500
Earl of Abinger	39,500
Duncan Davidson	38,000
E. J. S. Blair	37,000
Sir W. Gordon Cumming	36,400
Sir R. Anstruther	36,000
Mrs. Cathcart	36,000
Lady Menzies	35,000
Sir A. D. Stewart	33,000
R. S. Menzies	33,000
Sir R. Menzies	32,700
Stuart of Lochcarron	32,400
Duncan Darroch	32,000
Sir S. M. Lockhart	31,500
Earl of Hopetoun	30,000
D. R. Williamson	29,500
Sir T. Colebrooke	29,000
Busta Estate	29,000
Dowager Lady Ashburton	28,800
Sir G. Dunbar	27,000
Colonel D. Macpherson	26,800
Mackenzie of Kintail	25,500
C. H. D. Moray	25,000
Sir R. M. Shaw-Stewart	25,000
Bruce of Symbister	25,000
Lady Nicolson	25,000
Grant of Rothiemurchus	24,500
J. H. Macdonald	24,000
Earl of Lauderdale	24,000
Major Cameron	24,000
H. A. Johnstone	24,000
Mrs. Mary Robertson	24,000
R. A. Oswald	24,000
Earl of Eglinton	23,000
Sir J. Fergusson	22,600
Earl of Southesk	22,500
J. C. J. Brodie	22,400
D. Carnegie	22,200
Mr. D. Ogilvy	22,000
Earl of Rosebery	21,000
Macpherson of Glentruim	21,000
Marquis of Tweeddale	20,000
Sir H. H. Campbell	20,000
Mr. W. Grant	20,000
Mr. A. Fraser	20,000
Colonel Farquharson	20,000
W. Macdonald	20,000
Marquis of Lothian	20,000
E. C. Sutherland-Walker	20,000
Total	9,350,884

The popular idea that the Duke of Sutherland owns an entire county is not true, as Sir C. W. Ross has 55,000 acres, and Sir James Matheson owns a petty morsel of 18,500 acres in Sutherlandshire, and Gordan Macleod has 11,000, and E. C. Sutherland-Walker 20,000, and there are nineteen other freeholders of more than 100 acres; but the Duke does own with his wife, the Countess of Cromartie — where, by the way, they have not apparently an acre — more than the entire surface of any county in England except Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. It is a popular delusion to suppose also that the Duke of Argyll owns Argyllshire, his share being less than a tenth; but he and the other Campbell, the Earl of Breadalbane, own 340,000 acres of it between them, stretching from the Western Isles to the Eastern frontier of the county, where Lord Breadalbane's Perthshire property carries on the story to the head of Loch Tay. We have taken no account of families, and have no room for petty lairds with only 10,000 or 15,000 acres; but no one can read the Scotch "Domesday Book," with its columns of properties held by Campbells, Kerrs, Scotts, Stewarts, Macleods, Ramsays, and so on, without perceiving how ownership has been developed. The Chiefs' right to a part of the produce of the soil has gradually hardened into ownership; and where they have split their estates, necessarily vast, for they were the estates of tribes, it has been usually among their own families. The men not heads of clans who have bought great estates are few, though three of them, Sir James Matheson, the China merchant, of whose birth we know nothing, but who was once a penniless clerk in Calcutta; Mr. Evan Baillie, and Lord Portland, who in Scotland is a new man, stand in the very front rank of great proprietors.

It will, of course, be observed that the amount of revenue obtained from these estates is not now commensurate with their acreage, the Duke of Sutherland's, for instance, being valued at only a shilling an acre, while there are small estates valued at two pounds; but that is the very evil of which we complain, as the result of these huge aggregations of the surface of the kingdom. They keep down cultivation, improvement, and, above all, building. The Duke of Sutherland, for example, is said to be a good landlord, and is certainly an active one, but can any one believe that he can or does manage his gloomy deserts as a hundred proprietors would with 11,000 acres apiece, and the whip of necessity behind

Digitized by Google

them to make them inventive, to compel them to grant "feus," to seek for minerals, to invite colonists, to apply that patient, minute care to arboriculture out of which some great proprietors have obtained so much? There are hillsides in Perthshire where a shilling an acre has become ten shillings merely by oak planting,—not for timber, a slow and wearying process, but for bark. What can work for ten hours a day bring to a Duke with sufficient English revenues, or why should he bore himself to reclaim a moor? Sutherlandshire is bad enough, and its rent-roll but a poor one; but plant it down in Switzerland as a Canton, and a community of freeholders would very soon make it a comfortable, or at least an endurable, residence for a hundred thousand people. Does anybody honestly think that the vast property of the two Campbells, stretching almost from sea to sea across the very waist of Scotland, would not, if held by a hundred men, instead of two, become twice as populous as it is now, and four times as wealthy and productive? The land, no doubt, is poor, but it is of the kind for which capital, patience, and incessant labour could and would do miracles, for which its present owners feel no need, and which they would make no especial exertion to secure. They will say, or rather their agents for them will say, that such effort would be useless; but let them help as legislators to enfranchise the land till they are owners in fee-simple, and then offer to all comers feu-tenures, tenures in perpetuity, and see the prices they will from the very first obtain. We do not want to deprive them of an inch of their lands, rather, by abolishing the power of settlement and entail, we would increase indefinitely their proprietory rights; but we want to see other rights allowed to grow up under them, paying them neither by votes, nor service, nor respect, but by increased cash rentals. Old Coke, of Norfolk, in a lifetime would double the rental of Taymouth Castle, triple the population of that glorious property, and increase its actual produce indefinitely, losing nothing the while, except a quasi-feudal power, which he ought not to have. The Duke of Argyll knows well the evil that in India is produced by the absence of the sense of property, yet from Iona to the German Ocean that sense is almost as absent as in Bombay. You cannot buy an acre, and unless the system has very recently altered, you cannot obtain a farm with absolute security of tenure. These vast blocks will one day tempt confiscation, as the estates of the Patroons did in New York State; but it is not in confiscation, but in change of tenure, in the abolition of the power of eviction, except for non-payment of a rent revised like the tithe, that improvement is ultimately to be found. The Duke of Sutherland does what he can, it is said, particularly if he sees his way to profit, in which he is quite right, profit being the measure of success in agricultural improvement; but no fortune could bear the expenditure Sutherlandshire needs for its improvement, and there are worse cases than Sutherlandshire. There are tracts of immense extent where the landlord could no more do what is needed to be done than he could pay the National Debt, and is merely in the capitalist's way. What would not Arran become in the hands of Thomas Brassey? A million might be spent in Skye, and spent to pay, for Skye ought to be the Oberland of Scotland; but who is to spend it with the present tenure? And now, as we write, we read in the *Echo* that Skye, which once sent so extraordinary a proportion of its men to the Army, is to be left almost without population, the people at last having resolved that they will depart to lands where they are sure of meat, instead of an almost perennial deficiency of oatmeal. If the Domesday Book of Scotland proves anything, it proves that the first necessity of the country is either the disappearance of proprietors able to endure a rental of a shilling an acre, or a radical change in the habitual sub-tenure of the soil; and that, we take it, is so far precisely what Lord Derby did not intend to prove.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE HISTORY OF POPULAR VOTING IN SWITZERLAND.

THE process known in France as a plébiscite, and commonly spoken of among us as a Napoleonic invention, is familiar enough to the Swiss people as an ordinary part of their constitutional machinery. As such it was used to crown the work of consolidation rendered necessary after the overthrow of the Sonderbund by the Protestant cantons in 1848. It was employed in a contrary direction at the defeat of the Revisionist party last year, when an unexpected alliance of the whole of the extreme Liberals with the Ultramontanes

Digitized by Google

enabled the latter to administer a severe check to that movement towards centralization which they had just reason to dread. And now a complete revulsion of feeling, taking its rise in the religious struggle which is going on throughout central Europe, has resolved the victors of 1873 into their naturally opposed elements, and reversed the national verdict then pronounced. The ultra-Liberals, or, as they are oftener called, the French-Radical party of the south-west cantons of the Confederation, have gone over in a body to the reforming party. The direct result is that the revisionists, who were beaten by a very small majority last year, have now an immense preponderance in the popular vote, and have carried two-thirds of the cantons. It must be remembered that they were bound to win the majority of these as States, as well as to gain a majority of the votes of the country to their side, in order to pass their reform bill; and that last year they only succeeded in winning ten of the cantons, whereas now they have prevailed in all except seven, and the half-canton of Appenzell known as Appenzell Interior. The twenty-two cantons of Switzerland, it should be noted, form for all practical administrative purposes twenty-five, as Basle, Appenzell, and Unterwald are each subdivided into two separate governments. But the two Appenzells and two Unterwalds count for but a single canton each for the purposes of the Federation, and thus reduce the total votes of the cantons to twenty-three. A brief survey of the three great plébiscites of 1848, 1873, and 1874, shows how the tide of popular feeling on religious and political questions has swept forward and backward over a country where thought and discussion are as free and active as among ourselves, and every public measure is as widely debated. In 1848, when the so-called "Pact of 1815," which made of the Swiss once more an independent European people, but left them still a mere aggregate of separate petty States, had to give way to a more really Federal Government, the result of the voting was of course strongly influenced by the recent success of the constitutional or centralist party, who had just put down by force of arms the Sonderbund, or attempt of the Catholic cantons to form a distinct confederacy of their own. There was a very bitter reaction in some of these cantons even against the Jesuit intrigues which had produced the civil war and the consequent humiliation of the Catholics. And it was doubtless owing to this reaction that Lucerne and Vaud, two of the most populous of the cantons and zealously Catholic as regards the majority of their citizens, were found casting their votes on the side of the victors. In Fribourg, another Catholic canton, the Grand Council exercised the right it in those days had of casting the cantonal vote, and gave it also in favour of the new Federative Constitution, which was thus formally established by its individual acceptance throughout the States to be bound, except six and a half of them, of which one, the Tessin canton, had voted to accept it "conditionally." Of the cantons that positively rejected it, the only one of importance in population was the Valais, the others being Schwytz, Zug, Uri, the two Unterwalds, and Appenzell Interior. The constitution thus confirmed in 1848 was by its strict terms to be revised at the end of twenty years, but it was not until 1873 that the necessary legislative work for this purpose was completed, and once more submitted to the popular vote for ratification. The result was on this occasion a very different one. The other half of Appenzell had gone over to the anti-centralists; so had the great Catholic cantons of Lucerne, Fribourg, the Grisons, and Vaud, and the two lesser but very important Liberal and French-speaking States of Neufchatel and Geneva. The total of the adverse votes was recorded as 260,859, against 255,609 favourable votes, and the proposed revision was therefore rejected on the popular vote, as it was also by the decision of the cantons as States, there being thirteen against it and only ten for it. The causes of this reactionary vote have been already sufficiently indicated. The strength of the feeling in the south-west cantons against the dominant German element, which produced the coalition of 1873, has not been able to counterbalance during the past twelvemonth the growing animosity against the Ultramontanes, and of the six cantons which have been named as going over in 1873 to the anti-centralists, the Grisons, Vaud, Geneva, and Neufchatel have now seceded from that alliance, and voted for the enlargement of the Federal authority. Fribourg and Lucerne, on the contrary, have adhered to the vote of last year, but the Tessin, on the other hand, has for the first time become completely Federalist. So that the minority of 1873 becomes a majority of 321,876 against 177,800, and the accepting cantons are—

Digitized by Google

counting Basle for two — fifteen and a half against the seven and a half. The new Constitution thus approved of is eminently a compromise; but it is not the less a decided step forward in the path of forming Switzerland into a Federal Republic instead of the Federation of States the cantonalists desired to keep it.

FROM private advices received from Zanzibar, we learn that, as might have been expected, the long delay, occasioned at home by the successive prorogations of Parliament, in taking any decisive or more extended measures for the enforcement of the Anti-Slavery Treaty lately signed by the Sultan, has encouraged a partial renewal of the slave trade, which, it cannot be too often repeated, has only been scotched, and not killed. It appears that the Arabs are now transporting slaves by the land route along the coast, and again fitting out caravans for the purpose of slave hunting in the interior, hoping, without doubt, that they may find means and opportunity for shipping them from one or other of the ports along the coast. A missionary who had met caravans of slaves on the mainland, and had stopped to question one of the slaves, had been shot in the head by the Arab slave dealer, and his life was in danger. Captain Elton, who had been despatched by Dr. Kirk, previously to the latter's departure from Zanzibar, on an overland journey of inspection from Dar-es-Salaam to Kilwa, had been menaced on two or three occasions by leaders of slave caravans, and had himself counted no less than 4,000 slaves proceeding in one month on their way northwards. And, lastly, a dhow had been captured with 100 slaves on board, but she did not surrender before she had fired upon the men-of-war's boats attacking her, and had lost one or more of her own crew.

These incidents are very significant, for it is not difficult to discover the reasons of this renewed vitality in the trade, and of this active and daring hostility on the part of the Arabs. Immediately after the signing of the treaty, the measures taken by Dr. Kirk, coupled with the extraordinary activity and watchfulness of our small squadron on the coast, were so effectual that the Arab slave dealers were fairly frightened into believing that the game was really at an end, and that these initiative measures could but be the forerunners of other and still more severe repressive proceedings. Last year there were but 1,000 slaves exported northwards, against 20,000 the preceding year, and of these 1,000 no fewer than 217 were captured by the Sultan, who has done, and is still doing, his duty most loyally. But the Arabs have begun to notice that we have in no way followed up our first vigorous policy: the constant boat service on the coast, than which nothing is more trying, has greatly exhausted the energies of the crews, who did such good service last year, and slaving Arabs have again plucked up courage, and commenced to run slaves. It may be anticipated that the subject will receive immediate attention at the hands of the new Parliament, and that steps will be taken to carry out the recommendations of Sir Bartle Frere. If this is not done, all our work will have to be commenced *de novo*, and the 105,000*l*. already spent by the late Government in preparing ships for this service become money lost. It should never be forgotten that the treaty is valueless unless we ourselves see that its provisions are carried out. It must still take years before the slave trade can be entirely abolished, and reckoned absolutely among the abuses of the past. In the meantime the trade of Zanzibar is rapidly increasing, and new sources of revenue being discovered. A concession in favour of a German mercantile house to work the guano on three islands south of Zanzibar has been signed, and this is only one of the first effects of the new stimulus given to trade.

Academy.

THE *Weimar Gazette* states on authority that the Grand Duke is in receipt of a letter from Dr. Rohlfs, dated February 5, in which the learned traveller announces that he has been able to secure a large number of admirably finished photographs of the magnificent rocky scenery of the Oasis of Dachel, in the Libyan desert, and that he has, moreover, made an interesting discovery of several ancient tombs. In one of these, seven dead bodies were found covered over with a single mat. Dr. Rohlfs has removed one of the mummies, together with a mat, a wooden image, and some urns, with the view of bringing them to Germany, if the consent of the Khedive can be obtained; and in the meanwhile they have been deposited, with other objects of interest, in a house at Gasr, the chief station of Dachel. The native servants assert that the recent rains must have destroyed the entire settlement, and as the houses at Gasr are built of clay, hardened in the sun, it is not improbable that long continued wet may have had a destructive effect upon them.

THE winter in Iceland has been more severe than any since 1822. The west coast has been invaded by quite unusual numbers of polar bears, unwilling visitors, drifted thither on floating ice from Greenland.

Academy.

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. } No. 1565.—June 6, 1874. { From Beginning, Vol. CXXI.

CONTENTS.

I.	THE FRENCH PRESS. Fourth Period. Newspapers during the Revolution,	*Cornhill Magazine,*	579
II.	ALICE LORRAINE. A Tale of the South Downs. Part I.,	*Blackwood's Magazine,*	591
III.	LAMARTINE. By the Author of "Mirabeau,"	*Temple Bar,*	604
IV.	THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER. Part VII.,	*Blackwood's Magazine,*	615
V.	SOME OLD-FASHIONED PARSONS,	*Fraser's Magazine,*	619
VI.	ENGLISH FOREIGN POLICY,	*Spectator,*	629
VII.	THE REALITY OF THE INDIAN FAMINE,	*Economist,*	631
VIII.	ITALIAN AFFAIRS,	*Pall Mall Gazette,*	633
IX.	THE FIJI ISLANDS. III.—The Blacks,	*Pall Mall Gazette,*	635
X.	EXOTIC ENGLISH,	*Chambers' Journal,*	638

POETRY.

LIFE OR DEATH?	578	THE TIDES,	578
WINTER SUNSET,	578	DARKNESS,	578

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Digitized by Google

LIFE OR DEATH?

DOTH Life survive the touch of Death?
Death's hand alone the secret holds,
Which as to each one he unfolds,
We press to know with bated breath.

A whisper there, a whisper here,
Confirms the hope to which we cling;
But still we grasp at anything,
And sometimes hope and sometimes fear.

Some whisper that the dead we knew
Hover around us while we pray,
Anxious to speak. We cannot say:
We only wish it may be true.

I know a Stoic who has thought,
"As healthy blood flows through his veins,
And joy his present life sustains,
And all this good has come unsought,

"For more he cannot rightly pray;
Life may extend, or life may cease;
He bides the issue, sure of peace,
Sure of the best in God's own way.

"Perfection waits the race of man;
If, working out this great design,
God cuts us off, we must resign
To be the refuse of His plan."

But I, for one, feel no such peace;
I dare to think I have in me
That which had better never be,
If lost before it can increase.

And oh! the ruined piles of mind,
Daily discovered everywhere.
Built but to crumble in despair?—
I dare not think Him so unkind.

The rudest workman would not fling
The fragments of his work away,
If ev'ry useless bit of clay
He trod on were a sentient thing.

And does the Wisest Worker take
Quick human hearts, instead of stone,
And hew and carve them one by one,
Nor heed the pangs with which they break?

And more: if but Creation's waste,
Would He have given us sense to yearn
For the perfection none can earn,
And hope the fuller life to taste?

I think, if we must cease to be,
It is a cruelty refined,
To make the instincts of our mind
Stretch out towards eternity.

Wherefore I welcome Nature's cry,
As earnest of a life again,
Where thought shall never be in vain,
And doubt before the light shall fly.

Macmillan's Magazine. E. B.

WINTER SUNSET.

HIS brief day's journey done,
Behind the distant hill's empurpled crest,
With blood-red track traced on the water's breast,
Slow sinks the sun.

The frosty diadem
Crowns every tree and whitens all the lawn,
Scattering, till melted by to-morrow's dawn,
Each glittering gem.

Upon each leafless branch
Hang tiny icicles. That bank of cloud,
Which to a crescent dwarfs yon orb so proud,
This night may blanch

The ground with pure white snow:
So on my head these silver streaks of age
The solemn sinking of life's sun presage
Ere long, I know;

But know, the golden morn,
Behind the purple hills of shadow-land,
Waits but the waking of a magic hand
To be reborn.

Tinsley's Magazine.

THE TIDES.

UP the long slope of this low sandy shore
Are rolled the tidal waters day by day;
Traces of wandering feet are washed away,
Relics of busy hands are seen no more.
The soiled and trampled surface is smoothed o'er
By punctual waves that high behests obey;
Once and again the tides assert their sway,
And o'er the sands their cleansing waters pour.
Even so, Lord, daily, hourly, o'er my soul
Sin-stained and care-worn, let Thy heavenly Grace —
A blest, atoning flood — divinely roll,
And all the footsteps of the world efface,
That like the wave-washed sand this soul of mine,
Spotless and fair, smooth and serene, may shine!

Sunday at Home.

DARKNESS.

THE Sun is the eye of Day,
Yet its light conceals
The Life of a thousand suns
Which Night reveals.

And Love is the sun of Life,
Yet its light conceals
The vision of ampler Love
Which Death reveals.

Sunday Magazine. CHARLES W. STUBBS.

Digitized by Google

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

IV. Fourth Period.

NEWSPAPERS DURING THE REVOLUTION.*

I.

The Royal decree convoking the States General to meet at Versailles on the 5th May, 1789, was issued on the 15th July, 1788, which gave France almost ten months to prepare for the most eventful parliamentary election in her annals. There can be no doubt that this long time had much to do with the thoroughness of the revolution which followed the meeting of the Assembly. The King's decree had enjoined that the deputies of the three orders — nobility, clergy, people — should ascertain clearly what were the wishes of their constituents, in order to submit them to him in writing; and this invitation to all Frenchmen to set to work constitution-making stirred up every man who could hold a pen or declaim a dozen phrases on politics. No impediments were placed in the way of free discussion. It appeared to be the sincere wish of the King to come at length to an understanding with his people; and as the nation believed in his sincerity, the tone of the press suddenly softened, and the controversies as to which was the best of political systems were carried on, not without warmth indeed, but with general loyalty towards the Crown. None of the countless elections held in France during the past eighty years have been conducted with such independence and dignity as those for the States General. The unintelligent expedient of the ballot had not yet been devised: so the electors in borough and canton voted like men who felt they were discharging a responsible trust. They were actuated by a sublime faith, for the States General had not been convoked since 1614, and it was heartily believed that the Assembly would remedy all wrongs and cause a new era to dawn for the country. Accordingly, the men who went to Versailles as representatives of the people were truly the pick of the Nation.*

How the three orders assembled each in a separate room of the Royal Palace, and how the deputies of the Third Estate were impoliticly presented to Louis XVI. with ceremonies intended to humiliate them and make them feel their inferiority to the nobility and clergy; how after this the three orders walked processionally from the Church of Notre Dame de Versailles to that of St. Louis, and heard a dull inaugural sermon by the Bishop of Nancy; "who missed," as Mirabeau said, "the grandest opportunity ever afforded to man for saying something fine, or holding his tongue;" and how M. Necker, the Controller of Finances, laid before the States his lamentable report on the monetary embarrassments of the kingdom, and hinted

* "The French Press," First, Second, and Third Periods, Living Age, Nos. 1520, 1536, 1553.

* The States of 1789 were the 17th in French history. The first were summoned in 1302, by Philip IV., on the occasion of his dispute with Pope Boniface VIII. The second met in 1308, and ratified the abolition of the order of the Templars; and the third were convoked by Philip IV. in 1313, to deliberate about taxes. In 1317 and in 1328, the States assembled again for the coronation of Philip V. and Philip VI., who inherited by virtue of the Salic law, and desired to have that law confirmed; and in 1356 and in 1380 the States met again to appoint regencies: on the former occasion, during the captivity of King Jean in England, and in 1380, during the minority of Charles VI. It will thus be seen that the States General met seven times in the fourteenth century. The eighth meeting was in 1420, to ratify the Treaty of Troyes; the ninth in 1468, to prevent the dismemberment of Normandy in favour of the King's brother; the tenth in 1484, to recognize the majority of Charles VIII.; the eleventh, in 1506, to approve the marriage of Louis XII.'s daughter with the Duke of Angoulême (afterwards Francis I.); and the twelfth in 1560, when a code of commercial laws was drawn up, which continued in force till the Revolution. The thirteenth and fourteenth States General, known as the States of Blois, met in 1576 and 1588, and wasted much time in trying to reconcile the contendant factions of the League; and the fifteenth meeting was held in Paris in 1593 by the Leaguers, and voted to little purpose the perpetual exclusion of Henri IV. from the throne. The sixteenth States, convoked by Henri IV.'s widow, Marie de Medici, were remarkable from the fact that the representatives of the third estate made a resolute attempt to force a charter from the Queen Regent, and, had they been headed by a capable leader, they might then and there have established parliamentary government in France. As it was, they failed, but their attitude inspired so much terror to the Crown that Louis XIII. and his two next successors would listen to no proposals for re-summoning them. During 175 years taxes were levied, wars made, and treaties concluded without any national assent or ratification.

Digitized by Google

that the deputies had been convoked solely to dispel these embarrassments, and for nothing else — all these details are well known to students of French history. Our purpose here is to show what part the Press played in the Revolution; and it must be said at once that this part was a leading one. From the day when the States met, journalism entered upon a new and fiercely combative phase. The days of theorizing were past; there was a national Parliament at Versailles, whose debates had to be reported on from day to day for the enlightenment of excited readers, and anxiously criticised. The deputies of the third estate had to be encouraged and stimulated, those of the nobility and clergy to be remonstrated with, appealed to, and threatened. Daily and hourly it was urged that the Parliament should be reminded that it was no mere readjustment of taxes that the nation demanded, but reforms full and searching; and above all, a Constitution. Mirabeau, Maret, Barrère, Brissot, Gorsas, Loustalot, Condorcet, Garet, Rabaud, St. Etienne, Louvet, Carra, Mercier, Fontanes, Chenier, Fréron, Marat, Hébert, Robespierre, Siéyès, and Babœuf — these were but a handful of the writers who plunged into the lists pen in hand, with each his own private paper and code of opinions. As to the ruck of lesser journalists, they were innumerable, for not only every man who could write, but every man who had received the faintest smattering of education, felt himself competent to give his advice on the crisis. A period had come when brains might hope to snatch away all the posts hiterto usurped by birth and privilege. Every Frenchman thinks he has brains, so every Frenchman saw in the desired revolution — first, his own welfare, and next, that of his fellow-citizens. From 1789 to 1791 the national eruptions of discontent, ambition, patriotism, folly, and fury, gave birth to more than 1,200 new journals in Paris alone.

Foremost among journalists, as among parliamentary debaters, was Mirabeau. He was born in 1749, and had passed his youth so disreputably that his father had been obliged to shut him up for several years at Vincennes. Here he studied a good deal, wrote some immoral novels, and on his release was practised enough in penmanship to apply to M. de Calonne for a situation as Government clerk. The Minister judged him too intelligent, however, for a subordinate office, and sent him on a political mission to Prussia; but Mirabeau soon tired of diplomatic service. He visited England, and in 1786, full of ideas of liberty and constitutions, borrowed money sufficient to start a paper, which, oddly enough, he called the *Conservateur*. It was not an ordinary journal, but a weekly compilation of political extracts from ancient and modern authors, and Mirabeau avowedly launched it with the intention of earning an income, whilst he wrote pamphlets of his own on the topics of the day. But the public were not anxious to know what Cicero thought about universal suffrage, or Milton about a freedom of the Press; so the paper failed, and, after an unsuccessful attempt to obtain the editorship of the *Mercure*, Mirabeau joined with Brissot in founding *L'Analyses de Papiers Anglais*. It was characteristic of Mirabeau's thoroughly French mind, that undertaking to publish analyses of all that appeared in the London papers, he knew not a word of English, and his partnership with Brissot, who did know English, was not an idea of his own. "I heard," says Brissot, "what Mirabeau was going to do, and called on him to talk about his programme. He admitted that his English analyses were to be a mere mask under which he would discuss French affairs. 'That is,' said he, 'I shall dress up English essays so that they will seem to apply to our case.' 'But do you know English?' I asked. 'Not a syllable,' answered he; 'but no more do my readers. I daresay I shall learn in time by spelling over the papers regularly.' I then offered to assist him gratis, and he accepted, with his usual good nature. Prompt and bold in attack, he soon had some violent polemics with Mallet du Pan about the trial of Warren Hastings and the situation of the English in the East Indies, and in these my experience of England, and my knowledge of British history, stood him

Digitized by Google

in good stead. I also composed against Mallet a number of letters, which were published in Mirabeau's name, and I must do our adversary the justice to own that he was well acquainted with the subjects of which he wrote, whilst Mirabeau was on all points ignorant as a carp."

This ignorance of Mirabeau, and his cool recklessness of the fact, are points to notice, as also the peculiarity that he signed numbers of articles which he never wrote, for the same thing occurred with respect to his speeches. Mirabeau had a powerful imagination, a temperament of which the normal warmth was fever-heat, and a courage absolutely dauntless. He further possessed a great charm of manner, which attracted confidence, and many deputies of the States, who were deep thinkers but poor speakers, came to him with their written orations, which Mirabeau learned by heart, and delivered with all the fire of a zealot and the histrionic gestures of a first-rate actor. Of course, to assimilate and give force to the ideas of others is in itself a great gift, amounting almost to genius, but it is none the less true that if Mirabeau had been left to his own resources he would have made little mark either as a writer or as an orator. Thanks to Brissot and to a few other contributors of merit who were shrewd enough to link their fortunes to his, divining in him the stuff of success, the *Analyse* proved a great hit, and it was mainly owing to its influence that Mirabeau was returned to the States by the electors of Aix. The following little sketch of his election, given by Mirabeau in a letter to Brissot, will show how polling was managed in France in the solitary election of modern times that was held by open voting: —

"We were all treading on each other's heels at the door of the town-house, and I heard voices repeating ahead of me, 'Count of Mirabeau!' 'Count of Mirabeau!' They were citizens voting for me, and I beg you to believe that I had never heard music like it, not even the chinking of gold into my pocket after a successful night at *bouillotte*. I was wedged between two fat men, and I felt tempted to move the one in front of me, for he smelt of a tanner's yard, and kept one of his muscular elbows in my left eye, which is the weak one. Judge, however, of my repentance when I heard this honest, ill-odoured fellow, whom I had never seen before, bawl out my name as if he and I were tried friends! I came next after him; and the Baillie, with his two assessors, seated behind a table, with clean linen on them, and the smile of good patriots on their lips, burst out laughing, and said, 'Have you come to vote for yourself, Count?' — 'No,' said I, 'but I'll vote for the citizen in front of me, if you give me his name.' At this my tanning friend turned round, and stared at me as if he were appraising my skin. 'Are you the Count of Mirabeau?' — 'Yes,' I answered, hoping he was going to add, 'Then come into my arms;' but he sketched a disappointed wink, and muttered, 'I shouldn't have thought it,' which I think made us quits. He gave me his vote, but nearly poisoned me with his effluvium, and then diminished my importance by a disparaging comment; however, I was generous, and gave him my vote, too, which was the only one he had. I also smiled on him, and left him abashed."

Once elected, Mirabeau felt he would need a more serious and dignified organ than his *Analyse*, and so started the *Etats Généraux*, the first number of which appeared on May 2, 1789, that is, three days before the opening of the session. It is the first French paper which promised to combine the two features of parliamentary report and long leading articles, for up to that time long articles were the exception, the French taste inclining to short paragraphs. The *Etats* only ran for two numbers, however, under the original title, for the first number contained so vehement a programme of the reforms which the nation expected, that the Ministry took alarm, and on May 6 suppressed the paper. This was throwing down the glove rather promptly, but the challenge was immediately caught up. The deputies of the Third Estate suspended their business and drew up a protest "in the name of freedom of thought and speech, the first of human rights;"

Digitized by Google

the nobility, not to be outdone, launched a similar protest, blaming the Count of Mirabeau's "violence of language," but submitting that a free press "appeared to be one of the necessities of the times;" the clergy with the usual caution of their order, declined protesting against the ministerial decree on the ground that they had no right to censure what was lawful; but at the same time they remarked that it would be advisable to grant deputies some liberty, "even the liberty to write rashly"—for the future. The fact is, Mirabeau's leader had not been rash or violent; it was merely an outspoken demand for all the freedom which England enjoyed, and the prohibition hurled at the paper was a foolish evidence of the panic into which the Ministry had been thrown on finding that the Third Estate were firmly resolved not to separate until they had voted a Constitution. However, when they saw what resistance was going to be offered, they retreated, and this the more readily as Mirabeau yielded in form. He suspended the *Etats Généraux*, but instantly brought out a new journal under the title *Letters of the Count of Mirabeau to his Constituents*, and six weeks later (that is, after the 19th *Letter*) this paper once more changed its name, and became the famous *Courrier de Provence*.

Liberty of the Press was thus struck for and obtained at the very outset of the Revolution, and it may be said of Mirabeau's papers that they are no bad samples of the lengths to which journalism may fairly be allowed to go. The *Letters* and the *Courrier de Provence* were wild according to modern notions; but they never descended to scurrility. A tone of exuberant earnestness pervades them, and Mirabeau's tendency to self-assertion is so strong that his own sayings and doings form the staple of almost every line, leading one to infer that, after the wont of a Frenchman, he looked upon the national revolution as his own unaided work. The *Courrier* was advertised to appear three times a week, and to consist of a sheet of eight octavo pages; but the editor's anxiety to see his speeches, motions, and bills reported at full length, with explanatory notes and long-winded leaders, soon drove him to issue double and quadruple supplements. Although the *Courrier* lasted but two years, its 350 numbers form a collection of seventeen volumes of 600 pages each, some of the numbers comprising as many as eighty pages. The *Courrier* never had less than 20,000 subscribers; and one must look to it for the completest record of the debates in the National Assembly, and the stirring events out of doors that marked the first period of the Revolution.

II.

THIS first period closed with the death of Mirabeau on the 2nd April, 1791, and after this the post which had been filled by the *Courrier de Provence*, as leading journal of the masses, was taken up by the *Ami du Peuple*, of which J. P. Marat was editor. This denotes the great change which the death of Mirabeau occasioned in the drift of the Revolution. Mirabeau had been reckoned the extremest demagogue in the States General; but, as is well known, he entered into negotiations with the Court for several months before his death, and the last numbers of the *Courrier* which he personally superintended are filled with exhortations to concord and moderation. These exhortations were not wholly disinterested, for Mirabeau received large sums from Marie Antoinette; but they were not the less heartfelt, for the reforms accomplished within two short years were more than enough to satisfy any reasonable man. On the refusal of the nobility and clergy to sit and vote in common with the Third Estate the deputies of the latter order had resolved themselves into a "National Assembly" (17th June, 1789), and Louis XVI., perceiving that he could not withstand them, had commanded the two other orders to join the new Assembly (27th June). From this time the work of legislation had proceeded at a pace little less than furious. On the 4th August, 1789, all feudal privileges were abolished; on the 23rd and 24th August freedom of conscience and liberty of the Press were decreed; on the 12th October, the King and Court having in the meanwhile been brought to Paris by the mob, the Assembly adjourned its sittings to the capital, and on the 2nd November was passed an Act confiscating all the lands of the clergy. On the 17th December the Assembly decreed the issue of *assignats* and their forced currency; on the 15th January, 1790, it abolished the old divisions of the kingdom into provinces, and created eighty-three departments, and on the 17th March it ordered the sale of the clergy lands to the extent of 700,000,000 francs. The nobility and clergy were not sufficiently overawed, however, and on the 19th and 27th Novem-

Digitized by Google

ber came two crushing Acts, the former abolishing all nobiliary titles, and the latter providing that all priests who wished to retain their benefices should take the oath of allegiance to the new Constitution which was being elaborated. To several of the above changes Mirabeau had been originally opposed. He had started with no other wish than to secure for France a House of Commons, an hereditary House of Lords, a free Press and free municipalities as in England; but the obstinacy of nobles and priests had driven him to advocate violent measures, and it was only when a Constitution had been prepared, which established one single Assembly, and reduced the royal prerogative to the mere rights of grace and veto, that he saw it was impossible to go any further without abolishing royalty itself. Whether, had he lived, the immense influence which he wielded would have been sufficient to avert other subversive changes, is open to question; but his death removed even the hope of conciliation, and was therefore in every way a catastrophe. The King, seeing no man among the reformers whom he could trust, lent himself to plots with foreign powers, and the nobles streamed out of the country and massed themselves at Coblentz, with the avowed object of invading the country with the Austrians and Prussians. Hereupon the Assembly, intent on depriving the Court of all means of corrupting waverers, or pardoning royalists who might take up arms against the Revolution, withdrew from the King his right of grace, abolished orders of knighthood, and confiscated the judicial and military patronage of the Crown, in so far as regarded appointments to the higher offices. Louis XVI., unable to endure all this, attempted to fly the country, but was captured at Varennes, and then the Assembly wound up their repeated acts of hostility by decreeing that the King should be suspended from his functions until he had sworn to maintain the Constitution. From this point, however, it was evident that unless saved by foreign interference the days of the throne were numbered, and Marat's *Ami du Peuple* began loudly to clamour for a republic, with "a Reign of Terror to frighten enemies at home and abroad."

Other papers in plenty joined in his clamour, and found impassioned readers, for the nation had by this time pretty nearly gone mad. The political changes had been so rapid, and had brought — as every general disturbance must — such widespread misery with them, that people were frantic for rest, and rest, as they understood it, could only be obtained by removing the King, who was a useless obstacle in the way of a settled liberal *régime*. These views chiefly prevailed in Paris, where trade was in stagnation, specie at a discount, bread dear, and anarchy rampant. A great many rational people, who were not fire-eaters, but who were disgusted at the insolent waywardness of the nobles, the duplicity of the King, the prospect of an invasion, and the flood of minor ills which accrue from a weak Government, were ready for any measures which should bring about the state of Republican order, brotherhood, and general felicity which newspapers pictured; and the shameless slanders which were daily printed about the Court, the higher clergy, and the *émigré* nobles, added to this revolutionary fervour. At the moment when the National Assembly made way for the newly-elected "Legislative Assembly," in October, 1791, there were more than five hundred newspapers at work in Paris; and scarcely a score of these were devoted to the Court. Most of them were published twice a week, but some four dozen appeared daily, and there was a peculiarly foul sort of print called "mural newspapers," which were not published for sale, but to be posted at night on walls and hoardings, and which circulated defamations the most filthy and villanous. Anything like an enumeration of the five hundred papers would be impossible, but it may be well to record the names of the more important organs, edited by men who have left a name in history. First come the "Red" journals: —

L'Ami du Peuple, edited by Marat; *Les Révolutions de France et de Brabant*, by Camille Desmoulins; *L'Orateur du Peuple*, by Fréron; *L'Ami des Citoyens*, by Tallien; *La Sentinelle*, by Louvet; *Le Point du Jour*, by Barrère; *Le Défenseur de la Constitution*, by Robespierre; *Le Tribun du Peuple*, by Babœuf; and *Le Père Duchêne*, by Hébert.

The following journals professed to be Constitutional or moderate Republican: —

Le Patriote, by Brissot; the *Mercure de France*, by Mallet du Pan; the *Journal de Paris*, by Garat; the *Chronique de Paris*, by Condorcet; *Le Républicain*, by Siéyès; and the *Journal de l'Instruction Sociale*, by J. J. Noel.

The subjoined were Royalist: —

The *Actes des Apôtres*, by Rivarol;

Digitized by Google

Journal de la Cour, by Brune; the *Lanterne Magique*, by the younger Mirabeau; the *Mémorial Historique*, by Laharpe; the *Quotidienne*, by Michaud; and *L'Ami du Roi*, by l'Abbé Royou.

A few extracts from the above papers will give some idea of the condition of France at that epoch. Writing about the King's escape, and his capture at Varennes, Babœuf's *Tribun du Peuple* says: —

When it was known that Louis Capet had been arrested in his attempt to fly and place himself at the head of his cowardly nobles, a crowd of working men gathered in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and marched to the Hôtel de Ville, singing the "*Ca ira*," and "*Death to the Tyrant*." Mayor Bailly, afraid to meet these patriots, fled by some back door, so that the crowd, finding no one to speak to, joined themselves to another imposing array of citizens, who were flocking from the Marais quarter, and the whole mass adjourned to the Champs de Mars, gathering new recruits at every step as they went. At four in the afternoon there must have been twenty thousand citizens of both sexes and all ages assembled in the great field, and the shouts "Death to the Tyrant!" formed as it were one great cry uttered with the lips and heart of the whole city. But suddenly some uniforms appeared, the gleam of bayonets was discernible on the river banks, and clamours of welcome were raised by citizens who supposed that the soldiery had come to fraternize with them. But no, Bailly headed the soldiers! Bailly, girt with the tricolour scarf! Bailly, who once profaned the sacred name of patriot by allying it to his own! A trumpeter marched beside him, and by his orders instantly sounded three peals, between each of which the Mayor called upon the meeting to disperse. But no one stirred, because nobody could conjecture that the ridiculous summons was uttered in real earnest; and so it befel that without warning (*sic*), without preparation of any sort, the soldiers were marshalled into line and ordered to fire upon the defenceless crowd. Then uprose piercing shrieks: women caught up their children and were shot down holding them in their arms, male citizens in their panic ran towards the soldiery instead of away from them and were butchered with bayonets; the rattle of the musketry and the whistling of bullets continued to work havoc among the affrighted people, till the field was strewn with blood and corpses, and through the smoke of this scene of carnage glowed the features of Bailly, grinning like a fiend. But wait, Bailly! traitor! felon! perjurer and assassin! For every drop of that patriot blood shed shall be exacted a thousand drops from you and the tyrant hordes whose hireling you are! Wait and see!

Bailly had not long to wait, for this incident cost him his mayorship, and eighteen months later his head. We have left out of Babœuf's description a number of disgusting oaths which are untranslatable, though Babœuf's remarks are mild compared to the horrible threats which Marat vomited from the *Ami du Peuple*. Let us, however, quote some gayer extracts dealing with social aspects of the Revolution. The licence of the Press being not tasteful to everybody, a citizen whose private life had been assailed went to the office of the paper which was called *L'Ami des Pauvres*, and gave the editor a caning. Young Mirabeau, who in his *Lanterne Magique* endeavoured to be always gay, in despite of difficulties, thus describes what follows: —

The worthy man, who was a jeweller out of work — for few people buy jewellery nowadays — recognized in the editor a former apprentice of his, who had loved his daughter, but been sent about his business, because he was a rogue and lazy. The recognition diminished nothing from the vigour of the thrashing which the jeweller administered, and the victim's howls were so musical that they brought down a bevy of women, who, to the horror of the journalist, screamed in chorus: "Give it him! We've had enough of newspapers!" Encouraged by this, the jeweller collected a squad of kindred spirits and went with them on the morrow to the Legislative Assembly with a fine petition against the liberty of the Press. But the Assembly grows impatient at all attacks against newspaper freedom, and our poor jeweller met with a different reception to that which he had expected. An usher laid his petition on the table, but two-thirds of the deputies rose and shouted, "Take it away!" At this moment the jeweller and his friends, thinking they had a right to speak about their case, rose in one of the public tribunes, but the deputy Drumont-Dalloy, catching up the roll of paper, clambered over the benches and flung it into the jeweller's face, crying: "Out with you, vile whiner!" He was called to order, but the incident occasioned general hilarity and the jeweller's astonished features must have been good to see.

Here are a bunch of quotations relating to odds and ends of Parisian life:

M. Jean Paul Marat was seen dining at the Ecu d'Or in the Rue Valois yesterday. Wines being bad, he mopped up the gravy in his plate with a crumb of bread which he swallowed, licking his fingers afterwards. He paid four francs for a piece of beef, some soup, and a wedge of cheese, but with his accustomed hatred for old customs omitted to give the maid anything. We wager that girl will never be a republican. — *Lanterne Magique*, August 15, 1791.

Scuffles occur every day between officers of

Digitized by Google

the King's household and curs of the sort who yelp in tune with MM. Marat and Fréron. Yesterday the Queen went for a walk in the Tuileries, and was everywhere greeted with respect; but returning to the palace, one brutal ruffian forced his way past her equerry and flung a piece of mouldy bread before her, saying: "See there. That's what we eat, thanks to you." The officer on duty knocked the man's hat off his head, telling him to uncover himself before his Sovereign, but the brute drew a bludgeon from his pocket and struck the officer so savagely on the face that he broke his cheek-bone. I do not know what will be done with the man. When there was order among us he would have been hanged, but the Queen is so good that she is likely to plead for his pardon. She went into the palace crying. — *Journal de la Cour*, January 3, 1792.

There was a scene at the Comédie Française last night during a performance of *Britannicus*. Since the Revolution theatrical managers have put a stop to the practice which allowed noblemen and other subscribers of influence to have seats on the stage. The Marquis de Crequy-Tournolles forgetting or ignoring this new arrangement — for he has been absent for a year stowing away his valuables in England — walked on the stage as usual yesterday whilst the curtain was up. He was greeted with a hoot from all the spectators in the pit, and not understanding such a tumult, stepped to the footlights and asked the public what they wanted. "Britannicus," to avoid a riot, caught the Marquis by the arm and drew him towards the slips, but M. de Crequy shook off the actor as if he had been a dog, and three men were needed to get him behind the scenes, where they were all heard exchanging explanations in furious voices. The pit were so excited that they wanted to compel the Marquis to come forward and apologize, but the storm was quelled by pretty Mdlle. Reinerie advancing and offering excuses in his stead: "Monsieur is of so old a family," she said, "that he has not yet had leisure to learn good manners." The apology cut both ways and everybody laughed. — *Journal de la Cour*, January 23, 1792.

Fowls are costing three francs each, bread is at eighteen sous the three-pound loaf, a decent coat has become a rarity; men are wearing high-peaked hats with a buckle in front, priests carry pistols in their pockets whilst saying mass, women dress in black, wear beelless shoes and tattle less than usual, because they are afraid of prison, boys read the news instead of going to school, all the perfumers, jewellers, and good restaurateurs are flying abroad taking the good cooks and pretty dancers with them, and either the sewers or the noxious exhalations of M. Marat are slaying scores daily with the small-pox. Let us thank heaven for its mercies and for our new constitution. — L'Abbé Royou's *Ami du Roi*.

Yesterday, August 7th, some noblemen and officers of the Swiss Guard met together at the Restaurant of the Cadran Bleu to celebrate the feast of St. Gaetan, the patron of one among them. They had invited three actresses of Mdme. Montansier's troupe to enliven the banquet, and at dessert the King's health was proposed and drunk with all honours. Probably some waiter of a revolutionary turn, or maybe the oyster-woman opening her shellfish at the door, objected to this display of loyalty; for as the guests were standing up to toast the Queen, a stone crashed through the window and cut Mdlle. Aimée Duclos's arm open. Immediately afterwards the dining-room was invaded by a score of unwashed *canailles*, who fell upon the guests, ladies and gentlemen indiscriminately, and smashed plates, bottles, and glasses, till they discovered their antagonists were armed, when they called for help and vanished, one jostling the other. They got a few kicks as they went, but one is sorry to say none of them were killed and flung out of the window into the gutter. When will all this end? — *L'Ami du Roi*, August 8, 1792.

The end was to be very soon; for two days afterwards the Tuileries were invaded, the Swiss Guard butchered, and the King taken into custody; on the 2nd and 3rd September occurred the massacre of all the Royalists confined in the prisons, and on the 21st the National Convention, which superseded the Legislative Assembly, proclaimed the Republic and inaugurated the Reign of Terror. This brings us back to Marat.

III.

JEAN PAUL MARAT, who is by far the most loathsome character in the Revolution, and who will live as the type incarnate of rabid journalism, was, like J. J. Rousseau, a Swiss. He was born in 1744, and it adds much to his guilt that he received a superior education and possessed natural abilities of a high order. It is fair to add, however, that his talents and learning subjected him, at the outset of his career, to cruel persecutions. After studying medicine and obtaining an appointment as doctor to the Count of Artois's grooms, he addicted himself to researches in natural science, and published several essays on the theory of light. These papers had the honour of being reviewed and warmly praised by Voltaire, but they upset all the notions on light which were held by the Academy of Sciences, and that learned body instantly fell foul of the innovator. He was friendless, poor, and irritable; he wrote of the Academy with contempt, and, above all, his theories were the true ones. These were reasons enough to draw on him hostility of a very active

Digitized by Google

kind; and the Institute of France, which was a powerful corporation, refuted him waspishly, and then set influences at work to drive him from the country. Marat was of sickly health and of sour temper; a keen private sorrow, resulting from a misplaced attachment, added to his innate moroseness, so that he was in every manner unfit to bear up serenely under persecution. He went off to England, and spent ten years in London, lodging in Fleet Street; after this he divided a couple of years between Edinburgh and Dublin, and then he visited Holland, picking up all the while a precarious sustenance as a doctor, tutor, translator, and author. In 1789, the outbreak of the Revolution brought him back to Paris, rich with the fresh stores of learning and experience he had acquired during his exile, and bent upon starting a newspaper like other clever men. Marat differed from other clever men, though, in this respect, that from the first he had a clear perception of his object, and pursued it to the last undeviatingly. His ideas of reform were never clogged by the wish to ape English constitutionalism, for he detested England. He desired a radical republic, and though his first journal, the *Publiciste Parisien*, was couched in moderate terms, its logic was so trenchant, and its drift so evident, that even the most zealous deputies of the Third Estate took offence at it as going far beyond what they aspired to and as calculated to do their cause an injury. It was the distinctive trait of Marat's genius that he could not write a line but attracted attention. His scholarship was so deep, and his style consequently so pure and strong, his knowledge of the people's grievances was so thorough, and his perseverance in the aims he was pursuing so relentless, that the writings of other men paled beside his. The Ministry succeeded in suppressing the *Publiciste* by paying private persons to ruin it in libel suits; and when Marat founded *L'Ami du Peuple*, they got rid of that also for a time by the expedient of starting no less than *ten* counterfeit journals bearing the same name, and by buying up all the copies of the genuine paper which they could procure. The counterfeits were of course full of weak nonsense, and the effect of them was to discredit Marat entirely. He could not protect himself, for he had not money enough to indulge in lawsuits, and in the next place he dared not show himself in public, for there were numbers of royalist officers who had vowed to kill him like a dog wherever they might meet him. So he emigrated to London again, but this time his exile was not long, for, after the death of Mirabeau, the King grew reckless as to whether he was attacked or not, and Marat soon established his paper as the leading journal of the people. Other papers there were which enjoyed great popularity, but Marat spoke the language which the lower classes understood, and his *Ami du Peuple* was their monitor. It is not too much to say that Marat is solely responsible for the troubles of the years 1791–2, which paved the way for the Reign of Terror. Robespierre and Danton were each potent in their way, but they would have been nothing if Marat had not been there to point to them the road they should follow, and to breathe courage into them. Day after day, for fifteen months, the indefatigable fanatic poured his murderous advice into the ears of all the famished, the ignorant, and the greedy. He repeated that the people would never be secure in possession of their rights until King, nobility, and clergy had all been crushed; and he it was — not Danton — who first wrote, "The tranquillity of the people demands that one hundred thousand heads should fall." To dispel any sentimental qualms that might linger in the breasts of his readers, Marat exerted all his talent to depict his intended victims as the basest and most depraved of mankind. Proletaries learned of him how the King and Queen, whom they had been compelled to reverence and obey, the nobles whom they had feared, and the bishops to whom they had knelt for absolutions and blessings, were creatures whose private lives reeked with crime and immorality; and there was unfortunately just enough truth in some of the aspersions to lend the semblance of fact to the remainder. One is confounded by the amount of bodily and mental labour which Marat must have gone through to bring out his paper every day unaided, and this without ever being remiss in his attendance at the Jacobin Club. He wrote all the *Ami du Peuple* himself, and dealt with every class of subjects in it, showing all the vigilance as well as the ferocity of an ubiquitous watch-dog. However, he had his reward at last. The throne was overturned, and, content with his first victory, Marat changed the title of his paper to that of *Journal de la République* — a mode of hinting that he took the new order of things under his special protection.

Digitized by Google

And now imagine France given over to the garrulous Convention, in which there was not a man who clearly knew what he wanted save this one, Marat. Forty-eight years old at this date, Marat was less than five feet high, and had a head enormously disproportionate to the size of his body. The upper part of his face was handsome, but the lower part, beginning with the nose, was that of a wild beast. The nose was flat and large, with nostrils that quivered; the mouth huge, and filled with black, jagged teeth; the chin square, and generally ill-shaved, covered with a stubble of several days' growth. Naturally unclean in his person, Marat cultivated slovenliness for the purpose of inspiring greater confidence to the dregs of the populace. He seldom wore a hat, but covered his head with a twisted handkerchief, red, yellow, and greasy. His linen was worse than dingy, his shoes stringless, his stockings torn and down at heel, and his brown coat covered with stains, ink-splashes, and flakes of dried mud. In constant terror of his life, he never ventured out alone, but was always attended by a tattered mob of ruffians who called themselves his body-guard, and plied cudgels about them to clear him a passage through the street crowds. Women when they saw him trembled and turned their heads aside, children ran away from him; at the Convention House his entrance was the signal for a general silence, and often for a dispersion of half the numbers present. Marat, who was eaten up with bilious vanity, gloried in the universal repulsion which he excited, and he had a grim, vicious way of smiling when, fixing his eye on any member whom he disliked, he saw the man turn pale and crouch. Such was the man who by means of all the scum of Paris kept the Convention in terror, and through it governed France.

His first care was to get the guillotine "set up as a permanency." "Soldiers wear swords in peace and war," he wrote, November 1792, "and our Republic should have the guillotine constantly at her side to frighten traitors." At first he had asked for 100,000 heads; he now went minutely into statistics and declared that no tranquillity could be hoped for unless 270,000 heads were cut off. The foremost head to be sacrificed was of course the King's, and whilst Louis XVI.'s trial was impending, here are some of the things that Marat wrote in order that the prisoner might have fair play: —

I call upon the people to note the names of the false patriots, if any, who may vote for the tyrant's acquittal, or for any lesser penalty than that of instant death. It is an insult to the feelings of the nation that the descendant of a hundred vampires should have any trial at all. He should be brought manacled before the Convention and there should be but one question put, "When and where shall this man and his accursed brood be killed?" And the answer should be a unanimous shout for his immediate execution.

It becomes known that Malesherbes is to defend the King, and hereat Marat breaks out in this style: —

The man who can find excuses for a criminal makes himself an accomplice of all the crimes committed; but when the criminal is a king, and the man who defends him is a citizen, the latter betrays his cause and becomes a greater villain than the rascal who hires his advocacy. Let the people remember that the citizen Malesherbes makes himself the champion of Louis Capet: therefore he approves his acts, therefore he would have perpetrated them if he had had the chance, therefore he is an enemy to the Republic, to his country, to his brother citizens: therefore, if Capet dies, Malesherbes deserves to die with him.

Malesherbes did die on the scaffold — he and all his family — but the certainty that he would have to meet this fate did not weaken his eloquence in defending his King. Louis XVI. dead, Marat uttered a shriek of exultation, and congratulated his countrymen on having now outpassed "the hypocritical, servile English, who had but one point of superiority over us — that of having mustered courage enough one day to brain Charles Stuart. Our courage shall last longer than theirs — Capet's head is but the first among a hecatomb!" And, as if drunk with the blood he had caused to flow, Marat plunged into an orgie of denunciations, commending to the Committee of Public Safety every man or woman whom his sanguinary guards reported to him as disaffected: —

There is a scamp who lodges Rue Babille near the Halles, over a carpet-maker's, on the second floor. He was a receiver of taxes under the tyrant, and has fattened on extortions. I give his address, in order that the people may go and exterminate him. — 18th March, 1793.

There is a ci-devant noble lodging No. 15, Rue St. Denis, under the name of Dubois. I heard of him to-day, and hope to learn that justice has been done him before the week is over. — 18th March, 1792.

A milliner, who is said to be pretty, and

Digitized by Google

who is the more dangerous in consequence, utters seditious sentiments in the Rue des Lombards. She ridicules the Republic, and loudly expresses her sympathies for the Capets. Her tongue must be cut out of her head, or her head be knocked off her shoulders. Her name is Louise Boulnoy, and she has either a husband or a paramour who ought to be arrested with her.

Column upon column are filled with short denunciations of this sort against insignificant private persons; but when calling for the death of any prominent man, Marat used to assail him in long articles, going into all the particulars of his biography. There is no need to recall who were the men against whom he levelled his most spiteful bolts, for every one, without exception, who could be suspected of the crime of "Moderantism," was held up by him to public execration. He did not live to see the death of most of the men whom he had impeached — and notably that of the Girondins — for on the 13th July, 1793, Charlotte Corday put an end to his unhallowed career. One month before his death some members of the Convention, exasperated by his virulent calumnies, had prosecuted him, but his trial was a burlesque of justice. Armed roughs filled the court, the terrified judges pronounced a hasty acquittal, and the prisoner was escorted back in triumph to his lodgings. By these same roughs, and by all the rogues and criminals in Paris, his constant readers and admirers, his death was mourned as a public calamity, and all who had been his enemies were soon offered up as a holocaust to his memory.

IV.

MARAT'S papers had inherited the influence of Mirabeau's; their work was carried on by the *Père Duchêne* of Jacques Hébert, by the *Orateur du Peuple* of Louis Fréron, and by the *Révolutions de France et de Brabant* of Camille Desmoulins. All three of these journals had been flourishing since 1789, but Marat's death brought them to the front, the more so as they made it their united mission to agitate for vengeance against "the party who lurked behind Charlotte Corday." The three papers were equally violent, but there were differences in the tones of their violence, and their editors were men altogether dissimilar. Jacques Hébert, born in 1755, was a miserable uneducated person, who had been check-taker at a small theatre before 1789. He was dishonest and cantankerous, but possessed a sort of rough-and-ready talent, and made his way rapidly after the Revolution, by bringing out a paper composed in the language of the lowest classes, and profusely sprinkled with obscene oaths. The style of the *Père Duchêne* is well known, owing to an individual of the name of Vermesch having published an exact imitation of it under the late Commune; but Hébert was a man of sterner stuff than his foolish imitator. On the proclamation of the Republic he was appointed Deputy to Chaumette, the Procurator General, but he continued to edit his paper whilst attending to his functions as purveyor of the guillotine, and after the death of Marat took to publishing daily tabular lists of persons who he thought should be put to death. So long as he confined himself to private persons he enjoyed impunity, but at the beginning of 1794, when the Terror was at its height, he denounced the whole Convention as a body of "pusillanimous curs," who had courage only to bark, and urged the people to overthrow them, and transfer all their powers to the Commune. He is said to have penned this article when intoxicated, after a dinner with Chaumette and Fouquier Tinville, and, if this be true, his wine proved expensive, for it cost him his life. Robespierre had him arrested, and Fouquier Tinville, the Public Prosecutor, with whom he had dined, had him sentenced to death. He was executed on the 24th March, 1794.

Louis Fréron was the son of Elie Fréron, Voltaire's antagonist during the Encyclopædic controversies, and it was principally because of the injustice which his father had suffered that he embraced the revolutionary cause with so much ardour. But Elie Fréron had been persecuted less by the nobility than by the philosophers, and it was accordingly against savants of all denominations that Fréron junior mostly levelled his shafts. His *Orateur du Peuple* made it a business to ferret out members of the Institute and royalist writers, and to charge them with having prostituted literature, science, and art by their servilities towards the Court. He obtained that the Institute should be closed, and on being sent as Commissary to Marseilles and Toulon, directed all his zeal to the persecution of scholars and professors, whom he sent to the scaffold by dozens. André Chenier, the poet, was one of his victims, and indeed it was enough to be a man of talent to incur the impeachment of the venomous little sheet of candle-paper, which was nicknamed

Digitized by Google

L'arracheur de cervelles. Fréron, however, was prudent, and he took such good care to offend none of the dominant factions that he survived both the Terror and the Directorate, and on the accession of Bonaparte actually petitioned for a post under Government. The First Consul, by way of killing him politely, sent him as Sub-Prefect to St. Domingo, where the climate disposed of him in a couple of years.

Camille Desmoulins, the third of Marat's successors, was born in 1760, and was a typical young Frenchman of the violently ambitious sort. It was he who, on the 14th July, 1789, climbed on a table in the garden of the Palais Royal and incited the mob to go and attack the Bastille, though he did not join them in this gallant exploit, but watched the sight from afar. Well educated, and the son of an honourable magistrate, who deeply deplored his revolutionary excesses, and remonstrated with him continually by letter, Camille Desmoulins wrote like a gentleman, and affected the dress and manners of a dandy. His appearance was always natty. He sported a blue coat with gilt buttons, buckskin breeches and well varnished boots, a speckless white waistcoat, white gloves, a shiny hat, and a cane with a gold nob. The portraits of him show a handsome youth with large eyes, thin lips, dapper hands, and a carefully tressed pig-tail; but singularly enough the owner of all this beauty and finery got on capitally with Marat, who often pawed his white waistcoat and said: "It's a light heart beats under this frippery, but it's a good one." At Marat's death Camille Desmoulins launched out furiously against the captive Queen, whose devoted slave he would certainly have become had she invited him to court at the outset of the Revolution. He demanded that even the infant Capet (Louis XVII.) should be poisoned before he became a danger, and he was implacable in crying for the execution of the Girondins. But subsequently to the 31st October, 1793, when the Girondins, after five months spent in prison, were at length led out to the scaffold, a sudden revulsion occurred in Camille Desmoulins' views. He was appointed to be Danton's chief secretary at the Ministry of Justice, and found himself lodged at the public expense in that grand residence on the Place Vendôme, "where," as he writes complacently to his father, "the High Chancellors of France lived before me." He had also been recently married to a lovely and gentle-hearted girl, and like many another man who has reached the top of the tree he began to pine for domestic peace, and wished to see happy faces around him. Danton, who had nothing more to expect from violence either, had got into the same sentimental mood, and seconded Desmoulins when the latter brought out a new paper, *Le Vieux Cordelier*, in which he touchingly pleaded for a cessation of bloodshed, and a "reconciliation of all parties under the tree of liberty." Robespierre, however, was not yet ready for rest. So long as Danton was alive Robespierre could not be absolute master of the Convention, and he promptly seized the occasion of *Le Vieux Cordelier's* appearance to have both Danton and Desmoulins arrested and tried for treason. There is no doubt that *Le Vieux Cordelier* was levelled against Robespierre, and that Danton and Desmoulins hoped by its means to incite the people to hatred for their rival. Had they been able to continue the publication for a few weeks longer, or had they been animated by a spark of that resolution which fired Tallien three months later to beard Robespierre and impeach him, they might have succeeded, for Paris was growing as sick of blood as they were; as it was, they let themselves be seized unresistingly, and were guillotined together on the 5th April, 1794.

Robespierre, then, reigned alone till the 27th July, when a cabal got up by the courageous Madame Tallien overturned him and put a nominal end to the Terror. But what was the condition of Paris during these last three months, when the "blood-moons" were at their apogee? The louis-d'or of twenty francs was being quoted at 1,800 francs in *assignats*, bread was at eight sous the pound, two-thirds of the shops in the city were closed, and all the able-bodied men of the working-classes who had not been drafted into the army roamed about the streets drunk and bawling, or broke into abandoned houses and plundered them. Every afternoon at four a line of tumbrils left the Conciergerie and jolted along the streets to the Place de la Révolution with a freight of victims for the scaffold. Sometimes seventy persons would be beheaded in an afternoon. The number was seldom under twenty; and people were so sated by the sight that, excepting the relatives of the victims and a few quidnuncs who came every afternoon and stood on the terrace of the Tuileries

Digitized by Google

Gardens to bet on the time it would take Samson to execute the first or second dozen, nobody went out of his way to follow the carts. The chase after nobles and priests had ceased to be very keen, for proscripts came and gave themselves up every day. They saw nothing worth living for now, that, ruined and bereaved of their friends, they beheld the reign of blood continue without prospect of cessation; and many — especially among the women — looked upon death as a welcome relief. Meanwhile the Pro-consuls sent into the provinces were spreading death and misery about them as in Paris. Carrier at Nantes, Fréron at Marseilles, Foucher (afterwards Duke of Otranto) at Bordeaux, Collot d'Herbois at Lyons, Schneider at Strasburg, reckoned their victims by the thousand, and despatched pompous reports to the Convention describing how feudal castles had been set on fire, family plate melted down, and "male and female ci-devants" sacrificed to the safety of the Republic. These reports would be received with votes of thanks and by clapping of hands from fishwives and loose women seated in the public tribunes; after which, debates in the house would proceed with the usual windy declamations, buffoon platitudes about fraternity, and the never-varying motions to impeach somebody in the name of the Sovereign People. Fifty or sixty deputies of the Convention, feeling the knife suspended over their heads, lurked, hidden, and slept in some new place every night, and among these was Tallien, whose name was down in Robespierre's black book, and who would never have mustered courage to rebel against his doom had not his wife goaded him on. Such was the condition of things during the three months that preceded Robespierre's fall.

V.

ONCE this caitiff had been beheaded, the Terror did not immediately end, but it spent its dying force on those who had been Robespierre's supporters, and the press gave expression to the general yearning after repose. According to the records of the Conciergerie, no less than 834 journalists, for the most part obscure, had been guillotined in Paris in 1793 and 1794; and some thousand newspapers had collapsed in consequence. But there were plenty of journalists left, and with the Directorate there started up a crowd of light, amusing papers, intended to revive the national spirit of gaiety. The best of these were *Le Thé*, *Le Mentteur*, and *Le Journal des Rieurs;* and for some time they altogether superseded the prints which continued to treat of politics. People were surfeited with politics, they were athirst for enjoyment; and never perhaps did extravagance in eating, drinking, dressing, and play-going run riot to such an extent as from 1795 to 1799. Listen to this cry of the *Journal des Rieurs* (1st January, 1795): —

> Brooms and water! Brooms and water! to sweep and wash away every trace of the blood shed among us during the past two years! Brooms to sweep into limbo every shred of the journals, gazettes, pamphlets, laws, documents, proclamations, decrees, which have maddened us and brought us where we are! Brooms to brush away all memories of '93 and '94, and sticks to beat down any man who does not curse those years with all his soul!

In the same number the *Journal des Rieurs* says: —

> We have a class of *nouveaux riches* among us: financiers who have dethroned the nobility; contractors who have heaped up millions by purveying our armies with cardboard shoes and tin-barrelled guns. We don't care how they made their money, let them only spend it well and bring jollity back to Paris. Let us hear once more the popping of champagne-corks, let our eyes be gladdened by the glow of kitchen fires; let women be worshipped again and not hailed as "citizens;" and, above all, let it become usual again to wash one's hands before dinner.

In 1795 a comedy called *Madame Angot* was produced at Madame Montansier's theatre (Palais Royal), and had a run of 400 nights, like its modern successor, *La Fille de Madame Angot.* In it the follies of the Terror were keenly ridiculed, and the press joyfully hailed this resurrection of Thalia. Also the *muscadins*, or dandies of the time, attended the theatre in crowds and got up affrays like those which signalized the first performances of M. Sardou's *Rabagas*, after the Commune. At every disparaging allusion to the Republic, some "friends and brothers" in the galleries would hiss, and then the *muscadins* would treat themselves to the pleasure of going up after these enthusiasts and thrashing them with long canes. All this, however, does not mean that politics came to a standstill; for so long as there were two legislative bodies and an executive of "Five Incapables" who mismanaged the affairs of the country, it was inevitable that discussions should

Digitized by Google

arise, and that political newspapers should find buyers. On the whole, however, France had become absolutely indifferent and sceptical as to political systems; and when Bonaparte came and swept the Directorate away, and inaugurated his consulship with a decree which completely gagged the press, most people heaved a true sigh of relief. Just as had happened during the Fronde, the French press had enjoyed during the Republic a glorious occasion of doing good and had neglected it. Journalism, far from being an assistance and a blessing to the country, had been an unmitigated nuisance. It had excited all the bad passions of the time instead of checking them, it had preached murder, robbery, mutual hatred, and mistrust; and when Bonaparte stamped it down with the heel of his conquering boot, he seemed to be crushing out the last embers of a fire which had burned or blackened every great and good thing in the country.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER I.

WESTWARD of that old town Steyning, and near Washington and Wiston, the lover of an English landscape may find much to dwell upon. The best way to enjoy it is to follow the path along the meadows, underneath the inland rampart of the Sussex hills. Here is pasture rich enough for the daintiest sheep to dream upon; tones of varied green in stripes (by order of the farmer), trees as for a portrait grouped with the folding hills behind, and light and shadow making love in play to one another. Also, in the breaks of meadow and the footpath bendings, stiles where love is made in earnest, at the proper time of year, with the dark-browed hills imposing everlasting constancy.

Here no man, however lame he may be from the road of life, after sitting awhile and gazing, can deny himself to be refreshed and even comforted. Though he hold no commune with the heights so far above him, neither with the trees that stand in quiet audience soothingly, nor even with the flowers still as bright as in his childhood, yet to himself he must say something — better said in silence. Into his mind, and heart, and soul, without any painful knowledge, or the noisy trouble of thinking, pure content with his native land and its claim on his love are entering. The power of the earth is round him with its lavish gifts of life, — bounty from the lap of beauty, and that cultivated glory which no other land has earned.

Instead of panting to rush abroad and be lost among jagged obstacles, rather let one stay within a very easy reach of home, and spare an hour to saunter gently down this meadow-path. Here in a broad bold gap of hedge, with bushes inclined to heal the breach, and mallow-leaves hiding the scar of chalk, here is a stile of no high pretence, and comfortable to gaze from. For hath it not a preface of planks, constructed with deep anatomical knowledge, and delicate study of maiden decorum? And lo! in spite of the planks — as if to show what human nature is — in the body of the stile itself, towards the end of the third bar down, are two considerable nicks, where the short-legg'd children from the village have a sad habit of coming to think. Here, with their fingers in their mouths, they sit and think, and scrape their heels, and stare at one another, broadly taking estimate of life. Then with a push and scream, the scramble and the rush down hill begin, ending (as all troubles should) in a trackless waste of laughter.

However, it might be too much to say that the cleverest child beneath the hills, or even the man with the licence to sell tea, coffee, snuff and tobacco, who now comes looking after them, finds any conscious pleasure, or feels quickening influence from the scene. To them it is but a spread of meadows under a long curve of hill, green and mixed with trees down here, brown and spotted with furze up there; to the children a play-ground; to their father an acreage, inspected with no other view than glances at its rental.

So it is: and yet with even those who think no more of it, the place if not the scenery, has its aftermath of influence. In later times, when sickness, absence, or the loss of sight debars them, men will feel a deep impression of a thing to long for. To be longed for with a yearning stronger than mere admiration, or any limner's taste can form. For he, whatever pleasure rises at the beauty of the scene, loses it by thinking of it; even as the joy of all things dies in the enjoying.

But to those who there were born (and never thought about it), in the days of age or ailment, or of better fortune even

Digitized by Google

in a brighter climate, how at the sound of an ancient name, or glimpse of faint resemblance, or even on some turn of thought untraced and unaccountable, again the hills and valleys spread, to aged memory more true than ever to youthful eyesight; again the trees are rustling in the wind as they used to rustle; again the sheep climb up the brown turf in their snowy zigzag. A thousand winks of childhood widen into one clear dream of age.

CHAPTER II.

"How came that old house up there?" is generally the first question put by a Londoner to his Southdown friend leading him through the lowland path. "It must have a noble view; but what a position, and what an aspect!"

"The house has been there long enough to get used to it," is his host's reply; "and it is not built, as they are where you live, of the substance of a hat."

That large old-fashioned house, which looks as if it had been much larger, stands just beneath the crest of a long-backed hill in a deep embrasure. Although it stands so high, and sees much less of the sun than the polestar, it is not quite so weather-beaten as a stranger would suppose. It has some little protection, and a definite outline for its grounds, because it was built on an old and extensive settlement of the chalk; a thing unheeded in early times, but now very popular and attractive, under the name of "landslip." Of these there are a good many still to be traced on the sides of the Sussex hills, caused (as the learned say) by the shifting of the greensand, or silt, which generally underlies the more stable chalk. Few, however, of them are so strongly marked and bold as this one, which is known as "Coombe Lorraine." It is no mere depression or irregular subsidence, but a perpendicular fall, which shows as if a broad slice had been cut out from the chine to the base of the highland.

Here, in the time of William Rufus, Roland de Lorraine, having a grant from him, or from the Conqueror, and trusting the soil to slide no more, or ignorant that it had ever slidden, built himself a dwelling-place to keep a look-out on his property. This abode, no doubt, was fitted for warlike domesticity, being founded in the fine old times when every gentleman was bound to build himself a castle.

It may have been that a little jealousy of his friend, De Braose (who had taken a larger grant of land, although he was of newer race, and had killed fewer men than Sir Roland), led this enterprising founder to set up his tower so high. At any rate he settled his Penates so commandingly, that if Bramber Castle had been in sight, he might have looked down its chimneys, as freely as into his villeins' sheep-cotes. Bramber Castle, however, happened to be round the corner.

This good knight's end, according to the tradition of the family, was not so thoroughly peaceful as a life of war should earn. One gentle autumnal evening, Sir Roland and his friend and neighbour, William de Braose, were riding home to a quiet supper, both in excellent temper and spirits, and pleasant contempt of the country. The harvest-moon was rising over breadths of corn in grant to them, and sheep and cattle tended by their villeins, once the owners. Each congratulated the other upon tranquil seizin, and the goodwill of the neighbourhood; when suddenly their way was stopped by a score of heavy Englishmen.

These, in their clumsy manner, sued no favour, nor even justice; only to be trodden down with fairness and show of reason.

"Ye shall be trodden all alike," De Braose shouted fiercely, having learned a good deal of English from the place he lived in; "clods are made to be trodden down. Out of my road, or I draw my sword!"

The men turned from him to Sir Roland, who was known to be kind of heart.

"Ye do the wrong thing to meet me thus," he answered in his utmost English; "the thing, that is to say, I hearken, but not with this violence."

Speaking thus he spurred his horse, and the best of the men made way for him. But one of them had an arrow straining on the cord, with intent to shoot — as he said to the priest at the gallows — De Braose, and him only. As the two knights galloped off, he let his arrow, in the waning of the light, fly after them; and it was so strongly sped that it pierced back-harness, and passed through the reins of Roland de Lorraine. Thus he died; and his descendants like to tell the story.

It is not true, although maintained by descendants of De Braose, that he was the man who was shot, and the knight who ran away Sir Roland. The pious duties rendered by the five brave monks from Fécamp were for the soul of Sir

Digitized by Google

Roland, as surely as the arrow was for the body of De Braose. But after eight hundred years almost, let the benefit go between them.

Whichever way this may have chanced, in an age of unsettled principles, sure it is that the good knight died either then or afterwards. Also, that a man was hanged at a spot still shown in his behalf, and that he felt it such an outrage on his sense of justice, after missing his proper shot, that even now he is often seen, when the harvest-moon is lonely, straining a long bow at something, but most careful not to shoot.

These, however, are mere legends, wherewith we have nought to do. And it would have been better not to rouse them up from slumber, if it could have been shown without them how the house was built up there. Also one may fairly fancy that a sweet and gallant knight may have found his own vague pleasure in a fine and ample view. Regarding which matter we are perhaps a little too hard on our ancestors; presuming that they never owned such eyes as ours for "scenery," because they knew the large impossibility of describing it.

CHAPTER III.

WHETHER his fathers felt, or failed to see, the beauty beneath their eyes, the owner of this house and land, at the time we have to speak of, deserved and had the true respect of all who dwelled below him.

It is often said that no direct descendant, bred from sire to son, still exists, or at any rate can show that he has right to exist, from any knight, or even cook, known to have come with the Conqueror. The question is one of delicacy, and therefore of deep feeling. But it must be owned, in candour, upon almost every side, that there are people, here and there, able to show something. The present Sir Roland Lorraine could show as much in this behalf as any other man in England. Here was the name, and here the place; and here the more fugitive being man, still belonging to both of them.

Whether could be shown or not the strict red line of lineage, Sir Roland Lorraine was the very last man likely to assert it. He had his own opinions on that all-important subject, and his own little touches of feeling when the matter came into bearing. His pride was of so large a nature that he seldom could be proud. He had his pleasant vein of humour about almost everything, wholly free from scoffing, and most sensitive of its limit. Also, although he laid no claim to any extensive learning or especially accurate scholarship, his reading had been various, and his knowledge of the classics had not been allowed to fade away into misty memory.

Inasmuch as he added to these resources the further recommendations of a fine appearance and gentle manners, good position and fair estates, it may be supposed that Sir Roland was in strong demand among his neighbours for all social purposes. He, however, through no petty feeling or small exclusiveness, but from his own taste and likings, kept himself more and more at home, and in quietude, as he grew older. So that ere he turned sixty years, the owner of Coombe Lorraine had ceased to appear at any county gatherings, or even at the hospitable meetings of the neighbourhood.

His dinner-party consisted only of himself and his daughter Alice. His wife had been dead for many years. His mother, Lady Valeria, was still alive and very active, but having numbered fourscore years, had attained the right of her own way. By right or wrong, she had always contrived to enjoy that special easement; and even now, though she lived apart, little could be done without her in the household management.

Hilary, Sir Roland's only son, was now at the Temple, eating his way to the bar, or feeding for some other mischief; and Alice, the only daughter living, was the baronet's favourite companion, and his darling.

Now whether from purity of descent, or special mode of selection, or from living so long on a hill with northern consequences, or from some other cause to be extracted by philosophers from bestial analogies — anyhow, one thing is certain. These Lorraines were not, and had not for a long time been, at all like the rest of the world around them. It was not pride of race that made them unambitious, and well content, and difficult to get at. Neither was it any other ill affection to mankind. They liked a good man, when they saw him; and naturally so much the more as it became harder to find him. Also they were very kind to all the poor people around them, and kept well in with the Church, and did whatever else is comely. But long before Sir Roland's time, all Sussex knew, and was content to know, that, as a general rule, "those Lorraines went nowhere."

Digitized by Google

Neighbours who were conscious of what we must now begin to call "co-operative origin," felt that though themselves could claim justices of the peace, high sheriffs, and knights of the shire among their kin, yet they could not quite climb over that romantic bar of ages which is so deterrent perhaps because it is so shadowy. Neither did they greatly care to press their company upon people so different from themselves, and so unlikely to admire them. But if any one asked where lay the root of the difference which so long had marked the old family on the hill, perhaps no one, least of all any of the Lorraines themselves, could have given the proper answer. Plenty of other folk there were who held aloof from public life. Simplicity, kindness, and chivalry might be found, by a man with an active horse, in other places also: even a feeling as nearly akin as our nature admits to contempt of money at that time went on somewhere. How, then, differed these Lorraines from other people of equal rank and like habits with them?

Men who differ from their fellows seem, by some law of nature, to resent and disclaim the difference. Those who are proud, and glory in their variance from the common type, seldom vary much from it. So that in the year of grace 1811, the mighty comet that scared the world, spreading its tail over good and bad, overhung no house less conscious of anything under its roof peculiar than the house of Coombe Lorraine.

With these Lorraines there had been a tradition (ripened, as traditions ripen, into a small religion), that a certain sequence of Christian names must be observed, whenever allowed by Providence, in the heritage. These names in right order were Roland, Hilary, and Roger; and the family had long believed, and so had all their tenants, that a certain sequence of character, and the events which depend upon character, might be expected to coincide with the succession of these names. The Rolands were always kindly proud, fond of home and of all their people, lovers of a quiet life, and rather deep than hot of heart. A Hilary, the next of race, was prone to the opposite extremes, though still of the same root-fibre. Sir Hilary was always showy, affable, and romantic, eager to do something great, pleased to give pleasure to everybody, and leaving his children to count the cost. After him there ought to arise a Roger, the saviour of the race; beginning to count pence in his cradle, and growing a yard in common-sense for every inch of his stature, frowning at every idea that was not either of land or money, and weighing himself and his bride and most of his principles, by Troy-weight.

CHAPTER IV.

Upon a very important day, as it proved to be, in his little world, the 18th of June 1811, Sir Roland Lorraine had enjoyed his dinner with his daughter Alice. In those days men were not content to feed in the fashion of owls, or wild ducks, who have lain abed all day. In winter or summer, at Coombe Lorraine, the dinner-bell rang at half-past four, for people to dress; and again at five, for all to be down in the drawing-room. And all were sure to be prompt enough; for the air of the Southdown hills is hungry, and Nature knew what the demand would be, before she supplied her best mutton there.

When the worthy old butler was gone at last, and the long dark room lay silent, Alice ran up to her father's side, to wish him, over a sip of wine, the good old wish that sits so lightly on the lips of children.

"Darling papa, I wish you many happy, happy returns of the day, and good health to enjoy them."

Sir Roland was sixty years old that day; and being of a cheerful, even, and pleasant, though shy temperament, he saw no reason why he should not have all the bliss invoked on him. The one great element in that happiness now was looking at him, undeniably present and determined to remain so.

His quick glance told that he felt all this; but he was not wont to show what he felt; and now he had no particular reason to feel more than usual. Nevertheless he did so feel, without knowing any reason, and turned his eyes away from hers, while he tried to answer lightly.

This would not do for his daughter Alice. She was now in that blush of time, when everything is observed by maidens, but everything is not hinted at. At least it used to be so then, and still is so in good places. Therefore Alice thought a little, before she began to talk again. The only trouble, to her knowledge, which her father had to deal with, was the unstable and romantic character of young Hilary. This he never discussed with her, nor even alluded to it: for that would have been a breach of the

Digitized by Google

law in all duly-entailed conservatism, that the heir of the house, even though a fool, must have his folly kept sacred from the smiles of inferior members. Now Hilary was not at all a fool; only a young man of large mind.

Knowing that her father had not any bad news of Hilary, from whom he had received a very affectionate letter that morning, Alice was sorely puzzled, but scarcely ventured to ask questions; for in this savage island then, respect was shown and reverence felt by children towards their parents; and she, although such a petted child, was full of these fine sentiments. Also now in her seventeenth year, she knew that she had outgrown the playful freedoms of babyhood, but was not yet established in the dignity of a maiden, much less the glory of womanhood. So that her sunny smile was fading into the shadow of a sigh, when instead of laying her pretty head on her father's shoulder, she brought the low chair and favourite cushion of the younger times, and thence looked up at him, hoping fondly once more to be folded back into the love of childhood.

Whatever Sir Roland's trouble was, it did not engross his thoughts so much as to make him neglect his favourite. He answered her wistful gaze with a smile, which she knew to be quite genuine; and then he patted her curly hair, in the old-fashioned way, and kissed her forehead.

"Lallie, you look so profoundly wise, I shall put you into caps after all, in spite of your sighs, and tears, and sobs. A head so mature in its wisdom must conform to the wisdom of the age."

"Papa, they are such hideous things! and you hate them as much as I do. And only the other day you said that even married people had no right to make such frights of themselves."

"Married people have a right to please one another only. A narrow view, perhaps, of justice; but — however, that is different. Alice, you never will attend when I try to teach you anything."

Sir Roland broke off lamely thus, because his child was attending, more than himself, to what he was talking of. Like other men, he was sometimes given to exceed his meaning; but with his daughter he was always very careful of his words, because she had lost her mother, and none could ever make up the difference.

"Papa!" cried Alice, with that appealing stress upon the paternity which only a pet child can throw, "you are not at all like yourself to-day."

"My dear, most people differ from themselves with great advantage. But you will never think that of me. Now let me know your opinion as to all this matter, darling."

Her father softened off his ending suddenly thus, because he saw the young girl's eyes begin to glisten, as if for tears, at his strange new way.

"What matter, papa? The caps? Oh no; the way you are now behaving. Very well then, are you quite sure you can bear to hear all you have done amiss?"

"No, my dear, I am not at all sure. But I will try to endure your most heart-rending exaggerations."

"Then, dear papa, you shall have it all. Only tell me when to stop. In the first place, did you, or did you not, refuse to have Hilary home for your birthday, much as you knew that I wanted him? You confess that you did. And your only reason was something you said about Trinity term, equally incomprehensible. In the next place, when I wanted you to have a little change to-day, Uncle Struan for dinner, and Sir Remnant, and one or two others ——"

"My dear, how could I eat all these? Think of your Uncle Struan's size."

"Papa, you are only trying now to provoke me, because you cannot answer. You know what I mean as well as I do, and perhaps a little better. What I mean is, one or two of the very oldest friends and relations to do what was nice, and help you to get on with your birthday, but you said, with unusual ferocity, 'Darling, I will have none but you!'"

"Upon my word, I believe I did! How wonderfully women — at least I mean how children — astonish one, by the way they touch the very tone of utterance, after one has forgotten it!"

"I don't know what you mean, papa. And your reflection seems to be meant for yourself, as everything seems to be for at least a week, or I might say ——"

"Come, Lallie, come now, have some moderation."

"Well, then, papa, for at least a fortnight. I will let you off with that, though I know it is much too little. And when you have owned to that, papa, what good reason can you give for behaving so to me — me — me, as good a child as ever there was?"

"Can 'me, me, me,' after living through such a fortnight of mortification — the real length of the period being less than

Digitized by Google

four hours, I believe — can she listen to a little story without any excitement?"

"Oh papa, a story, a story! That will make up for everything. What a lovely pleasure! There is nothing I love half so much as listening to old stories. I seem to be living my old age over, before I come to any age. Papa, I will forgive you everything, if you tell me a story."

"Alice, you are a little too bad. I know what a very good girl you are; but still you ought to try to think. When you were only two years old, you looked as if you were always thinking."

"So I am now, papa; always thinking — how to please you, and do my best."

Sir Roland was beaten by this, because he knew the perfect truth of it. Alice already thought too much about everything she could think of. Her father knew how bad it is, when the bright young time is clouded over with unseasonable cares; and often he had sore misgivings, lest he might be keeping his pet child too much alone. But she only laughed whenever he offered to find her new companions, and said that her cousins at the rectory were enough for her.

"If you please, papa," she now broke in upon his thinking, "how long will it be before you begin to tell me this beautiful story?"

"My own darling, I forgot; I was thinking of you, and not of any trumpery stories. But this is the very day of all days to sift our little mystery. You have often heard, of course, about our old astrologer."

"Of course I have, papa — of course! And with all my heart I love him. Everything the shepherds tell me shows how thoroughly good he was."

"Very well then, all my story is about him, and his deeds."

"Oh papa, then do try, for once in your life, to be in a hurry. I do love everything about him; and I have heard so many things,"

"No doubt you have, my dear; but perhaps of a somewhat fabulous order. His mind, or his manners, or appearance, or at any rate something seems to have left a lasting impression upon the simple folk hereabout."

"Better than a pot of money; an old woman told me the other day, it was better than a pot of money for anybody to dream of him."

"It would do them more good, no doubt. But I have not had a pinch of snuff to-day. You have nearly broken me, Alice; but still you do allow me one pinch when I begin to tell you a good story."

"Three, papa, you shall have three now, and you may take them all at once, because you never told such a story, as I feel sure it is certain to be, in all the whole course of your life before. Now come here, where the sun is setting, so that I may watch the way you are telling every word of it; and if I ask you any questions you must nod your head, but never presume to answer one of them, unless you are sure that it will go on without interrupting the story. Now, papa, no more delay."

CHAPTER V.

THE LEGEND OF THE ASTROLOGER.

Two hundred years before the day when Alice thus sat listening, an ancestor of hers had been renowned in Anatolia. The most accomplished and most learned prince in all lesser Asia was Agasicles Syennesis, descended from Mausolus (made immortal by his mausoleum), and from that celebrated king, Syennesis of Cilicia. There had been, after both these were dead, and much of their repute gone by, creditable and happy marriages in and out their descendants, at a little over and a little under, twenty-two centuries ago; and the best result and issue of all these was now embodied in Prince Agasicles.

The prince was not a patron only, but also an eager student, of the more recondite arts and sciences then in cultivation. Especially he had given his mind to chemistry (including alchemy), mineralogy, and astrology. Devoting himself to these fine subjects, and many others, he seems to have neglected anthropology; so that in his fiftieth year he was but a lonesome bachelor. Troubled at this time of life with many expostulations — genuine on the part of his friends, and emphatic on that of his relatives — he held a long interview with the stars, and taking their advice exactly as they gave and meant it, married a wife the next afternoon, and (so far as he could make out) the right one. This turned out well. His wife went off, on the occasion of her first confinement, leaving him with a daughter, born A.D. 1590, and all women pronounced her beautiful.

The prince now spent his leisure time in thought and calculation. He had almost made his mind up that he was sure to have a son; and here was his wife gone; and how could he risk his life

Digitized by Google

again so? Upon the whole, he made up his mind, that matters might have been worse, although they ought to have been much better, and that he must thank the stars, and not be too hard upon any one; and so he fell to at his science again, and studied almost everything.

In that ancient corner of the world, old Caria, the fine original Leleges looked up to the prince, and loved him warmly, and were ready by night or day to serve him, or to rob him. They saw that now was the finest chance (while he was looking at the stars, with no wife to look out for him) for them to do their duty to their families by robbing him; and this they did with honest comfort, and a sense of going home in the proper way to go.

Prince Agasicles, growing older, felt these troubles more and more. As a general rule, a man growing older has a more extensive knowledge that he must be robbed of course; and yet he scarcely ever seems to reconcile himself with maturing wisdom to the process. And so it happened to this good prince; not that he cared so very much about little trifles that might attract the eye of taste and the hand of skill, but that he could not (even with the aid of all the stars) find anything too valuable to be stolen. Hence, as his daughter, Artemise, grew to the fulness of young beauty, he thought it wise to raise the most substantial barrier he could build betwixt her and the outer world.

There happened to be in that neighbourhood then an active supply of villains. Of this by no means singular fact the prince might well assure himself, by casting his eyes down from the stars to the narrow bosom of his mother earth. But whether thus or otherwise forewarned of local mischief, the Carian prince took a very strong measure, and even a sacrilegious one. In or about the year of our reckoning, 1606, he walled off his daughter, and other goods, in a certain peninsula of his own, clearly displayed in our maps, and as clearly forbidden to be either trenched or walled by a Pythia skilled in trimeter tone, who seems to have been a lady of exceptionally clear conservatism.

The prince, as the sage of the neighbourhood, knew all about this prohibition, and that it was still in force, and must have acquired twentyfold power by the lapse of twenty centuries; and as the sea had retreated a little during that short period, it was evident that Jove had been consistent in the matter. "He never meant it for an island, else he would have made it one." Agasicles therefore felt some doubt about the piety of his proceeding, retaining as he did, in common with his neighbours, some respect for the classic gods. His respect, however, for the stars was deeper, and these told him that young Artemise was likely to be run away with by some bold adventurer. A peninsula was the very thing to suit his purpose, and none could be fairer or snugger than this of his own, the very site of ancient Cnidos, whereof Venus once was queen.

Undeterred by this local affection, or even the warnings of Delphi, the learned prince exerted himself, and by means of a tidy hedge of paliure and aspalathus made the five stades of isthmus proof against even thick-trousered gentlemen, *a fortiori* against the natives all unendowed with pantaloons. Neither might his fence be leaped by any of the roving horsemen — Turks, Cilicians, Pamphylians, Karamanians, or reavers from the chain of Taurus.

This being fixed to his satisfaction, with a couple of sentries at the gate, and one at either end, prompt with matchlocks, and above all, the young lady inside provided with many proverbs, Prince Agasicles set forth on a visit to an Armenian sage, reputed to be as wise as himself almost. With him he discussed Alhasen, Vitellio, and their own contemporary, Kepler, and spent so many hours aloft, that on his return to his native place he discovered his own little oversight. This was so very simple that it required at least a sage and great philosopher to commit it. The learned man appears to have forgotten that the sea is navigable. So it chanced that a gay young Englishman, cruising about in an armed speronera, among the Ægæan islands, and now in the Carpathian sea, hunting after pirates, heard of this Eastern Cynosure, and her walled seclusion. This of course was enough for him. Landing under the promontory where the Cnidian Venus stood, he fell, and falling dragged another, into the wild maze of love.

Mazed they seemed of course, and nearly mad no doubt to other folk. To themselves, however, they were in a new world altogether, far above the level and the intellect of the common world. Artemise forgot her pride, her proverbs, and pretensions; she had lost her own way in the regions of a higher life; and

Digitized by Google

nothing to her was the same as it had been but yesterday. Heart and soul, and height and depth, she trusted herself to the Englishman, and even left her jewels.

Therefore they two launched their bark upon the unknown waters; the damsel with her heart in tempest of the filial duties shattered, and the fatherland cast off, yet for the main part anchored firmly on the gallant fluke of love; the youth in a hurry to fight a giant, if it would elevate him to her.

Artemise, with all her rashness, fared much better than she deserved for leaving an adoring father the wrong side of the quickset hedge. The bold young mariner happened to be a certain Hilary Lorraine, heir of that old house or castle in the Southdown coombe. Possessed with the adventurous spirit of his uncles, the famous Shirley brothers, he had sailed with Raleigh, and made havoc here and there, and seen almost as much of the world as was good for himself or it.

Enlarged by travel, he was enabled to suppress rude curiosity about the wishes of the absent prince; and deferring to a better season the pleasure of his acquaintance, he made all sail with the daughter on board, as set forth already; and those two were made into one, according to the rites of the old Greek Church, in the classic shades of Ida. And to their dying day it never repented either of them — much.

When the prince returned, and found no daughter left to meet him, he failed for a short time to display that self-command upon which he had for years been wont to plume himself. But having improved his condition of mind by a generous bastinado of servants, peasants, and matchlock-men, he found himself reasonably remounting into the sphere of pure intellect. In a night or two an interesting conjunction of heavenly bodies happened, and eclipsed this nebulous world of women.

In a few years' time he began to get presents, eatable, drinkable, and good. Gradually thus he showed his wisdom, by foregoing petty wrath; and when he was summoned to meet a star, militant to his grandson, he could not help ordering his horse.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LEGEND OF THE ASTROLOGER.

ALTHOUGH this prince knew so much more of the heaven above than the earth beneath, he did not quite expect to ride the whole of the way to England. At Smyrna he took ship, and after some difficulties and dangers, landed at Shoreham, full of joy to behold his four grandchildren, who proved to be five by the time he saw them. The Sussex roads were as bad as need be, and worse than could be anywhere else; but the sturdy oxen set their necks to drag through all things, thick or thin; and the prince stuck fast to his coach, as firmly as the coach stuck fast with him. Having never seen any roads before, he thought them a wonderful institution, and though misled by the light of nature to grumble at some of his worst upsets, a little reflection led him softly back into contentment. A mind "irretrievably analytic" at once distinguished wisdom's element in the Sussex reasoners.

"Gin us made thase hyur radds gooder, volk 'ood be radin' down droo 'em avery dai, a'most! The Lard in heaven never made radds as cud ever baide the work, if stranngers cud goo along, wi'out bin vorced to zit down, and mend 'un."

When this was interpreted to his Highness, he was so struck with its clear sound sense, and logical sequence, that he fell back, and for the rest of his journey admired the grandeur of English character. This sentiment, so deeply founded, was not likely to be impaired by further acquaintance with our great nation. For more than a twelvemonth Prince Agasicles made his home in England, and many of his quaint remarks abode on Sussex shepherds' tongues for generations afterwards, recommended as they were by the vantage of princely wisdom. For he picked up quite enough of the language to say odd things as a child does, and with a like simplicity. With this difference, however, that while the great hits of the little ones, by the proud mother chronicled, are the lucky outbursts of happy inexperience, the old man's sage words were the issue of unhappy experience.

Nevertheless he must have owned a genial nature still at work. For he loved to go down the village-lane, when the wind was cold on the highland, and there to wait at a cottage-door, till the children came to stare at him. And soon these children had courage to spy that, in spite of his outlandish dress, pockets were about him, and they whispered as much to one another, while their eyes were testing him. At other times when the

Digitized by Google

wind was soft, and shadows of gentle clouds were shed in chase of one another, this great man who had seen the world, and knew all the stars hanging over it — his pleasure was to wander in and out of the ups and downs and nooks of quaintly-plaited hills, and feast his eyes upon their verdure. After that, when the westering light was spreading the upland ridge with gold, and the glades with grey solemnity, this man of declining years was well content to lean on a bank of turf, and watch the quiet ways of sheep. Often thus his mind was carried back to the land of childhood, soothed as in his nurse's arms by nature's peace around him. And if his dreams were interrupted by the crisp fresh sound of browsing, and the ovine tricks as bright as any human exploits, he would turn and do his best to talk with the lonely shepherds.

These, in their simple way, amused him, with their homely saws, and strange content, and independence; and he no less delighted them by unaccustomed modes of speech, and turns of thought beyond their minds, and distant wisdom quite brought home. Thus, and by many other means, this ancient prince, of noble presence, and of flowing snow-white hair, and vesture undisgraced by tailors, left such trace upon these hills, that even his ghost was well believed to know all the sheep-tracks afterwards.

Pleased with England, and with English scenery and customs, as well as charmed with having five quite baby stars to ephemerise, this great astrologer settled to stay in our country as long as possible. He sent his trusty servant, Memel, in a merchant-ship from Shoreham to fetch his implements and papers, precious things of many kinds, and curiosities long in store. Memel brought all these quite safe, except one little thing or two, which he accounted trifles; but his master was greatly vexed about them.

The prince unpacked his goods most carefully in his own eight-sided room, allowing none but his daughter to help him, and not too sure about trusting her. Then forth he set for a real campaign among the stars of the Southdowns — and supper-call and breakfast-bell were no more than the bark of a dog to him. And thus he spent his nights, alas! forgetful of the different clime, under the cold stars, when by rights he should have been under the counterpane.

This grew worse and worse, until towards the middle of the month of June, A.D. 1611, his mind was altogether much above its proper temperature. Great things were pending in the heavens, which might be quoted as pious excuse for a little human restlessness. The Prince with his implements always ready, either in his lantern-chamber, or at his favourite spot of the hills, according to the weather, grew more and more impatient daily for the sun to be out of the way, and more and more intolerant every night of any cloudiness. Self-perplexed, downcast, and moody (except when for a few brief hours a brighter canopy changed his gloom into a nervous rapture), he wasted and waned away in body, as his mind grew brighter. After the hurried night, he dragged his faint way home in the morning, and his face of exhausted power struck awe into the household. No one dared to ask him what had happened, or why he looked so; and he like a true philosopher kept all explanations to himself. And then he started anew, and strode, with his Samian cloak around him, over the highest and darkest and most lonesome hill, out of people's sight.

One place there was, which beyond all others suited his purposes and his mood. A well-known land-mark now, and the scene of many a merry picnic, Chanctonbury Ring was then a lonely spot imbued with terror of a wandering ghost, — an ancient ghost with a long white beard, walking even in the afternoon, with his head bowed down in search of something — a vain search of centuries. This long-sought treasure has now been found; not by the ghost, however, but by a lucky stroke of the ploughshare; and the spectral owner roves no more. He is supposed, with all the assumption required to make a certainty, to have been a tenant on Chancton Manor, under Earl Gurth, the brother of Harold, and being slain at Hastings, to have forgotten where his treasure lay.

The Ring, as of old, is a height of vantage for searching all the country round with a telescope on a breezy day. It is the salient point and foreland of a long ridge of naked hills, crowned with darker eminence by a circle of storm-huddled trees. But when the astrologer Agasicles made his principal night-haunt here, the Ring was not overhung with trees, but only outlined by them; and the rampart of the British camp (if such it were) was more distinct, and uninvaded by planters. So that here was the very place for a quiet sage to make his home, sweeping a long horizon and secure from interruption. To such a citadel of science, guard-

Digitized by Google

ed by the fame of ghosts, even his daughter Artemise, or his trusty servant Memel, would scarcely dare to follow him; much less any of the peasants, who, from the lowland, seeing a distant light, crossed themselves; for that fine old custom flourished still among them. Therefore, here his tent was pitched, and here he spent the nights in gazing, and often the days in computation, not for himself but for his descendants; until his frame began to waste, and his great dark eyes grew pale with it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LEGEND OF THE ASTROLOGER.

ARTEMISE, and all around the prince. had been alarmed of late by many little symptoms. He always had been rashly given to take no heed of his food or clothes; but now he went beyond all that, and would have no one take heed for him, or dare to speak of the matter much. Hence, without listening to any nonsense, all the women were sure of one thing — the prince was wearing himself away.

The country people who knew him, and loved him with a little mystery, said that it was no wonder he should worry himself, for being so long away from home, in manners, and in places also. "Sure it must be a trial for him; out all night in the damp and fog; and he no sense of breeches!"

There was much of truth in this, no doubt, as well as much outside it. Yet none of them could enter into his peculiar state of mind. So that he often reproached himself for having been rude, but could not help it. Every one made allowance for him, as Englishmen do for a foreigner, as being of a somewhat lower order, in many ways, in creation. Yet with a mixture of mind about it, they admired him more and more.

The largeness of his nature still was very conspicuous in this, — he never brought his telescope to bear on his own planet. His heart was reaching so far forward into future ages, that he strove to follow downwards nine or ten entails of stars. To know what was to become of all that were to be descended from him; a highly interesting, but also a deeply exhausting question. This perpetual effort told very hard upon his constitution, for nothing less than fatal worry could have so impaired his native grace and lofty courtesy.

Yet before his sudden end, a softer and more genial star was culminant one evening. When one's time comes to be certain — whether by earthly senses, or by influence of heaven — of the buoyant balance turning, and the slender span outspun, tender thinkings, and kind wishes, come to the good side of us. Through this power, the petty troubles, and the crooked views of life, and the ambition to make others better than we care to be, and every other little turn of wholesome self-deception — these drop off, and leave us sinking into a sense of having lived, and made a humble thing of it.

Whether this be so or not, upon the 18th day of June in the year 1611, Prince Agasicles came home rather hot, and very tired, and fain for a little sleep, if such there were, to wear out weariness. But still he had heavy work left for that night; as a mighty comet had lately appeared, and scared the earth abundantly; yet now he had two or three hours to spare, and they might as well be happy ones. Therefore he sent for his daughter to come, and see to his food and such like, and then to sit with him some few minutes, and to watch the sunset.

Artemise, still young and lovely, knew of course, from Eastern wisdom, that woman's right is to do no wrong. So that she came at once when called, and felt as a mother ought to feel, that she multiplied her obedience vastly, by bringing all her children. Being in a soft state of mind, the old man was glad to see them all, and let them play with him as freely as childhood's awe of white hair allowed. Then he laid his hand upon Roger, the heir of the house, and blessed him on his way to bed; and after that he had his supper, waited on by Artemise, who was very grateful for his kindness to her children. So that she brought him the right thing, exactly at the right moment, without overcrowding him; and then she poured him sparkling wine, and comforted his weary feet, and gave him a delicious pipe of Persian meconopsis (free from the bane of opium, yet more dreamy than tobacco). Also she sprinkled round him delicate attar of the Vervain (sprightlier and less oppressive than the scent of roses), until his white beard ceased to flutter, and the strong lines of his face relaxed into soft drowsiness.

Observing thence the proper time, when sweet sleep was incroaching, and haste, and heat, and sudden temper were as far away as can be from a man of Eastern blood, Artemise, his daughter, touched him with the smile which he

Digitized by Google

used to love, when she was two years old and upward; and his thoughts without his knowledge flew back to her mother.

"Father to me, father dearest," she was whispering to him, in the native tongue which charms the old, as having lulled their cradles; "father to me, tell what trouble has together fallen on you in this cold and foreign land."

Melody enough was still remaining, in the most melodious of all mortal languages, for a child to move a father into softer memories, at the sound of ancient music thus revived, and left to dwell.

"Child of my breast," the prince replied, in the very best modern Hellenic, "a strong desire to sleep again hath overcome mine intellect."

"Thus is it the more suited, father, for discourse with such as mine. Let your little one share the troubles of paternal wisdom."

Suasion more than this was needed, and at every stage forthcoming, more skilfully than English words or even looks could render, ere ever the paternal wisdom might be coaxed to unfold itself; and even so it was not disposed to be altogether explicit.

"Ask me no more," he said at last; "enough that I foresee great troubles overhanging this sad house."

"Oh father, when, and how, and what? How shall we get over them, and why should we encounter them? And will my husband or my children ——"

The prince put up one finger, as if to say, "Ask one thing at a time," the while he ceased not to revolve many and sad counsels in his venerable head, and in his gaze deep pity mingled with a father's pride and love. Then he spoke three words in a language which she did not comprehend, but retained their sound, and learned before her death that they meant this — "Knowledge of trouble trebles it."

"Now, best-loved father," she exclaimed, perceiving that his face was set to tell her very little, "behold how many helpless ones depend upon my knowledge of the evils I must shield them from. It is — nay, by your eyes — it is the little daughter whom you always cherished with such love and care, who now is the cause of a mind perplexed, as often she has been to you. Father, let not our affairs lay such burden on your mind, but spread them out and lighten it. Often, as our saying hath it, oftentimes the ear of folly is the purse for wisdom's gems."

"I hesitate not, I doubt no longer. I do not divide my mind in twain. The wisdom of them that come after me carries off and transcends mine own, as a mountain doth a half-peck basket. Wherefore, my daughter Artemise, wife of the noble Englishman with whom she ran away from Caria, and mother of my five grand-children, she is worthy to know all that I have learned from heaven; ay, and she shall know it all."

"Father to me dearest, yes! Oh how noble and good of you!"

"She shall know all," continued the prince, with a gaze of ingenuous confidence, and counting on his fingers slowly; "it may be sooner, or it may be later; however, I think one may safely promise a brilliant knowledge of everything in five years after we have completed the second century from this day. But now the great comet is waiting for me. Let me have my boots again. Uncouth, barbarous, frightful things! But in such a country needful."

His daughter obeyed without a word, and hid her disappointment. "It is only to wait till to-morrow," she thought, "and then to fill him a larger pipe, and coax him a little more perhaps, and pour him more wine of Burgundy."

To-morrow never came for him, except in the way the stars come. In the morning he was missed, and sought for, and found dead and cold at the end of his longest telescope. In Chanctonbury Ring he died, and must have known, for at least a moment, that his death was over him; for among the stars of his jotting-chart was traced, in trembling charcoal, "Sepeli, ubi cecidi" — "Bury me where I have fallen."

CHAPTER VIII.

ALICE LORRAINE, with no small excitement, heard from her father's lips this story of their common ancestor. Part of it was already known to her, through traditions of the country; but this was the first time the whole had been put into a connected narrative. She wondered, also, what her father's reason could be for thus recounting to her this piece of family history, which had never been (as she felt quite sure) confided to her brother Hilary; and, like a young girl, she was saying to herself as he went on — "Shall I ever be fit to compare with that lovely Artemise, my ever-so-long-back grandmother, as the village people call it? and will that fine old astrologer see that the stars do their duty to us? and was the

Digitized by Google

great comet that killed him the one that frightens me every night so? and why did he make such a point of dying without explaining anything?"

However, what she asked her father was a different question from all these.

"Oh papa, how kind of you to tell me all that story! But what became of Artemise — 'Lady Lorraine' I suppose she was?"

"No, my dear; 'Mistress Lorraine,' or 'Madame Lorraine' perhaps they called her. The old earldom had long been lost, and Roger, her son, who fell at Naseby, was the first baronet of our family. But as for Artemise herself — the daughter of the astrologer, and wife of Hilary Lorraine, she died at the birth of her next infant, within a twelvemonth after her father; and then it was known why he had been so reluctant to tell her anything."

"Oh I am so sorry for her! Then she is that beautiful creature hanging third from the door in the gallery, with ruches beautifully picked out and glossy, and wonderful gold lace on her head, and long hair, and lovely emeralds hanging down as if they were nothing."

"Yes," said Sir Roland, smiling at his daughter's style of description, "that of course is the lady; and the portrait is clearly a likeness. At one time we thought of naming you after her — 'Artemise Lorraine' — for your nurse discovered that you were like her at the mature age of three days."

"Oh papa, how I wish you had! It would have sounded so much nicer, and so beautifully romantic."

"Just so, my child; and therefore, in these matter-of-fact times, so deliciously absurd. Moreover, I hope that you will not be like her, either in running away from your father, or in any other way — except her kindness and faithfulness."

He was going to say "in her early death;" but a sudden touch of our natural superstition stopped him.

"Papa, how dare you speak as if any one ever, in all the world, could be fit to compare with you? But now you must tell me one little thing — why have you chosen this very day, which ought to be such a happy one, for telling me so sad a tale, that a little more would have made me cry?"

"The reason, my Lallie, is simple enough. This happens to be the very day when the two hundred years are over; and the astrologer's will, or whatever the document is, may now be opened."

"His will, papa! Did he leave a will? And none of us ever heard of it!"

"My dear, your acquaintance with his character is, perhaps, not exhaustive. He may have left many wills without wishing to have them published; at any rate you shall have the chance before it grows dark, to see what there is."

"Me! or I — whichever is right? — me, or I to do such a thing! Papa, when I was six years old I could stand on my head; but now I have lost the art, alas!"

"Now, Alice, do try to be sensible, if you ever had such an opening. You know that I do not very often act rashly; but you will make me think I have done so now, unless you behave most steadily."

"Papa, I am steadiness itself; but you must make allowance for a little upset at the marvels heaped upon me."

"My dear child, there are no marvels; or, at any rate, none for you to know. All you have to do is to go, and to fetch a certain document. Whether you know any more about it is a question for me to consider."

"Oh papa — to raise me up so, and to cast me down like that! And I was giving you credit for having trusted me so entirely! And very likely you would not even have sent me for this document, if you had your own way about it."

"Alice," Sir Roland answered, smiling at her knowledge of him, "you happen to be particularly right in that conjecture. I should never have thought of sending you to a lonely and forsaken place if I were allowed to send any one else, or to go myself. And I have not been happy at thinking about it ever since the morning."

"My father, do you think that I could help rejoicing in such a job? It is the very thing to suit me. Where are the keys, papa? Do be quick."

"I have no intention, my dear child, of hurrying either you or myself. There is plenty of time to think of all things. The sun has not set, and that happens to be one of the little things we have to look to."

"Oh, how very delightful, papa! That makes it so much more beautiful. And it is the astrologer's room, of course."

"My dear, it strikes me that you look rather pale, in the midst of all your transports. Now, don't go if you are at all afraid."

"Afraid, papa! Now you want to provoke me. You quite forget both my age, it appears, and the family I belong to."

Digitized by Google

"My pet, you never allow us to be very long forgetful of either of those great facts; but I trust I have borne them both duly in mind, and I fear that I should even enhance, most needlessly, your self-esteem, if I were to read you the directions which I now am following. For, strangely enough, they do contain predictions as to your character such as we cannot yet perceive (much as we love you) to have come to pass."

"Oh, but who are the 'we,' papa? If everybody knows it — even grandmamma, for instance — what pleasure can I hope to find in ever having been predicted?"

"You may enjoy that pleasure, Alice, as exclusively as you please. Even your grandmother knows nothing of the matter we have now in hand; or else — at least I should say perhaps that, if it were otherwise ——"

"She would have been down here, of course, papa, and have marched up to the room herself; but, if the whole thing belongs to one's self, nothing can be more delightful than to have been predicted, especially in glowing terms such as I beg you now, papa, to read in glowing tones to me."

"Alice, I do not like that style of — what shall I call it? — on your part. *Persiflage*, I believe is the word; and I am glad that there is no English one. It is never graceful in any woman, still less in a young girl like you. Hilary brought it from Oxford first; and perhaps he thought it excellent. Lay it aside now, once and for all. It hopes to seem a clever thing, and it does not even succeed in that."

At these severe words, spoken with a decided attempt at severity, Alice fell back, and could only drop her eyes and wonder what could have made her father so cross upon his birthday. But, after the smart of the moment, she began to acknowledge to herself that her father was right and she was wrong. This flippant style was foreign to her, and its charms must be foregone.

"I beg your pardon, father dear," she said, looking softly up at him; "I know that I am not clever, and I never meant to seem so."

"Quite right, Alice; never attempt to do anything impossible." Saying this to her, Sir Roland said to himself that, after all, he should like to know very much where to find any girl half so clever as Lallie, or any girl even a quarter so good, and so loving, and so beautiful.

"The sun is almost gone behind the curve of the hill, and the scrubby beech, and the nick cut in the gorsebush. Alice, you know we only see it for just the Midsummer week like that."

Alice came with her eyes already quit of every trace of tears; with vanity and all petty feelings melting into larger thought. The beauty of the world would often come around and overcome her, so that she felt nothing else.

"The sun must always be the same," Sir Roland said, rather doubtfully, after waiting for Alice to begin. "No doubt he must always be the same; but still the great Herschel seems to think that even the sun is changing. If he is fed by comets (as our old astronomers used to say), he ought to be doing very well just now. Alice, the sun is above ground still, for people on the hill-top, and there is the comet already kindling!"

"Of course he is, papa; he never waits for the sun's convenience. But I must not say that — I forgot. There would be no English name for it — would there now, papa?"

"You little tyrant, what troubles I would inflict upon you if I studied the stars! But I scarcely know the belt of Orion from the Northern Crown. Astronomy does not appear to have taken deep root in our family; but look, there is part of the sun again emerging under Chancton! In five minutes more he will be quite gone; now is the time for me to read these queer directions, which contain so poetical an account of you."

Alice, warned by his former words, and reduced to proper humility, did not speak while her father opened the small strip of parchment, at which she had so long been peeping curiously.

"It is written in Latin," Sir Roland said, "and has been handed from father to son unsealed, and as you see it, from the time of the prince till our time."

"May I see it, papa? What a very clear hand! but you must translate it for me."

"Then here it is: — 'To the father and master of the family of Lorraine, whoever shall be in the year, according to Christian computation, 1811, Agasicles Syennesis, the Carian, bids hail. Do thou, on the 18th day of June, when the sun has well descended, or departed' — *decesserit* the word is — 'send thy eldest daughter, without any companion, to the astronomer's *cœnaculum*' — why, he never ate supper, the poor old fellow, unless it was the one he died of — 'and there let her search in a closet or cup

Digitized by Google

board'—*in secessu muri*, the words are, as far as I can make out—'and she will find a small document, which to me has been in great price. There will also be something else, to be treated *pro re nata*'—that means according to circumstances—'and according to the orders in the document aforesaid. The virgin will be brave, and beautiful, ready to give herself for the house, and of swiftly-growing prudence. If there be no such virgin then the need for her will not have arisen. It is necessary that no young man should go, and my document must lie hidden for another century. It is not possible that any one of uncertain skill should be certain. But there ought to be a great comet also burning in the sky, of the same complexion as the one that makes my calculations doubtful. Farewell, whosoever thou shalt be, from me descended, and obey me.'

"Papa, I declare, it quite frightens me. How could he have predicted me, for instance, and this great comet, and even you?"

"Then you think that you answer to your description! My darling, I do believe that you do. But you never shall 'give yourself for the house,' or for fifty thousand houses. Now, will you have anything to do with this strange affair; or will you not? Much rather would I hear you say that you will have nothing to do with it, and that the old man's book may sleep for at least another century."

"Now, papa, you know how much you would be disappointed in me. And do you think that I could have any self-respect remaining? And beside all that, how could I hope to sleep in my bed with all those secrets ever dangling over me?"

"That last is a very important point. With your excitable nature you had better go always through a thing. It was the same with your dear mother. Here are the keys, my daughter. I really feel ashamed to dwell so long on a mere superstition."

From Temple Bar.

LAMARTINE.

By the Author of "Mirabeau."

"I was born," says Lamartine in the opening of his charming Memoirs, "in the very midst of the French Revolution—a time of passion, folly, and fury of parties on all sides. My first recollections are of a father in prison; of a mother a captive on parole in her house, under a revolutionary guard; of the songs of the 'Marseillaise' and the 'Ca Ira' sung in the streets, and echoing, as it were, the anguish in the bosom of the families around us; of the dull thuds which followed the strokes of the guillotine in our public squares; of the march of half-scared troops all day long on the highways. I used myself to sing the songs I heard others sing, poor little unintelligent echo that I was of a world into which I had just entered amidst smiles and tears!"

The Lamartines were an ancient and noble family of Burgundy. The father of our Lamartine, a younger son, married the daughter of M. de Roys, Comptroller-General of the Finances of the Duc d'Orléans. Most exquisite and touching is the picture which Alphonse has bequeathed us of his mother; beautiful, gentle, pious, charitable, devoted to her children, a perfect pattern of every womanly virtue: and that this picture is not the highly-coloured effusion of filial love is proved by the fact that even unto the present day (or at least until recently), according to the testimony of a contemporary writer, her memory is fondly cherished at Mâcon.

During the fury of the Revolution the grandfather and grandmother, both over eighty years of age, and the father but a few months wedded, were dragged from their homes and cast into prison. The son has told us very beautifully how the young wife with her first-born infant took up her abode in a garret overlooking the prison, an old convent in Mâcon, and how, by the connivance of a friendly jailer, the husband was confined in a room at the top of the building which commanded a view of that garret window; how the unhappy pair could thus exchange signs with each other, and by-and-by, by means of a bow and arrow, letters; how on her knees she begged mercy of the proconsul of the Convention, how she softened the heart of the fierce republican, and how, probably owing to this, her husband was *forgotten* until the fall of the Terrorists opened his prison-doors.

By a strange good fortune every member of the family escaped the guillotine.

Alphonse was born at Mâcon in the year 1790; but his childhood was passed at Milly in a quaint old building, half château, half farmhouse, a portion of his

Digitized by Google

father's small heritage, upon which the Revolutionists had left indelible marks of their patriotism, *i.e.* destructiveness. Here Monsieur and Madame de Lamartine passed the greater portion of their lives, and here their children, one son and five or six daughters, were born. Their income was a very modest one, only two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Alphonse has bequeathed us several delightful sketches of this home life, and of the simple manners of provincial France of the period. Here are two winter pictures:

The evening is closing in; the doors of the little country-house are shut. The bark of the house-dog outside gives notice from time to time of any strange step. A sharp autumn shower rattles against the panes of two low windows, while the wind, blowing in gusts through the plane-trees, and sweeping their branches towards the outside shutters, produces that melancholy whistle which we sometimes hear in a great pine wood before a storm. The room I am describing is large, but nearly bare of furniture. At the bottom is a deep alcove, in which stands a bed. The curtains of this bed are of white serge edged with blue. This is my mother's. On four wooden chairs at the foot of the bed rest two cradles. They contain my two little sisters, who have been asleep for a long time. A cheerful fire of pine logs crackles on a stone hearth beyond, with a white marble chimney-piece, of which the revolutionary hammer has broken the arms in the centre, together with the *fleurs-de-lis* ornaments on each side. Even the iron plate at the back of the fireplace has been turned inside out, because it bore on its surface the arms of the king. The ceiling is of old wooden beams blackened with smoke. There is no carpet or inlaid parquet, only square unvarnished tiles, and these broken in a hundred places by the heavy hobnailed shoes of the peasants, who had made this room a dancing-hall during my father's imprisonment. No paper or hangings of any sort adorn the walls. You see that the plaster is broken away in many places, showing the stone of the outside wall, just as a torn frock would display a little beggar child's legs. In one corner is an open piano with different pieces of music (among the rest, Jean-Jacques Rousseau's "Divin du village") scattered over the instrument. Near the fireplace, in the middle of the room, is a little card-table, of which the green baize cover is all marked with inkstains and with little holes in the stuff. On the table flare two tallow candles in two silver-plated candlesticks, which throw a little light and a great many flickering shadows on the whitewashed walls of the room.

Here follows a description of the personal appearance of his mother and father, which space will not permit me to give, as I cannot refrain from quoting the following charming description of a primitive life which seems to be centuries distant from us of to-day:

Then (that is, after the vintage) began the spinning of the flax and hemp in the evenings at home; or else the cracking of the walnuts, which was the last gay work of the season for the villagers. The mistress of the house, by the light of a rustic lamp called a *creuse-yeux*, gathered round the large kitchen table, children, servants, visitors, and neighbours. The men went to the cellar and brought out huge sacks of nuts, of which the husk, already half rotten, was easily detached from the shell, and threw them on the floor. Every one, armed with a hammer, set to work on a heap of rich fruit before him, to crack the nuts carefully, and take out the kernel (if possible entire) and put them in little heaps, either for sale or for the oil mill. Gay laughter and innocent conversation echoed from one end of the room to the other, and made the work seem like play. When all was done, dancing began, and generally continued till midnight.

It was the same with the weaving of the hemp and flax, which used to occupy the winter evenings in the great barn until the tow merchants came round and bargained for the long hanks of yarn and vegetable silk, the product of which was the gain of the wives and daughters and women-servants of the house, and often served to keep them in clothes altogether. We used to take our share in all these works with our servants and peasants, as was the custom in those primitive days. The presence of our gentle mother was a check on any light or improper word or action; for she had won the respect and love of the whole neighbourhood.

Sometimes the family passed the whole year at Milly, but more frequently the winter months were spent at Mâcon, where, after a time, Monsieur de Lamartine purchased a town-house.

Such were the scenes among which Alphonse was reared until the eleventh year of his age, the period at which he was sent away to school. He received his education principally at the celebrated Jesuit college at Belley, on the borders of Savoy, where he won the brightest laurels of scholarship. When Napoleon dispersed the Jesuits, he returned home.

His parents were greatly influenced by the wishes and opinions of M. de Lamartine's brothers and sisters, from whom they had great expectations, more especially for Alphonse, whose future fortune was largely dependent upon their good will. These magnates were intensely proud and intensely Legitimatist, consequently their prejudices would not per-

Digitized by Google

mit the young man to go to the bar or to serve the Bonapartist government in any capacity. Thus, during the autumn and winter following his return from college, he remained idle and melancholy beneath the paternal roof.

Being ardent, dreamy, poetical, of course he fell in love. The object of his passion was a very pretty girl of his own age, with whom he read Ossian, and to whom he wrote Ossianic verses — replied to in the same strain — under whose chamber window he used to wander in cold winter nights to catch a glimpse of a white hand waved responsive from the casement. One bitter snowy night they met in her father's garden, she descending from her window by means of a ladder which he had brought with him; they seated themselves upon a snow-covered bench, very shy, very embarrassed, when lo! before they could utter the tender thoughts that trembled upon their lips, their *tête-à-tête* was suddenly interrupted by the barking of Alphonse's dog, who unknown to him had followed his master. This put the lovers to flight. The escapade was discovered, and it was thought desirable that the young man should break the association by a journey to Italy.

Italy has ever been the dream of his life; he embraces the idea with enthusiasm, and starts for Leghorn in company with a newly-married couple, relatives of his mother's. After a time they return to France, but Alphonse, now alone, goes on to Florence, and thence to the Eternal City. His travelling companions are Davide, a then famous singer, and a youth whom Alphonse supposes to be his son. Upon their arrival at Rome, the three lodge at the same inn, and to his great surprise our hero discovers the supposed youth to be a very beautiful woman, one of Davide's company.

Camilla (such was her name), he tells us, knew the town by heart, and used to take me at the best hours for seeing this beautiful city — the morning under the stone pines in the Pincio; the evening under the shade of the grand Colonnade of St. Peter's; by moonlight in the solemn enclosure of the Coliseum; and in the glorious autumn days to Albano, Frascati, or the Temple of the Sibyl, echoing with the foaming cascades of Tivoli. Camilla was bright and gay, like a figure of eternal youth amidst these vestiges of bygone times; she danced on the tomb of Cecilia Metella; and while I was sitting dreaming upon a funeral mole, her beautiful voice echoed through the Palace of Diocletian. In the evening we returned to the city, our carriage full of flowers and fragments of marbles, and rejoined our old companion, Davide, who took us to finish our day in his opera-box.

The fair singer, he adds, had no feeling for him beyond a brotherly liking, nor did his own affection, spite her beauty, pass beyond that limit.

When Camilla and Davide depart, he is again alone; he falls in love with a beautiful artist named Bianca Boni, by whom he is very scornfully treated. In the autumn of 1811 he departs for Naples. He has given a very graphic picture of the impression produced upon him by the sudden transition from the sombre stillness of Rome to the bustle of this gay city.

The effect was magical [he says]. Rome was a monastery, Naples the garden of Eden. Nature and man seem to have combined to produce this most perfect spot. The grotto of Pausilippo, where you pass through utter darkness to find on the other side the green plain of Pozzuoli and the azure bay of Baiæ; Virgil's tomb, where the old poet seems to sleep under his laurels to the lulling tune of the sea-waves; the ten thousand villas which crowd the Chiaja; the never-ceasing noise and bustle of the Via di Toledo; the royal palace and its terrace; the theatre; the market-place; the different cries and costumes of the men, women, and children selling fish upon the shore; the monasteries and church steeples; the religious habits mingled with the peasants' dresses; the beautiful country-house of the king rising like a white phantom from its groups of cypresses and Italian pines; another palace, like the Reine Jeanne, jutting its bistre-coloured rocks into the sea; Vesuvius soaring above all, with its light cloud of smoke, like a priestess playing with the coals of her censer; add to this a sun without a cloud filling one's heart with gladness, and a sky of the deepest ultramarine.

His mother had sent him letters of introduction to a M. de la Chavanne, the director of the tobacco manufactory, at whose house he by-and-by takes up his abode.

Among the young girls employed in the manufactory is one named Graziella, who is given him for an attendant; she is the daughter of a fisherman of the island of Procida, and is destined to produce a lasting impression upon the young man's life and genius, and to be immortalized by him in prose and verse. He thus describes her in Procitanian costume:

On her feet she had little yellow slippers without heels, of which the leather was finely embroidered in red and silver; her blue stockings seemed not to be knitted but woven in

Digitized by Google

some kind of bright stuff. A woollen petticoat with a multitude of fine-plaited folds, and of a dark yet bright brown shade, fell to her feet; a bodice of green velvet cut square, and made into a point both before and behind, revealed her neck and bosom, both of which were modestly covered by a chemisette of fine lace and embroidery closely buttoned down the front. The sleeves and waistcoat were trimmed with rich braiding and embroidery, and are alike for rich and poor. The head-dress, except on a journey, consisted of nothing but a profusion of raven black hair, rolled in a thick cable round the head, like a living turban. Her throat and ears were ornamented with a beautiful necklace and earrings of Greek workmanship, and of very fine gold, the pendants of which clicked like the little bells of a horse in a circus. The blushing face of the child revealed a mixture of shame and bashfulness, partly with the consciousness of her own beauty and partly with the sense of our appreciation of it.

He goes away with Herr von Humboldt, the diplomatist, on a tour in Calabria. When he returns Graziella has disappeared, leaving a note behind her. It runs thus: "From the moment you departed I felt I could no longer stay; I shall never see thee again." And the paper is blistered with tear-marks. She has returned to her home. Thither, after a little while, he follows her in company with a friend named Virieu. In all his writings there is no more beautiful episode than that (in his "Confidences") which describes his life upon the lovely Grecian island, where, amidst the primitive inhabitants, lapped in the soft luxury of the delicious climate, he forgets for months, home, friends, and the artificial world to which he belongs. His days are passed idly floating upon the sunlit waters of the Mediterranean, or beneath the shadows of the trellised vines — a few books and Graziella for his companions; the nights are spent wandering upon the sea-beat shore beneath the burning constellations of the southern heavens, his whole soul steeped in the soft love-breathing languor of the perfumed air. How dangerous such a companionship to two young hearts, but more especially to *hers*, and he is so handsome, so gentle, so refined, so different to the associations by which she is surrounded! One stormy night her father's boat, although it has been drawn up on the strand, is beaten to pieces by the waves; the family's sole means of support is thus destroyed. While they are bemoaning their hard fate Alphonse and his friend put their small stock of money together, and, without a word of their intention, depart to seek for a trim-built vessel to supply the place of the wreck. The joy and gratitude of the poor people when, without a word of preparation, the boat is brought round opposite their cottage, may be imagined. Sometimes, after dark, their guest reads to them. One night he selects "Paul and Virginia." They listen to the sweet pathetic story with tear-streaming eyes. Graziella holds the lamp, absorbed, spell-bound, drawing closer and closer to the reader as the interest rises, until her breath fans his cheek. He breaks off in the middle, reserving the catastrophe for the next evening. They entreat, implore him to proceed, but he is inexorable. The following night they gather round him in eager expectancy. When he comes to the catastrophe, their deep, convulsive sobs fill the hut. The next day they move about solemnly, mournfully, as under the shadow of death.

A young fisherman, well-to-do, becomes a suitor for Graziella's hand. The proposal excites in her only horror, and when her parents grow peremptory she disappears from her home. They know not whither she has fled; the island is searched, for a time in vain. At length Alphonse finds her in a religious cell, her beautiful hair cut off, and in all but a dying state from fasting and weeping. At length his mother writes to his friend Virieu, who has returned to Naples, for an explanation of the suspicious life he is leading at the island. Virieu comes over and almost drags him away, leaving Graziella heart-broken and senseless in her mother's arms.

He returns to Mâcon. Soon afterwards a traveller brings him a letter; it is her last farewell. She survived his departure but a few days; her last thoughts had been for him. In one of his sweetest poems, which bears her name, he thus describes the spot that contains the ashes of this pathetic love-story:

Sur la plage sonore où la mer de Sorrente
Déroule ses flots au pied de l'oranger,
Il est, près du sentier, sous la haie odorante,
Une petite pierre étroite et indifférente,
Aux distraits de l'Etranger;
La Giroflée y cache un seul nom sous gerbes,
Un nom que nul écho n'a jamais répété.
Quelquefois cependant le passant arrêté,
Lisant l'âge et la date en écartant les herbes,
Et sentant dans ses yeux quelques larmes courir,
Dit, "Elle avait seize ans! c'est bientôt pour mourir."

The memory of this hapless love sinks

Digitized by Google

deep into his heart, and develops into morbid, Byronic melancholy, out of which by-and-by will come poetry, Byronic in its beauty and sadness, to stir the heart of Europe. Ah, why did he not remain in that beautiful island, make Graziella his wife, turn fisherman, and forsake forever the cold artificial life of what is called civilization? What to him are the people of this petty provincial town? He and they are divided by gulfs as impassable as though they were separate creations; they have no ideas, no sympathies in common. With them to be a perfect whist-player is to attain the summit of earthly genius. And to mingle with and pander to these soulless beings; to lead this idle listless life upon which no prospect dawns, he has forsaken that glorious land of eternal sunshine, those simple, kindly people, and condemned that gentle heart to death. "My God!" he writes, "I have often regretted that I was born. I have often wished to fall back even into nothingness rather than advance through so many falsehoods, so many sufferings, and so many successive losses towards that loss of ourselves which we call death."

Such is the common wail of genius in this nineteenth century. There is no such burden to the song of Homer and Virgil, nor to that of Tasso; not even to that of Dante, certainly not to Chaucer's nor Shakespeare's. These men of an older age enjoyed life with a more cheerful and robust philosophy: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we may die." But the thought cast no sadness over the feast; they were content to take life as it is; they felt the sorrow of to-day, but anticipated not the woe of to-morrow; when unafflicted by any extraordinary trouble, the mere sense of animal life was happiness. Death cast not his shadow before him in those days. But the morbid preponderance of the intellectual over the physical which characterizes the poetical temperament of our own time robs the world of its gladness. Over the sunlit earth, teeming with the life of summer; over the noble forms of men, over the beauty of women, the dark angel ever sits brooding. All that we hold for dear and beautiful is but a masked corruption, dust and ashes, to be swept into a tomb. Fatal truths all, but imparting a morbid tone to thought if the mind be ever dwelling upon them. Symptoms of disease, marking perhaps the first stages of the world's decay.

There seems to have been a constant struggle going on in Lamartine's mind between the real and the ideal. He was sentimental rather than passionate. In spite of his love romances there was an element of coldness in his nature which, while it preserved him from error, degenerated into fastidiousness. "It was not," says a contemporary writer, "so much a woman that was necessary to Lamartine as Eve before the serpent, perfect, divine, immaculate in all things."

Tortured by bitter memories; consumed by a restless, ambitious spirit that could find no field for action, by a morbid imagination that fed upon its own moody melancholy; a solitary wanderer among the wild romantic scenery of Burgundy—thus passes away another twelvemonth of his life. Then he goes to Paris, plunges into the excitement of gambling, contracts heavy debts, from which perils he is rescued by his devoted mother, who wins him back to his home once more.

Hope at length dawns in the young man's dark horizon. Paris is occupied by the Allies, and Louis the Eighteenth is proclaimed. Alphonse dons the white scarf and departs to join the King. His father presents him at Court, and he is enrolled in the royal body guard. After remaining at Paris for some time, he removes into garrison at Beauvais. There he resumes his old solitary wanderings, and begins writing those poems known hereafter as "Les Méditations Poétiques." His favourite resort is a deserted vineyard, where he reclines in

> A hollow formed by the furrows and shaded by the vine leaves, where I had made myself a little seat invisible to all eyes. I used to gather the leaves round me, breathing in their sweet aromatic smell, and wishing for nothing else on earth. Sometimes the shade of Graziella under the vines of Ischia came before me and fell upon the open book. . . . These hours were spent either in sorrowful remembrance of the past and in tears, as a well-known face seemed to rise up before me which was engraven forever on my heart; or in writing disconnected verses to her memory, in which my grief was mingled with remorse; or in dreaming of the future, on the threshold of which I was then standing.

He returns to Mâcon on leave, and by-and-by comes the news that "Napoleon has escaped from Elba, and is marching with a handful of troops across the mountains to Grenoble." He hurries back to Paris. "The town," he says, "was in a strange state of dumb consternation, like a place where there is but one feeling." But the cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" which

Digitized by Google

follow the King to the Chamber of Deputies next day, seem to him "like the oath of the whole nation." He rejoins his corps; finds them full of zeal, willing, like himself, to die for the King. The enthusiasm is general. Paris will be buried under her ruins rather than yield! Fidelity to the Court spreads throughout the population. Every one enrolls himself as a volunteer. They will meet the usurper on the plains of Villejuif. But, alas! when the day which was to have been the day of battle comes, there are neither soldiers nor leaders; all have deserted. Nothing is left to the Court but flight. At midnight the little escort of retreating majesty commences its march from the capital.

Nothing can paint the despair of the people when they saw, through the glimmering darkness, that the last defenders of the King were leaving the city. The inhabitants were crying at their doors, while their wives and children brought us wine and food; our own tears fell while consternation filled every breast; curses on the Emperor echoed from house to house; and we ourselves knew not where we were going.

And so, in the silence of the night, under a freezing March rain, the King, the Comte d'Artois, the Duc d'Angoulême, the Duc de Berri, and their few adherents, take the route to Lille. "No one spoke. The pride of France was humbled to the dust."

At Bethune the escort is dismissed, and Alphonse has to return home through a country which, as he recedes from the north, becomes more and more hostile. Finding that if he remains in France he has no alternative but to serve the Emperor, he passes into Switzerland. Here a rumour reaches him that a small army of royalists is being organized at La Chaux-de-Fond, under the direction of the Abbé Lafond. He makes various inquiries respecting this gathering, but cannot discover any one who has any knowledge of the fact. So he goes to seek the Abbé, and finds him at the village inn — "a little man between thirty and forty, with a beaming face;" to whom he imparts his desire of joining that army which is to fight for the King against the Emperor, and ends by asking the very pertinent question, "Where is the army?" "The army!" exclaims Monsieur l'Abbé; "why, it is I! there is no other." "What!" cries Alphonse, "no army?" "None," replies the Abbé, smiling. "Men, after all, are nothing; it is the idea which is all in all; the idea is mine, and if I can persuade every one from here to Besançon, as I have done, that a formidable army has been formed upon this frontier, ready to act when the time comes, is it not as useful, and as much to be dreaded by the enemy, as if, indeed, numberless battalions were prepared to enter France to bear succour to the Royalists? Without money, without pay, without soldiers, without arms, I keep a whole province in check. Stay with me, we shall be two instead of one; and when the Emperor has been defeated by the armies of Europe, we shall have been believed to have led a general insurrection, and the east of France will think that their deliverence is owing to us."

But Alphonse is not to be persuaded by the Abbé's eloquence. He now takes up his abode in a boatman's house upon the borders of Lake Leman. Here, amidst

Nature the most ideal, scenery the most perfect, solitude the most entire, society the most innocent and limited — a boatman and his daughter — a tiny room, a swallow, a mouse, a dog, a lake and an horizon, a vague hope of a glorious future, and a bright colouring of youth throwing its halo over all — this was surely everything that humanity could desire. No! never have I lived days that equalled those peaceful hours at Narnier. My spirit of melancholy could not again find such an Eden.

To this retreat is brought the news of Waterloo. The Empire has fallen. Napoleon's power has crumbled into dust.

He gave himself up to the English as a prisoner [says Lamartine] and went to die without honour or grandeur at St. Helena. There his life was one long parody with the playthings of power. He held more to the title of Emperor than to the Empire itself. He was no longer a great man, but only the imitation of one. His death showed us the secret of his life. We pity him, but only admire him by courtesy . . . he died grandly at Fontainebleau, only his shadow expired at St. Helena.

It was in 1816, at Aix, that Lamartine first met the beautiful Creole girl, the Elvire of the "Méditations," the Julie of "Raphael," the heroine of the third and last of his love romances, upon the last page of which death inscribed "Finis."

He had hoped much from the Restoration; but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. It was impossible for Royalty to provide for all its adherents, and after three years of solicitation Alphonse still remained idle, living more than ever among his books, and writing verses

Digitized by Google

which he showed to no one. The gloom of his mind at this time is evidenced in this passage: "To-day I have entered my twenty-eighth year, and am as faded as if I had lived a hundred. I did not think that it was so difficult to live."

A year later he makes the acquaintance of a Miss Birch, a young English lady; he reads to her his poems, as yet unpublished; she becomes fascinated both with them and the writer, whom she compares to Byron. They fall in love with each other. But the proud, haughty uncles and aunts object to the alliance, and the mother of the young lady, with equal pride, takes away her daughter to Italy, and so all is supposed to be at an end. But the young people still correspond. Alphonse goes to Paris, and from his personal appearance and fine talents is received with great distinction in the first society.

In 1820 appeared his first work, "Les Méditations Poétiques." Its success was immediate and triumphant. It was eulogized by Talleyrand, and Chateaubriand pronounced one of the odes to be worth the whole of his "Génie du Christianisme;" * and better still, M. Pasquier, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, himself a literary man, at once named him Secretary to the Embassy at Naples. The King sent him a beautiful edition of Lemaire's "Latin Classics," together with a message of the most flattering commendation, and a pension from the literary fund. And so, he writes, "Life, fortune, satisfied ambition, glory, and, above all, universal esteem and friendship burst all at once on the head of one whose existence had been so long embittered by delays which had brought him to the very verge of despair."

A few months afterwards he was united to the charming young English lady, and so took a wife with him to Naples.

During the next few years his life was one brilliant success. In 1823 appeared another volume of poems, "Nouvelles Méditations." The appointment to the legation at Florence followed. Upon the death of Lord Byron,† he wrote "Le Dernier Chant de Childe Harold," a noble eulogy upon the great poet's heroic struggle for Greek independence, which, however, in consequence of some sharp strictures upon the debased spirit of modern Italy, involved him in a duel with an Italian officer. The death of his uncle, the Abbé Lamartine, added a splendid estate to his ever-swelling fortune, and soon afterwards he received the post of chargé d'affaires at Lucca and Parma, with a salary increased by twenty thousand francs. In 1829 he was elected to a vacant seat in the Academy without even a canvas, an unprecedented honour, bestowed in consideration of his having been rejected a few years previously. Polignac, upon his accession to the Ministry, offered the poet the under-secretaryship of foreign affairs; but although, he says, "I loved the Prince, I dreaded his policy;" and so he gratefully but firmly declined the post. To the honour of Charles the Tenth and his minister be it recorded, that this refusal, backed as it had been by a speech before the Academy against that *coup d'état* which destroyed the Charter and the liberty of the press, excited in them no malicious resentment; and finding that he could not be prevailed upon to become a member of the Government, they appointed him minister plenipotentiary at Athens.

There fell upon him at this time a heavy affliction — the death of his noble mother. The blow was sudden. He had arranged to spend a few months with her before his departure. He had been collecting in Paris some splendid presents of jewellery and costly silks, and was just about to start for Mâcon when he received the fatal news. The intensity of his grief may be imagined from the devoted love he bore her.

Ere he could depart for Athens the Revolution of July swept away the throne of Charles the Tenth. The new Government desired to ratify his appointment, but a personal dislike to the Duc d'Orléans, and a feeling of loyalty to the elder branch of the Bourbons, determined him to refuse all favours at its hands.

In 1832, he, with his wife and only child, his idolized Julie — doomed never to return — started for the East. The enormous expenses of this expedition, which he conducted on a scale of princely magnificence, greatly impaired his fortune, and was the commencement of those pecuniary embarrassments which embittered his latter years.

The East produced a marvellous but scarcely a benficial effect upon his mind and imagination: from that time his

* In four years there were sold forty-five thousand copies of this book.

† The genius of Lamartine was largely influenced by the writings of Lord Byron, whom, says a contemporary writer, "he greatly reminds one of in the *tout ensemble* of his person. There is the same beauty of countenance and look, the same habits of elegance and dandyism, the same carriage, rather stiff and English perhaps, but perfectly noble and distinguished."

Digitized by Google

poetry, formerly so immaculately pure, became imbued with an Oriental sensuousness; his religion, learned at the knees of his pious mother, became clouded with Oriental mysticism and pantheism; and his political opinions, hitherto faithfully monarchical, assumed a democratic, and ultimately a republican, form. The news that during his absence he had been chosen representative of the electoral college of Dunkerque hastened his return to Europe.

It was at the commencement of 1834 that he made his *début* in the Chamber. There was much curiosity and eager speculation as to whether he would incline to the Right or to the Left. He inclined to neither. He held aloof from all parties, declaring himself to be simply the champion of humanity, justice, toleration, morality. Each party being disappointed in not securing so brilliant an orator, expressed dissatisfaction at his speech. Some called it vague, others diffuse, yet all were charmed with its noble and harmonious eloquence.

During the next sixteen years his life was divided between the Library and the Chamber of Deputies. He took a prominent part in all the great debates, but there was an Optimism and Utopianism in all his views which greatly detracted from the weight his genius would otherwise have given. Hear, for instance, what he says upon Turkish affairs at a time when the speedy death of "the sick man" was considered inevitable:

> We must assemble an European Congress, decree that instantly after the fall of the Ottoman Empire every power shall seize on a portion of the East * under the style of a Protectorate, and shall found upon the coasts model towns destined to relieve Europe from her exuberant population, and draw the natives by the magnetic power of a beneficent, equitable, and regular organization to them, and insensibly to summon to her the whole of Asia by way of conversion. . . . In twenty years the measure I propose will have created prosperous nations and millions of men marching under the ægis of Europe to a new civilization.

In 1847 he published his celebrated "Histoire des Girondins." It appeared at a time of great political ferment; to young France it sounded like a trumpet-call to revolution. A magnificent historical romance, rather than a history pure and simple, in which facts are subordinate to effect, truth to description; the gorgeous hues of a poetic imagination suffuse alike the heroes of the National Assembly and the murderers of the Commune; the impracticable theories of the Girondists are elevated to the sublimest heights of political speculation; even the terrible Danton and the detestable Robespierre are depicted in colours that fascinate even while they repel. The book was in all hands, read by all classes, excited fanatics to emulation, and undoubtedly hastened on the events of '48.

To trace the causes which led to that third overthrow of the monarchical power comes not within the scope of the present article. Lamartine refused to take any part in the Reform banquets, and held aloof from all plots and cliques. He says that he considered them too vague in their object; that it would have been repugnant to his nature to throw himself into a mixed opposition without a common cause, to walk in company with his opponents to some unknown goal. He was not prepared to go to the extreme lengths of the parties by whom these demonstrations were organized. Although he regarded a Republic as the desirable and inevitable development of free institutions, he was averse to violence, and would have preferred that representative royalty, provided it respected liberty, should continue, to use his own words, "during a sufficient length of time to enable it to achieve its work of preparation and transfer."

On the 19th of February the ministry declare from the tribune their firm determination to put down, by force if necessary, the great Paris banquet, which is appointed to take place upon the following day. Carried away by excitement, Lamartine, who, while disapproving "of the system of agitation pursued in the banquets, could not tolerate the humiliation of a submission dishonourable to liberal opinion," makes a violent and threatening speech, which at once compromises him to the revolutionary party. By daybreak the next morning every approach to the capital is lined with soldiers. An accident brings about an *émeute*, and within a few hours the King has abdicated and fled from Paris.

Shall there be a Regency under the Duchesse d'Orléans, or shall a Republic be proclaimed? is the now all-important question. Lamartine decides the point in a most powerful and eloquent speech. "I have no preference for this or that form of government," he says. "All that I wish is, that the forms, whatever

* To France he would have given Syria, to England Egypt, to Russia Constantinople.

Digitized by Google

they may be, should be progressive, and that they should ever keep neither in advance nor in arrear of the foremost rank of the people, but at the exact level of the ideas and instincts of the age." He goes on to show that neither the great proprietary body, which is devoted to Henry the Fifth, nor the middle classes, whose interests will be imperilled during the long stormy years of the minority, nor the masses, who are opposed to all royalty, will give the Regency any cordial support. "It will be the people's Fronde, containing popular Communist and Socialist elements in combination. Society, defended only by a government of scanty numbers, will be overthrown to its very foundation, without a chance of defence. The people, tranquillized, perhaps, this evening by the declaration of a regency, will return to the assault to-morrow to snatch a fresh concession. You will only have enough left of the throne to irritate the sentiments of liberty, and not enough to restrain them."

Such were some of the cogent reasons which he urged in favour of a republic as opposed to a regency. The republic is proclaimed amidst the frantic enthusiasm of the dense crowd which fills the Chamber, and Lamartine becomes the mob-god for an hour.

But while these debates are going on within all without is anarchy and disorder. In a few hours law, order, government, society, have crumbled to atoms and fallen into chaos. The streets are filled with thousands of savage triumphant insurgents, blood has been spilt already, and the taste is maddening them for more. Socialist, Communist, Red Republican demagogues, are everywhere rousing the passions of the silly herd to delirium, urging them on to massacre and universal destruction. Under their influence furious masses invade the Chamber, interrupting the council with furious cries, and, ravening for murder, point their guns at the very men who are pleading for the Republic.

The first necessity is to form a provisional government, and after a brief consultation, in the midst of deafening uproar, the names of the new ministers are proclaimed. They are, Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, Arago, Marie, Garnier Pagès, Ledru Rollin, Cremieux — and Louis Blanc as one of the secretaries. Each man chosen represents some particular shade of public opinion, and the announcement of each name is received with enthusiastic cheers by its particular followers.

The self-appointed Government at once proceed to the Hôtel de Ville through the raging sea of people, beneath a canopy of pikes, rusty muskets, swords, bayonets fastened upon long poles, cutlasses, daggers, brandished by arms scorched with powder and stained with blood, amidst hideous scowling faces mad with fury, amidst acclamations, threats, murmurs. As many of these terrorists as can find space follow them into the Council Chamber, leap upon the seats with frenzied yells, calling for massacre and extermination. In vain do the ministers entreat for silence to consult together; each moment the din increases. As quickly as, with fair words, they rid themselves of one mob, another takes its place from the streets below, incited on by the Red Republican leaders, who are furious at the thought of the restoration of order. Cries of "Death to Lamartine! Lamartine's head!" resound on all sides, although a few hours before he had been hailed by these very people as their chosen champion. Unarmed, undaunted, he stands before them, addresses them, and presently by his eloquence converts their fury to applause, sometimes even to tears. Scarcely has he returned to his colleagues when a new surge is cast up by the foul demagogues, and again he has to speak, to calm, to subdue. And so it goes on for hours until his clothes are torn to ribbons, until his voice becomes almost inarticulate, until he is almost prostrate with fatigue.

At last even the insurgents grow weary, and slowly disperse. At four in the morning, after sixty hours' toil, he goes home to seek a little rest; as he wends his way through the silent streets, past the scattered watch-fires, beside which repose sleeping groups, he meets knots of four or five men wearing caps edged with red, and red ribbons in their buttonholes, talking earnestly together. These men are the leaders of the Reds. These signs augur ill for the morrow.

The auguries are fully realized. By dawn the next morning an enormous multitude gathers upon the square and quays of the Hôtel de Ville as far as the Bastille; red flags, made of any materials they could lay hands upon, wave above their heads, and each one wears fastened upon his dress some fragment of the same colour. Ragged, attenuated-looking creatures, mad with drink, brandish-

Digitized by Google

ing weapons and blindly slashing at friend and foe, demand that the tricolour shall be pulled down, and the red banner hoisted in its place as the ensign of the Government. In spite of the numbers and fury of the mob, which threatens instant death to all who shall oppose its will — in spite of the sympathy of several of his colleagues and the timidity of others — Lamartine firmly refuses to accept that emblem of anarchy, and with the tricolour waving above his bare head calmly faces the insurgents; he is greeted with wolfish howls, but he will be heard, and again his eloquence subdues the savages. But, alas! they retire only to give way to others yet more furious. Shots are fired; deafening cries of "*A la lanterne* with this Government of traitors!" resound on all sides. Mounted upon a broken chair, surrounded by a few faithful citizens, he in vain attempts to make himself heard. Muskets are levelled at him. Eight or ten ruffians, mad with brandy, rush towards the group, blindly dashing about their naked weapons, which the courageous citizens grasp in bundles like sheaves of corn; their swords graze his hand — another moment and he will fall, pierced by scores of weapons. Suddenly there springs from the crowd a mendicant of colossal stature; he is clothed in rags; his feet, arms, head, and chest, are bare; his long hair, matted with straw and dust, floats on both sides his face; his eyes are moistened with tenderness and luminous with enthusiasm; his face is stained with blood which still flows from a wound in his cheek; he stretches out his arms towards the orator, calls him the father of the people. "Let me kiss his hand!" he cries. "Oh, listen to him! follow his counsels! Strike me, but do not injure him! A thousand times will I meet death to preserve this good citizen to my country!" He rushes to him, clasps him in his arms, covering him with his blood.

It is the turning-point of the revolution; the impulsive Parisians are awed, subdued by this strange scene; Lamartine's eloquence completes the effect. He says himself that to this mendicant he was indebted for his life, and France for her banner. He never learned his name, never saw him again from that hour.

Order now begins to be slowly re-established, thanks chiefly to the Garde Mobile. The establishment of this force was due solely to Lamartine. One of the most dangerous elements of the mob was the youthful vagabondage of Paris, boys from twelve to twenty years of age. While reflecting upon this danger, it suddenly occurred to him that it might be converted into an element of safety. Obtaining the consent of his colleagues, he at once issued a decree ordering the enrolment of twenty-five thousand of these youths into a Garde Mobile. The youth themselves embraced the idea with enthusiasm. "It was destined," he says, "to save Paris from disorder during four months, and to preserve society in safety during the fifth month of its existence."

In the Constituent Assembly ten departments elected Lamartine as their representative. He was one of the five members of the Executive Commission, and during several months was enormously popular; but the vigorous part he took in suppressing the insurrections of April and May lost him the favour of the mob, turned the Assembly against him, and placed the supreme power in the hands of Cavaignac. He was afterwards nominated for the Presidency, which honour (?), however, after mature deliberation, he had determined to decline, even before he was aware that only a comparatively few votes had been recorded in his favour. With the *coup d'état* of 1851 ended his political career. Louis Napoleon once made secret overtures to him to join his Government, but he refused.

Although he was too much imbued with Optimist and Utopian theories to be a practical statesman, France owes a deep debt of gratitude to the memory of Lamartine; but for his energy and heroic courage the Revolution of 1848 would probably have rivalled in horror its predecessor of '89; the Reds would have triumphed, and a second Reign of Terror would have devastated the land. To him, and to him alone, Paris — France — owed its safety.

The remainder of his life was devoted entirely to literary pursuits. In 1849 appeared his "History of the Revolution of 1848," one of his finest compositions, and a really valuable historical record of the events in which he played a foremost part. The authenticity of the narrative, except in a few minor points, has been fully confirmed by contemporary evidence. In the same year also appeared "Les Confidences," a series of glimpses of his earlier life. The "History of the Restoration," the "History of Turkey," and his novels "Geneviève," "Raphael," "Le Tailleur de pierre de Saint-Point," &c., followed in rapid succession.

Digitized by Google

He was an indefatigable worker, and wrote with great rapidity. Dumas *fils* relates that he arrived at his residence at Saint-Point one morning before eight o'clock; he found him in a little pavilion in the park, writing hard at the "Girondists." Picking up the leaves that lay scattered about, he counted them; there were forty-five, the work of that morning. He never re-read his MS.; as fast as each leaf was written it was cast upon the floor, frequently unnumbered; from hour to hour his wife came in, quietly gathered the leaves, put them in order, and corrected them.

In 1863 Madame de Lamartine died, and thus he was left wifeless and childless.

For some time previous to his death his health was prostrated by paralysis. But at the beginning of the year 1869 his friends could perceive that the end was coming fast. It came on the 28th of February.

Slowly he passed away, without a murmur, and with a smile upon his lips. His attendants could not say when his soul took flight. It was some time afterwards that this silence, which each moment grew deeper, struck fear to the heart of the watchers. "He is no more!" said one. No one replied. All knew it already.

The Emperor decreed a state funeral at the national expense, but his last wish being that he should be carried to the grave without pomp or cortége, the idea was abandoned. He was buried at Saint-Point, in the vault with his beloved mother.

His friend Ulbach thus describes the funeral:

> Imagine a whole country in mourning. Nature veiled with snow, as if a bright and virginal decoration were necessary to the poet of chaste loves. A special service was celebrated in the Church of Mâcon, then a procession across seven leagues of country. At each league it was met by deputations of the communes, and of the clergy of each parish, who brought tributes of prayer and benedictions for the soul of him who had done as much for the poor as he had given gratification to the intellectual. . . . How many were we in all? Perhaps two thousand. All friends of happy years came to salute this house of Saint-Point, now closed forever. All whom that great genius, so familiar to all, had smiled upon came to bid a last adieu to that extinguished breath, that departed soul.

The character of Lamartine, with all its virtues and all its faults, is revealed in the history of his life. As a statesman he must rank very low, being simply a theorist; but his errors were those of a noble mind filled to overflowing with pity for the suffering and the oppressed. As a writer he stands in the foremost rank of French authors. His style is glowing and picturesque, his powers of description are marvellous, his poetry is the most *poetical* in the French language, of all her writers he has the most *soul;* as a story teller no one is more charming; his faults are a strong tendency to the inflated and the exaggerated, to a morbid sentimentalism which too frequently sinks into bathos and emasculation. He is, above all others, the poet of women.

Like all Frenchmen, intense egotism was one of the prominent errors of his character. This fault was redeemed, however, by so many noble and shining qualities, that it almost disappears in their lustre. He was the soul of honour, the bravest of the brave, the most generous of men. Pages could be filled with anecdotes of his gentleness of heart and boundless charity. The emoluments which he derived as a member of the Provisional Government he distributed freely and unasked among the poor authors of Paris, and the letters which accompanied these gifts doubled the obligation. Sunday, his only holiday, was devoted to charity; his doors were open to all who suffered, who were in want. All who came, whether known or unknown, he greeted with extended hand, with kindly smiles and words, to soften the bitterness and humiliation of their position. "I am dying of hunger," one day wrote laconically an unknown. "I have five hundred francs, they are yours with all my heart," wrote back Lamartine. "If I had a hundred francs I should be truly happy!" exclaimed a poor author in his presence. "Here are a thousand," answered Lamartine, giving him the money. Only the revenues of a prince could sustain such munificence. For years before his death he was overwhelmed with debts, and reduced to comparative indigence; but the divine impulse of charity remained as active as ever. He was saving up to buy himself a little pony-chaise to take the air in; he had gathered just a thousand francs, when a poor woman who lived in the neighbourhood came to him with a piteous tale: her goods had been seized by a hard-hearted creditor, and homeless destitution stared her in the face. "How much do you require?" he

Digitized by Google

asked. "A thousand francs," was the answer. There was a momentary struggle, and then he went away, fetched his little hoard, and placed it in her hand.

The man who could do these deeds was a CHRISTIAN. No higher nor rarer praise can be bestowed upon him, for generations frequently pass away without producing one such.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER XV.

VAL had grown to be sixteen, tall and strong, towering far above the old lord, and even above his father, who had made another visit to Eskside, and had seen his son, and regarded him with more approval than he did when Val was seven years old. The older he grew, however, the less the boy resembled Richard, whose features, settling into middle age, no longer even resembled themselves — a thing which few people took into consideration. Many persons in the county expressed their surprise, indeed, on seeing them together, how they could ever have supposed Valentine to be like his father — without in the least perceiving that the Honourable Richard Ross, who was Secretary of Legation in Florence, and had every chance of rising to the post of Ambassador the very next time that a wave of promotion came, was almost more unlike young Dick Ross, Lady Eskside's fair-haired boy. But Richard himself was very civil to his son, and inquired after his studies, and recounted his own Eton experiences, and volunteered advice about Oxford in a way which gratified all the family. The interview between the father and son was perfectly polite and civil, though, on Val's side at least, there was little warm feeling; but both took from this meeting a sentiment of satisfaction, not to say something like pride in each other. Valentine on his side perceived his father's easy superiority in culture and knowledge of the world to the rural magnates who formed society at Eskside, with a sense of increased consequence which is always agreeable; while Richard looked upon the handsome bold boy, the soft oval of whose boyish face was yet unmarred by any manly growth on lip or cheek, with a curious mingled feeling of pride in this being who belonged to himself, and repugnance to the creature who recalled so strongly another image most unlike his own. Valentine possessed in a high degree that air of distinction which does not always accompany, as it ought, the highest birth. Beside him Lord Hightowers was as a ploughman, clumsy-footed, heavy-mannered, the very embodiment of the common in opposition to the refined. How did this come about? "Val is very like the picture of your grandfather — the Raeburn, as you call it; though it would be more respectful to say the tenth lord," Lady Eskside said, with a slight faltering. "To be a Raeburn is some distinction, but the tenth lord was nobody in particular," said the *dilettante*, ignoring the subject of the likeness. For, indeed, as he developed, Valentine was the handsomest Ross that had been seen on Eskside for generations, though the dark curls pushed off his bold forehead, and his great liquid eyes full of light, and his form, which was all spring and grace and elasticity, represented another race altogether than the lords of Eskside.

This was his age and this his appearance in the summer after his sixteenth birthday, when there happened to Val an encounter which affected all his future life, little as he thought of any such result. It was the middle of June, the height of the "summer half," that period of perfect blessedness to young Eton, a delicious evening "after six," when all the nine hundred boys that form the community were out and about in full enjoyment of their most perfect moment of leisure. The sun was setting up the river in purple and crimson, building a broad pathway as of molten gold, a celestial bridge up to the summer heavens, over the gleaming water; the banks were gorgeous with summer flowers, thickets of the gay willow-herb, and yellow toadflax, and great plumy feathers of the meadow-queen glowing in the evening light — the soft green of scattered willow-trees drooping above — and long beds of the tenderest blue forget-me-not dipping in and out of the stream. As if these did not supply colour enough, the whole breadth of the river was aglow with reflected beams from the sky, soft yellow, crimson, orange — great rosy clouds deepening into purple, and a soft vague vault of blue above with specks of tinted cloud, like scattered roses. The river was alive with boats. A little farther up at Athens, the bathing-place, it was alive with something else — with shoals of boys bathing, plunging in and out,

Digitized by Google

and peopling the shining stream with bobbing heads, and white shoulders, as plentiful as fishes and as much at their ease in the element, but using their human privilege of laughter to turn the spot into a Babel of noisy sweetness — noise which the charmed summer air took all roughness out of, and made soft by magic. Val in his outrigger was lower down the stream, not much above the spot where the railway bridge does all that modern ugliness can to reduce nature to its own level. The boy was not thinking much about the beauty of the scene, yet he felt it, having a mind curiously open to all out-door influences; and this it was which had arrested his course in mid stream, just where he could see the glorious mass of the castle rising from the green foliage of the slopes, and the clustered red roofs of the homely town. The sunset threw its fullest radiance upon this wonderful termination of the landscape, which seemed, from where Val contemplated it, to stand across the stream, the light whitening here and there a window, and a golden haze of warmth and mellow distance enveloping the grey walls, the pinnacles of St. George's, the picturesque broken outline of the Curfew tower. The animated foreground was full of boats — dragon-fly outriggers like his own, poising their long out-stretched wings over the water, "tubs" full of laughing boys — and through the midst of all, the glorious vision of the Eight, with a well-known stalwart figure, as big as the boat in which he stood, steering the slim craft as it flew, and shouting stentorian correction and reproof to No. 4 and No. 7 — for was not Henley in prospect, with all its chances of loss or triumph? Val withdrew towards the bank with a few strokes of his long oars, to get out of the way of that leviathan. As he stayed his boat again, with the sweetness of the evening, the light, the colour, the gay medley of sound floating in happy confusion into his mind — a gig, stumbling down stream in the hands of three or four laughing urchins, totally indifferent to the chances of a ducking, came suddenly foul of Val's boat, tossing his oar out of his hand, and upsetting him from his precarious vessel in a moment. Let not the gentle reader be dismayed; there was neither fright nor rarity in the accident, nor the slightest occasion for the blue-coated waterman, with the Eton lilies on his silver buttons, who stood in a punt at some distance with uplifted poles, relieved against the sunset sky, to hasten to the rescue. "Awfully sorry," said all the small boys, rather envying Val the delight of being swamped; they were fresh and wet themselves from bathing, and would have liked nothing better than to swamp too. As for Valentine, he swam to the bank, which was close by, pulling his slim bark after him. He had as little clothing upon his handsome person as decency permitted — a white jersey, thin as a spider's web, and white trousers turned up almost to the knee. So he was neither harmed nor alarmed, and might have walked back to the "rafts" and left his boat to be carried down by the stream without concerning himself about it, or seeking help to right it, had not his Fate commanded otherwise. But he had arrived at one of those moments in life, when Fate, potent and visible, except to the actors in the drama, does intervene.

It was, as I have said, the middle of June. Ascot races were lately over, and the roads, as careful housekeepers in lonely places knew but too well, were encumbered with "tramps," making their way from that great central event of their year, to the lesser incidents of country fairs and provincial races. Many of these wandering parties were about,— so many, that they had ceased to be much remarked by quiet wayfarers. And, indeed, the poor tramps were quiet enough; — weatherbeaten groups, women with children in their weary arms, men with fur caps and knotted handkerchiefs, and those specimens of the doggish race which have vagrant written in every hair of their shabby coats, as it is inscribed in the hard brown lines, drawn tight by exposure to the weather, of their masters' faces. Two of these tramps were seated on a log of wood, resting, just opposite the spot where Valentine's boat had swamped. These were a woman and a boy, more decent than the majority of their kind, though noway separated from it in appearance. The woman looked over forty, but was not so old. She was seated, with her hands crossed listlessly in her lap, holding a little bundle in a coloured handkerchief; her dress was a dark cotton gown and a shawl, with an old-fashioned bonnet which came quite round the face, enclosing it like a frame — a fashion which no longer finds favour among women. This dark circle round her face identified it, and called the passenger's attention; and a more remarkable face has seldom caught and arrested the careless eye. I saw her about this

Digitized by Google

time, seated on a bank in a leafy country road, with the light interlacing of shadow and sunshine on her; and as it was her aspect and looks which moved me to collect all these particulars, and trace out her history, and that of her children, I can speak still more distinctly of how she looked to me, than of her first appearance to Val. Complexion she had none. Her skin was burnt a kind of brick-dust colour, red-brown, and it was roughened by the exposure of years; her black hair was smoothed away on her forehead, leaving only a little rim visible between the brow and the bonnet. Her features were beautiful, but only struck the spectator when he had looked at her more than once, the roughness of her aspect and colouring seeming to throw a veil upon their beauty of form. But it was her eyes and expression which were most remarkable, and fascinated the wondering glance. She looked like Silence personified — her lips shut close, as if they could not open, and an air of strange abstraction from the immediate scene enveloping and removing her from its common occurrences. The circles round her eyes were wide and large, and out of those worn sockets looked two great wistful eyes, always looking, never seeing anything — eyes unfathomable, which were full of solemn expression, yet told you nothing, except that there was much to tell. In her way the beauty of the night had entered into her inarticulate soul; but I do not think she was aware of any of the details that made it up — and she had not even noticed the incident of the swamping when Valentine's light, well-strung figure scrambled up the bank. "Here, you!" cried Val to the boy by her side, with the ready ease of one accustomed to command to one accustomed to obey — "lend us a hand, will you, to empty the boat?"

The boy, who had been seated by the woman's side, rose at the call with ready reply to the demand upon him. He had the corresponding habit to Valentine's — the habit of hearing when he was called to, of doing what he was told to do. He had done everything to which a vagrant lad is bred — held horses, run errands, executed a hundred odd jobs; and it did not occur to him to withhold the help by which sixpences were earned and bread gained, from any one who demanded it. "Here you are, sir," he answered, cheerily. He was about the same age as Valentine, but not so tall nor so finely made — a fair-haired, sunny-faced lad, looking clean and ruddy, despite of dust and weariness, and the rough tramp costume, blue-spotted handkerchief, and nondescript jacket which he wore. He and his mother had been seated there together for some time past, not speaking to each other — for vagrants generally are a silent race. She did not stir even now, when he rose from her side. To have him called casually by whomsoever wanted help, and to see him obey, was habitual to her also. Val and the young tramp worked together in silence at the righting of the boat: they pulled it up on the bank, and turned it over, and set it afloat again. Then, however, Val changed his first intention. "I say," he began, half meditatively, "have you time to take her down to Goodman's? no, you mustn't get in, you can tow her down; and if you'll come to me to-morrow morning I'll pay you. I'm Ross, at Grinder's. Do you know Grinder's? well, anybody will tell you. You can come after ten to-morrow, and tell old Goodman it's Ross's boat."

"Yes, sir, I'll see to it," said the boy blithely, touching his cap. He looked up with his fair frank face to Val's, and the two lads "took a liking" to each other on the spot. Val had made a step or two down the bank, then came back. "What are you?" he said; "do you live here? I never saw you on the river before."

"Mother and I are going to stop all night," said the lad; "we're last from Ascot; I ain't got a trade, but just does odd jobs. No, I never was on the river before."

Upon which a sudden warmth of patronage and lordly benevolence came to Valentine's bosom. "If you stay here I'll give you what odd jobs I can. What's your name? I like the looks of you," said lordly Val.

"Dick Brown, sir; thank you, sir," said the lad, with grateful kindliness. He had no pride to be wounded by this brusque address, but took it in perfectly good part, and was gratified by the good impression he had made. He had tied a piece of string, which he brought from his own pocket, to the sharp prow of the boat, and was preparing to tow it down stream. But he stopped as Val stopped, still dripping, his wet shirt fitting to his fine, well-developed form like a glove. The other had none of Val's physical advantages of education, any more than the mental. He was as ignorant of how to hold himself as how to make Latin verses; and had he got into the outrig-

Digitized by Google

ger, as he at first proposed, would have been by this time at the bottom of the river. He admired his handsome young patron with an innocent open-hearted pleasure in the sight of him, feeling him a hundred miles removed from and above himself.

"Very well," said Val; "you come to me to-morrow at Grinder's. If you stay we'll find you plenty to do."

Then he turned, bethinking himself of his wet clothes, which began to get chilly, and, with an amicable wave of his hand, stepped out along the road; but even then he paused again, and turned back to call out, "Remember, Ross, at Grinder's," and with another nod disappeared. The woman behind had not been attending to the colloquy. She roused up suddenly at these last words, and looked after the boy, with her eyes lighting up strangely. "What did he say?" she asked, in a half whisper, rising quickly and coming to her son's side; "what was that name he said?"

"His own name, mother," said the smiling lad. "I am to go to him at ten to-morrow. He's one of the college gentlemen. He says he likes the looks of me, and I shouldn't wonder if he'd help me to a job."

"What was his name?" repeated the woman, grasping her son's arm impatiently. He took it with perfect calm, being accustomed to her moods.

"Come along, mother, I've to take the boat down to the raft; Ross, at Grinder's. I wonder where's Grinder's. He's Ross, I suppose."

The woman stood with her hand on his arm, looking after the other figure which withdrew into the distance through the soft air, still tinted with all the rosy lights of sunset. The young athlete, all dripping in his scanty clothing, was joined by an admiring train as he went on; he was popular and well known, and his loyal followers worshipped him as much in this momentary eclipse as if he had done something famous. The tramp woman was roused out of all the abstraction with which she had sat, oblivious of Valentine's closer presence, gazing vaguely at the sky and the river. Her eyes followed him with a hungry eagerness, devouring the space between; a slight nervous trembling ran through her frame.

"I wish I had seen him nigh at hand," she said, with a sigh; "it's my luck, always my luck."

"Come along and you'll see him still if you want to," said the lad; "I know what them swells do. They go down to the rafts and takes off their wet things, and puts on their coats and chimney-pots. He's a good un to look at, I can tell you; but you never see nothing that's under your nose, mother. You get curious-like when anything's past."

"Don't stand talking," said the woman, with a tremulous impatience, "but come on."

Dick obeyed promptly; but it is not so easy to walk quickly, towing a troublesome outrigger with its projecting rowlocks, when there is no one in it to guide its course along the inequalities of the bank. The woman bore this delay with nervous self-restraint as long as she could, then telling him she would wait for him, pursued her way rapidly alone to the rafts, which were crowded by boys arriving and departing in every possible stage of undress. She waited wistfully at the gate, not venturing to enter the railed-off enclosure, which was sacred to the boats and "the gentlemen;" and when Val issued forth in his "change" coat, which was a brilliant garment in coloured strips, she did not recognize him. She stood there in tremulous and passionate agitation—suppressed, it is true, but intense—gazing wistfully at the crowds of moving figures, all bearing that resemblance to each other which boys undergoing the same training and wearing the same dress so often do. She could not identify any one, and she was growing sick and faint with weariness, and with the beating of her heart.

"Here I am, mother; did you see him?" said Dick, appearing at last, tired but pleased, with his awkward charge.

"How was I to know him?" she asked, sharply; "I did not see his face. As to who he is, Dick, it's a name I once knew. I wish I had seen him; but it's my luck, always my luck."

"I'll ask all about him, mother," said the cheery boy; but while he was gone to deposit the boat, some other members of their wandering class joined the woman, and distracted, or did their best to distract, her attention. With them she made a long round by the bridge to the Windsor side—(there was a ferry, but pennies are pennies, and were not to be lightly spent on personal ease)—and then made her way to a lodging she knew in the vagrant quarter—the Rag Fair of the little royal borough. Whatever might be the thoughts that were passing in her mind, or whatever

Digitized by Google

the anxieties within her hidden heart, she had to give her attention to the practical side of her rough life, and stopped on her way to buy some scraps of meat and some bread for her own and her son's meal. There was a common fire in the lower room of the lodging-house, at which the tramp-lodgers were allowed to cook their supper. This woman did so in her turn, like the rest; and to Dick the scraps which his mother had cooked, as well as she knew how, made a luxurious meal, taken on a corner of the rough table, with all the sounds and all the smells of Coffin Lane coming in at the open door. There was a Babel of sounds going on within in addition, each group talking according to its pleasure, and the outdoor shouting, jesting, quarrelling, coming in as chorus. Dick had not found out very much about his young patron. He told his mother that he had summut to do with a lord, but was not sure what. "But why can't we stay here a bit?" said Dick. "There aint nothing going on in the country but poor things, where we don't pick up enough to keep body and soul together; you'll see I'll make something handsome on the river, with all the odd jobs there is; and if this here young gentleman is as good as his word ——"

"Did he look as if he would be as good as his word?"

"Lord bless us, how can I tell?" said Dick. "I don't read faces, nor fortunes neither, like you. He said he liked the looks of me; and so did I," the lad added, with a laugh. "I hope it'll do him a deal of good. I like the looks of him too."

And Dick went to bed in the room which he shared (under Government regulation and with great regard to the cubic feet of air — such air as is to be had in Coffin Lane) with two other rough fellows not so guiltless in their vagrancy as himself — with a cheery heart, thinking that here, perhaps, he had found foundation enough to build a life upon — a beginning to his career, if he had known such an imposing word. He was a good boy, though his previous existence had been spent among the roughest elements of society. He knelt down boldly at his bedside, and said the short half-childish prayer which he had been taught as a child, without caring in the least for his companions' jeers. Perhaps even it was more a charm against evil than a prayer; but, such as it was, the boy held by it bravely. He was exhilarated somehow, and full of hope, he could not have told why. Something good seemed about to happen to him. I do not know what he expected Valentine to do for him, or if he expected anything definite; but he was somehow inspired and elated, he could not tell why.

His mother, for her part, sat down upon her bed and pondered, her abstract eyes fixing upon the bare whitewashed walls as solemn a gaze as that which she had fixed on the distant glow of the sunset across the river. They were not eyes which could see anything near at hand, but were always far off, watching something visionary, more true than the reality before her. She, too, had companions in her room, where there was nothing beyond the supply of bare necessities — a bed to sleep on, nothing more. She had not Dick's happy temperament, but she was as indifferent as he was to the base surroundings of that poor and low level of life to which they were accustomed; but somehow, in her mind too, various new thoughts, or rather old thoughts, which were new by reason of long disuse, were surging up whether she would or not. Perhaps it was the sound of the name which she had not heard for years. Ross. It was not a very uncommon name; but yet, when this poor creature began to think who the boy whom she had seen might be — and to wonder with quick-beating pulses whether it was so — these thoughts were enough to fill her heart with such wild throbs and bursts of feeling as had not stirred it for many years.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED PARSONS.

To revisit, after the lapse of many years, scenes which formed the principal background in early life, is at best a doubtful pleasure. It is true, the tints which at such a time break and shift across the mental vision are not wholly dark, and the sensations need not, at least in every case, be wholly painful. We learn at any rate that the true old days still belong to ourselves, and are not, as we may have been apt to imagine, more closely connected with the old home scenes than with our own hearts and memories. Yet, after all, the impressions are so complicated — the blanks are so distinct — the absence of the "old familiar faces" makes itself so strongly felt, that the pain of such a visit may,

Digitized by Google

many a time and oft, far exceed its pleasure. Whenever, in poetry or in fiction, we find this natural mixture of feeling strongly brought home to us, we may be quite sure that we are in the hands of a master. Towards the end of *Rob Roy*, for instance, we are carried once more over the hunting field, where in the beginning of the story, the hero first encounters Diana Vernon and her cousin. Sir Hildebrand and his sons are dead. Diana herself is a fugitive. All is sadness and solitude; and we are made to feel the change almost as sharply and as painfully as Frank Osbaldistone himself.

These observations have been suggested by an accidental visit to a Devonshire rectory, unbeheld, save in the mind's eye, for a stretch of at least five and thirty years. The change and destruction of this most brisk of ages are finding their way even into Devonshire. High farming — which, whatever else it means, certainly implies general ugliness, and odours —

> Abominable, unutterable, and worse
> Than poet e'er conceived or fancy feigned,

is creeping westward. Old hedgerows, branching oaks, and elms "star proof" are year by year falling before it. Venerable farm-houses, gabled and lichen-tinted, are giving place to structures as square and uncompromising as a factory, and sometimes as pretentious as an alderman's villa; and the quietest river valley is not safe from an invading railway. But there are still corners of the land — "happy valleys" or "sleepy hollows" (the reader may choose for himself) — which remain much as they were a hundred — two or three hundred — years ago. The steep Devonshire hill-sides, where carts were unknown almost within living memory, oppose themselves more seriously to modern innovation than the levels of Bedfordshire or Northampton; and there is still to be found, if only you look in the right direction, the sturdy franklin's house of Elizabeth's days, with its granite porch, its narrow, mullioned windows, its barns and outbuildings overshadowed by ash trees and sycamores as old as themselves, and its circle of home fields and pastures unaltered since their master kept watch for the coming of the Armada by the beacon on the hill above them. The rectory, at which we have at last arrived, belongs to a later time; but, as yet, is just as unconscious of the spoiler, although it is not so far removed from the bustle of the world but that the scream of the engine now and then breaks the silence of its garden paths. The house and the quiet old church beside it have, so far, escaped the restorer, and the scene, looking down upon it from the side of the Dartmoor tor that gives name to the parish, is the same as it was half a century ago. The house was built by a wealthy rector early in the reign of Queen Anne. Elsewhere it would have been of red brick. Here it is of the native moor stone, cut in small square blocks, and tinted by time and weather as variously as the granite of the tors themselves. Here and there, above and below the windows, are dates and initials; and over the main entrance is a shield of arms which must have cost the sculptor no small labour, and probably, since the granite is unusually hard, spoiled both his temper and his tools. The building is long and low. On one side a small-leaved ivy has matted the wall thickly, and has crept upward to the top of the chimneys; part of the front is covered by an enormous sweet briar; and a mountain ash, planted, according to the tradition of the place, on the day which saw the foundation stone laid, has spread upward so vigorously that its scarlet clusters overhang the roofs, and seem as much a part of the general design as the shield of arms or the carved letters. Sycamores, "oft musical with bees," each tree a hill of leaves, rise between the house and the churchyard; and the church tower with its lofty pinnacles is not so far removed but that it seems to watch over the dwelling, and to connect it with the church itself. In front, and sloping towards a clear, rapid hill-stream, here sparkling in the sun, there hidden among thickets of hazel and holly, extends an old English garden, for which it would not be easy to find a fellow. Formal, with straight walks and yew hedges, walled on either side, and descending in terraces, it is exactly such a garden as Walpole in one of his letters describes as "comfortable;" warm, sunny, and sheltered, with a wealth of old-fashioned flowers, the favourites of our forefathers, and therefore far richer in poetry and pleasant association than the new comers for whom we have exchanged them. The walls are tufted with snapdragon and red valerian. Great clusters of narcissus, of pæony, of grey Maltese lilies, of golden rod, and of Michaelmas daisy, border the main walk, and light up the garden, each flower in its due season. The June roses, although not one of our modern treasures

Digitized by Google

is present, are neither less bright nor less fragrant. The grand old "cabbage," the pure "unique," the "blush," and the "damask," can hold their own against most comers. And as for clove pinks, carnations, or picotees, they are nowhere to be seen in perfection, save in such an old-world, unimproved garden.

This is the scene on which you look down from the hill, or which, backed by the granite-strewn hill itself, lies before you as you wander by the riverside. Without, nothing is changed. Within, the walls are still the same, and the rooms as of old; but for the life which filled them forty years ago we must draw on our memory. They are panelled with oak, to which time is given a rich brown tinge like the outer skin of a horse-chestnut. No paint has touched them, and no "gilded beam" stretches across the ceilings. Dutch tiles, with wonderful presentations of Scriptural personages, line the fire-places; and broad, narrow-paned windows look out toward the gardens. In the days to which we are looking back, it was difficult to say whether the drawing-room or the study was the more delightful. The latter, like Mrs. Bethune Baliol's special apartment, was a place to make the studious idle, and the idle studious. There were shelves well laden with many a rare volume —

> Those Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound;

there were others on which were ranged sundry antique relics, brought to light from the Dartmoor mosses, or from the recesses of cairns and tumuli — true and unquestioned relics, since they had been gathered before the days of Flint Jacks and fashionable archæology. One cabinet was devoted to a botanical collection, the result of wanderings not only in Devonshire, but in many a little known (in those days at least) corner of England; another was filled with careful architectural and antiquarian drawings, made during similar expeditions. One or two family portraits, and a very stiff full-length of the young Pretender in a Highland dress, hung on the walls, the latter indicating what the leaning of the rector's family had been in bygone days. Indeed a shadow of the forty-five seemed to hang about the rector himself; for he had himself known more than one of those who had been "out" in that eventful year, and could tell some curious stories of the agitation in certain West Country manor houses, as the news of the prince's advance reached them, with all sorts of exaggerations; and about the Jacobite Earl of Cromarty, who, after his pardon, lived for some time in the old house of Northcote, near Honiton. The room, as far as it went, gave a tolerable notion of the tastes and character of its owner. But it did not go very far. The kindliness, the learning, the quaint, old-world turns of thought and of speech, the wide, practical knowledge of men as well as of books, the gentle readiness with which the most important work was dropped, and the intruder warmly welcomed, — all that made up the picture still unfaded in the hearts of those who knew and loved the rector, could only be gathered after long and familiar intercourse with him who had made the room what it was. He might have sat, though with some finer lines untraced by the artist, for Praed's portrait of "Quince the Vicar;" and indeed the rectory does not lie so far from Teignmouth but that some part of the description may have been actually sketched from him. After all, what gave him his very marked individuality was the manner in which he seemed to bring the fashions and phrases of a past generation, almost of a past age, into contact with these modern days of bustling restlessness. When he set out on his yearly tour he did not trust himself to any public conveyance, not even to the well-horsed coaches, which long before he reached his grand climacteric had become famous throughout the country. A sturdy cob conveyed himself and his valise; and the deep gambadoes in which he encased his nether man can have been little improved since they were first invented, as Fuller asserts, by Richard Carew of Antony, author of the *Surveyor of Cornwall:* "— whereby, whilst one rides on horseback, his legges are in a coach, clean and warme, in those dirty countries." Nor did the rector keep to smooth highways or to the ordinary deep lanes of Devonshire. He loved to trace old and forgotten paths about which lay the evidences of most ancient settlements and civilization, to follow the broken Foss-way as it ran westward from Exeter into Cornwall; or to explore, over hedge and ditch, the branch lines of the great Icenhilde, connecting the Damnonian borders with the centre and the east of Britain. In short, his manner of travelling, in the earlier years of this nineteenth century, was much the same as had been followed by Stukeley and Pennant in the days of Ramillies wigs and gold embroid-

Digitized by Google

ered waistcoats; and the range of his observations was at least as wide as theirs.

And now for the drawing-room. The rector was not married, but with him lived, and had lived from their infancy, two younger sisters, whom all the country round about knew as "the Ladies." They were the tenants of the drawing-room, no stiff-chaired, unused apartment, but always the most cheerful and sunny in the house, where "chintz, the rival of the showery bow," brightened the old-fashioned sofas and settees, where rows of delicate Sèvres graced the hanging cupboard, and where a faint perfume of dried rose leaves came at all seasons from certain tall china jars which flanked the mantelpiece. It was curious to note the manner in which the rector's character was repeated, with a due difference, in his sisters; and to observe how each had adopted, after her own fashion, certain of his favourite pursuits and fancies. Both, like him, cared for things of the past, and both recognized their romantic side; but the elder was sentimental, the younger more given to the marvellous and picturesque. The elder delighted in ballads of the Mickle school, full of lovers' sighs and tears —

> Softly fall the dews of evening,
> Softly close the shades of night;
> Yonder walks the Moor Almanzor,
> Shunning every gleam of light.

She had thick manuscript volumes filled with them, and with prose stories of similar quality, copied in that "delicate Italian hand," like the wanderings of minute spiders over the page, which, according to Mrs. Radcliffe (a great favourite with the "Lady"), is the approved vehicle for embalming such matters. She "knew each dell and every alley green" for miles about the rectory; and, attired in summer in the most delicate muslin, in winter in that peculiar stuff known to our long past youth as "nankin," she would undertake long walking expeditions among the hills, always keeping a record of the miles she had accomplished, and adding up their number at the end of every year. She was the first who introduced a parasol to the district; not the lace-covered slender thing which now passes by that name, but a substantial shade with a long cane attached to it, to be held in the middle, and to serve as a walking stick. The appearance of this "little umbrell," as it was called, produced no small excitement in the West Country villages, in some of which the fashions of a century ago still linger. "Dear Doctor Johnson," was the idol of this elder sister, who dared to approach the Colossus of literature thus familiarly. But the Doctor would have looked on her with respect; nor would he have been slow to recognize the many excellent qualities of the younger "Lady," although her mind had been by no means so carefully cultured, and was indeed in some directions eminently eccentric. She, like her brother, and in his company, was a frequent visitor to every ruined castle or abbey within her reach. For each she had a vast collection of ghost stories and romantic legends, highly ingenious, but somewhat confusing, since she had early adopted Sir Walter Scott's theory, that where no interesting story hovers about a place, nothing is so easy as to make one. But having once developed her special version, she could by no means be induced to change it, any more than to modify her peculiar views of mediæval manners and arrangements. She always insisted on conveying her guests by a steep and broken staircase to the top of one of the towers at Berry Pomeroy, where she would describe a narrow overhanging platform, some sixty feet from the ground, as the bowling green on which the lords of the castle and their retainers were wont to disport themselves. Her ghost stories were less perplexing, though perhaps equally impossible. But they are not forgotten; and some of them are still repeated by the custodians of the ruins to which they were attached. Less refined and far more plain-spoken than her sister, she contrasted strongly with her in her dress. One was always delicate and nice, with unruffled kerchief and unspotted muslins; the other was entirely careless, and not unfrequently appeared dragging after her a length of torn flounce or a yard of unripped trimming.

These were the figures — themselves long since laid to rest in the quiet churchyard adjoining the rectory, which rose to the mind's eye as clearly as when in life on revisiting their well-known home. The picture and the life they recalled, suggested at once the wonderful change which has passed over the country parsonages of England within the last half-century. This Devonshire rector belonged to a species which is almost as extinct as the megatherium or the dodo; but which nevertheless in his own days was by no means uncommon. A man of family and of easy fortune, his influence and his interests extended far beyond the

Digitized by Google

professional and parochial limits within which the modern clergyman seems to think it, for the most part, necessary to confine himself. Both he and his sisters were known far and wide; and their advice and assistance were sought at all hands, and from every corner of the country. If a garden was to be laid out, if a dairy was to be established, or if a course of reading was to be arranged for some young lady "of fashion," the "Ladies" of the rectory were at once called in. Graver matters summoned the rector into the field. No new church could be built and no old one repaired or "beautified" (the word "restoration" was unknown in those days, though not, it may be feared, all that is signified by it) without his help; for in architectural knowledge he was far in advance of his age. and there are certain granite windows, scattered throughout the district, which bear his mark as completely as a brannew reredos or choir screen tells of Sir Gilbert Scott. If a guardian or trustee were wanted for any young heir whose property had to be watched and cared for, the rector was at once fixed upon as the fitting man; and many a graceful cottage and farm building, in the heart of deep woods or on some breezy upland, testifies not only to his zeal for the well-doing of the lands he protected, but to the refined taste with which he adapted his designs to the country, where they seem like a natural and simple outgrowth. In a circle of somewhat rough squires and squirelets, who saw little beyond their own county, and were deeply penetrated with a sense of their own importance, the quiet, dignified refinement, and the real knowledge of the rector, told largely for good, tempered as they were by the truest geniality and the sweetest of natural dispositions. It may very well be doubted whether the cassock, or the long, training coat which comes so near to it, has, or ever will have, anything like so sound an influence throughout a countryside as the rector's deep-pocketed vestment — not always, it may be said, an "inky coat," or of raven hue — and the rolls of finest cambric which surmounted and fell over it.

They are gone; and with them are gone the old church fashions and arrangements which seemed in our youth as fixed and unalterable as the British Constitution or the Tower of London. Could the rector be brought back for an hour or two, to behold the interior of a neighbouring church, where rows of choristers in scarlet cottas execute tuneless Gregorians with distracting vigour, where embroidered banners hang from the walls over an altar blazing with candles, and where the air is heavy with the scent of hothouse flowers, it would not be easy to persuade him that he was revisiting a district so well known to him in the flesh. His own church has undergone no such tremendous alteration; but even there the hand of change is evident, and in some points, it may be confessed, for the better. The ancient village choir, with its flutes and its fiddles, has been swept away. Its pretensions were no doubt greater than its powers. The principal soprano had figured in front of the gallery for a period of nearly half a century; and her performance resembled nothing so much as that of a hen when informing the world that she had just added a fresh egg to her store. The basso profondo, thinking that there was nothing like leather, shouted to such a degree that in summer time, when the doors were open, he could be distinctly heard on the top of the opposite hill. It is not easy to describe the horror of an Italian musician, who having been detained in the neighbourhood by a coach accident, and received at the rectory, attended the church one Sunday morning, and was subjected to the usual display: —

> The wedding guest, he beat his breast,
> For he heard the loud bassoon.

"You must find Handel difficult," some one once ventured to remark to the leader of the band, when some chorus from the *Messiah* was in preparation. "Well, zur," was the reply, "he may be zo; but then, you zee, us alters 'un;" and indeed it was sometimes difficult to recognize the creation of the great *maestro* which figured by way of anthem. And yet when all is said, there was a homeliness about the whole performance which harmonized with the simple old church, through whose "unstoried" windows you could see the bees and butterflies busy among the sycamore blossoms, and with the quiet paternal teaching of the rector, whose discourses had at least the merit of being intelligible to the humblest of his congregation. But the secret of his influence lay outside his teaching. It was that of Chaucer's parish priest:

> For Christës lore and hys Apostles twelve
> He taught; but first he folwed it himselve.

The rector afforded one of the best types of those strongly marked, individual

Digitized by Google

characters which were fostered by the seclusion, almost the isolation, of the remoter parts of England, and which have disappeared as the country has gradually been opened, and a wide general intercourse rendered not only possible but necessary. Many years ago we remember being present at a gathering of North Devon parsons who had assembled in order to settle on the site for a new church. Some twelve or eighteen clergymen were there; but there was not one who did not present some marked peculiarity, or who might not have been studied with advantage by such a novelist as Miss Austen, to whose time many of them belonged. Now-a-days such an assemblage would, externally at least, be of very uniform character; and the "views" of its members would be coloured, without much distinctive shading, from the *Guardian*, the *Record*, or the *Church Times*. At that old meeting, every parson present at which has long been dead, each speaker offered an appearance, and developed sentiments, more strange and wonderful than his predecessor; and it was, at least, surprising that any sort of common decision was reached in the end. Not all of these extinct clerical types are to be regretted; but all were noticeable; and it is a pity that so many of them want the "vates sacer" who might have embalmed them for posterity. But forty years ago there was no one to write *Chronicles of Barset;* and Mr. Trollope's gallery of parsons hardly contains an example of the peculiar generation which even then was beginning to pass away. Indeed, it was only in the remoter districts that it still lingered.

Let us journey farther up the Dartmoor stream which flows under the rectory garden, and visit a church and vicarage as remote from the ways of men as any in the country. Toward the end of a broad pastoral valley, and almost encircled by grey, granite-strewn tors, rises the lofty church tower, built, according to the tradition, by a company of tinners, in the fifteenth century, as a thank-offering for the success of their operations in the parish. Wherever it is possible to look into the valley from the high moors about it, this tower asserts itself grandly, not only giving human interest to the solitude, but suggesting that the hamlet, nestled about it, is no creation of yesterday. The country is rough and wild, with deep "cleughs" running upward into the hills, each with its dashing streamlet, and its moss-grown boulders, overshadowed here and there by gnarled and stunted oak-trees. And never was there a parson more completely in keeping with the district over which he presided, than the vicar of this remote parish, who, after directing its affairs for well nigh half a century, left, when he passed away some twenty years since, no easy legacy to his successors. He seemed himself as native to the soil as a block of Dartmoor granite; and, accustomed to traverse the moors at all hours and in all seasons, he had become nearly as rough and as weather-stained:

> A savage wildness round him hung,
> As of a dweller out-of-doors.

No man knew Dartmoor so thoroughly. He could find his way across any moss or quaking bog in the forest, always excepting those which, in Dartmoor phrase, even a dog may not touch without falling in. His Devonshire speech was unrivalled; and with him must have passed away many an old word and old story, the value of which was all undreamt of by himself. For he was in no sense a scholar; and if he managed his parish tolerably well, and lived in harmony with its rude farmers, it was because he had made himself one of them alike in his interests and his diversions. Of the ways of the more civilized world he knew nothing; and he has been made the hero of a somewhat legendary story which represents such a primitive parson as arriving at some great country house, being received with afternoon tea, and then, since he concluded, not without some wonder, that the hospitalities of the day were over, taking shelter in his bed, whence he was roused by the clang of the eight o'clock dinner bell. But this story is as widely diffused as that of Beth Gelert, or the dog of Montargis, and wants authentication; although, if our Dartmoor friend could have been trapped into a country house on any pretence, the character of his proceedings when there could hardly have been predicted. He was more at home in a certain long, low, oak-raftered chamber in the only hostelry in his parish; where the scanty news of the countryside might be nightly exchanged; for although himself no other than a sober man, he had learned to be tolerant of those who were not so. The wedding of a relative was on one occasion celebrated at the vicarage. The guests were numerous. Healths were duly drunk in the flowing bowl; and at last the entire company set out to conduct

Digitized by Google

the bride and bridegroom across the moors to the nearest town, a distance of some fifteen miles. But few reached the proposed end of their journey. One after another dropped from his saddle among the rushes or the heather by the wayside, and the long road was marked by prostrate revellers instead of mile-stones. The bride herself on this occasion was conveyed on a pillion, a travelling convenience still to be found in some old Dartmoor farmhouses. It was this same vicar who, commenting on the Parable of the Supper, and adapting his illustrations to the experience of his hearers, remarked on the man who had married a wife, and therefore could not come — "a frivolous excuse, indeed, my friends; why, he might have brought her behind him on a pillion."

Our friend here was a skilled practical agriculturist, and knew the merits and demerits of every plot of ground within his parish; but notwithstanding his long out-of-door wanderings, he was but little of a sportsman. He did not even fish the "troutful streams" which ran past his very door. His type was a peculiar one, and he is not to be classed with those "sporting parsons" who formed so conspicuous a clerical cohort in what a certain school of Churchmen is now accustomed to call "the wretched days of the Georges." There were, perhaps, in those wretched days, very few Devonshire parsons round about Dartmoor who did not occasionally enjoy a run with the foxhounds; and some of them were the most skilled and accomplished sportsmen of their time. And it by no means follows that these clerical Nimrods entirely neglected their parishes, or that they were without sound influence on their people, and on the rough folk with whom they for the most part consorted. We are not insisting that a race of red-coated clerics would be a desirable addition to the modern hunting-field. But things were very different fifty or a hundred years ago; and many of those who, following ancient traditions, took an active part in the sports of their parishioners in the field or on the village green were not, perhaps, the less qualified for imparting such instruction as their flock was able to receive. Certainly, the type to which they belonged was one which had always existed in this country, where the parish priest was often as learned in woodcraft as the forester himself, and where my Lord Bishop or my Lord Abbot loved full well to be present at the striking of a buck of season. And, to go back to the earlier days of Devonshire, Hooker, the uncle of the famous divine, in his history of the West Country rising of 1549, has given us a full-length picture of the old clerical sportsman — a marked contrast to the type afforded by his "judicious" nephew. This is his description of Welsh, the Vicar of St. Thomas's "without the walls" of Exeter, and one of the chief leaders of the insurgents. He had, we are told, "many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set and mightilie compact. He was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long-bow and also in the cross-bow. He handled his hand-gun and peece very well. He was a verie good woodman and a hardy, and such a one as would not give his head for the polling or his beard for the washing. He was a companion in any exercise of activitie, and of a courteous and gentle behaviour. He descended of a good honest parentage, being borne at Peneverin, in Cornwall; and yet, in this rebellion, an arch-captain and a principal doer." One cannot but regret the fate of this worthy personage, who was hanged in chains on the top of his own church tower. Hooker's picture of him seems to have early caught the eye and the fancy of Sir Walter Scott; and the priest of Shoreswood, in *Marmion* —

> . . . who could rein
> The wildest war horse in your train,
> But then, no spearman in the hall
> Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl —

besides our friend in *Ivanhoe*, the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, received, as Lockhart assures us, sundry touches from this character of Master Welsh. Hooker himself, opposed as he was to him, and disliking him as a follower of the "old profession," nevertheless draws his outline with some tenderness; and the very fact of his close connection with the rising would indicate that he was not without strong feeling about other things than wrestling or "shooting in the cross-bow."

The love for, and the active pursuit of, field sports does not necessarily turn a clergyman into a profane Esaú, nor does it imply that he altogether neglects the serious duties of his calling. But it must be confessed that it has been frequently fonnd in consort with other tendencies and qualities which laymen and cleric alike might just as well be without. Here, too, we are looking back on an ex-

Digitized by Google

tinct type. The modern clerical advocate of so-called muscular Christianity is a product which differs as widely as possible from the ordinary sporting clergyman of three or four generations back, and which has, we may be quite sure, nothing at all in common with the more extreme developments of the species — country vicars who differed from the Squire Westerns of their day only by degrading themselves to a lower level. At present we should search altogether in vain for the original of such a man as Parson Chowne, in Mr. Blackmore's story of the *Maid of Sker*. Mr. Blackmore has there painted North Devon scenery from the life, and has marked with a delicate precision which few of his brother artists have at command, the minute, but most true and positive, differences between the Glamorganshire coast, where much of his scene is laid, and the opposite shore of Devon. Here he has given us the truth with the fidelity of a pre-Raffaelite artist. Some of his characters are also studies, not exactly from the life, but after the recollections and general traditions of the district; and, if he has somewhat enlarged their outlines, it was not because they were not sufficiently distinct, or because popular tradition had not already made them darker than the reality. But the original of Parson Chowne was precisely one of those personages who, now that the days of dragons and enchanters are no more, excite most strongly the imagination of a country neighbourhood, and about whom all manner of floating tradition is sure to gather. He has long passed away, but it will be long indeed before his deeds and his reputation are forgotten. Living in a remote, dreary corner of North Devon, in a country of plashy, desolate heaths and valleys, as unpicturesque as those of Exmoor or the Dartmoor borders are the reverse, he found himself with few neighbours of equal position, and with no companions immediately at hand save farmers whose mental condition was probably below that of their predecessors who tilled the soil (so much of it as was then in tillage) in the days of the Confessor. In such a place a student would have sunk into dreams, and an ordinary man into complete indolence. But here was a character of great strength and vigour, a powerful frame, and a mind which, without the smallest tincture of letters, was nevertheless one of great natural ability and of entire restlessness. Add to this a total want of all moral restraint, an indifference to any welfare but his own, a fierce, revengeful temper such as never forgave an injury, real or supposed, and the profoundest contempt for the ordinary decencies of his calling, and we have very much the Parson Chowne of the novel, in essentials at any rate. The original "parson" was a master of hounds, and in this way acquired very considerable influence in the district which he hunted. Woe to the monster who trapped or killed a fox which was under the parson's protection, or within the range of his sport. If a small farmer was so much as suspected of such an enormity, no matter how much his henroost had suffered, some misfortune was certain to befall him before long. The parson had his special henchmen and followers, and, as they rode together by the homestead of the offender, a hint that his cornstacks looked unsafe, and might easily take fire, was pretty sure to be followed in due time by a midnight blaze and catastrophe. There were few who ventured to offend him; and if he had been disposed, like a certain worthy of Bedfordshire, in yet darker times, to arrange a cock-fight in the chancel of his church, there was probably no one who would have dared to say him nay. A resolute ignoring of authorities is pretty sure to secure a certain amount of immunity; and this parson was as regardless of his bishop as if one had been the merest stuffed "tulchan" and the other a modern Neo-Catholic. Doctor Phillpotts, the late Bishop of Exeter, who retired from no contest for want of courage, found himself, in this case, unable to open more than the first lines of attack. When he came into the diocese, "Parson Chowne" was already grey in misdoing, and strong in his contempt for the world's judgment. The Bishop encountered him on some public occasion — a Visitation or Confirmation — and, feeling that some course should be taken with such an offender, invited him to a private conference. But the parson declined. Whatever the bishop had to say might be said, he was well assured, before all the world. "Mr. So-and-so," then began the bishop, "many very strange things are said of you. I should be sorry to believe them, but reports are so general, and so much has got into the newspapers, that I cannot pass them without notice." "My lord," was the discomfiting reply, "I am glad to hear that you are unwilling to believe newspaper reports. Many strange things are said also of your lord-

Digitized by Google

ship, and I should be as sorry to believe them as you could be to believe what may be said of me."

It is pleasant to turn back again from such a happily vanished type of character as this, to the dear old rector the sight of whose quiet parsonage awoke these clerical recollections. In his company we remember to have visited — he white-haired and venerable, his companion little more than a boy — sundry Devonshire vicarages whose occupants, every one of them, afforded proof of the strong independence of mind nurtured among the solitary hills and remote moorlands. To many of their houses a visit was a serious expedition, involving long and somewhat perilous rides through rough, rocky lanes, which in winter were the beds of torrents. So remote, and so evil of access in those days, was Lustleigh, one of the most picturesque and attractive spots within the circle of the Dartmoor border. Now, a railway passes close under the shadow of its little church, where, in the porch, lies an inscribed stone of the fifth or sixth century, as yet not clearly read; and crowds of summer pilgrims sweep up over the hill toward the rocky watchtowers of Lustleigh Cleave. Then, a passing stranger was almost as rare as a white blackbird, and the vicar was left very nearly to the companionship of his hills and oak woods. This vicar was the Reverend William Davy; a man of hardly less energy in his way than Parson Chowne, and quite as well worth studying. But his energy was turned to very different account. His means were slender; his literary ambition was large. He had written, in his solitude, what he called *A System of Divinity, in a Course of Sermons on the First Institutions of Religion;* but he could find no printer or publisher to launch his production into the world. This did not daunt him. He set up a rude printing-press in his study, and gradually got about him a quantity of indifferent and damaged type. Of this he possessed enough to print two pages at once; and with untiring zeal — "*arte meâ*," he says, "*diurno nocturnoque labore*" — he carried through the printing, between the years 1795 and 1807, of no less than twenty-six volumes, comprising the whole of his *System*. Only fourteen copies were printed, one of which is in the Bodleian Library; and it is not to be supposed that many of their pages have ever been looked on by other eyes than those of the indefatigable printer. The book is not attractive in appearance or in matter; but it remains a monument of independent and determined labour. And Mr. Davy carried his activity into other matters than his printing. His vicarage, which was at one time occupied by a brother of the late Lord Macaulay, has undergone much change, and the garden which stretches up the steep hill-side behind it is no longer the curious "paradise" which he left it. On the terraced banks he planted and arranged box and other shrubs which might be clipped regularly, in the form of long passages from Milton and others of the elder poets; his love for "letters" breaking out again in this unwonted fashion. Here stretched along the famous address of Adam —

> These are thy glorious works, Parent of good, Almighty!

There lay Portia's "quality of mercy," or Prospero's "baseless fabric of a vision." The lines were worked out in some dark evergreen — box, yew, or juniper. The stops, always carefully added, were sometimes in pleasant contrast; as a patch of clover pinks for a period, or a cluster of hen and chicken daises in a semicolon. This was a gardener who dared to think for himself, and who happily had no theories of bedding out, no dread of mighty horticultural authorities, to perplex or to daunt him.

The early days of the rector were those in which ecclesiastical ritual had fallen to its lowest ebb, and in which every man did what was right in his own eyes, though with a license somewhat different from that now in fashion. We have heard of one old gentleman who, arriving late at church, explained to his congregation that he had been delayed on the way by the sweet singing of a robin; and of another who, finding the light fail him, descended from his pulpit, and entering a pew beneath a window, thence finished his afternoon discourse. The clerk invariably read the lessons; and was often so greatly puzzled by proper names and hard words that it is easy to believe the story told of one such functionary, who having once stumbled over the names of Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, declined to venture upon them again, but referred to them, on each recurrence, as the "aforesaid gentlemen." Sometimes the reader would ask for explanation of a difficult text; and a dialogue would pass between the clerk and his "maister" which might perhaps

Digitized by Google

edify the rest of the congregation, but was certainly not in accordance with "Catholic usage." The congregation in these remote village churches much resembled the rustic in Southey's *Doctor* (are they much better now?) who, when he went to church, "put his legs upon the bench, and thought of nothing." For those whose thoughts were so far active as to keep them awake and lead them into mischief, the stocks rose in awful majesty close beside the porch. It is not so many years ago since a Devonshire vicar and his wife thought it their duty to behold with their own eyes the punishment of a culprit condemned, like Hudibras, to pass the whole of Monday in the stocks, after disturbing the congregation by a tipsy brawl on Sunday.

The condition of churches in those days has been too often described to need re-picturing here. Devonshire differed little from other counties. Whitewash and vast pews; at the east end, representations, more or less lively, of Moses and Aaron, and at the west, the singing loft with its curtains carefully drawn during the performance; all this reigned supreme; and was only varied by the exceptional taste of some ambitious churchwarden who, as in one case, might cover the east window with a transparency representing King George upon his throne, or, as in another, might arrange it with a blind and red curtains draped on either side. We have changed all that. But is it quite so certain that in the elaborate restorations which have converted many a village church into a shrine of modern art, we have not missed a certain simple, homely element, which, grotesque as it appears in these later beautifications, is nevertheless to be traced throughout the work of those periods which we are accustomed to regard as affording our best models? Ancient wood carving — roof bosses, stall work, underside brackets — is full of it. The painted panels of some choir screens display figures which, to those who beheld them in their original freshness, must have directly suggested the most familiar objects of daily life — Gideon in armour like that hanging in the neighbouring hall; Our Lady in such a robe and curious head-tire as might be worn at church by the chief dame of the parish; Pharaoh in a dress furred with marten skins, such as Holbein bestows on Sir Thomas More; and his chief baker with a white apron and a basket on his head full of pies and all manner of baked meats for his master. All these figures, and many of the same character, were to be found on a screen of a certain Devonshire church which in the course of its "restoration" has swept them quite away. It may be admitted that it would be no easy matter to reconcile such old-world simplicity with modern feeling. We are not recommending, at least not without becoming modification, such a representation of the Prodigal Son and his story as used not so long ago to be found on many a cottage wall, where in one compartment a housemaid from an upper window waves her handkerchief to the departing youth, and in another the feast on his return is in high celebration, and a portly clergyman, in gown and bands, is helping himself to wine from a full decanter. Perhaps too, the perception of high art had not been thoroughly developed in that old lady who, after gazing long and reverently on the St. Catherine in a memorial window, observed that it was beautiful, but after all had no very great likenes to "old mistress." But a really great artist might not impossibly discover some middle way by which the homeliness of past centuries might be translated without irreverence into a language to be understanded of modern church-goers; and so make the church itself something more of the home that it was in those ruder days.

But this is to look forward, and our present business is with the past. With churches in their church-wardenized condition, either "in their native whitewash and brickhood," as Walpole describes some that he visited, or in a state of utter neglect and decay, the font garnished with dead bats, and the carved roof literally a place where the swallow had found her nest, an explorer like the rector enjoyed many advantages which have almost passed away from the architectural student in these days; whilst, on the other hand, as the object of his exploration was then entirely unappreciated, he was apt to be received with much the same sort of suspicion as attends a modern delver among ruined cities of the farther East. But the historical evidences of moulding and of sculpture had not as yet been tampered with; and it was not necessary to ask whether such and such a design or detail was a thing of yesterday or a portion of the original building. If parts of the work had been destroyed, what remained was untouched save by time and whitewash, and only needed the architectural knowledge of

Digitized by Google

the explorer for its deciphering. How far the rector, by his occasional removal of monstrosities, by a vigorous scraping of whitewash from some rich sculpture, or by a more comely arrangement of some bare and half-ruined chancel, fore-shadowed and assisted the restoration movement which has advanced to such alarming lengths, it would be useless to enquire. At any rate his restoration did not mean destruction. There was a charm in his "*chasse aux églises*" like that which attends the explorer of a new country:

> He was the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea.

When he began his wanderings there was probably no one in Devonshire except himself who did not regard Gothic architecture as an extinct barbarism; and no one dreamt of expeditions for its sake. Walpole and Strawberry Hill had not reached so far west; and few but the "Ladies" had studied the *Castle of Otranto*. Accordingly, it was impossible to say what treasures — what stately monument, what delicately-carved screen, or what antique painting, might not be found in any of the old churches that lay sleeping among the hills; and, besides all this, the difficulty of getting access to them sometimes amounted to an adventure. Farmers and village sextons could not understand why a stranger should wish to enter their church, and they looked much askance at his proceedings. On one occasion, when visiting a remote parish which had not long before been agitated by a fear of thieves, his application for the church key produced an immediate fortification of all the houses in the place, beginning with the vicarage. Doors were locked and windows barred; and it was only after a conference conducted under extreme difficulties, and a production of clear proofs of identity, that he and his companions were allowed to pass from under the eye of the parish constable.

It is idle to regret these old days. They are gone, and the past never comes back. But, perhaps, when the civilization of the age shall have run its course, when lines of railway are restored to their native coppices and fern brakes, when the walls of great factories are mossed in picturesque ruin, and when Mr. Ruskin's Utopia has become the pattern of life throughout the country, what was really good in them may reappear in fresh combinations and under different conditions; and thus, as we seem already to have returned to the sacques and ruffles of our great-great-grandmothers, our own remote descendants may know something of the quiet, unruffled existence which belonged to the household of our Devonshire rector.

R. J. K.

From The Spectator.

ENGLISH FOREIGN POLICY.

THE Foreign Minister of England must, under any Government, feel his position an awkward one. He is apparently expected to talk largely of the influence of England, and to do nothing which corresponds to his talk; to take active measures for "preserving the peace of Europe" when the peace of Europe is not endangered, and to remit them directly it is; to speak with ostentatious confidence of preserving the faith of international obligations, and when the pinch comes, to show conclusively how very little the faith of international obligations means. The short conversation between Lord Russell and Lord Derby in the House of Lords on the auguries of the day was not cheering in itself, but to any one who read it by the light of those eminent persons' achievements as Foreign Secretaries, it was still more depressing.—a little bit of acted burlesque. Lord Russell, in moving for correspondence on the affairs of Europe, said, (was it irony directed against himself, as he remembered his own great achievements in keeping the peace of Europe undisturbed when Denmark was attacked in 1864?) — "For his own part, he was convinced that such was the vast influence of England in the councils of Europe, that it would be in her power to preserve the general peace. He did not think that any Power would venture to disturb it, if there was a strong alliance between England and the other Powers to preserve the peace of Europe. He imagined, in the first place, that they might rely on Her Majesty's Government to adhere to all the engagements and all the treaties to which the Crown of Great Britain is bound to her allies. But on this point he hoped there would be no evasion, or attempt to evade or shirk those positive engagements which the Crown of this country had entered into. He trusted that if there was any danger to the peace of Europe, the whole influence of Great Britain would be exercised for the purpose of preserving that peace."

Digitized by Google

Considering that the decisive decline of English influence on the Continent, dates from Lord Russell's own shilly-shally about Denmark,—a country with which we suppose there was no "strong alliance" in Lord Russell's sense, or he would never have permitted the lesser Powers of Europe to be ridden down in that hectoring way in 1864,—these words were tolerably big. Lord Russell's professed desire to maintain peace in 1864 was quite as great as Lord Derby's could be now, and "the influence of England in the councils of Europe," if "vast" now, was certainly much "vaster" then, though we should have thought it more correct to speak of it as little then, and much less now. But Lord Russell did not maintain peace. On the contrary, his policy collapsed before the obvious timidity and disapprobation of the House of Commons, and with it the "vast influence of England in the councils of Europe"—for the present, at least. But Lord Derby's reply, read by the light of Lord Derby's own deeds, was hardly less depressing. First, Lord Derby thinks that if the peace of Europe is threatened, "without embroiling ourselves in a quarrel to which we were not a party, we should leave no reasonable endeavour untried to preserve peace." Now, what is a "reasonable endeavour" made by a nation quite intent on "not embroiling itself in quarrel to which it was not a party"? Does it only mean sending somebody to Europe,—as poor Lord Malmesbury did in 1859, when Lord Cowley ran about Europe like a hen round a duck-pond, cackling to all the little ducks to come out of that dangerous water,—to tell all the Governments of Europe how very much he objects to war, and how nice it would be if they would only be peaceable? Or does he mean by leaving no reasonable endeavour untried to preserve the peace, that he would not mind entering into another "collective guarantee," such as that made on the subject of Luxembourg by himself in 1867, warranted to mean nothing but words, and even proclaimed as meaning nothing but words on the very eve of its signature? Whichever he means, we fear it will not be calculated to increase the present "vast influence of England in the councils of Europe;" and we fear that Lord Derby's subsequent assurance that England regards her treaties as "binding in honour and good faith" will, if read by the light of his explanations on the day after the signature of the guarantee of the neutrality of Luxembourg, not carry with it any great weight. The simple truth of the case is that "vast influence in the councils of Europe," or any other councils, is not to be gained without risking something considerable. Talking Powers which express their delight in peace, but button up their pockets the moment they are asked to strike a blow against aggression, will never have a "vast influence" in any councils, except in the dreams of somewhat obsolete statesmen. Whatever the true strength of England, and we at least have no intention of depreciating it, her *influence* must always be in direct proportion to her willingness to use it for what seems to her sufficient reason,—such sufficient reason being assumed to rest upon something wider and deeper than her own interests and their protection. So long as the House of Commons does not see this (and recent Houses of Commons, probably reflecting in part the influence of recent statesmen, certainly have not seen it), one of the idlest amusements we can think of is the pleasure which English statesmen seem to feel in believing and asserting that we can both eat our pudding and have it too,—that we can both have all the quiet which arises from reiterating that we are not going "to embroil ourselves in a quarrel to which we were not a party," and all that "vast influence in the councils of Europe" which springs from being willing to share some of the dangers and troubles due to invasions which we did not provoke. If the English people do not wish it, we certainly cannot have a strong foreign policy; but we can at least refrain from the rather pitiful boast that our influence can always prevent the peace of Europe from being broken, when we well know that if Lord Derby, like Lord Malmesbury in 1859, sent all over Europe to entreat his dear friends not to appeal to the brutal arbitrament of force, the one question asked would be, "What will you sacrifice to put down the first aggressor?" and that the answer would inevitably be, "Nothing,"—an answer which would also represent excellently the exact amount of our "vast influence in the councils of Europe" after we had given it.

Digitized by Google

From The Economist.

THE REALITY OF THE INDIAN FAMINE.

THE discussions here upon the famine in India and the narratives of it sent home naturally turn upon its more salient outlines and its more picturesque features. They tell us, or try to tell us, whether Lord Northbrook was right in his policy in this or that matter; whether Sir G. Campbell suggested something better or worse; what is the state of the population at this moment in Tirhoot or elsewhere. And we would not deny for an instant the value of this information and argument. They are absolutely necessary for those who have to decide upon, and for those who wish to learn, the details of this painful event. But there is besides a much deeper class of considerations which this controversy and these details tend to hide. We have to face in India a great and new problem, and we ought to see what that problem is.

The population of India is now, for the first time in history, augmenting with great rapidity: year by year the people become more and more numerous. The peace we have compelled, the infanticide we have prevented, the little civilization we have introduced, all tend in this way. But there is no corresponding addition to the means of supporting the people. Already they are as thick upon the soil as almost anywhere in the world. The habits of the people are much opposed to change, and the fixed, inherited structure of society often prohibits it. The present subsistence of the poorest in many parts is excessively small, and consists mainly of the cheapest kind of food, and the most precarious. More or less unfavourable seasons constantly happen, and the consequence is more or less of scarcity, more or less of high prices, and more or fewer deaths among the population. The number of the population is already enormous; there was till lately an error in our estimate of it. We thought, by traditional computation, that it was in Bengal alone 43,000,000, but by actual counting we find it comes to 66,000,000, and 23,000,000, the amount of this error, is about the population of England and Wales. The problem is, then, Are we right by our imported Government to force on the indefinite augmentation of this enormous multitude, and if so, how are we to provide for them?

We cannot pretend to solve that problem at the present moment, nor should we be heeded if we did; the public does not know that there is such a problem. We must therefore prove its existence, and unfortunately it is easy enough to do so by a series of citations from writers and speakers of official authority. There is a disposition on the part of the public to look on this Indian famine as an isolated and anomalous event which we have to deal with now once for all, and the like of which we need not expect to see again. But the late Secretary of State for India, the Duke of Argyll, thus warns us to the contrary: — "My Lords," he says, "it is melancholy to think that I should remind your lordships of the fact that famines are of by no means rare occurrence in India. Without going back to the famines of the last century, some of which have left terrible remembrances in the recollections of the people, but going back only to the Mutiny of a few years ago, we find that no fewer than four scarcities, amounting almost to famines, have occurred since that time. Every Minister who has had charge of the affairs of India, however short his term of office, since the Mutiny of 1857, has had to deal with a scarcity of that kind in some part of India. In 1861–62 my noble friend behind me, who so long presided over the Government of India, had to deal with a serious famine in the North-West Provinces. During the time another of my hon. friends held the seals of the India Office, he had to deal with the famine of 1865 and 1866, and when he handed those seals to my noble friend opposite, he (the Marquis of Salisbury) assumed office in the very midst of a famine which has left such a bitter recollection on the minds of the people. Again, when Sir Stafford Northcote gave up the seals of office, and I took them in 1868–69, there was then in the North-West Provinces a serious famine which cost the lives of thousands of people. And, lastly, when I retire from office my noble friend opposite succeeds in the middle of a calamity threatening great danger to the enormously populous district of Behar." — [Speech in the House of Lords, April 24, 1874.]

The present famine is greater than some famines, though less than others, but what is new in it is the attention given to it in England, and the mode of treatment adopted in India. For the first time we are applying on a sufficient scale European ideas to an Asiatic problem. The native governments always let their subjects die without an effort to save them, and though we have generally made

Digitized by Google

some efforts for them, yet they have always been ineffectual, and never comparable to what we are now doing.

Next we cite Dr. Hunter, the accomplished Director of Statistics for the Indian Government, who writes thus in his "Annals of Rural Bengal," a book written before the late census and before the present controversies: — "In the old times, when war and pestilence constantly thinned them, the system of non-inquiry acted tolerably well; but now that peace is sternly imposed, when vaccination is introduced, and everything is done that modern science can suggest to reduce the ravages of pestilence to a minimum, the people increase at a rate that threatens to render the struggle for life harder under British rule than under Mussulman tyranny. At the same time, we have taken away slavery, the last resource of the cultivator when he cannot earn a livelihood for his family. In short, we are attempting to govern according to the principles of Christian humanity and modern civilization, forgetful that under such a system the numbers of a people increase, while in India the means of subsistence stand still. Progress implies dangers unknown in stationary societies, and an imported civilization is a safe experiment only when the changes which it works are ascertained and provided for. In the absence of machinery for discovering the pressure of the population, we are liable at any moment to be rudely awakened to the fact that the blessings of British rule have been turned into curses; and, as in the case of the Santals before their rising, that protection from the sword and pestilence has only intensified the difficulty of subsistence." — [Annals of Rural Bengal, pp. 259–260.]

And of what sort the present so-called subsistence is the same very able writer tells us in his last book, with which he has evidently taken the greatest pains, and in preparing which he has had all the official machinery of his department at his disposal. "It would," he says, "be beyond my knowledge to say what proportion of these labourers and agriculturalists are within reach of starvation during a famine. But the following rough estimate may be useful. I consider that 9 1–2 millions, or one-fourth of them, do not earn more than Rs. 5 (ten shillings) a month, or say 3 annas a day, during a working month of 27 days; another quarter of them earn between Rs. 5 and Rs. 8 (*i.e.*, between ten shillings and sixteen shillings) a month. The earnings of another quarter of them may be put down between Rs. 8 and Rs. 10·8 (*i.e.*, sixteen to twenty-one shillings a month. The remaining quarter averages about Rs. 12·8 a month (twenty-five shillings), and very few even of this comfortable class can afford to spend over Rs. 16 (or thirty-two shillings) per mensem.

"It is not my business here to make proposals as to the methods of dealing with the famine, but merely to furnish a basis of systematized evidence by which such proposals may be judged. Elsewhere I have had an opportunity of submitting any views I may personally entertain with regard to the main lines of a Famine Policy. For the present it suffices merely to summarize the evidence contained in the following District Accounts.

"*First.*— Ordinary Prices. The rate of common rice in prosperous years may be set down at 1 1-2 farthings per pound.

"*Second.*— Famine warnings. When rice reaches double these rates after the December harvest, or in January or February, that is to say, to 3 farthings per pound, these prices should be accepted as a warning of famine later in the year, and would justify action in anticipation of famine, unless the facilities for importation, or some other of the special conditions mentioned in the District Accounts rendered famine unlikely in the District.

"*Third.*— Actual Famine Rates. If rice rises to three times the ordinary rates in prosperous years, that is to say, to 5 farthings per pound, the actual famine point is in some Districts of Bengal reached, and Relief Works become in such Districts necessary. This formula must also be taken as subject to the limitations and reservations contained in the District Accounts. Different localities exhibit very different powers of resistance to the strain of famine.

"*Fourth.*— These figures very forcibly suggest the extremely small difference (when expressed in English money) between plenty and scarcity. Three and a half farthings per pound represent the whole intermediate area between a year of prosperity and one of famine; while there are only two farthings per pound between the rates which amount to a famine warning and those at which the famine point is reached.

"*Fifth.*— These facts explain the invariable and urgent demand by the native community to prohibit exportation during famine. I would not be understood

Digitized by Google

to advocate that demand. Such a measure involves wide considerations of public policy which cannot be discussed here. But I have never seen the question adequately discussed by the light which these figures now shed upon it. I am told that the retail price of rice in Europe may rise a few farthings a pound without causing anything like a sudden cessation of the consumption. But in Bengal two farthings make the whole difference between a famine warning and the famine point, and three and a half farthings per pound the whole difference between a time of plenty and a time of famine. It is clear, therefore, that as a difference of a few farthings does not cause a cessation of the demand in Europe, exportation will go on although these same few farthings may mean starvation for the Bengal peasant."—[A System of Famine Warnings, pp. 14–16.]

We have nothing to do, any more than this writer, with the policy or impolicy of prohibiting exportation; we are only showing how badly the people are off in common times, and how little it takes to bring them to starvation. And now let us hear from Mr. Beverley, the Census Commissioner, the best authority on the subject, how surely the population multiply in all this misery.—"The wider prevalence, I may say the universality, of marriage in this country will account for a larger proportion of births among the population. Marriage and the raising of offspring is considered a religious duty by the Hindu, and both sons and daughters are early provided for in this respect by all right-minded and orthodox parents. So important is it considered to have male offspring by whom the funeral rites may be duly celebrated, that not only is a second marriage permitted to males, but a pretext is thus found even for polygamy. It is quite possible, again, that owing to the earlier age at which marriage is consummated as compared with European countries, larger families as a rule should be the result. It may, of course, be urged that the interdiction of widow marriages must have an injurious effect upon the increase of the population, but after all, I should be inclined to doubt whether the proportion of Hindu widows at all approaches the proportion of unmarried women in England or other European countries. And we must further bear in mind, that moral restraints upon marriage do not exist in this country. The information which this Association lately collected in regard to the agricultural classes, conclusively shows that marriage takes place as a matter of course, and is scarcely, if at all influenced by any consideration of the means of living."—[Journal of the Statistical Society, March, 1874, p. 95.]

No doubt the incessant multiplication thus unhealthily stimulated was under the native system restrained by war and infanticide, by misery, death, and pestilence. But we can remove these restraints; we can hardly do otherwise if we are to rule at all; and therefore by inevitable laws the evil increases upon us.

As we have before said, it would be premature to discuss the true solution of this problem now. The difficulty must be seen before it can be met, and appreciated before it can be removed. We can only state that none greater or more fearful has ever occupied or is ever likely to occupy English statesmen.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

ROME, *April* 28.

THE Italian Liberals of the dominant party are proud of nothing so much as the ecclesiastical policy they have adopted ever since Cavour's death and on Cavour's advice. It remains an open question whether the great statesman, whose prominent quality was pliability to circumstances, would have continued to recommend the principle of the "free Church in a free State" after the failure of all attempts towards a reconciliation with the Court of Rome, after the total transformation the Catholic Church underwent in 1870; nay, it is extremely doubtful whether that astute sceptic ever really believed in the virtue of his own principle or only advanced it as a political *mot d'ordre* for the time being. Certain it is the Italians have honestly and consistently tried to act up to it; and, if they have taken away his dominions from the Pope and their properties from the religious communities, they have left the Church otherwise free to act as she pleases; and they look down on the Swiss and German politicians who have taken a different course with something like the consciousness of superiority with which a convinced disciple of John Stuart Mill looks down upon a Cranmer or a Latimer. I do not intend entering into an examination as to the absolute or relative value of the much-vaunted prin-

Digitized by Google

ciple; I will not ask whether it is not made, as Mr. Fitzjames Stephen thinks, "to emasculate both Church and State," and whether "to turn Churches into mere voluntary associations is not on the part of the State an act of covert unbelief rather than of neutrality;" nor shall I question whether the oldest country in Europe, the cradle and metropolis of Catholicism — a country where there is only one Church, and that one the most powerfully organized in the world — be in the same position as a new country, such as North America, where there exist hundreds of Churches, and where the immense majority is hostile to Roman Catholicism. All I wish to inquire into and to state are the results obtained by the Italian policy towards Rome, and whether it is not now time to inaugurate a different system.

The Holy Father has not as yet recognized the new kingdom, and he and his ecclesiastical army are as much opposed to it now as they were fifteen years ago. The ardently desired reconciliation has not been brought about. Pope and clergy, albeit the former disdainfully rejects all the pecuniary offers made to him by the Italian Government, and although the latter do not deign to solicit from nor even to announce their appointments to the Royal authorities in order to obtain their salary, are in a far more flourishing financial condition than Italy, and look to the future with confidence. The ecclesiastical schools, both popular and classical, still count four times as many pupils as the Government educational establishments. The Conservative classes of the country, faithful to the watchword from the Vatican — "Nè elettori, nè elletti" — take no part in the political life of the kingdom; and the Extreme Right in Parliament is composed exclusively of men who in every other legislative assembly in the world would be seated in the Left Centre: in other terms two-fifths, and perhaps the most influential part, of the population, are not legally represented. Finally, in case of a war the organized ecclesiastical army, whose chief resides in the Vatican, would not only support but openly appeal to the country's enemies. Meanwhile, the press and the pulpit, to say nothing of the confessional, are free to attack not only the laws and Constitution of the kingdom, but also the very legality of its existence, Government having voluntarily laid aside its best weapons and not daring to employ even those which are still left to them. It suffices for the clergy to oppose a law which they recognize and submit to without a murmur in the most fervently Catholic countries, such as France and Belgium, for the Government to abandon it. I allude to the bill on the obligatory priority of civil to religious marriage, the absence of which bill has brought, and brings daily, incalculable mischief to thousands of Italian subjects whom the present law regards as living in concubinage, whose children are illegitimate and unable to inherit, &c. It is enough for a fanatical bishop, neither recognized by Government nor recognizing it, to excommunicate the poor peasants who dared to elect their own curates for the Government to abandon both the confiding populations and their courageous priests. It is enough for the Holy See to express a dislike to hear the divinity of Christ discussed on the Capitol, or to see a Bible Society setting to work, for Government to become its instrument.

To all this the Italian Liberals have two answers ready: the first, Should we have succeeded better by trying to force the clergy's submission to the State? the second, Would it be possible in Italy to follow such a course? The failure of Germany in her attempts to subdue the rebellious clergy is generally quoted in answer to the first of these questions; but the Italians forget two little circumstances: one, that Germany only began a year or two ago to show her determination to enforce respect for the laws; the other, that Germany has let the moment pass when she would have been able to do so without encountering much resistance, the whole of the German clergy having been disposed in 1870 to side with the Government against Rome, and only having submitted to the Vatican after vainly waiting for support and finding themselves abandoned. *L'Eglise est femme.* Wheresoever a strong Government has shown a firm will from the outset the Roman Court has yielded, in the times of Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. as well as in our days. France has enjoyed for seventy years the very same legislation against which the German bishops are rebelling, and there is no need of persecution to induce the French prelates to submit to it. In Austria the bishops in their protest against the new laws have declared beforehand that they would nevertheless submit to them; and Monsignor Jacobini has left us a few days ago for Vienna, bearer of conciliatory propo-

Digitized by Google

sals from the Pope. If Germany and Italy had from the beginning shown the intention to brook no resistance, they would not have found any. The former has perceived her mistake betimes. Italy still persists in believing — or in trying to believe — that she has chosen the better course. Besides, with our character, with our manners and customs, says the Italian Liberal, a policy of the kind you advocate is impossible. We are all sceptics; we do not care a straw for religion; we neither hate nor love Catholicism; we are completely indifferent. How would it be possible to stir up a religious war in so lukewarm an atmosphere? We may assure our Italian friends that things are not very differently situated in the rest of the Continent; that scepticism is rife enough in France and in Austria as well as in Italy; and that the German middle classes are even more than indifferent, for such a thing as religion does not exist for them. The contest we are now witnessing in the new empire is by no means one between Protestantism and Catholicism; it is between Church and State; it is not a religious but a political war; not opposite dogmas but opposite interests which are at issue. We are quite aware that it would be ridiculous to suppose Italy capable of a religious zeal similar to that we see in England and America, for faith of any kind is quite out of the question here. But so it is in Germany. Of course, Germans carry even into unbelief and freethought an earnestness which is natural to them, and which does not lie in the Italian character; but this conflict has not even been undertaken under the name of Freethought versus Catholicism, it is State versus Church; and precisely because neither the French nor the English State have been threatened, they are able to look quietly on as mere spectators. In Germany, in Italy, and in Russia, on the contrary, where the Church of Rome sides with the State's enemies, she evidently aims at the State's destruction; and just as she accepts the assistance of Poles, Alsatians, Danes, and Communists, the State in Germany accepts — as the State in Italy ought to do — the assistance of Old Catholics, sincere Protestants, Jews, and freethinkers, in order to strengthen itself against its dangerous adversary. Surely, an organization which is based upon faith is not to be subdued if the adverse party be devoid of faith. Nor is it in reality. There is yet a belief on the Continent which has survived all religious faith; a belief which is just now stronger than ever among the enlightened classes, and perhaps stronger in Italy than in Germany. That belief is patriotism. It is not by appeals to a more rigid or a purer religious belief that the Italians will be roused against the Church, but by the love of their country, the safety of which is now threatened by their old enemy. There can be no doubt that if the Italian Government were to follow the example of Napoleon I., the German Emperor, Count Andrassy, and M. Cérésole — if they looked upon the struggle as what it really is, a political war — it would arouse as much enthusiasm as the Berlin and Berne Governments have found on the part of the German and Swiss people; but then, of course, they must *lasciar dir la gente*, and submit to being censured by those in whose eyes all energy is cruelty and all firmness inhumanity.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.

III. — The Blacks.

One of the greatest difficulties in Fiji, as in all tropical countries, is of course the labour question. White men can work and do work very hard in Fiji; but the climate is really unsuited for Europeans to do more than superintend, especially during the hurricane months. Those who attempt constant labour almost invariably suffer. Instances could be given of planters who have ploughed day after day for weeks under that burning sun; but these are men of exceptional strength, and sooner or later they feel the effects seriously. The moist heat is at certain seasons so relaxing that even those who have been accustomed to the glare of Queensland are forced to give in. Whites, thus shut off from exerting themselves much and being few in number, turn naturally to the Fijians to help them. But the Fijians will not work regularly on their own islands, and even when they are sent to plantations in another part of the group, they require looking after by their own chiefs. Food to the extent which they need can be obtained with a very moderate amount of labour, and the severe and continuous exertion which is necessary for European methods of cultivation is altogether opposed to their ideas of a reasonable existence. A few may be found who can be trained into regular

Digitized by Google

habits of industry by strict rules, combined with a system of rewards; but the utmost which can be expected from Fijians in general is a quantity of desultory, ill-organized work during the planting and picking times. Consequently the practice of importing labourers from neighbouring groups to the west and north-west commenced almost as soon as cotton began to be systematically cultivated. A voyage of a few hundred miles in Polynesia is looked upon as quite a trifle, and during the prevalence of the steady trade winds a small vessel will set sail for the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands, or the groups on the Equator, with as little hesitation as a yachtsman would have in crossing the Channel; and this although many of the harbours and inlets are still very imperfectly surveyed. Most of the groups within five or six hundred miles are now well known to the regular labour ships, and it is rare to find an island on the ordinary cruising ground where the natives do not understand more or less English. Some of the skippers of these labour craft inveigh against the worst forms of kidnapping as strenuously as the most vehement professional philanthropist in Exeter Hall. They do so not in the spirit of Bishop Patteson, but simply because it damages their business. The power of the chiefs is such throughout this part of Polynesia that if arrangements can be made with them they can supply any reasonable number of men for a fixed time. And if these are returned at the expiration of the period agreed upon with a fair amount of trade as wages, having been well fed in the interval, it is no difficult matter to get more, or even to induce the same men to return after a few weeks' run ashore. Certain plantations and islands, however, soon get a bad name, and serious troubles have arisen when men who had embarked for a definite plantation found on their arrival that they were transferred to another. It is the same with the vessels themselves. If a labour ship once gets the reputation of "blackbirding," it will go hard but she meets with a rough reception the next time she visits those islands where she began that nefarious sport. The *Marion Renny*, for example, had three of her crew murdered, though most of her voyages were quite legitimate. No doubt caution is always necessary. Natives know the value of white men's ships full well, and the amount of trade which they may expect to find on board, and are ever ready to make a dash when an opportunity is given. But revenge is even a more powerful motive with savages than greed, and sometimes the innocent suffer for the guilty. Still, the fact that vessels have plied to and fro the same islands with "labour" for years without losing a man of their crews shows that the natives do exercise some discrimination, or perhaps some self-restraint.

The islanders thus imported vary remarkably in appearance and in value as labourers. The same group and portions of the same small island will produce men of quite different power and disposition, who do not even understand one another's language. Their cost has been continually rising. At first a captain who could dispose of good serviceable men at £5 or £6 a head for the three years' engagement thought he did pretty well; but the price has run up since to £15 and even £20 for the same time. Of all the natives who are brought to Fiji, the Tanna men, who come from one of the New Hebrides, are, on the whole, preferred. As a rule they are not very large, but they are strong, fierce, and warlike to the highest degree. In their own islands they are constantly at war, and they almost always choose knives or guns and powder as the reward of their three years' work. By the help of these they hope to rid themselves of the tribes with whom they are at enmity. But, ferocious and dangerous as the Tanna men are on first arrival, they soon become excellent hands under firm and proper guidance. Both they and their neighbours from Mullakula and Sandwich may be trusted within a short time, not only to manage horses and a plough, but even to attend to a steam-engine, and, under superintendence, to take charge of the machinery of the cotton-gins. Their warlike nature and courage make them useful where there is a likelihood of an attack by the Fijian mountaineers. The very idea of a fray with the Fijians is to them delightful, and in some of the encounters which have taken place between the natives and the settlers the Tanna and Sandwich boys have shown bravery and skill in bush-fighting of no mean order. No Fijians stand a chance with them. In spite, however, of their apparent attachment to a good master, and their capacity for continuous and even intelligent work when they are well fed and well managed, they remain treacherous and cruel. White men have found this out to their cost. To kill their masters and run away with the vessel is a feat of which they are al-

Digitized by Google

ways capable, no matter how well they have been treated. Most of them are very near akin to the full-blooded negro, black, thick-lipped, and with curly hair. Their native climate being nearly the same as that of the Fijis, the transfer to the islands does them no harm and the food suits them well. It may be said in passing that in this matter of food strict regulation is needed. Although it is to the planter's interest to feed his men well, and therefore, apart from any motives of humanity, he generally does so, yet instances have occurred in which, a plantation being somewhat over-manned and yams dear, the men have been neglected. Every planter should be able to show before taking labourers that he has sufficient food at command to support them for at least six months. The men from the Solomon Group have, as a whole, been rather inferior; they are deficient both in stamina and in intelligence. Ere long, if the traffic continues, the labour vessels from Fiji, Queensland, and New Caledonia will have to go farther afield in search of adequate supplies. Papua alone would probably repay the visit of an adventurous captain, and if he escaped with his life, he might reckon upon procuring enough natives. It is this extension of commerce, and perhaps colonization towards the west into the great Indian Archipelago, which may constitute hereafter a serious responsibility should we annex Fiji.

A very interesting body of people are the Line Islanders, who are brought from the small coral groups on the Equator. Numbers of them have lately been taken back by the *Alacrity*. Their islands are so low and flat that were it not for the cocoa-nut trees they could not be seen from a ship till it came close upon them. These Line men more resemble the New Zealanders than any other race in the South Seas, not excepting even the Kanakas. Men and women alike go entirely naked on their own islands, though they soon adopt clothing after landing in Fiji. For the most part they are of an olive complexion, and have long straight black hair, which falls in shaggy masses over their shoulders. Both sexes are tall and shapely, and many of the men are elaborately tattooed from head to foot. Their food on their own islands consists chiefly of cocoa-nuts, fish, and dry taro. They swim and dive better than any race in Polynesia: the time during which they will remain under water is amazing, and armed with a knife, they will absolutely go out, as the Maories are said to have gone, and fight a shark in the open sea, rarely failing to kill him. This singular race has apparently no hereditary chiefs. There is a certain respect and deference paid to the elders, but equality reigns in the main, and each island forms a sort of petty republic. A more revengeful people never lived. Vendettas equalling or surpassing those of Corsica in ferocity and persistence go on for years. The principal weapon which they use to carry out their vengeance is that horrible implement a shark's-tooth knife. This consists of a flat blade of wood, to which shark's teeth as sharp and cutting as razors are affixed with sinnet on either side. This knife, or rather saw, inflicts the most frightful gashes, and it is rare indeed to see a Tokalau man or woman unmarked with some hideous scar. Their delight with European knives is such that they at once wish to make trial of them upon one another. In their native condition they frequently get drunk on cocoa-nut toddy, and then run amuck, killing whomsoever they may encounter. So much is this the case that any white man who proposes to take up his abode on their islands for a time is at once taught to climb a cocoa-nut tree. Even a Tokalau man, when drunk, cannot climb. They are particularly skilful in making mats, hats, &c., and soon become expert carpenters. European tools of all kinds they specially admire, and rarely return to their islands without taking several with them. Though even more difficult to deal with on first landing than the Tanna men, they are far more faithful. When once subdued, their fidelity and attachment to their masters are remarkable. Hot as the climate of the Fijis is, it is too cold for them, and they suffer a good deal from the change in temperature and in food, for cocoa-nuts can rarely be provided for them in sufficient quantities. Not even the superiority of the Fijian houses to their leaf-built huts on the Equator and the use of clothing seem to save them from consumption. Unfortunately, too, they have suffered more than any others from kidnapping. Some islands have been completely depopulated, and one at least was deprived of all its women in order that "wives" might be provided for the Chinamen at work on Taheiti. Very soon, therefore, unless the little colonies which have been

Digitized by Google

planted at Mokengai and elsewhere in Fiji take root and flourish, nothing more will be seen of the Line Islanders.

The Rotumans—a far superior race to either of those mentioned—can scarcely be considered as imported labourers at all. They can only be obtained by the promise of very fair wages. In appearance they strongly resemble the Japanese, and, although uncivilized, they show like them a marvellous aptitude for adapting themselves to new conditions of life. As seamen, labourers, servants—and, indeed, for almost any purpose—they are not very far inferior to an ordinary white man. One white sailor and four Rotuma boys would be a sufficient crew for a good-sized craft. Like all such people, however, they ought never to be relied upon in a climate many degrees colder than their own. Rotuma is so small an island that anything like a regular supply of labour thence must not be expected.

Looking over the whole circumstances of the labour traffic, it seems unlikely that, if Fiji is developed to anything near the extent which its fertility promises, the other islands of Polynesia will continue to supply sufficient labour. Indeed they do not do so now; and already white men have settled at Port Resolution in the New Hebrides and elsewhere, thus, by making use of the natives on the spot, still further restricting the area which could be drawn upon. Whether Papua, as we have suggested, might afford a new field, it is difficult with our present scanty knowledge of that great island to decide. That the man-eating savages there and in the Prince of Wales's Island would be benefited by transplantation for a few years to a more civilized region there is little doubt; but the difficulties attending any such deportation on a large scale are manifestly great. The inevitable Chinaman, therefore, once more makes his appearance upon the scene, and in view of what has been accomplished by even a small number of this clever, industrious, and persevering people in Taheiti and the Sandwich Islands, it is more than probable that other portions of Polynesia, Fiji included, will benefit by their immigration so soon as a responsible Government is firmly established.

From Chambers' Journal.

EXOTIC ENGLISH.

FIFTY years ago, "Here they spike the English!" was an announcement to be seen in many a Parisian shop-window. How they did "spike" it may be guessed from the manner in which they wrote it, sundry specimens of the Gallic-English current in Paris in 1822 being preserved in the pages of the *Mirror* of that year. M. Oliver, the Houdin of the day, promised, in his bills, to perform "an infinity of Legerdemains worthy to excite the curiosity of spectators;" such as, "the cut and burnt handkerchieves who shall take up their primitive forms, the watch thrown up et nailed against the wall by a pistol-shot, the enchanted glass wine, the handsome Elisina in her trunck;" and some "low automatons who will dance up on a rope and sall do the most difficul tricks;" concluding with a Pantasmagory disposed in a manner as not to frighten the ladies. At a restaurant in the Palais-Royal, "Macaroni not baked sooner ready" was to be obtained; and a hairdresser in the Rue St. Honoré sought to attract the wandering Briton by proclaiming: "Hear to cut off hare in English fashion." The proprietor of the Montesquieu Baths issued a card notifying all it might concern: "As for the brothes, liquid or any breakfast, and, in one word, all other things relative to the service of the bathes, the Persons will be so good as to direct themselves to the servant bathers, who will satisfy them with the greatest attention. The public is invited not to search to displace the suckets and the swan necks, in order to forbear the accidents which may result of is, in not calling the servant bathers to his aid. The servant bathers, in consequence of having no wages, desire the bathers do not forget them." The last clause is plain English enough. Those who desired clean linen as well as clean skins might command the services of Madame Canraiz—"washerwoman and washes embroideries, lace, gazes, silk-stockings, also household's furniture's in linen table cloths, napkins, and calenders all at one's desire; she will also charge herself of the entertaining the works that is to be done to all sorts of linen for the body, and will be exactly delivered at one's desire."

It may be doubted whether the Frenchmen of to-day are capable of expressing their ideas in much better English than were their fathers and grandfathers; indeed they seem to have still odder no-

Digitized by Google

tions as to what is good English. No example given above is worse than "sworkshops are moved by steam," or "hot, cold, and shewer bats on the premmioses;" not one is so bad as "Thases prices its not ervaluable wen they vegetable erres news," intended for, "These prices do not hold good when the vegetables are out of season;" and not one is so unintelligible as "Delaponte, proprietor of the Scie a Rubans, said the endless saw, fit to the sawing of the madriers, planks thin, boards. augar, &c;" or "articulation without swipe"—mysterious words of praise applied to a weighing-machine. A certain new-fashioned inkstand may possibly be an article no gentleman's library should be without, but we learn little of its merits by being told, "People wishes to sell out at very good condition this patent right, which would offer much profit to those who would try to value it;" nor should we be inclined to speculate in a patent bathing-girdle so artfully combined that "the person, the bathing-tub, and the machine are forming one inseparable piece!" The purchaser of a "Proliferous Top" would hardly know what to do with it, lacking more lucid instructions than these: Roll the string in the pulley and draw; put the mother top, which is then in motion, on the little ones which are scattered about purposely one after the other; it is sufficient for putting them in movement; count numbers brought. The top goes in every manner that is wished according to the chances of positions or the skill of persons. It is a pity one should not understand all about this wonderful invention; for another tradesman assures us, "the proliferous top is not only an attractive toy, an agreeable pass time, it is also a healthy and instructive exercise, for the reason that it provokes in a certain measure a material and intellectual worck, the importance of which may not be perceived at first sight by shallow minds; but which, nevertheless, will have its influence on the physical and moral development of the child. Moreover, this toy is the ingenious worck of a learned physician, who has travelled in various countries, and has for a long time meditated on the causes and effects which have the most influence on human organization with regards both to health and intelligence." George Robins himself could not have done better.

A Spanish blacking-maker, an exhibitor at the French Exhibition of 1867, issued the following challenge to manufacturers of boot-polish: "The First of Andalucia.—Grand Manufactory of Blacking, oely and resinous, titled the Emperor of the Blackings. Black Ink, and all colours to write with of D. Joseph Grau, Member of the National Academy of Great Britain, revoarded in the Sevillan Exhibition of 1858, and that of London in 1862. Spain: Andalucia: Seville O'donnell Street N. 34. This blackings is knoconed to be the most useful for the conservation of the shes, for its brilliancy, solidity, permanency, flexibility, and complete discomposition of the black animal. Mr. Grau dus a present of L.20 sterling to the person that will present hum a blacking in paste that will reunite the same conditions as the Emperor of the Blackings." We should like to know the whereabouts of the blacking-maker's National Academy, and a little information as to the nature of the black animal he manages to decompose, would be acceptable; and we should like to taste Herr Holzer's "wine and tea stake," distinguished by its aroma, swift dissolubility, and his property to advance the digestion, and which doubtless "is extra, ordinary fitted for being taken with wine, tea, and punch," particularly if accompanied with Simon's "finest children biscuits," unless the tea-stake is itself a tea-cake.

It is nothing unusual for a man to criticise what he does not understand, but only a Frenchman could have the presumption to pass judgment upon a poet like Pope, while he could not quote a line of his correctly, turning, for instance, "Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all," into, "Be pleased with a nothing, is no blessed with all;" and, "'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere," into "'Tis ne where to be found ot everivohere." Even Chateaubriand must make nonsense of sense when quoting a verse from a well-known song, and write—

> If the wind tempestuous blowing,
> Still no danger they descry,
> The guiltless heart its boon bestowing
> Soothes them with its lolly boy.

Chateaubriand's blunder was absurd enough, but excusable in comparison with the mistakes perpetrated by the editor of the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, who tells his readers Charles Dickens wrote "The posthumous papers of the Pickswicks-club," "Olivier Twist," "Chuzzlevil," "Christmas Carrol," "Cricket on the Earth," and "Dombey and his Son."

Digitized by Google

A French count, writing to a friend of Charles Young the actor said: "Be not surpriz'd i write so perfectly well in English, but since i am here, i speak and hear speaking all the day English, and during the nights, if some rats or mouses trouble me, I tell them Go lon, and they obey, understanding perfectly my English." Possibly that sentence was a surprise, coming after "almost every day the tunder is rolling upon our head with noise that should faint you, being as coward as a turkey." The count, we may be sure, never intended to call his correspondent a coward. Further on he blunders into insulting a lady — "i have receive at this moment a letter from Lady S——. i put my thanks at her feet as the post go at two o'clock. I have not time to write to her ladyship, but i will comply soon with the liberty she gave me. Be sure that i have not forgot Lady S—— in my prayers, *though not so good as i could wish indeed.* Believe the faithful friendship that i feel for you, my dear sister-in-law, since that you were so much high than my finger." The count must surely have been beguiled by one of those funny books issued abroad for the benefit of students desirous of becoming acquainted with the mysteries of the English language — blind leaders of the blind indeed. Here is a little anecdote from one of them. "A lady, which was to dine, chid to her servant that she had not used butter enough. This girl, for the excuse him selves, was bring a little cat on her hand, and told that she came to take him in the crime, finishing to eat the two pounds from butter who remain. The lady took immediately the cat, was put into the balances, it had not weighed theat one an half pound." Still better is this: "The Scarron poet, being almost to die, told their servants which were weeping a bout a from her bed: 'My children, you have sheded too many tears; you shall not weep as much as I had done to laugh.'" Under the very appropriate heading of "Idiotisms," we find some old friends disguised almost beyond recognition, among them: Every one for him, and God for all.—It wants to speak of the rope a in the house of the hanged.—He is beggar as a church rat.— A thing is tell, and another thing is make.— To good appetite is not want any sauce.— Keep the chestnut of the fire with the cat foot.— Times is money.— Which looks for, find.— To dig of fire and to fall on small coals.— Take the occasion for the hairs.— Which not risk nothing has anything.— So many go the jar to spring, than at last rest there.— The stone as roll, not heap up foam. When foreigners display such ingenuity in inventing new readings, it is time our own Shakespearean commentators should look to their laurels.

The natives of India appear to be adepts in saying exactly what they do not mean. A Madrassee clerk besought a day's holiday, because he was unfortunately ill, by a singular dispensation, his ailment being "fever and grapes." A petitioner for a place promised, if his petition were granted, that he and his would ever cease to pray to the humble Almighty to shower his blessings upon their benefactor's head; and a Punjab schoolmaster proved how admirably he was qualified for teaching the rising generation the language of their rulers, by inditing the following letter to an English gentleman: "HON. SIR — I am most anxious to hear you are sick. I pray to God to gee you soon at R—— in a state of triumph. The climate is very good and proves unhealthy. No deputy commissioner complains ever for want of climate. If you also come here, I think it will agree with your state. An information expectant or reversionary respecting your recovery state is expected, and I shall be thankful to you." Not much more lucid was the notice posted in a Lahore hotel, a couple of years ago: "Gentlemen who come in hotel, not say anything about their meals they will be charged for, and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, are if they say that they not have anything to eat, they will be charged, and if not so, they will be charged, or, unless they bring it to the notice of the manager, and should they want to say anything, they must order the manager for, and not any one else, and unless they not bring it to the notice of the manager, they will be charged for the least things according to hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterward about it. Should any gentleman take wall-lamp or candle-light from the public rooms, they must pay for it without any dispute its charges. Monthly gentlemens will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time, and should they absent day in the month, they will not be allowed to deduct anything out of it, because I take from them less rate than my usual rate of monthly charges." However shaky our Lahore host's English may be, it is clear that he conducted his business upon precisely the same principle as his British brethren in the main.

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. } No. 1566.—June 13, 1874. { From Beginning, Vol. CXXI.

CONTENTS.

I. Our First Great Novelist, ... *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . 643
II. Alice Lorraine. A Tale of the South Downs. Part II., ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . 658
III. Mendelssohn. By Ferdinand Hiller. Conclusion, ... *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . 672
IV. A Rose in June. Part IV., ... *Cornhill Magazine*, . . . 682
V. The Reply of Achilles to the Envoys of Agamemnon. By W. E. Gladstone, . *Contemporary Review*, . . . 687
VI. The Women and the Universities, . *Spectator*, ... 693
VII. An Alsatian Experiment, ... *Pall Mall Gazette*, . . . 696
VIII. Journal de A. M. Ampere, ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . 698
IX. Twinkling of the Stars, ... *Academy*, ... 703
X. Ritualism, ... *Llewelyn Davies*, ... 703

POETRY.

The Fisherman's Summons, . . 642
Good-Bye, ... 642
The Brook Rhine, ... 642

Miscellany, ... 704

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For Eight Dollars, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the Living Age with another periodical.

An extra copy of The Living Age is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of Littell & Gay.

Digitized by Google

THE FISHERMAN'S SUMMONS.

THE sea is calling, calling.
Wife, is there a log to spare?
Fling it down on the hearth and call them in,
The boys and girls with their merry din,
I am loth to leave you all just yet,
In the light and the noise I might forget,
The voice in the evening air.
The sea is calling, calling,
Along the hollow shore.
I know each nook in the rocky strand,
And the crimson weeds on the golden sand,
And the worn old cliff where the sea-pinks cling,
And the winding caves where the echoes ring.
I shall wake them never more.

How it keeps calling, calling,
It is never a night to sail.
I saw the "sea-dog" over the height,
As I strained through the haze my failing sight,
And the cottage creaks and rocks, well nigh,
As the old "Fox" did in the days gone by,
In the moan of the rising gale.

Yet it is calling, calling.
It is hard on a soul I say
To go fluttering out in the cold and the dark,
Like the bird they tell us of, from the ark;
While the foam flies thick on the bitter blast,
And the angry waves roll fierce and fast,
Where the black buoy marks the bay.

Do you hear it calling, calling?
And yet, I am none so old.
At the herring fishery, but last year,
No boat beat mine for tackle and gear,
And I steered the coble past the reef,
When the broad sail shook like a withered leaf,
And the rudder chafed my hold.

Will it never stop calling, calling?
Can't you sing a song by the hearth,
A heartsome stave of a merry glass,
Or a gallant fight, or a bonnie lass,
Don't you care for your grand-dad just so much,
Come near then, give me a hand to touch,
Still warm with the warmth of earth.

You hear it calling, calling?
Ask her why she sits and cries.
She always did when the sea was up,
She would fret, and never take bit or sup
When I and the lads were out at night,
And she saw the breakers cresting white
Beneath the low black skies.

But, then, in its calling, calling,
No summons to soul was sent.
Now — well, fetch the parson, find the book,
It is up on the shelf there if you look,
The sea has been friend, and fire, and bread;
Put me, where it will tell of me, lying dead,
How It called, and I rose and went.

All The Year Round.

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye, it is the sweetest blessing
That falls from mortal lips on mortal ear,
The weakness of our human love confessing,
The promise that a love more strong is near —
May God be with you!

Why do we say it when the tears are starting?
Why must a word so sweet bring only pain?
Our love seems all-sufficient till the parting,
And then we feel it impotent and vain —
May God be with you!

Oh, may He guide and bless and keep you ever,
He who is strong to battle with your foes;
Whoever fails, His love can fail you never,
And all your need He in His wisdom knows —
May God be with you!

Better than earthly presence, e'en the dearest,
Is the great blessing that our partings bring;
For in the loneliest moments God is nearest,
And from our sorrows heavenly comforts spring,
If God be with us.

Good-bye, good-bye, with latest breath we say it,
A legacy of hope, and faith, and love;
Parting must come, we cannot long delay it,
But, one in Him, we hope to meet above,
If God be with us.

Good-bye — 'tis all we have for one another,
Our love, more strong than death, is helpless still,
For none can take the burden from his brother,
Or shield, except by prayer, from any ill —
May God be with you!

Sunday Magazine. J. BESEMERES.

THE BROOK RHINE.

SMALL current of the wilds afar from men,
Changing and sudden as a baby's mood;
Now a green babbling rivulet in the wood,
Now loitering broad and shallow through the glen,
Or threading mid the naked shoals, and then
Battling against the stones, half mist, half flood,
Betwixt the mountains where the storm-clouds brood;
And each change but to wake or sleep again;
Pass on, young stream, the world has need of thee:
Far hence a mighty river on its breast
Bears the deep-laden vessels to the sea,
Far hence wide waters feed the vines and corn:
Pass on, small stream, to so great purpose born,
On to the distant toil, the distant rest.

Good Words. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

Digitized by Google

From Macmillan's Magazine.

OUR FIRST GREAT NOVELIST.

HENRY FIELDING, for he it is upon whom we place the distinction of being England's first great novelist, has for a century past been the constant subject of criticism. His surpassing merits have compelled even his most pronounced foes to assign him a lofty place in the art which he adorned. Attempts to depreciate his genius, because the moral backbone was lacking in some of his characters, have been repeatedly made, but with no permanent effect upon his renown. For ourselves, we affirm at the outset that we consider him the Shakespeare of novelists. By this, of course, it will be understood, we do not imply that the sum of his genius was in any way comparable to that of the illustrious dramatist; but that he achieved his results in the same way. He was the great artist in fiction because he was the great observer and interpreter of human nature. The novel will never be able to assume a position of equal importance with the drama, because of its comparative defectiveness of construction. But to such perfection as it is capable of being brought, Fielding almost attained. It is, then, for the reason of the similarity of his method to that of Shakespeare that we have ventured to award him the highest title of eminence. It will be our endeavour, while not hiding his defects, to set forth the grounds of justification for the position we have assumed.

With that perversity which only men of the same class or profession can exhibit towards each other, it was the fashion with literary men of Fielding's time — and indeed for many years subsequently — to compare him unfavourably with his rival, Richardson. It is singular how frequently individuals of professed literary acumen are willing to accept the *dicta* of others in matters of criticism. We are only just now losing the effects of this empiricism. Some unfortunate epigram, or some warped and fantastic judgment, has frequently been passed upon an author by those who were supposed to be competent judges, and the depreciatory observations have had the same effect upon the public mind as that of the pebble cast into the pool. The waters have been agitated and disturbed by ever-widening circles of discontent, even to their utmost limits. Much laborious effort has been required to exorcise the prejudice thus established; and it is just this power which a wrong judgment possesses over the minds of men in an equivalent degree with a right one, which makes criticism dangerous. In the hands of an incapable person it is an engine of incalculable mischief. And the fact that now and then this engine destroys its foolish owner is no satisfaction for the wrong done to men of undoubted genius. The self-righting power of criticism certainly moves slowly. We are somewhat diffident, for example, when we find it necessary to differ strongly from such authorities as Dr. Johnson; or at any rate should unquestionably have been so had we been amongst his contemporaries. Now that we are out of the reach of his terrible voice and his overbearing demeanour, and regarding him thus from a safe distance, we do not find it so difficult to designate his capacity for judging in literary matters as often shallow and pretentious. Most people admit that his view of Milton is far from a just and worthy one of that sublime poet. He lacked the balance of mind, the intellectual equipoise, which is the foundation of the critical faculty. Consequently, with the lapse of time, his reputation in this respect will crumble away. Even the obsequious Boswell has ventured to insinuate that at times Johnson was so swayed by his feelings that, when making comparisons between writers, he very often contradicts his intellect by his affection; and, while saying the utmost he could of the inferior qualities of his personal favourite, ignored those which were superior in the person with whom he was ranged in comparison. Some such treatment as this was meted out to Fielding when he placed him in juxtaposition with Richardson. Let us reproduce his criticism. "Sir," said he, in that pompous manner in which we can fancy the burly old Doctor was wont to settle the affairs of men and mundane

Digitized by Google

concerns generally, "there is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners; and *there* is the difference between the characters of Fielding and those of Richardson. Characters of manners are very entertaining; but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart." There is very little in this beyond saying that there is a great deal of difference between things which differ. Yet it is the kind of criticism which bears a deceptive sound with it, and acquires a reputation far in excess of its value, as being an expression of great apparent profundity. We shall hope to show that in his attribution of the one method to Fielding and the other to Richardson, Dr. Johnson came to an erroneous conclusion. For the present his observations lend some force to what has gone before, and it is an undoubted fact that the weakness of Fielding's moral character had much to do with Johnson's estimate of him. The formidable lexicographer was of that class of men who are almost prepared to find fault with the sun because of the spots upon his surface.

Horace Walpole was another of the critics who appear to have been either blinded by envy or unable to detect the effects of true genius, for we find that he was amongst the earliest detractors of Fielding—a prominent member of the school of depreciators which endeavoured to humble him in the eyes of his contemporaries. It is pleasant, however, to think that some who bear great names have expressed the most unqualified admiration for the novels of our author, and the opinion of one really master mind outweighs that of a hundred Walpoles. Byron gave it as his belief that "Fielding was the prose Homer of human nature;" the far-seeing Goethe was delighted with his art; and Gibbon demonstrated his literary sagacity by the following eloquent eulogium:—"Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century Dukes of Alsace. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Hapsburgh; the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the Emperors of Germany and Kings Spain, have threatened the liberties of the Old, and invaded the treasures of the New World. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial, and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." Ornate as is Gibbon's language it yet contains a judgment upon Fielding which has been in gradual process of verification since the words were written. Most of those who have dispassionately considered Fielding's works, and compared them with the works of his contemporaries and successors, will arrive at a conclusion much nearer that expressed by Gibbon than that of the detractor, Horace Walpole. Of course, an argument which we have previously used for another purpose, may possibly be inverted and turned against ourselves. It may be replied that after all criticism is only the opinion of one man, though it is often acted upon by the multitude: and that judgments upon literary works attain an inordinate influence when delivered by individuals of acknowledged reputation. Supposing this were to some extent true, every single reader has the opportunity of righting the matter so far as he is personally concerned. But what we do find valuable about the art of criticism, notwithstanding its numerous and manifest imperfections, is this, that it not unfrequently results in the deposition of much that is unworthy, and in the exaltation of some works which have been threatened with an undeserved obscurity. The critic is really nothing more than a leader of men; he is supposed to have the capacity of leading in the right way, and when it is found that there is no light in him, and he is incapable of perceiving eternal Truth, we should withdraw ourselves from his guidance. We say, then, that

Digitized by Google

while it is necessary for a man's self-culture and intellectual independence that he should not accept off hand the opinions of any critic, however eminent, in the bulk and without scrutiny, yet when judgments come to us stamped with the names of those who have devoted themselves to the art of criticism, they should at any rate receive candid, if searching, investigation. The destruction of the empiricism of the critic need not involve the destruction of the eclecticism of the art. It must come to us as a friendly guide, and not as a tyrant. Our own opinion of Fielding stands very little short of the most eulogistic which has been expressed concerning him; but we trust we have arrived at it out of no slavish regard for other minds.

A glance at the novelist's life is almost a necessity, for it elucidates many points in connection with his works which would otherwise be obscure. There has probably been no instance where the impress of the author's character has been more perceptible upon his writings than that of Fielding. Some of his novels confessedly contain passages from his own life, with very little variation of detail. It will have been perceived by the quotation from Gibbon that Fielding was of illustrious descent, but the wealth of the family must have flowed into another channel, for he got none or little of it. He was born on the 22nd of April, 1707, at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury. His father was a distinguished soldier, having served with Marlborough at Blenheim, and at length obtained the rank of Lieutenant-general. Besides being grandson of an Earl of Denbigh this warrior was related to other noble families. The mother of Fielding was a daughter of Judge Gold, one of whose immediate descendants was also a baron of the Exchequer. Posterity may thus rest satisfied with the novelist's birth. Fielding, however, was not the only one of his family who appears to have been talented in literature. One of his sisters wrote a romance entitled "David Simple," and was also the author of numerous letters, which, with the story, earned the encomiums of her brother. We cannot, of course, now say to what extent she may have been indebted to him in regard to these compositions. There is every reason to believe that he was most accessible to advice and sympathy, whilst his affection for his relatives was deep and sincere. This — in addition to a warm affection for children — is one of the redeeming traits in a character that was subsequently marred by many imperfections. Having received the earlier part of his education at home, from the Rev. Mr. Oliver, his private tutor — who is supposed to have been laid under contribution as the original of Parson Trulliber — Fielding was sent to Eton, where he became intimate with Fox, Lord Lyttelton, Pitt, and others, who afterwards acquired celebrity with himself, and at various crises in his history sustained towards him the part of real friendship. Unlike many literary men, whose scholastic career has been rather a *fiasco* than otherwise, Fielding was most successful in his acquisition of knowledge, and when only sixteen years of age was acknowledged by his masters to possess a very sound acquaintance with all the leading Greek and Latin writers. Traces of this linguistic proficiency are again and again beheld in his novels. From Eton he went to the University of Leyden, where he immediately entered upon still wider and more liberal studies; but at the threshold of his life the demon of misfortune which seems to have dogged his footsteps all through his career found him out. His university career closed prematurely, for his father, General Fielding, had married again, and having now two large families to keep out of a small income, discovered that his original intention with regard to his son must be abandoned. This could not have been a pleasant intimation to a youth of twenty, who had just begun to feel the expansion of his faculties, and doubtless to be conscious that his future "might copy his fair past" as regards the accumulation of the stores of knowledge. Whatever laxity of mind overtook him in after life, the earlier years of Fielding show him to have been enamoured of learning, and in no wise averse to its routine. His spirit was keen and eager, and

Digitized by Google

though at twenty years of age he was somewhat given to pleasure, he at the same time was always desirous to excel, and never allowed his recreations and and amusements to bar his intellectual progress.

Undismayed, however, by this rebuff of fortune, Fielding returned to London with comparatively little depression of spirits, and even this entirely cleared off as soon as he began to mingle in the society of the metropolis. It was here, as we shall presently see, that greater dangers afterwards attended him, which he was less able to withstand than the assaults of adversity. Fielding was especially distinguished for all those gifts which make a man the darling of the circle in which he moves: and accordingly we learn that in a very few months after his settlement in London he was an established favourite of its great literary and dramatic lions, Lyttleton and Garrick amongst the number. Under the auspices of the latter he speedily commenced writing for the stage, and at the age of twenty, as Mr. Roscoe tells us in his excellent life of the novelist, produced his first comedy of "Love in several Masques." We shall postpone what comments we have to make upon this and Fielding's other works till the close of our remarks on his personal history. Necessity compelled him to turn to the writing of comedies, for though he was supposed to be enjoying an allowance of some 200*l.* per annum, he made a joke about this income to the effect that it was a sum which really anybody might pay who would. At this juncture some of our most brilliant wits were writing for the stage, so that the young author might be pardoned for the degree of nervousness he felt on entering upon the same career. Indeed, although his genius was not naturally that of the dramatist, the probability is that what aptitude he really possessed for it was somewhat cramped by the circumstances in which he was placed, and the diffidence with which he undertook a profession that at the time enjoyed two of its keenest and wittiest ornaments. It appears, nevertheless, that the comedy already mentioned, and his second one of "The Temple Beau," were well received, though his success was by no means proportioned to his increasing embarrassments. That his efforts at comedy were well appreciated is testified to by Lord Lyttelton's assertion, when some one was alluding to the wits of the age, that "Harry Fielding had more wit and humour than all the persons they had been speaking of put together." This language seems to have been concurred in by others who were continually looking out for some new thing in that age of wit and humour. Fielding must have worked with great rapidity, for during the nine seasons in which he wrote for the stage, and before he attained his thirtieth year, he had written no fewer than eighteen pieces, reckoning both plays and farces.

It was in the midst of his unsatisfactory career in connection with the stage — unsatisfactory because of its restlessness and its recklessness — that an event occurred which promised to change the whole tenor of his life forever; and had Fielding been as strong in his will as he was in the perception of what is right, we should now probably have been able to write him in different characters. In his twenty-seventh year he fell in love with a young lady named Cradock, residing at Salisbury. She was possessed of both beauty and accomplishments, but her fortune was small. Fielding, however, never hesitated in the pursuit of an object wherein his heart was deeply enlisted, and accordingly he married Miss Cradock with her small fortune of fifteen hundred pounds. The old, old passion had thus again its good old way. Shortly after his marriage his mother died, and Fielding became possessed of a little estate in Dorsetshire, worth some two hundred a year. Hither he bore his bride, and made many resolves to lead the life of a model country gentleman. But with all his affection for his wife — and it was genuine and sincere — he was led by the example of others into great extravagance. Setting up his coach, and living as though he could make one pound do duty for a hundred, it can evoke no surprise that at the end of three years he discovered all his patrimony to be gone, and found himself faced by the terrible spectre of absolute poverty which he himself had raised. It is held by many that genius should never be tried by the ordinary standpoints of thrift and virtue. This is a position to which we can give no kind of countenance; but what we may look at with regard to Fielding, as some mitigation for his conduct at this period, are those social qualities for which he was so famous. Though they ultimately proved his pecuniary ruin, they were marked by a generosity which cannot but breed in us a pity for the man himself. The delights of society were

Digitized by Google

more than he could bear; he entered into them with a zest which completely overmastered his *aplomb*, and for the time being made him their slave. So far this was unquestionably bad; but his case must not be confounded with that of the essentially vicious, with the man who never had Fielding's lofty appreciation for the good, and never even felt the most spasmodic striving after an ideal. To the one we can extend our unfeigned sympathy, to the other only our unmitigated abhorrence. As the sequel to the difficulties which overtook Fielding, he was compelled to resume the study of the law, which he had at one time hoped to abandon forever. Entering himself at the age of thirty as a student of the Inner Temple, he at once began to work with a will, in order to recover himself from his embarrassments. His devotion to his studies was most praiseworthy, and, as he had great natural shrewdness, there is every reason to believe that in the legal profession he would have been most successful. But one cause or another continually interrupted him, and whatever he undertook through life seems to have met with a premature ending. For his failure, however, ultimately to earn distinction at the bar, he was himself in the first instance responsible. He was not only called, but assiduously went the Western circuit for two or three years, though briefs appear to have been very scanty with him. Suddenly, and in consequence of an intimation that he proposed issuing a work upon law, his practice increased immensely, but only, we are told, to decline again as rapidly. Meanwhile physical retribution began to overtake him for the convivial years he had spent in London society; he was seized with gout, in addition to which, his constitution was much weakened and enfeebled; though in justice it must he said that late hours of study, with literary work executed under great pressure, acted as additional causes in the general break-up of his system. The upshot of it all was that after ceasing the active exercise of his profession, and writing two large volumes (a "Digest of the Statutes at Large"), which remained for many years unpublished, he finally quitted the bar, and returned to literary pursuits. As might be expected from the nature of his talents, he contributed for a time most successfully to periodical literature. But a period of great distress quickly came upon him. With failing health, which interfered somewhat with the operations of his brilliant intellect, his mind was still further racked with the consciousness that his wife and family were entirely dependent upon his exertions. Heroic he undoubtedly was under difficulties, but there are some odds against which men cannot possibly contend. Note, nevertheless, how the true spirit of the man shone through all the darkness which surrounded him at this trying moment. His biographers, one and all, bear testimony to the native strength of his mind. We are assured that "when under the most discouraging circumstances — the loss of comparative fortune, of health, of the fruits of years of successful toil; his body lacerated by the acutest pains, and with a family looking up to him for immediate support — he was still capable, with a degree of fortitude almost unexampled, to produce, as it were, *extempore*, a play, a farce, a pamphlet, or a newspaper. Nay, like Cervantes, whom he most resembled both in wit and genius, he could jest upon his misfortunes, and make his own sufferings a source of entertainment to the rest of the world." He did, in fact, at this precise period, and in the darkest hour of his misery, indite a rhyming letter to Sir Robert Walpole, with himself and his position for its subject; which is full of the most humorous allusions. One cannot help thinking, while reading this incident, of the much later humourist of our own time, Hood, whose experience was almost its counterpart, with the exception of the difference in the cause of Hood's suffering, a naturally frail constitution being the sole reason of his bodily decay. Fielding was now writing because, as he expressed it, "he had no choice but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman." This was the man who had been the pride of London fashionables, who had doubtless kept a hundred tables in a roar, and whose very enjoyment of life for its own sake was so keen as to cause Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (his second cousin) to say in comparing him with Steele, that "he ought to go on living forever." When writing for the stage, Fielding was frequently obliged to pass off work which did not satisfy his critical judgment. For this he was now and then remonstrated with by Garrick, and he once replied that the public were too stupid to find out where he failed. The consensus of the pit, however, is tolerably keen, and when the audience began on this occasion to hiss the weak part of the comedy Fielding was astonished, exclaiming, "They have found it out, have

Digitized by Google

they?" An anecdote characteristic both of the man and his times is told of the novelist which affords a clue to some of his pecuniary difficulties, though it is a credit to his generosity. It appears that some parochial taxes had long remained unpaid by Fielding, a fact which need not greatly surprise us. At length the collector—as tax-collectors always will—became rather threatening in his aspect, and Fielding went off to Dr. Johnson, that friend-in-need of the impecunious, to obtain the necessary sum of money by a literary mortgage. He was returning when he met with an old college friend who was in even greater difficulties than himself. He took him to dinner at a neighbouring tavern, and emptied the contents of his pockets into his hands. Being informed on returning home that the collector had twice called on him for the amount, Fielding replied, "Friendship has called for the money, and had it; let the collector call again." Other anecdotes could be cited illustrating the *bonhomie* and natural benevolence of the novelist's character.

It was during the period in which Fielding was most busily employed upon his literary ventures that he married a second time (having lost a few years before the lady to whom it has been seen he was devotedly attached); and we now find him bending to his work with redoubled energy. But all his assiduity was in vain, and he was compelled to announce with regret that he could no longer continue the publication of "The Covent Garden Journal"—a paper he was then editing. The mental and physical strain had been too severe, and there were now added to his other ailments the alarming symptoms of dropsy. The only hope held out by his physician for the prolongation of his life was that he should go abroad; and this, upon the earnest solicitations of his friends, Fielding consented to do. Portugal having been recommended, he tore himself from his wife and children, and set sail for Lisbon on the 26th of June, 1754.

At this juncture, noting that Fielding makes his references to the matter in the introduction to his "Voyage," we may allude to him in another capacity, one in which the literary man has seldom an opportunity of exhibiting himself. In 1748 he had been appointed Justice of the Peace for Westminster and Middlesex, an office which, as we learn, was then paid by fees, and was very laborious, without being particularly reputable. As affording some idea of the nature of the work which fell to the accomplished Justice, we may recapitulate certain facts narrated by himself. While preparing for a journey to Bath, which it was hoped would result in his restoration to health, there was placed upon his shoulders no enviable piece of work. When nigh fatigued to death by reason of several long examinations relating to five different murders committed by gangs of street robbers, he received a message from the Duke of Newcastle to wait upon him the next morning upon business of great importance. Though in the utmost distress he attended, and found that what was desired of him was a statement of the best plan he could devise for the suppression of robberies and murders in the streets, offences which had become alarmingly common. Fielding submitted a plan that was highly approved of by the Duke, who promised to lay it before the Privy Council. All the terms of the proposal were complied with, one of the principal being the depositing of 600*l.* in its author's hands. At this small pecuniary charge he undertook to demolish the gangs complained of, and also to put civil order in such a state of security that it should be thenceforth impossible for these gangs to enrol themselves in bodies and pursue their nefarious occupations. It is interesting to note, as demonstrating Fielding's executive ability in his new post, that in a few weeks the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed. But the occupation of Justice was anything save a pleasant one, whilst its remuneration was paltry in the extreme. Fielding himself says that by refusing to make the most of his position, by composing instead of inflaming the quarrels of porters and beggars, by not plundering the public or the poor, and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who would most undoubtedly not have had another left, he had reduced "an income of about 500*l.* a year of the dirtiest money upon earth to little more than 300*l.*," a considerable portion of which remained with his clerk. It was acknowledged on all hands that Fielding made an excellent justice, and it is moreover affirmed that his charge to the grand jury, delivered at Westminster on the 29th of June, 1749, is to be regarded, for that time, as a very able and valuable state paper. It was most lucid and searching, as were certain legal investigations which he subsequently made. Furthermore, it may be noted that in a "Proposal for the Main-

Digitized by Google

tenance of the Poor," of which he was the author, Fielding was the first to make the recommendation of a country workhouse, in which the different objects of industry and reformation might be united. The paper also contained numerous suggestions creditable to Fielding's magisterial sagacity, some of which have since been carried into effect. Altogether he appears to have justified the high eulogium passed upon him in the capacity of Justice of the Peace.

The journey to Lisbon was of no avail for the novelist; his poor, shattered constitution had already failed beyond hope of recovery; in fact, it is stated that he was a dying man when he reached the port. He lingered, however, for two months after his arrival, in great suffering, and at length died in the Portuguese capital on the 8th of October, 1754, being then only in his forty-eighth year. It is not too much to say that in that brief span of life Fielding had exhausted both the mental and physical energy of the seventy years allotted to humanity; and when we consider the wearing and excited existence he led in the metropolis, it is almost marvellous that he should have been able to accomplish so much intellectual labour. There is something touching in the fate which compels a man whose genius was so native to the soil of England, to die in a foreign land, away not only from those he loved, but from the scene of his literary triumphs. The last tribute of respect paid to the novelist emanated from the Chevalier de Meyrionnet, French Consul at Lisbon, who not only undertook his interment, but followed his remains to the grave, and celebrated the talents of the deceased in an epitaph. The people of the English Factory in the city also erected a monument to him. In Fielding's absence from England, he was not forgotten by his friend Mr. Allen, who, after his death, educated his children, and bestowed pensions, both upon them and their widowed mother. This Mr. Allen was the original of one of Fielding's best and most satisfactory characters.

The title of honour which we have accorded to our author at the outset may seem to need some justification when it is remembered that Defoe and Richardson were writers at and before the same period, and had produced novels anterior to those of Fielding. Defoe, however, can scarcely be treated as the ordinary novelist, or put into competition with the race of writers of fiction: he was rather the fierce polemic and satiric author. In the fictitious element he was, of course, remarkably strong; his art was undoubtedly good, but it was the art of the inventor, and not the narrator. Crusoe was a real creation, but not in the same sense as Tom Jones. He was a greater effort of the imagination, and excites the faculty of wonder in us accordingly to a greater degree; but while Tom Jones was not a being of such strange singularity as Crusoe, he became so realizable to the rest of humanity that his conception must be deemed more admirable from the novelist's point of view. Then, again, Defoe seems to let it be understood, from the general drift of his writings, that he meant them to have a personal interest, that they were to be saturated by his own individuality, that his scorn, his anger, his sorrow, were to shine through them. His energy, his irrepressibility, his misery, all combined to make him one of the strongest writers of his age; but he must yield the palm to Fielding in the art of novel writing. The latter had individuality too, but it was individuality of a higher stamp than Defoe's. It selected human beings not from the imagination, but from the species itself, and the types are as unmistakably real, and more true, though not so astounding in conception to the general consciousness.

With regard to Richardson, though, as we have said, it was the fashion at one time to extol him as the superior of Fielding, this is a position which has now been abandoned by the best critics. The man in possession has necessarily always the advantage of the man who is desirous to succeed him, and Fielding, having written one novel in imitation of his predecessor, had to struggle for some time against that fact, which was continually hurled against him. Richardson was evidently a man of high moral principle; indeed, he always strikes us as a perfect compendium of innocence and the virtues. We are willing not to see in him what others have seen, merely the priggish moralist, but he comes terribly near earning that character. Yet let us not be unjust to him. His "Pamela" is a very original work, and its author deserves no small meed of praise for daring to make it a pure one in an age so strikingly celebrated for vice. But the fact that Richardson commenced to write at fifty years of age, precludes the idea of his having possessed lofty creative genius: talent may slumber, as in his

Digitized by Google

case, but genius never. In some respects, "Clarissa" is a stronger novel than the one which preceded it, but here again it is difficult to avoid the idea that we are in church, listening to the homilies of the clergyman. The spiritual psychologist is at work again; he is flinging his code of morals at us on every page. We could admire the strength of his virtuous characters without the endless panegyrics upon morals to which we are treated, but we implore in vain. The strings of conscience were what Richardson desired to lay hold upon, and to do this he thought it necessary to follow both virtue and vice from their very inception, and to write as it were their autobiography. How powerfully he has done this let his characters of Clarissa and Lovelace testify. But the permanent impression remaining is that, in spite of his acknowledged power and Puritanical tendencies, he is not one who loves his fellow-men so much as one who would wish to see them made better by the rigid exercise of those virtues to the exposition of which he has devoted his talents. Courage, talent, purity, all these Richardson exhibits, but little genius.

How greatly dissimilar to him was Fielding! Inheriting the frailties of humanity, and feeling himself bound up with its joys and sorrows, he was gifted with a mind incredibly rich in resource. Richardson had some of the weaker elements of woman's nature mingled with his own, but Fielding had its real tenderness, its compassion. Tripped up repeatedly by his follies, his nature never hardened; he was the same genial spirit as ever. Betwixt the chariot of excess and the stool of repentance a great portion of his time seems to have been passed. He had the voice of mirth for those who wished to rejoice, and the tears of sympathy for those who were called upon to suffer. He flung no sermons at the head of men and women overtaken in their sins, though he never wrote one book wherein he failed to let it be gathered that he honoured virtue and scourged vice. He was not the kind of man to be the favourite of Richardson. More magnanimous than the latter, though not so severe in his morality, his knowledge of humanity was at once wider and deeper, and he could gauge it it to its greatest depths. His invention and his naturalness were far superior to those of Richardson. His mind was more plastic, his wit keener, his intellect altogether of a superior order. He had, in one word, what Richardson lacked, genius. In his boyhood the marvellous gift began to develop itself, and in after years it achieved its greatest results with the apparent ease by which the operations of genius are often attended. In Richardson there burned the lambent flame which neither surprises nor destroys; in Fielding there was the veritable lightning of soul. These, then, are some of the reasons why we have assigned to Fielding the right to be considered our first great novelist: but others will be apparent as we proceed.

It is fair to assume that, to a very large extent, those works which attain the widest celebrity must be national in their character — that is, must bear an unmistakable impress of the national genius upon them. See how that is borne out. Shakespeare, Bunyan, and Fielding in England, Goethe in Germany, Voltaire in France, have each produced individual works in their various languages which have acquired world-wide celebrity. And are not all those works imbued with national characteristics? Do we not find the strength, and at the same time the singular mobility and elasticity of the English mind developed in the writings of the three authors whom we have named? Are not the speculative thought and transcendentalism of Germany adequately embodied in Goethe? Does not Voltaire sum up in himself the force, the point, the fickleness, and the scepticism, which lie at the core of the French character? An English Voltaire, or a French Goethe, is a sheer impossibility. We feel it to be so in the very nature of things. And with respect to Fielding, he has taken root in foreign soil because of his distinctively national character, and yet, at the same time, cosmopolitan genius, as genius in its highest form must always be. We have no writer to whom we can point who excels Fielding in the art of setting out his characters by means of strong, broad lights and shadows. The drawing is masterly and accurate. And nothing deters him from telling the whole truth. He is full of a sublime candour. His narrative is no mere record of events, but personal history of the most effective description. Whoever comes in the way of his pencil must submit to the most rigorous and unflinching representation. However great, rich, or powerful, he will be drawn exactly as he is — himself, the veritable man, or, as Cromwell wished to be limned, with the warts on his face.

Digitized by Google

We are getting, through these observations, to the secret of the success of "Tom Jones." It is marked by the characteristics to which we have been referring, and all the world has acknowledged the truthfulness of the work. Where is the novel in existence which has reached so many corners of society?

As it is considered, and with reason, its author's masterpiece, we may well devote some space to its examination. Notwithstanding its vast popularity, it is regarded in two lights by opposing classes of readers. The first, those who are overcome by its wonderful power, have no eye for blemishes; the second, those who are afraid of seeing plain truths stated in a plain way, and men and women represented with their masks off, have nothing for it but terms of reproach, on the ground of what they call its indecency. With the exception of certain phrases which are redolent of the period at which Fielding wrote, it is one of the purest books in our literature. Pure, we affirm, in its general tendency; and surely that is the way in which any work should be regarded. If we adopt the objectionable principle of selecting words and phrases which are obnoxious to the sensitive ear, and from them forming an adverse opinion, what will become of some of the finest effusions of Chaucer and Shakespeare, whom these same purists doubtless cherish most closely? We are inclined to agree with the distinguished critic who asserted that the man who read "Tom Jones" and declared it an essentially evil book, must be already corrupt. Of course, to the evil, there is a ministry of evil, which can find sustenance everywhere, turning even good so that it may become food for their debased natures. But to a really healthy nature we can conceive no ill accruing from an acquaintance with this novel. It is but fair, however, in a matter upon which there is some difference of opinion, to hear the author himself speak before delivering judgment. In dedicating "Tom Jones" to Lord Lyttelton, Fielding trusts that he will find in it nothing whatever that is prejudicial to religion and virtue; nothing inconsistent with the strictest rules of decency, or which would offend the chastest eye. It was obvious that the author had little fear that he would be charged with indecency, and he goes on to declare that goodness and innocence had been his sincere endeavour in writing the history. Further, besides painting virtue in the best colours at his command, he was anxious to convince men that their true interests lay in the pursuit of her. What more exalted end could an author have in his work than this? and we are bound to affirm that, read in the right spirit, the novel has fulfilled its writer's original intention. He has no scruple in laughing men out of their follies and meannesses, for he is a satirist as well as a romancist. But throughout the work he has done nothing contrary to the rules which a great artist is bound to follow. The book is indeed full of overwhelming excellences in this respect of art. Look how each character is painted in! There is no scamping with the humblest individual honoured by reproduction on the canvas. The same truthfulness to life which we find in the portraits of Mr. Allworthy and Sophia Weston we find in the depiction of a maid or a man-servant at an inn. With the enthusiasm which is as necessary to art as is the air we breathe to humanity, he labours at the minutest details till he brings all to perfection. Then the story appears rounded and complete, with no patchwork to mar its artistic effect. Dr. Warburton gave expression to our novelist's merits in this regard excellently when he said: "Monsieur de Marivaux, in France, and Mr. Fielding in England, stand the foremost among those who have given a faithful and chaste copy of life and manners; and by enriching their romance with the best part of the comic art, may be said to have brought it to perfection."

M. Taine, whose criticism may too often be described as the sound of "a rushing mighty wind," never exhibited his faults and his excellences more strikingly than he does in his observations upon Fielding. Nearly always vigorous, and endowed with a jerky, but oftentimes an admirably epigrammatic, force, the French critic is now and then erratic in his judgments. His eye travels faster than his mind. He perceives, and writes what he perceives before he has given full time for reflection. For instance, he says in describing Fielding: "You are only aware of the impetuosity of the senses, the upwelling of the blood, the effusion of tenderness, but not of the nervous exaltation and poetic rapture. Man, such as you conceive him, is a good buffalo; and perhaps he is the hero required by a people which is itself called John Bull." This is a smart use of a synonym, but one incorrect both as regards what the individual novelist supplies, and

Digitized by Google

what the nation demands. The whole gist of M. Taine's complaint against Fielding is that he wants refinement. "In this abundant harvest with which you fill your arms, you have forgotten the flowers." But Fielding is quite as refined as Cervantes, to whom the critic awards the possession of that excellence. Let any one who wishes to be convinced that Fielding possesses refinement read the chapter in "Tom Jones" which gives a description of Sophia. There will be found both the poetry and the grace which M. Taine desires. But the critic has misrepresented Fielding in other respects. Not only has he declared the author to be without natural refinement, but he has denied it to all his characters. After the lapse of more than a hundred years, the character of Sophia Western stands forth one of the purest, sweetest, and most attractive in literature. We seem to see the very bloom of health upon her cheek, a bloom only equalled by the perfections of her mind — not so much intellectual perfections simply as those other virtues and charms which make woman the idol of man. Compare this character with those which crowd too many of the novels of the present day. How absurd are the latter as living representations, and stiff as wooden puppets in the hands of their literary parents! Tinged with false sentiments, lacking in real femininity, they form as great a contrast as could be imagined to the true woman we find depicted in Sophia Western: —

> Her pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say her body thought.

This dainty conceit of Dr. Donne's exactly expresses the most perfect heroine drawn by Fielding. In Jones himself, too, we may discover some traces of that refinement which lifts a man out of the merely animal category. The namby-pamby element was entirely absent from him, and he was in the habit of calling a spade a spade — a habit much in vogue at the time in which his life was fixed. We should join in the verdict delivered by Mr. Allworthy, after he had carefully studied Jones's character — viz., "in balancing his faults with his perfections, the latter seemed rather to preponderate." It must not be forgotten that Fielding never intended to depict a perfect hero; he would have shuddered at the thought. Whilst he "would nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice," he at the same time never failed to place in full relief — with not a shadow less or more than they deserved — all the characters which he took upon himself to delineate. Remembering this, we feel at once how admirably he fulfilled his task in the picture of Western, the jolly, rollicking squire. Had he softened in any degree the violence, prejudice, passion, and boisterousness attached to this man, its value as a faithful picture of a Somersetshire squire would have been utterly destroyed. He is no worse than Falstaff, and why should we yield to the one conception the merit we deny to the other? But the world has within its keeping all characters which have been truly realized, and will not let them die. There is much of the bull in Western's constitution; and it is meant that there should be, for he is typical. Fielding's power has lain principally in supplying types. Other portraits are drawn in "Tom Jones" (besides those we have named) with remarkable skill. There is Mr. Allworthy, upon whom the author has laboured with affectionate zeal, and who appears as one of the most finished specimens of his class of humanity. He has the generous heart which prompts to benevolent deeds, and the ready hand to carry out what that heart dictates. He is himself a strong protest against the assertion that Fielding takes no thought of virtue as regards its inculcation upon others, for one instinctively feels that he is purposed by the author to be represented as a being worthy of imitation. Precisely the opposite lesson is intended to be taught by the portrait of Blifil. The villany of this character is singularly striking, and when the book is closed, the reader will admit that he has followed the fortunes of but few beings who have been rendered more despicable in his eyes. This unredeemed scoundrel, whose meanness is matched only by his cowardice, is flayed alive according to his deserts. And yet the novelist has exercised no prejudice in the matter; he has simply turned the heart inside out, and made its fetid character apparent to the world. There is no artistic bungling, because there has been no attempt to tamper with the character. Fielding has allowed knavery to show itself, just as on the same page he keeps open the way for innocence and virtue.

The genius of Fielding was not strongly developed until the appearance of "Joseph Andrews," which, as is well known, preceded the publication of "Tom Jones." Before the production of his first novel,

Digitized by Google

the talents of this great wit and humourist seem to have been devoted to the hurried writing of brilliant dramatic and other pieces, which had in them but little positive assurance of a lasting fame. One can well understand, however, what a flutter the launching of "Joseph Andrews" must have caused in London society. The author's leading idea was to write a story in imitation of the style and manner of Cervantes; and it was his intention therein to set forth the folly of affectation, which he regarded as the only true source of the ridiculous. Great vices, he considered, were the proper objects of detestation, and smaller faults of pity; but affectation held its own place aloof from both. Referring to the scope of his work, he has the following remarks: "Perhaps it may be objected to me that I have, against my own rules, introduced vices, and of a very black kind, into this work. To which I shall answer: first, that it is very difficult to pursue a series of human actions, and keep clear from them. Secondly, that the vices to be found here are rather the accidental consequences of some human frailty or foible, than causes habitually existing in the mind. Thirdly, that they are never set forth as the objects of ridicule, but detestation. Fourthly, that they are never the principal figure at that time on the scene; and, lastly, they never produce the intended evil." All which is very sound and true, but it availed him nothing; for did not the leading characters of his novel immediately strike people as strong and pronounced caricatures of those in the novel by Richardson which had just been all the rage? It was in vain for him to assert that he meant to vilify or asperse no one, or to copy characters hitherto conceived, with the addition of considerable burlesque colouring. Richardson himself, on reading through the work, felt what he described as its covert satire keenly, and, it is said, never forgave Fielding for this novel. The closing portion of it was held to put the question of satiric aim beyond doubt, when Fielding makes the lady conduct herself in such a manner that, as one critic observes, "she enacts the beggar on horseback in a very superior manner." Yet, making allowance for whatever element of parody there may be in it, "Joseph Andrews" is a remarkable book for the individuality of its characters. We might search in vain for a more worthy or more vividly drawn personage than Parson Adams. His natural goodness and simplicity of heart endear him to us beyond measure, and must mitigate our condemnation of his share in certain scenes which are scarcely seemly to the cloth. This character was evidently a favourite of Fielding's, and in his plea on Adams's behalf to his brother clergymen, for whom, "when they are worthy of their sacred order, no man can possibly have a greater respect," the author says: "They will excuse me, notwithstanding the low adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a clergyman; since no office could have given him so many opportunities of displaying his worthy inclinations." Of the originality of Parson Adams there is little to say, for criticism is disarmed; he is perfect in that respect. Many commentators on Fielding have been unable to discover a resemblance of even the faintest character between "Joseph Andrews" and the immortal work of Cervantes. But making allowance for the variation in scenes and incidents, we consider that Fielding's novel displays a great deal of the breadth of treatment pertaining to the Spanish master. It is somewhat similar in conception also, being a mock-heroic narrative, and in it the romance and the apologue are blended in happy proportions. The spirit of Cervantes has been caught, while the author has avoided a professed imitation, and several of the ludicrous catastrophes which occur in the course of the story, give full weight to the assertion that Fielding had in his mind's eye the author of "Don Quixote" when he wrote. The humour of Fielding's history is rich and yet inoffensive; it possesses not the slightest tinge of bitterness, and is distinguished by a remarkable mellowness. Whatever else the work demonstrated, or failed to demonstrate, one thing was clear—it predicted the rising of a humourist of the highest order, and had its authorship been unknown on its first publication, there was but one man to whom the finger of society could point as its literary father. Of "Tom Jones," the second novel written by Fielding (taking them in the order of their appearance), we have already spoken at length.

The third novel from this master-mind of fiction is one to which a peculiar interest attaches. Whilst it is considered to be, in point of talent, inferior to the others, it is noteworthy as being a transcript of a portion of Fielding's family history. We refer to the story of "Amelia." Its fault, as a novel, seems to us to lie in the absence of any supreme in-

Digitized by Google

terest in the several characters individually. They are not boldly drawn; and the fact that the gold was not of so rich a quality as that previously dug from the same soil, immediately induced the detractors of Fielding to rejoice over the supposed decay of his powers. They forgot, in their spite, that Shakespeare only produced one "Hamlet," and that if Fielding had written no other work but his crowning novel, that alone had ensured him his place amongst the gods. But, in truth, while "Amelia" is not by any means equal to its predecessors, it exhibits many graces of style, and its pathos is deep and true. The style is not so strong nor the humour so ceaseless, so abundant; but there are frequent genuine touches of passion in it, and some scenes of truthful domestic painting. Captain Booth is a strange mixture of weakness and fidelity; his character is supposed, and truly, to bear some resemblance to Fielding's own; there was the same readiness in both to fall a victim to their own passions, and the same deep tenderness when they had recovered themselves. Booth is trustful and devoted, and worships the woman of his love. "If I had the world," he says, "I was ready to lay it at my Amelia's feet; and so, Heaven knows, I would ten thousand worlds." He is not the man to inspire admiration so much as to provoke an affectionate interest. Herein is one of the failures of the novel: the hero is not strong enough to occupy the centre. We expect to do something more with a hero than condole, laugh, or shed with him an occasional tear. He must appeal to wider sympathies. He must be greater than ourselves in some way, no matter what; but never beneath or even on a level with us. The same trait of devotion is very conspicuous in Booth's wife Amelia, who is supposed to be the representation of Fielding's first wife. We can partially agree with M. Taine in his criticism of this character when he says that Amelia is "a perfect English wife, an excellent cook," so devoted as to pardon her husband for his numerous failings, and "always looking forward to the accoucheur." This may be accepted as true with regard to a great number of the English wives of that period, though there were many of a superior *calibre*, such as we could imagine Sophia Western might make. Amelia is happy because she is typical — typical of a portion of English wives, but not by any means a universal type. The novel in which these two amiable beings appear may be beautiful, but it lacks the pith which stronger characters would have given to it. We have to travel away from these to a subordinate individual in the story to discover a genuine point of interest — which is a great transgression of one of the cardinal principles of novel writing. Fielding, nevertheless, did not prove by this story that he had written himself out. It is neither so brilliant nor so incisive as his other novels, and has no concentration of force or continuity of plot, and for these reasons it cannot be expected to take so worthy a position; but it is without doubt far above mediocrity.

Incensed by the adulation paid to successful villany, Fielding wrote the history of "Jonathan Wild, the Great." In his day, more than in our own, perhaps, the world worshipped at the shrine of success — certainly of a lower order of success — nor stayed to inquire too closely into the cause of any rapid rise of fortune, however disreputably acquired. It is our general rule not to measure a man by the inherent qualities of good which he possesses, or by the claim which his genuine acts of benevolence establish upon us, but by the figure he is able to make in Society, even though that gilded exterior be a covering for much that is base and contemptible. An income of ten thousand a year will always cover a multitude of sins. Virtue itself has a terrible struggle to maintain its own against it. And this insane feeling of adulation of material success was, as we have observed, carried still further and still lower in Fielding's day. It went so far as to shed a halo round the head of the man whose natural place was the felon's cell, provided he were clever enough to evade the grasp of justice, and preserve a bold and brilliant outward appearance. This hollowness in the conditions of society annoyed Fielding deeply; he was moved to his innermost depths of contempt by it; and in his apology for treating the subject of the great criminal, Jonathan Wild, he explains the motives which led to the production of this extraordinary piece of satirical writing. "Without considering Newgate," he remarks, "as no other than human nature with its mask off, which some very shameful writers have done — a thought which no price should purchase me to entertain — I think we may be excused for suspecting that the splendid palaces of the great are often no other than New-

Digitized by Google

gate with the mask on. Nor do I know anything which can raise an honest man's indignation higher than that the same morals should be in one place attended with all imaginary misery and infamy, and in the other with the highest luxury and honour. Let any impartial man in his senses be asked for which of these two places a composition of cruelty, lust, avarice, rapine, insolence, hypocrisy, fraud, and treachery, was best fitted, surely his answer must be certain and immediate. And yet I am afraid all these ingredients, glossed over with wealth and a title, have been treated with the highest respect and veneration in the one, while one or two of them have been condemned to the gallows in the other." This, of course, is the fault of Society, which rarely estimates a man for his intrinsic worth, whatever groove he moves in. He may be as gigantic a fraud as was ever palmed off upon the human race, but if he only manages to dazzle the eyes of those who are beneath him on the ladder, nothing will be whispered about his peccadilloes. Let him make one slip, however, and lose his hold, and a thousand gazers will rejoice in his fall, declaring that they always knew it would come. It was to help in destroying, therefore, the bombastic greatness of society, that Fielding wrote his "Jonathan Wild." It is marked by a singular perception of motives, and a careful dissection of those unworthy passions which attain so great a sway over men. He invariably keeps one leading point in view, viz., the proper distribution of strict justice amongst his various characters. The hero, who flourishes in apparent security before our eyes through the course of the narrative, cannot escape his just doom at the last. On the gallows he fulfils the proper ends of his being, which was corrupt and unreformable. Fielding's position as magistrate undoubtedly furnished him with many ideas for this history, which he failed not to make the most of, though as a composition, regarded in its entirety, it is somewhat deficient. It was written for a special purpose; it fulfilled that purpose admirably; but beyond that fact, and that it contains much of its author's sarcastic genius, the fragment is not in any other aspect very noticeable.

Little has been said at any time of Fielding as a writer of verse, and yet he appears to have penned a considerable amount of rhyme in his day. But his verse is much inferior to his prose, his strength seeming to evaporate under the influence of rhyme. He has not the polish or the strength of Swift in this respect; but he might have made some figure as a rhymester had he adhered to the Muse. What he has left behind him is necessarily completely dwarfed by his excellence as a writer of fiction. It will not be without interest, notwithstanding, if we glance slightly at his attempts in verse. In a poem on "Liberty" he gives vent to a noble exordium upon the good which she has accomplished for the human race, and for the progress in arts which we owe chiefly to her. Then comes the following apostrophe: —

Hail, Liberty! boon worthy of the skies,
Like fabled Venus fair, like Pallas wise.
Through thee the citizen braves war's alarms,
Though neither bred to fight, nor paid for arms;
Through thee the laurel crowned the victor's brow,
Who served before his country at the plough;
Through thee (what most must to thy praise appear)
Proud senates scorn'd not to seek Virtue there.

In form and conception the poem reminds us something of Goldsmith, being, however, in parts less pastoral than he, but having more force. The whole concludes with the following lines, which will stir an echoing sentiment probably in the mind of every reader: —

But thou, great Liberty, keep Britain free,
Nor let men use us as we use the bee;
Let not base drones upon our honey thrive,
And suffocate the maker in his hive.

Other poetical effusions by Fielding, while not exhibiting the strength and width of view which we gain in this poem, show considerable tenderness of feeling and delicacy of treatment. He has a set of verses "To Celia," supposed to be addressed to the lady whom he afterwards married, and which he closes thus happily, after descanting upon the hollowness of the world and the sickness of heart which the knowledge of it has produced in him: —

Ask you then, Celia, if there be
The thing I love? My charmer, thee;
Thee more than life, than light adore,
Thou dearest, sweetest creature, more
Than wildest raptures can express,
Than I can tell, or thou canst guess.
Then though I bear a gentle mind,
Let not my hatred of mankind
Wonder within my Celia move,
Since she possesses *all* I love.

Other poems could be cited which betray a lively fancy, and as a specimen in

Digitized by Google

another vein we may reproduce his lines for Butler's Monument. Fielding was moved to great indignation at the treatment of Butler by an ungrateful court, and his sarcasm took the following form: —

What though alive, neglected and undone,
O let thy spirit triumph in this stone!
No greater honour could men pay thy parts,
For when they give a stone they give their hearts.

In contrast to Fielding's poems in the didactic and sentimental vein, we may turn, lastly, to a specimen of the humorous. When labouring under pecuniary embarrassments, he addressed an appeal to Sir Robert Walpole, in which, under a playful guise, he administered a rebuke to that great minister for his neglect. In this rhyming missive the following stanzas occur: —

Great sir, as on each levée day
I still attend you — still you say —
"I'm busy now, to-morrow come;"
To-morrow, sir, you're not at home;
So says your porter, and dare I
Give such a man as him the lie?

In imitation, sir, of you
I keep a mighty levée too;
Where my attendants, to their sorrow,
Are bid to come again to-morrow.
To-morrow they return no doubt,
And then, like you, sir, I'm gone out.

In other verses the poet presses Walpole to assign him some appointment; he is not particular what, as will be gathered from the following cosmopolitan choice which he gives to the Minister: —

Suppose a Secretary o' this isle,
Just to be doing with for a while;
Admiral, gen'ral, judge, or bishop;
Or I can foreign treaties dish up.
If the good genius of the nation
Should call me to negociation,
Tuscan and French are in my head,
Latin I write, and Greek — I read.
If you should ask, what pleases best?
To get the most, and do the least.
What fittest for? — You know, I'm sure,
I'm fittest for — a sine-cure.

Of Fielding as a dramatist, there is, perhaps, no necessity to say much; and what must be said is not of the most flattering character. His comedies are not so suggestively indecent as those of Wycherley, but there is a good deal of actual impurity in them. The license of the stage, to a large extent, has been pandered to, while the literary talent displayed is not of so high an order as that which shines through his novels. One point should be remembered in connection with these comedies and farces — that they were written under great pressure, their production having been a matter of urgency with the author. A good deal of the wit of Fielding is encountered, but altogether they are not equal to his fine intellect. Smart sayings flash from the page now and then, as in "Don Quixote in England," where he remarks that "Every woman is a beauty if you will believe her own glass: and few if you will believe her neighbours." Again: "All men cannot do all things; one man gets an estate by what gets another man a halter;" which is a very acute remark upon the disjointed conditions of English life. In "The Modern Husband," a comedy whose general scope must be condemned as being worthy of the worst period of the Restoration, the following reflection occurs: "Never fear your reputation while you are rich, for gold in this world covers as many sins as charity in the next: so that, get a great deal and give away a little, and you secure your happiness in both." A remark made by Sir Positive Trap in one of Fielding's comedies seems to have anticipated the conduct of society in the nineteenth century, or if not of the whole of our present society, of more of it than we like to admit, if whispers from its sacred circle are to be believed — "I hope to see the time," said the worthy knight, "when a man may carry his daughter to market with the same lawful authority as any other of his cattle." Of all Fielding's dramatic pieces "Pasquin" seems deserving of the highest praise, and it touches pretty freely upon the political corruptions of the times. Considered in the light of a satire alone, it may be pronounced very successful, showing its author as usual at his best in the unsparing use of the lash. It is of course difficult to say where the line should be drawn upon the stage in regard to satire. The power of the press is not so strong as that of personal ridicule, and it is on record that the great Chancellor Hyde was ruined at Court by the absurd manner in which he was mimicked in farces and comedies, an end which would never have happened to him by mere abstract criticism. Fielding was, upon occasion, exceedingly free in his use of this weapon of ridicule; and however deficient his comedies may be in those qualities which are admitted to sustain the drama upon the boards, there are many passages in them of unquestionable brilliancy and

Digitized by Google

power. His strong capacity for parodying the great is demonstrated in more than one of the comedies; and it is but just to add the observation that what is good and virtuous in itself is always exempt from ridicule. He perceived the moral fitness of things so clearly that he never transgressed propriety in this respect. Shocked we may occasionally be when he reproduces too faithfully the follies and vices of his period, but never through the whole of his works do we remember a single sneer at what is good, honest, or noble.

In "A Journey from this World to the Next," Fielding has been the forerunner of a host of works of our own day, of which the reading public has become unconscionably weary. Undoubtedly the best of these modern efforts to describe another world is "Erewhon;" but it is singular to find Fielding, upwards of a hundred years ago, describing what took place in another sphere, after the death of the supposed writer of the narrative. It shows what little originality there is in the matter of great bold outlines of thought in the world; and doubtless many things which we consider new and of great merit in our own day have been done in ages past, and in much superior style. We do not mean to imply in any way that the work we have named and other similar works which followed it resemble in detail Fielding's "Journey," but simply desire to point out how early the author of "Tom Jones" was in the field in this very idea of describing another world, for which there appears at present to be an unreasonable mania. His work is both curious and interesting, and excellent occupation for a quiet hour's literary relaxation.

Authors are measured in various ways; some are fitted for the great mass of ordinary readers alone; others find their devotees in a few choice intellectual spirits; but of few can it be said that they are favourites of both. When we are able to affirm that this last is the true position of a writer we have paid him the highest tribute it is in our power to offer. It means that we are speaking of lofty genius; for that is really great which can satisfy the philosopher and the peasant at the same moment. "Hamlet" is the product of such a mind; so is the "Pilgrim's Progress," and to these books must indubitably be added the masterpiece of Fielding. It possesses that salt of genius which will arrest dissolution. Years roll on and only add to the imperishable character of all such works. What novelist has delighted a greater number of individuals than Fielding, or satisfied more with his exquisite delineations of human nature? We know what his influence has been over millions of undistinguished men; but look for a moment at the estimation in which he is held by the conspicuous descendants of his own craft. Dickens always had the most unfeigned admiration for him, and has described the keen relish with which he devoured his works as a boy. This love grew as he grew, and there was no novelist for whom Dickens cherished such a feeling of respect for his singular power as Fielding. It is said that he took him for his model; but if so he has failed in catching his spirit, notwithstanding his profound admiration; for in truth to us the two methods — those of Fielding and Dickens — seem to differ most widely. That is a question, however, which cannot be discussed here, and we pass it by with the observation that Fielding's power over Dickens was unquestionably immense. The same remark applies to Thackeray, whose genius, far more than that of Dickens, resembled Fielding's own. "What," said the author of "Vanity Fair," when speaking of his great predecessor in fiction, "an admirable gift of nature it was by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people! What a genius, what a vigour! What a bright-eyed intelligence and observation! What a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! What a vast sympathy; what a cheerfulness; what a manly relish of life! What a love of human kind! What a poet is here, watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has the man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly!" And again, speaking of his works as a whole — "Time and shower have very little damaged those. The fashion and ornaments are, perhaps, of the architecture of that age; but the building remains strong and lofty, and of admirable proportions — masterpieces of genius and monuments of workmanlike skill." Who is there who cannot subscribe to this exalted opinion of our author, first given utterance to in its full boldness and generosity by Gibbon, and perpetuated by Thackeray? Whether we regard Fielding in the light of an observer of human nature or as a humour-

Digitized by Google

ist, he has but few rivals. In the matter of the combination of both these excellences in the garb of fiction, we fearlessly reassert that he is entitled to the position we assigned him in the outset. He is at the head of his race. Other novelists may show a particular aptitude, he is the one being who has no aptitudes, for his art is universal. The temple he has reared has no dwarfed or stunted columns; it is perfect and symmetrical, and of towering and magnificent dimensions. Years have not defaced its beauty or shaken its foundations.

Another tribute to those already paid to this great king of fiction — more ephemeral, perhaps, than some, but as sincere as any — is now laid at his feet. Henry Fielding, we would that thou hadst been a better man, but it is impossible not to love thee, and to recognize shining through thee that glorious light of genius which grows not dim with Time, but whose luminous presence is ever with us to cheer, to reprove, to delight, and to elevate!

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE room known as the Astrologer's (by the maids, less reverently entitled the "star-gazer's closet") was that old eight-sided, or lantern, chamber, which has been mentioned in the short account of the Carian sage and his labours. He had used it alternately with his other quarters in the Chancton Ring; for this had outlook of the rising, as the other had of the setting stars. At the eastern end of the house, it stood away from roofs and chimney-tops, commanding the trending face of hill, and the amplitude of the world below, from north-west round the north and east, to the rising point of Fomahault.

To this room Alice now made her way, as if she had no time to spare. With quick, light steps, she passed through the hall, and then the painted library, as it was called from some old stained glass — and at the further end she entered a little room with double doors, her father's favourite musing-place. In the eastern end of this quiet chamber, and at the eastern end of all, there was a low and narrow door. This was seldom locked, because none of the few who came so far would care to go any further. For it opened to a small landing-place, dimly lit, as well as damp, and leading to a newel staircase, narrow, and made of a chalky flint, angular and irregular.

Alice stopped to think a little. All things looked so uninviting that she would rather do without them. Surely now that the sun had departed — whether well or otherwise — some other time would do as nicely for going on with the business. There was nothing said of any special hurry, so far as she could remember; and what could be a more stupid thing than to try to unlock an ancient door without any light for the keyhole? She had a very great mind to go back, and to come again in the morning.

She turned with a quick turn towards the light, and the comfort, and the company; then suddenly she remembered how she had boasted of her courage; and who would be waiting to laugh at her, if she came back without her errand. Fearing further thought, she ran like a sunset cloud up the stairway.

Fifty or sixty steps went by her before she had time to think of them; a few in the light of loopholes, but the greater part in governed gloom, or shadowy mixture flickering. Then at the top she stopped to breathe, and recover her wits, for a moment. Here a long black door repelled her — a door whose outside she knew pretty well, but had no idea of the other side. Upon this, she began to think again; and her thoughts were almost too much for her.

With a little sigh that would have moved all imaginable enemies, the swiftly sensitive girl called up the inborn spirit of her race, and her own peculiar romance. These in combination scarcely could have availed her to turn the key, unless her father had happened to think of oiling it with a white pigeon's feather.

When she heard the bolt shoot back, she made the best of a bad affair. "In for a penny, in for a pound;" "faint heart is fain;" "two bites at a cherry;" and above all, "noblesse oblige." With all these thoughts to press her forward, in she walked quite dauntlessly.

And lo, there was nothing to frighten her. Everything looked as old and harmless as the man who had loved them all; having made or befriended them. His own little lathe, with its metal bed (cast by himself from a mixture of his own, defying the rust of centuries), wanted nothing more than dusting, and some oil

Digitized by Google

on the bearings. And the speculum he had worked so hard at, for a reflecting telescope — partly his own ideas, and partly reflected (as all ideas are) some years ere the time of Gregory — the error in its grinding, which had driven him often to despair, might still be traced by an accurate eye through the depth of two hundred dusty years. Models, patterns, moulds, and castings, — many of which would have shown how slowly our boasted discoveries have grown, — also favourite tools, and sundry things past out of their meaning, lay about among their fellows, doomed alike to do no work, because the man who had kept them moving was shorter-lived than they were.

Now young Alice stood among them, in a reverential way. They were, of course, no more than other things laid by to rust, according to man's convenience. And yet she could not make up her mind to meddle with any one of them. So that she only looked about, and began to be at home with things.

Her eager mind was always ready to be crowded with a rash, young interest in all things. It was the great fault of her nature that she never could perceive how very far all little things should lie beneath her notice. So that she now had really more than she could contrive to take in all at once.

But while she stood in this surprise, almost forgetting her errand among the multitude of ideas, a cloud above the sunset happened to be packed with gorgeous light. Unbosoming itself to the air in the usual cloudy manner, it managed thereby to shed down some bright memories of the departed one. And hence there came a lovely gleam of daylight's afterthought into the north-western facet of the old eight-sided room. Alice crossed this glance of sunset, wondering what she was to do, until she saw her shadow wavering into a recess of wall. There, between the darker windows to the right hand of the door a little hover of refraction, striking upon reflection, because it was fugitive, caught her eyes. She saw by means of this a keyhole in a brightened surface, on a heavy turn of wall that seemed to have no meaning. In right of discovery, up she ran, passed her fingers over a plate of polished Sussex iron, and put her key into the hole, of course.

The lock had been properly oiled perhaps, and put into working order sometimes, even within the last hundred years. But still it was so stiff that Alice had to work the key both ways, and with both hands ere it turned. And even after the bolt went back, she could not open the door at once, perhaps because the jamb was rusty, or the upper hinge had given forward. Whatever the hesitation was, the girl would have no refusal. She set the key crosswise in the lock, and drew one corner of her linen handkerchief through the loop of it, and then tied a knot, and, with both hands, pulled. Inasmuch as her handkerchief was not made of gauze, or lace, or gossamer, and herself of no feeble material, the heavy door gave way at last, and everything lay before her.

"Is that all? oh, is that all?" she cried, in breathless disappointment, and yet laughing at herself. "No jewels, no pearls, no brooches, or buckles, or even a gold watch! And the great Astrologer must have foreseen how sadly, in this year of our reckoning, I should be longing for a gold watch! Alas! without it, what is the use of being 'brave and beautiful'? Here is nothing more than dust, mouldy old deeds, and a dirty cushion!"

Alice had a great mind at first to run back to her father and tell him that, after all, there was nothing found that would be worth the carrying. And she even turned, and looked round the room, to support this strong conclusion. But the weight of ancient wisdom (pressed on the young imagination by the stamp of mystery) held her under, and made her stop from thinking her own thoughts about it. "He must have known better, of course, than I do. Only look at his clever tools! I am sure I could live in this room for a week, and never be afraid of anything."

But even while she was saying this to herself, with the mind in command of the heart, and a fine conscientious courage, there came to her ears, or seemed to come, a quiet, low, unaccountable sound. It may have been nothing, as she tried to think, when first she began to recover herself; or it may have been something quite harmless, and most easily traced to its origin. But whatever it was, in a moment it managed to quench her desire to live in that room. With quick hands, now delivered from their usual keen sense of grime, she snatched up whatever she saw in the cupboard, and banged the iron door, and locked it, with a glance of defiant terror over the safer shoulder first, and then over the one that was nearer the noise.

Digitized by Google

Then she knew that she had done her duty very bravely; and that it would be a cruel thing to expect her to stay any longer. And, so to shut out all further views of anything she had no right to see, she slipped back the band of her beautiful hair; and, under that cover, retreated.

CHAPTER X.

At this very time there happened to be a boy of no rank, and of unknown order, quietly jogging homeward. He differed but little from other boys; and seemed unworthy of consideration, unless one stopped to consider him. Because he was a boy by no means virtuous, or valiant; neither gifted by nature with any inborn way to be wonderful. Having nothing to help him much, he lived among the things that came around him, to his very utmost; and he never refused a bit to eat, because it might have been a better bit. And now and then, if he got the chance (without any more in the background than a distant view of detection), he had been imagined perhaps to lay hand upon a stray trifle that would lie about, and was due, but not paid, to his merits. Nobody knew where this boy came from, or whether he came at all indeed, or was only the produce of earth or sky, at some improper conjunction. Nothing was certain about him; except that there he was; and he meant to stay; and people, for the most part liked him. And many women would have been glad to love him, in a protective way; but for the fright by all of them felt, by reason of the magistrates.

These had settled it long ago, at every kind of session, that this boy (though so comparatively honest) must not be encouraged much. He had such a manner of looking about after almost anything; and of making the most of those happy times when luck embraces art; above all, he had such exhaustive knowledge of apple-trees, and potato-buries, and cows that wanted milking, as well as of ticklish trout, and occasional little ducks that had lost their way — that after long-tried lenience, and allowance for such a neglected child, justice could no longer take a large and wholesome view of "Bonny."

Bonny held small heed of justice (even in the plural number) whenever he could help it. The nature of his birth and nurture had been such as to make him take an outside view of everything. If people liked him, he liked them, and would be the last to steal from them; or at any rate would let them be the last for him to steal from. His inner meaning was so honest, that he almost always waited for some great wrong to be done to him, before he dreamed of making free with almost anybody's ducks.

Widely as he was known, and often glanced at from a wrong point of view, even his lowest detractor could not give his etymology. Many attempted to hold that he might have been called, in some generative outburst, "Bonnie," by a Scotchman of imagination. Others laughed this idea to scorn, and were sure that his right name was "Boney," because of his living in spite of all terror of "Bonyparty." But the true solution probably was (as with all analytic inquiries) the third,— that his right name was "Bony," because his father, though now quite a shadowy being, must have, at some time or other, perhaps, gone about crying "Rags and Bones, oh!"

These little niceties of origin passed by Bonny as the idle wind. He was proud of his name, and it sounded well; and wherever he went the ladies seemed to like him as an unknown quantity. Also (which mattered far more to him) the female servants took to him. And, with many of these, he had such a way, that it found him in victuals, perhaps twice in a week.

Nevertheless, he was forced to work as hard as could be, this summer. The dragging weight of a hopeless war (as all, except the stout farmers, now were beginning to consider it) had been tightening, more and more, the strain upon the veins of trade, and the burden of the community.

This good boy lived in the side of a hill, or of a cliff (as some might call it), white and beautiful to look at from a proper distance. Here he had one of those queer old holes, which puzzle the sagest antiquary, and set him in fiercest conflict with the even sager geologist. But in spite of them all, the hole was there; and in that hole lived Bonny.

Without society, what is life? Our tenderest and truest affections were not given us for naught. The grandest of human desires is to have something or other to wallop; and fate (in small matters so hard upon Bonny) had known when to yield, and had granted him this; that is to say, a donkey.

A donkey of such a clever kind, and so set up with reasoning powers and a fine heart of his own, that all his conclusions

Digitized by Google

were almost right, until they were beaten out of him. His name was "Jack," and his nature was of a level and sturdy order, resenting wrongs, accepting favours, with all the teeth of gratitude, and braying (as all clever asses do) at every change of weather. His personal appearance also was noble, striking, and romantic; and his face reminded all beholders of a well-coloured pipe-bowl upside down. For all his muzzle and nose were white, as snowy white as if he always wore a nosebag newly floured from the nearest windmill. But just below his eyes, and across the mace of his jaws, was a ring of brown, and above that not a speck of white, but deepening into cloudy blackness throughout all his system. Then (like the crest of Hector) rose a menacing frontlet of thick hair, and warlike ears as long as horns, yet genially revolving; and body and legs, to complete the effect, conceived in the very best taste to match.

These great virtues of the animal found their balance in small foibles. A narrow-minded, self-seeking vein,—a too vindictive memory, an obstinacy more than asinine, no sense of honour, and a habit of treating too many questions with the teeth or heels. These had lowered him to his present rank; as may be shown hereafter.

To any worked and troubled mind, escaping into the country, it would have been a treat to happen (round some corner suddenly, when the sun throws shadows long) upon Bonny and his jackass. In the ripe time of the evening, when the sun is at his kindest, and the earth most thankful, and the lines of every shadow now are well accustomed; when the air has summer hope of never feeling frost again; and every bush, and stump, and hillock quite knows how to stand and look; when the creases of yellow grass, and green grass, by the roadside, leave themselves for explanation, till the rain shall settle it; and the thick hedge, in the calm air, cannot rustle, unless it holds a rabbit or a hare at play,—when all these things, in their quiet way, guide the shadowy lines of evening, and the long lanes of farewell, what can soothe the spirit more than the view of a boy on a donkey?

Bonny, therefore, was in keeping with the world around him (as he always contrived to be) when he came home on Jack, that evening, from a long day's work at Shoreham. The lane was at its best almost, with all the wild flowers that love the chalk, mixed with those that hug the border where the chalk creams into loam. Among them Bonny whistled merrily, as his favourite custom was; to let the Pixies and the Fairies, ere he came under the gloom of the hill, understand that he was coming, and nobody else to frighten them.

Soothed with the beauty of the scene and the majesty of the sunset, Jack drew back his ears and listened drowsily to his master. "Britannia rule the Waves" was then the anthem of the nation; and as she seemed to rule nothing else, though fighting very grandly, all patriotic Britons found main comfort in governing water.

The happiness of this boy and donkey was of that gleeful see-saw chancing, which is the heartiest of all. This has a snugness of its own, which nothing but poverty can afford, and luck rejoice to revel in. As a rich man hugs his shivers, when he has taken a sudden chill, and huddles in over a roaring fire, and boasts that he cannot warm himself, so a poor fellow may cuddle his home, and spread his legs as he pleases, for the sake of its very want of comfort, and the things it makes him think of; all to be hoped for by-and-by. And Bonny was so destitute that he had all the world to hope for.

He lived in a hole in the scarp of chalk, at the foot of the gully of Coombe Lorraine; and many of his delightful doings might have been seen from the lofty windows, if any one ever had thought it worth while to slope a long telescope at him. But nobody cared to look at Bonny, and scatter his lowly happiness—than which there is no more fugitive creature, and none more shy of inspection.

Being of a light and dauntless nature, Bonny kept whistling and singing his way, over the grass and through the furze, and in and out the dappled leafage of the summer evening; while Jack, with his brightest blinkings, picked the parts of the track that suited him. The setting sun was in their eyes, and made them wink every now and then, and threw the shadow of long ears, and walking legs, and jogging heads, here and there and anywhere. Also a very fine lump of something might in the shadows be loosely taken to hang across Jack in his latter parts, coming after Bonny's legs, and choice things stowed in front of them.

The meaning of this was that they had been making a very lucky long-shore day, at the mouth of the river Adur; and

Digitized by Google

on their way home, had received some pleasing tribute to their many merits in the town of Steyning, and down the road. Jack had no panniers, for his master could not provide such luxuries; but he had what answered as well, or better — a long and trusty meal-sack, strongly stitched at the mouth, and slit for inlet some way down the middle. So that, as it hung well balanced over his sturdy quarters, anything might be popped in quickly; and all the contents must abide together, and churn up into fine tenderness.

As for Bonny himself, the shadows did him strong injustice, such as he was wont to take from all the world, and make light of. The shadows showed him a ragged figure, flapping and flickering here and there, and random in his outlines. But the true glow of the sunset, full upon his face, presented quite another Bonny. No more to be charged as a vagabond than the earth and the sun himself were; but a little boy who loved his home, such as it was, and knew it, and knew little else. Dirty, perhaps, just here and there, after the long dry weather — but if he had been ugly, could he have brought home all that dripping?

To the little fellow himself as yet the question of costume was more important than that of comeliness. And his dress afforded him many sources of pride and self-satisfaction. For his breeches were possessed of inexhaustible vitality, as well as bold and original colour, having been adapted for him by the wife of his great patron, Bottler the pigman, from a pair of Bottler's leggings, made of his own pigskin. The skin had belonged, in the first place, to a very remarkable boar, a thorough Calydonian hog, who escaped from a farm-yard, and lived for months a wild life in St. Leonard's Forest. Here he scared all the neighbourhood, until at last Bottler was invoked to arise like Meleager, and to bring his pig-knife. Bottler met him in single combat, slew him before he had time to grunt, and claiming him as the spoils of war, pickled his hams at his leisure. Also, he tanned the hide in his own yard, and made himself leggings as everlasting as the fame of his exploit.

With these was Bonny now indued over most of his nether moiety. Shoes and stockings he despised, of course, but his little shanks were clean and red, while his shoulders and chest were lost in the splendour of a coachman's crimson waistcoat. At least they were generally so concealed, when he set forth in the morning, for he picked up plenty of pins, and showed some genius in arranging them: but after a hard day's work, as now, air and light would always reassert their right of entrance. Still, there remained enough of the mingled charm of blush and plush to recall in soft domestic bosoms bygone scenes, forever past — but oh, so sweet among the trays!

To judge him, however, without the fallacy of romantic tenderness — the breadth of his mouth, and the turn of his nose, might go a little way against him. Still, he had such a manner of showing bright white teeth in a jocund grin, and of making his frizzly hair stand up, and his sharp blue eye express amazement, at the proper moment; moreover, his pair of cheeks was such (after coming off the downs), and his laugh so dreadfully infectious, and he had such tales to tell — that several lofty butlers were persuaded to consider him.

Even the butler at Coombe Lorraine — but that will come better hereafter. Only as yet may be fairly said, that Bonny looked up at the house on the hill with a delicate curiosity; and felt that his overtures might have been somewhat ungraceful, or at least ill-timed, when the new young footman (just taken on) took it entirely upon himself to kick him all the way down the hill. This little discourtesy, doubling of course Master Bonny's esteem and regard for the place, at the same time introduced some constraint into his after intercourse. For the moment, indeed, he took no measures to vindicate his honour; although at a word (as he knew quite well), Bottler, the pigman, would have brought up his whip and seen to it. And even if any of the maids of the house had been told to tell Miss Alice about it, Bonny was sure of obtaining justice, and pity, and even half-a-crown.

Quick as he was to forget and forgive the many things done amiss to him, the boy, when he came to the mouth of the coombe, looked pretty sharply about him for traces of that dreadful fellow, who had proved himself such a footman. With Jack to help him, with jaw and heel, Bonny would not have been so very much afraid of even him; such a "strong-siding champion" had the donkey lately shown himself. Still, on the whole, and after such a long day's work by sea and shore, the rover was much relieved to find his little castle unleaguered.

The portal thereof was a yard in height,

Digitized by Google

and perhaps fifteen inches wide; not all alike, but in and out, according to the way the things, or the boy himself, went rubbing it. A holy hermit once had lived there, if tradition spoke aright. But if so, he must have been as narrow of body to get in, as wide of mind to stop there. At any rate, Bonny was now the hermit, and less of a saint than a sinner.

The last glance of sunset was being reflected under the eaves of twilight when these two came to their home and comfort in the bay of the quiet land. From the foot of the steep white cliff, the greensward spread itself with a gentle slope, and breaks of roughness here and there, until it met the depth of cornland, where the feathering bloom appeared — for the summer was a hot one — reared upon its jointed stalk, and softened into a silver-grey by the level touch of evening. The little powdered stars of wheat-bloom could not now be seen, of course; neither the quivering of the awns, nor that hovering radiance, which in the hot day moves among them. Still the scent was on the air, the delicate fragrance of the wheat, only caught by waiting for it, when the hour is genial.

Bonny and Jack were not in the humour now to wait for anything. The scent of the wheat was nothing to them: but the smell of a loaf was something. And Jack knew, quite as well as Bonny, that let the time be as hard as it would — and it was a very hard time already, though nothing to what came afterward — nevertheless, there were two white loaves, charmed, by their united powers, out of maids who were under notice to quit their situations. Also on the homeward road, they had not failed entirely of a few fine gristly hocks of pork, and the bottom of a skin of lard, and something unknown, but highly interesting, from a place where a pig had been killed that week, much as the time of year was wrong.

"Now, Jack, tend thee'zell," said Bonny, with the air of a full-grown man almost, while he was working his own little shoulders in betwixt the worn hair on the ribs, and the balanced bag overhanging them. Jack knew what he was meant to do; for he brought his white nose cleverly round, just where it was wanted, and pushed it under one end of the bag, and tossed it carefully over his back, so that it slid down beautifully.

When this great bag lay on the ground (or rather, stood up, in a clumsy way, by virtue of what was inside of it), the first thing everybody did was to come, and poke, and sniff at it. And though the everybody was no more than Jack and his donkey, the duty was not badly done, because they were both so hungry.

When the strings were cut, and the bag in relief of tension panted, ever so many things began to ooze, and to ease themselves, out of it. First of all two great dollops of oar-weed, which had excellently performed their task of keeping everything tight and sweet with the hungry fragrance of the sea. Then came a mixture of almost anything, which a boy of no daintiness was likely to regard as eatable, or a child of no science whatever to look upon as a rarity. Bonny was a collector of the grandest order; the one who collects everything. Here was food of the land, and food of the sea, and food of the tidal river, mingled with food for the mind of a boy, who had no mind — to his knowledge. In the humblest way he groped about, and wondered at almost everything.

Now he had things to wonder at which (in the heat of the day and the work) had been caught and stowed away anyhow. The boy and the donkey had earned their load with such true labour, that now they could not remember even half of it. Jack, by hard collar-work at the nets; Bonny, by cheering him up the sand, and tugging himself with his puny shoulders, and then by dancing, and treading away, and kicking with naked feet among the wastrel fish, full of thorns and tails, shed from the vent of the drag-net by the spent farewell of the shoaling wave.

For, on this very day, there had been the great Midsummer haul at Shoreham. It was the old custom of the place; but even custom must follow the tides, and the top of the summer spring-tides (when the fish are always liveliest) happened, for the year 1811, to come on the 18th day of June. Bonny for weeks had been looking forward, and now before him lay his reward!

After many sweet and bitter uses of adversity, this boy, at an early age, had caught the tail of prudence. It had been to his heart, at first, a friendly and a native thing, to feast to the full (when he got the chance) and go empty away till it came again. But now, being grown to riper years, and, after much consideration, declared to be at least twelve years old by the only pork-butcher in Steyning, Bonny began to know what was what, and to salt a good deal of his offal.

For this wise process he now could

Digitized by Google

find a greater call than usual; because, through the heat of the day, he had stuck to his first and firmly-grounded principle — never to refuse refuse. So that many other fine things were mingled, jumbled, and almost churned, among the sundry importations of the flowing tide and net. All of these, now, he well delivered (so far as sappy limbs could do it) upon a cleanish piece of ground, well accustomed to such favours. Then Bonny stood back, with his hands on his knees, and Jack spread his nose at some of it.

Loaves of genuine wheaten bread were getting scarce already. Three or four bad harvests, following long arrears of discontent, and hanging on the heavy arm of desperate taxation, kept the country, and the farmers, and the people that must be fed, in such a condition that we (who cannot be now content with anything) deserve no blame when we smack our lips in our dainty contempt of our grandfathers.

Bonny was always good to Jack, according to the way they had of looking at one another; and so, of the choicest spoils, he gave him a half-peck loaf, of a fibre such as they seldom softened their teeth with. Jack preferred this to any clover, even when that luxury could be won by clever stealing; and now he trotted away with his loaf to the nearest stump where backing-power against his strong jaws could be got. Here he laid his loaf against the stump, and went a little way back to think about it, and to be sure that every atom was for him. Then, without scruple or time to spare, he tucked up his lips, and began in a hurry to make a bold dash for the heart of it.

"More haste, less speed," is a proverb that seems, at first sight, one of the last that need be quoted to a donkey. Yet, in the present instance, Jack should have spared himself time to study it; for in less than a moment he ran up to Bonny, with his wide mouth at its widest snorting with pain, and much yearning to bellow, but by the position disabled. There was something stuck fast in the roof of his mouth, in a groove of the veiny black arches; and work as he might with his wounded tongue he was only driving it further in. His great black eyes, as he gasped with fright, and the piteous whine of his quivering nose, and his way altogether so scared poor Bonny, that the chances were he would run away. And so, no doubt, he must have done (being but a little boy as yet), if it had not chanced that a flash of something caught his quick eye suddenly, something richly shining in the cavern of the donkey's mouth.

This was enough, of course, for Bonny. His instinct of scratching, and digging, and hiding, was up and at work in a moment. He thrust his brown hand betwixt Jack's great jaws, and drew it back quickly enough to escape the snap of their glad reunion. And in his hand was something which he had drawn from the bag of the net that day, but scarcely stopped to look at twice, in the huddle of weeds and the sweeping. It had lain among many fine gifts of the sea — skates, and dog-fish, sea-devils, sting-rays, thornbacks, inky cuttles, and scallops, cockles, whelks, green crabs, jelly-fish, and everything else that makes fishermen swear, and then grin, and then spit on their palms again. Among these in Bonny's bag had lain manifold boons of the life-giving earth, extracted from her motherly feeling by one or two good butchers.

Bonny made no bones of this. Fish, flesh, fowl, or stale red-herring — he welcomed all the works of charity with a charitable nose, and fingers not of the nicest. So that his judgment could scarcely have been "prejudicially affected by any preconceived opinion" — as our purest writers love to say — when he dropped this thing, and smelled his thumb, and cried, "Lord, how it makes my hands itch!"

After such a strong expression, what can we have to say to him? It is the privilege of our period to put under our feet whatever we would rather not face out. At the same time, to pretend to love it, and lift it by education. Nevertheless, one may try to doubt whether poor Bonny's grandchildren (if he ever presumed to have any) thrive on the lesson, as well as he did on the loaf, of charity.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE used to be a row of buildings, well within the sacred precincts of the Inner Temple, but still preserving a fair look-out on the wharves, and the tidal gut at their back, till the whole view was swallowed by gas-works. Here for long ages, law had flourished on the excrete things of outlawry, fed by the reek of Whitefriars, as a good nettle enjoys the mixen.

Already, however, some sweeping changes had much improved this neighbourhood; and the low attorneys who

Digitized by Google

throve on crime, and of whom we get unpleasant glimpses through our classic novelists, had been succeeded by men of repute, and learning, and large practice. And among all these there was not one more widely known and respected than Glanvil Malahide, K.C.; an eminent equity-barrister, who now declined to don the wig in any ordinary cause. He had been obliged, of course, to fight, like the rest of mankind, for celebrity; but as soon as this was well assured, he quitted the noisier sides of it. But his love of the subtleties of the law (spun into fairer and frailer gossamer by the soft spider of equity), as well as the power of habit, kept him to his old profession; so that he took to chamber-practice, and had more than he could manage.

Sir Roland Lorraine had known this gentleman by repute at Oxford, when Glanvil Malahide was young, and believed to be one of the best scholars there; in the days when scholarship often ripened (as it seldom does now) to learning. For the scholarship now must be kept quite young, for the smaller needs of tuition.

Hence it came to pass that as soon as Hilary Lorraine was quite acquit of Oxford leading-strings, and had scrambled into some degree, his father, who especially wished (for some reasons of his own) to keep the boy out of the army, entered him gladly among the pupils of Mr. Glanvil Malahide. Not that Hilary was expected ever to wear the horse-hair much (unless an insane desire to do so should find its way into his open soul), but that the excellent goodness of law might drop, like the gentle dew from heaven, and grow him into a Justice of the Peace.

Hilary looked upon this matter, as he did on too many others, with a sweet indifference. If he could only have had his own way, he would have been a soldier long ago; for that was the time when all the spirit of Britain was roused up to arms. But this young fellow's great fault was, to be compact of so many elements that nothing was settled amongst them. He had "great gifts," as Mr. Malahide said — "extraordinary talents," we say now — but nobody knew (least of all their owner) how to work them properly. This is one of the most unlucky compositions of human mind — to be applicable to everything, but applied to nothing. If Hilary had lain under pressure, and been squeezed into one direction, he must have become a man of mark.

This his father could not see. As a general rule a father fails to know what his son is fit for; and after disappointment, fancies (for a little time at least) himself a fool to have taken the boy to be all that the mother said of him. Nevertheless, the poor mother knows how right she was, and the world how wrong.

But Hilary Lorraine, from childhood, had no mother to help him. What he had to help him was good birth, good looks, good abilities, a very sweet temper, and a kind and truly genial nature. Also a strongish will of his own (whenever his heart was moving), yet ashamed to stand forth boldly in the lesser matters. And here was his fatal error; that he looked upon almost everything as one of the lesser matters. He had, of course, a host of friends, from the freedom of his manner; and sometimes he would do such things that the best, or even the worst of them, could no longer walk with him. Things not vicious, but a great deal too far gone in the opposite way — such as the snatching up of a truly naked child and caressing it, or any other shameful act, in the face of the noblest Christendom. These things he would do, and worse; such as no toady with self-respect could smile at in broad daylight, and such as often exposed the lad to laughter in good society. One of his best friends used to say that Hilary wanted a vice or two to make his virtues balance. This may have been so; but none the less, he had his share of failings.

For a sample of these last he had taken up and made much of one of his fellow-pupils in these well-connected chambers. This was one Gregory Lovejoy, a youth entirely out of his element among fashionable sparks. Steadfast ambition of a conceptive mother sent him, against his stars, to London; and here he became the whetstone for those brilliant blades, his fellow-pupils. Because he had been at no university, nor even so much as a public school, and had no introduction to anybody who had never heard of him.

Now the more the rest disdained this fellow, the more Lorraine regarded him; feeling, with a sense too delicate to arise from any thought, that shame was done to good birth by being even conscious of it, except upon great occasions. And so, without giving much offence, or pretending to be a champion, Hilary used to shield young Lovejoy from the blunt

Digitized by Google

shafts of small humour continually levelled at him.

Mr. Malahide's set of chambers was perhaps the best to be found in Equity Walk, Inner Temple. His pupils — ten in number always, because he would accept no more, and his high repute insured no less — these worthy youths had the longest room, facing with three whitey-brown windows into "Numa Square." Hence the view, containing all "utilitarian edifices," freely ranged across the garden's classic walks of asphodel to the broad Lethean river on whose wharves we are such weeds. For "Paper Buildings," named from some swift sequence of suggestion, reared no lofty height as yet to mar the sedentary view.

All who have the local key will enter into the scene at once; so far, at least, as necessary change has failed to operate. But Mr. Malahide's pupils scarcely ever looked out of the windows. None, however, should rashly blame them for apathy as to the prospect. They seldom looked out of the windows, because they were very seldom inside them.

In the first place, their attendance there was voluntary and precarious. They paid their money, and they took their choice whether they ever did anything more. Each of them paid — or his father for him — a fee of a hundred guineas to have the "run of the chambers," and most of them carried out their purpose by a run-away from them. The less they came, the less trouble they caused to Mr. Glanvil Malahide; who always gave them that much to know when they paid their fee of entrance. "If you mean to be a lawyer," he said, "I will do my best to make you one. If you only come for the name of it I shall say but little more to you." This, of course, was fair enough, and the utmost that could be expected of him: for most of his pupils were young men of birth, or good position in the English counties, to whom in their future condition of life a little smattering of law, or the credit of owning such smattering, would be worth a few hundred guineas. Common Law, of course, was far more likely to avail them in their rubs of the world than equity; but of that fine drug they had generally taken their dose in Pleaders' Chambers, and were come to wash the taste away in the purer shallows of equity.

Hilary, therefore, might be considered, and certainly did consider himself, a remarkably attentive pupil, for he generally was to be found in chambers four or even five days of the week, coming in time to read all the news before the five o'clock dinner in Hall. Whereas the Honourable Robert Gumption, and Sir Francis Kickabout, two of his fellow-pupils, had only been seen in chambers once since they paid their respective fees; and the reason of their attendance then was that they found the towels too dirty to use at the billiard-rooms in Fleet Street. The clerks used to say among themselves, that "these young fellows must be dreadful fools to pay one hundred guineas, because any swell with the proper cheek might easy enough have the go of the chambers, and nobody none the wiser; for they wouldn't know him, nor the other young gents, and least of all old "horsewig."

However, there chanced to be two or three men who made something more than a very expensive lounge of these eminent chambers. Of these worthy fellows, Rice Cockles was one (who had been senior wrangler two years before, and from that time knew not one good night's rest, till the Woolsack broke his fall into his grave), and another was Gregory Lovejoy. Cockles was thoroughly conscious — as behoves a senior wrangler — of possessing great abilities; and Lovejoy knew, on his own behalf, that his mother at least was as sure as could be of all the wonders he must do.

Hilary could not bear Rice Cockles, who was of a dry sarcastic vein; but he liked young Lovejoy more and more, the more he had to defend him. Youths who have not had the fortune to be at a public school or a college, seldom know how to hold their tongues until the world has silenced them. Gregory, therefore, thought no harm to boast opportunely one fine May morning (when some one had seen a tree blossoming somewhere) of the beauty of his father's cherry-trees. How noble and grand they must be just now, one sheet of white, white, white, he said, as big as the Inner and the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, all put together! And then how the bees were among them buzzing, knowing which sorts first to milk; and the tortoise-shell butterflies quite sure to be out, for the first of their summering. But in the moonlight, best of all, when the moon was three days short of full, then was the time an unhappy Londoner must be amazed with happiness. Then to walk among them was like walking in a fairy-land, or being lost in a sky of snow, before a flake begins to fall. A delicate soft world of

Digitized by Google

white, an in and out of fancy lace, a feeling of some white witchery, and almost a fright that little white blossoms have such power over one.

"Where may one find this grand paradise?" asked Rice Cockles, as if he could scarcely refrain his feet from the road to it.

"Five miles the other side of Seven-Oaks;" Gregory answered, boldly.

"I know the country. Does your father grow cherries for Covent Garden market?"

"Of course he does. Didn't you know that?" Thenceforth in chambers Lovejoy was always known as "Cherry Lovejoy." And he always answered to that name.

It was now the end of June, and the cherries must be getting ripe. The day had been very hot and sultry, and Hilary came into chambers later than his usual time, but fresh as a lark, as he always was. Even Mr. Malahide had felt the weight of the weather, and of his own threescore years and five, and in his own room was dozing. The three clerks in their little den were fit for next to nothing, except to lie far away in some meadow, with sleepy beer, under alder-trees. Even Rice Cockles had struck work with one of those hopeless headaches which are bred by hot weather from satire, a thing that turns sour above freezing-point; and no one was dwelling in the long hot room save the peaceful and steady Gregory.

Even he, with his resolute will to fulfil his mother's prophesies, could scarcely keep his mind from flagging, or his mouth from yawning, as he went through some most elaborate answer to a grand petition in equity—the iniquity being, to a common mind, that the question could have arisen. But Mr. Malahide, of course, regarded things professionally.

"Lovejoy, thy name is 'Love-misery,'" cried young Lorraine, who never called his fellow-pupil "Cherry," though perfectly welcome to do so. "I passed an optician's shop just now, and the thermometer stands at 96°. That quill must have come from an ostrich to be able to move in such weather. Even the counsellor yields to the elements. Hark how he winds his sultry horn! Is it not a great and true writer who says, 'I tell thee that the quills of the law are the deadliest shafts of the Evil One'? Come, therefore, and try a darting match."

Gregory felt no inclination for so hot a pastime; he had found, however, a habit of yielding to the impulsive and popular Hilary, which led him into a few small scrapes, and one or two that were not small. Lorraine's unusual brightness of nature, and personal beauty, and gentle bearing, as well as an inborn readiness to be pleased with everybody, insured him a good liking with almost all kinds of people. How then could young Lovejoy, of a fine but unshapen character, and never introduced to the very skirts of good society, help looking up to his champion Hilary as a charming deity? Therefore he made way at once for Hilary's sudden freak for darts. The whole world being at war just then (as happens upon the average in every generation), Cherry Lovejoy slung his target, a legal almanac for the year. Then he took four long quills, and pared them of their plumes, and split the shafts, and fitted each with four paper wings, cut and balanced cleverly. His aptness in the business showed that this was not his first attempt; and it was a hard and cruel thing that he should now have to prepare them. But the clerks had a regular trick of stealing the "young pups'" darts from their unlocked drawers, partly for practice among themselves, but mainly to please their families.

"Capital! Beautifully done!" cried Hilary, as full of life as if the only warmth of the neighbourhood were inside him. "We never turned out such a good lot before; I could never do that like you. But now for the tips, my dear fellow!"

"Any fool can do what I have done. But no one can cut the tip at all, to stick in the target, and not bounce back; only you, Mr. Lorraine."

"Mister Lorraine! now, Gregory Lovejoy, I thought we liked one another well enough to have dropped that long ago. If you will only vouchsafe to notice, you shall see how I cut the slit, so that the well-sped javelin pierces even a cover of calf-skin." It was done in a moment, by some quick art, inherited, perhaps, from Prince Agasicles, and then they took their stations.

From the further end of the room they cast (for thirty feet and more perhaps) over two great tables scarred by keen generations of lawyers. Hilary threw the stronger shaft, but Gregory took more careful aim; so that in spite of the stifling heat the contest grew exciting.

"Blest if they young donkeys knows hot from cold!" said the senior clerk, disturbed in his little room by the prodding and walking, and the lively voices.

Digitized by Google

"Sooner them, than you nor me!" the second clerk muttered sleepily. When the most ungrammatical English is wanted, a copying clerk is the man to supply it.

In spite of unkindly criticism, the brisk acontic strife went on. And every hit was chronicled on a long sheet of draft paper.

"Sixteen to you, eighteen to me!" cried Gregory, poising his long shadowed spear, while his coat and waistcoat lay in the folds of a suit that could never terminate, and his square Kentish face was even redder than a ripe May-Duke. At that moment the door was opened, and in came Mr. Malahide.

"Just so!" he said, in his quiet way; "I now understand the origin of a noise which has often puzzled me. Lorraine, what a baby you must be!"

"Can a baby do that?" said Hilary, as he stepped into poor Gregory's place, and sped his dart into the Chancellor's eye, the bull's eye of their target.

"That was well done," Mr. Malahide answered; "perhaps it is the only good shot you will ever make in your profession."

"I hope not, sir. Under your careful tuition I am laying the foundations of a mighty host of learning."

At this the lawyer was truly pleased. He really did believe that he took some trouble with his pupils; and his very kind heart was always gratified by their praises. And he showed his pleasure in his usual way by harping on verbal niceties.

"Foundations of a host, Lorraine! Foundations of a pile, you mean; and as yet, *lusisti pilis*. But you may be a credit to me yet. Allowance must be made for this great heat. I will talk to you to-morrow."

With these few words, and a pleasant smile, the eminent lawyer withdrew to his den, feigning to have caught no glimpse of the deeply-blushing Lovejoy. For he knew well that Gregory could not afford to play with his schooling; and so (like a proper gentleman) he fell upon the one that could. Hilary saw his motive, and with his usual speed admired him.

"What a fine fellow he is!" he said, as if in pure self-commune: "from the time he becomes Lord Chancellor, I will dart at no legal almanac. But the present fellow — however, the weather is too hot to talk of him. Lovejoy, wilt thou come with me? I must break out into the country."

"What!" cried Gregory, drawing up at the magic word from his stool of repentance, and the desk of his diminished head. "What was that you said, Lorraine?"

"Fair indeed is the thing thou hast said, and fair is the way thou saidest it. Tush! shall I never get wholly out of my ignorant knowledge of Greek plays? Of languages that be, or have been, only two words survive this weather, in the streets of London town; one is 'rus,' and the other 'country.'"

"'It is a sweet and decorous thing to die on behalf of the country.' That line I remember well; you must have seen it somewhere?"

"It is one of my earliest memories, and not a purely happy one. But that is 'patria,' and not 'rus.' 'Patria' is the fatherland; 'rus' is a fellow's mother. None can understand this parable till they have lived in London."

"Lorraine," said Gregory, coming up shyly, yet with his brown eyes sparkling, and a steadfast mouth to declare himself — "you are very much above me, of course, I know."

"I am uncommonly proud to hear it," Hilary answered, with his most sweet smile; "because I must be a much finer fellow than I ever could have dreamed of being."

"Now, you know well enough what I mean. I mean, in position of life, and all that, and birth, and breeding, and everything else."

"To be sure," said Hilary, gravely, making a trumpet of blotting-paper; "any other advantage, Gregory?"

"Fifty, if I could stop to tell them. But I see that you mean to argue it. Now argument is a thing that always ——"

"Now, Gregory, just acknowledge me your superior in argument; and I will confess myself your superior in every one of those other things."

"Well, you know, Lorraine, I could scarcely do that. Because it was only the very last time ——"

"Exactly," said Hilary; "so it was — the very last time, you left me no more than a shadow caught in a cleft stick. Therefore, friend Gregory, say your say, without any traps for the sole of my foot."

"Well, what I was thinking was no more than this — if you would take it into consideration now — considering what the weather is, and all the great people gone out of London, and the streets like fire almost, and the lawyers

Digitized by Google

frightened by the comet, quite as if, as if, almost ——"

"As if it were the devil come for them."

"Exactly so. Bellows' clerk told me, after he saw the comet, that he could prove he had never been articled. And when you come to consider also that there will be a row to-morrow morning,—not much, of course, but still a thing to be avoided till the weather cools,—I thought; at least, I began to think ——"

"My dear fellow, what? Anxiety in this dreadful weather is fever."

"Nothing, nothing at all, Lorraine. But you are the. sweetest-tempered fellow I ever came across; and so I thought that you would not mind,—at least, not so very much, perhaps ——'

"My sweet temper is worn out. I have no mind to mind anything, Gregory; come and dine with me."

"That is how you stop me always, Lorraine; I cannot be forever coming, and come, to dine with you. I always like it; but you know ——"

"To be sure, I know that I like it too. It is high time to see about it. Who could dine in Hall to-day, and drink his bottle of red-hot port?"

"I could, and so could a hundred others. And I mean to do it, unless ——"

"Unless what? Mysterious Gregory, by your face I know that you have some very fine thing to propose. Have you the heart to keep me suspended, as well as uncommonly hungry?"

"It is nothing to make a fuss about. Lorraine, you turn upon one so, as if you forget the difference. I was only thinking just by accident, of something that came into my head quite casually."

"Such things have an inspiration. Out with it at last, fair Gregory."

"Well then, if you must have it, how I should like for you to come with me to have a little turn among my father's cherry-trees!"

"What a noble thought!" said Hilary; "a poetic imagination only could have hit on such a thought. The thermometer at 96°—and the cherries—can they be sour now?"

"Such a thing is quite impossible," Gregory answered, gravely; "in a very cold, wet summer they are sometimes a little middling. But in such a splendid year as this, there can be no two opinions. Would you like to see them?"

"Now, Lovejoy, I can put up with much; but not with maddening questions."

"You mean, I suppose, that you could enjoy half-a-dozen cool, red cherries, if you had a chance to pick them in among the long green leaves?"

"Half-a-dozen! half-a-peck, and half-a-bushel afterwards! Where have I put my hat? I am off, if it costs my surviving sixpence."

"Lorraine, how very good you are! But you are always in such a hurry. You ought to think a good many times, before you are sure that you ought to do it. Remember that my father's house is very good indeed, and very comfortable, I am sure; still it is very different from what you are accustomed to."

"Such things are not worth thinking about. Custom, and all that, are quite below contempt; I know they are. The greatest mistake of our lives is custom; and the greatest delight is to kick it away. Will your father be glad to see me?"

"He has heard so much of you, Lorraine, that he vowed he would come to London (though he hates it so abominably), to see you and to ask you down; if I were afraid to do so. It is a very old-fashioned place; you must please to bear that in mind. Also my father, and my mother, and all of us, are old-fashioned people, living in a quiet way. You would carry on more in an hour, than we do in a twelvemonth. We like to go all over things, ever so many times, perhaps (like pushing rings up and down a stick), before we begin to settle them. But, when we have settled them, we never start again; as you seem to do."

"Now, Gregory, Gregory, this is bad. When did you know me to start again? Ready I am to start this once, and to dwell in the orchards forever."

In a few words more, these two young fellows agreed to take their luck of it. There was nothing in chambers for Lovejoy to lose, by going away for a day or two; and Hilary long had felt uneasy at leaving a holiday overdue. Therefore they made their minds up promptly for an early start next morning, while the drowsy town should be thrusting chimney-pots to catch the dew.

"Gregory," said Lorraine, at last, "your mind is a nest of genius. We two will sit upon bushel-baskets, and watch the sun rise out of sacks. Before he sets, we will challenge him to face our early waggon. Covent Garden is our trysting spot, and the hour 4 A.M. Oh, day to be marked with white chalk forever!"

Digitized by Google

"I am sure I can't tell how that may be," answered the less fervent Gregory. "There is not much chalk down our way, and I never saw black chalk anywhere. But can I trust you to be there? If you don't come, I shall not go without you, and the whole affair must be put off."

"No fear, Gregory; no fear of me. The lark shall still be on her nest; — but wait, my friend, I will tell the Counsellor, lest I seem to dread his face."

Lovejoy saw that this was the bounden duty of a gentleman, inasmuch as the learned lawyer had promised his young friend a little remonstrance upon the following morning. The chances were that he would forget it; and this, of course, enhanced the duty of making him remember it. Therefore Hilary gave three taps on the worm-eaten door of his good tutor, according to the scale of precedence. This rule was — inferior clerk, one tap; head-clerk, two taps; pupil (being no clerk at all, and paying, not drawing, salary), as many taps as he might think proper, in a reasonable way.

Hilary, of course, began, as he always managed to begin, with almost everybody.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir, and I have nothing particular to say."

"In that case, why did you come, Lorraine? It is your usual state of mind."

"Well, sir," said Hilary, laughing at the terse mood of the master, "I thought you had something to say to me — a very unusual state of mind," he was going to say, "on your part;" but stopped, with a well-bred youth's perception of the unbecoming.

"Yes, I have something to say to you. I remember it now, quite clearly. You were playing some childish game with Lovejoy, in the pupil's room. Now, this is all well enough for you, who are fit for nothing else, perhaps. Your father expects no work from you; and if he did, he would never get it. You may do very well, in your careless way, being born to the gift of indifference. But those who can and must work hard — is it honest of you to seduce them? You think that I speak severely. Perhaps I do, because I feel that I am speaking to a gentleman."

"It is uncommonly hard," said Hilary, with his bright blue eyes half conscious of a shameful spring of moisture, "that a fellow always gets it worse for trying to be a gentleman."

"You have touched a great truth," Mr. Malahide answered, labouring bitterly not to smile; "but so it always must be. My boy, I am sorry to vex you; but to be vexed is better than to grieve. You like young Lovejoy — don't make him idle."

"Sir, I will dart at him henceforth, instead of the late Lord Chancellor, now sitting upon asphodel."

"Lorraine," the great lawyer suddenly asked, in a flush of unusual interest; "you have been at Oxford quite recently. They do all sorts of things there now. Have they settled what asphodel is?"

"No, sir, I fear that they never will. There are several other moot questions still. But with your kind leave, I mean to try to settle that point to-morrow."

CHAPTER XII.

MARTIN LOVEJOY, Gregory's father, owned and worked a pleasant farm in that part of Kent which the natives love to call the "Garden of Eden." In the valley of the upper Medway, a few miles above Maidstone, pretty hamlets follow the soft winding of the river. Here an ancient race of settlers, quiet but intelligent, chose their home, and chose it well, and love it as dearly as ever.

To argue with such people is to fall below their mercy. They stand at their cottage-doors, exactly as twelve generations ago they stood. A riotous storm or two may have swept them, but it never lasted long. The bowers of hop and of honeysuckle, trimmed alleys, and rambling roses, the flowering trees by the side of the road, and the truest of true green meadows, the wealth of deep orchards retiring away — as all wealth does — to delight itself; and where the land condescends to wheat, the vast gratitude of the wheat-crop,— nobody wonders, after a while, that these men know their value.

The early sun was up and slurring light upon London housetops, as a task of duty only, having lost all interest in a thing even he can make no hand of. But the brisk air of the morning, after such a night of sweltering, and of strong smells under slates, rode in the perpetual balance of the clime, and spread itself. Fresh, cool draughts of new-born day, as vague as the smile of an infant, roved about; yet were to be caught according to the dew-lines. And of these the best and truest followed into Covent Garden, under the force of attraction towards the green stuff they had begotten.

Here was a wondrous reek of men before the night had quite spent itself. Such a Babel, of a market-morning in the

Digitized by Google

"berry-season," as makes one long to understand the mother-tongue of nobody. Many things are nice and handsome; fruit and flowers are fair and fresh; life is as swift as life can be; and the pulse of price throbs everywhere. Yet, upon the whole, it is wiser not to say much more about it.

Martin Lovejoy scarcely ever ventured into this stormy world. In summer and autumn he was obliged to send some of his fruit to London; but he always sent it under the care of a trusty old retainer, Master John Shorne, whose crusty temper and crisp wit were a puzzle to the Cockney costermonger. Throughout the market, this man was known familiarly as "Kentish Crust," and the name helped him well in his business.

Now, in the summer morning early, Hilary Lorraine, with his most sprightly walk and manner, sought his way through the crowded alleys and the swarms of those that buy and sell. Even the roughest of rough customers (when both demand and supply are rough), though they would not yield him way, at any rate did not shove him by. "A swell, to buy fruit for his sweetheart," was their conclusion in half a glance at him. "Here, sir, here you are! berries for nothing, and cherries we pays you for eating of them!"

With the help of these generous fellows, Hilary found his way to John Shorne and the waggon. The horses, in unbuckled ease, were munching their well-earned corn hard by; for at that time Covent Garden was not squeezed and driven as now it is. The tail-board of the waggon was now hanging upon its hinges, and "Kentish Crust," on his springy rostrum, dealt with the fag-end of his goods. The market, in those days, was not flooded with poor foreign produce, fair to the eye, but a fraud on the belly, and continually ending in dropsy. Englishmen, at that time, did not spend the whole power of their minds upon the newest and speediest measures for robbing their brother Englishmen; and a native would really buy from his neighbour as gladly as from his born enemy.

Master John Shorne had a canvas bag on the right side of his breeches, hanging outside, full in sight, defying every cut-purse. That age was comparatively honest; nevertheless, John kept a club, cut in Mereworth wood, quite handy. And, at every sale he made, he rang his coin of the realm in his bag, as if he were calling bees all round the waggon. This generally led to another sale. For money has a richly irresistible joy in jingling.

Hilary was delighted to watch these things, so entirely new to him. He had that fatal gift of sliding into other people's minds, and wondering what to do there. Not as a great poet has it (still reserving his own strength, and playing on the smaller nature kindly as he loves it), but simply as a child rejoices to play with other children. So that he entered eagerly into the sudden changes of John's temper, according to the tone, the bidding, and, most of all, the importance of the customers that came to him. By this time the cherries were all sold out, having left no trace except some red splashes, where an over-ripe sieve had been bleeding But the Kentish man still had some bushels of peas, and new potatoes, and bunches of coleworts, and early carrots, besides five or six dozens of creamy cauliflowers, and several scores of fine-hearted lettuce. Therefore he was dancing with great excitement up and down his van, for he could not bear to go home uncleared; and some of his shrewder customers saw that by waiting a little longer they would be likely to get things at half-price. Of course, he was fully alive to this, and had done his best to hide surplus stock, by means of sacks, and mats, and empty bushels piled upon full ones.

"Crusty, thou must come down, old fellow," cried a one-eyed costermonger, winking first at John, and then through the rails, and even at the springs of the van; "half the load will go back to Kent, or else to the cow-keeper, if so be you holds on so almighty dear."

"Ha, then, Joe, are you waiting for that? Go to the cow-yard and take your turn. They always feeds the one-eyed first. Gentlemen, now — while there's anything left! We've kept all the very best back to the last, 'cos they chanced to be packed by an Irishman. 'First goes in, must first come out.' Paddy, are you there to stick to it?"

"Be jabers, and how could I slip out, when the hape of you was atop of me? And right I was, be the holy poker; there it all is the very first in the bottom of the vhan!"

"Now, are you nearly ready, John?" asked Gregory, suddenly appearing through the laughter of the crowd; "here is the gentleman going with us, and I can't have him kept waiting."

"Come up, Master Greg, and help sell

Digitized by Google

out, if you know the time better than I do." John Shorne was vexed, or he would not so have spoken to his master's son.

To his great surprise, with a bound up came not Gregory Lovejoy, who was always a little bit shy of the marketing, but Hilary Lorraine, declared by dress and manner (clearly marked, as now they never can be) of an order wholly different from the people round him.

"Let me help you, sir," he said; "I have long been looking on; I am sure that I understand it."

"Forty years have I been at un, and I scarcely knows un now. They takes a deal of mannerin', sir, and the prices will go in and out."

"No doubt; and yet for the sport of it, let me help you, Master Shorne. I will not sell a leaf below the price you whisper to me."

In such height of life and hurry, half a minute is enough to fetch a great crowd anywhere. It was round the market in ten seconds that a grand lord was going to sell out of Grower Lovejoy's waggon. For a great wager, of course it must be; and all who could rush, rushed to see. Hilary let them get ready, and waited till he saw that their money was burning. Meanwhile Crusty John was grinning one of his most experienced grins.

"Don't let him, oh, don't let him," Gregory shouted to the salesman, as Hilary came to the rostrum with a bunch of carrots in one hand and a cauliflower in the other—"What would his friends say if they heard it?"

"Nay, I'll not let un," John Shorne answered, mischievously taking the verb in its (now) provincial sense; "why should I let un? It can't hurt he, and it may do good to we."

In less than ten minutes the van was cleared, and at such prices as Grower Lovejoy's goods had not fetched all through the summer. Such competition arose for the honour of purchasing from a "nobleman," and so enchanted were the dealers' ladies, many of whom came thronging round, with Hilary's bright complexion, gay address, and complaisancy.

"Well done, my lord! well done indeed!" Crusty John, to keep up the fiction, shouted when he had pouched the money—"Gentlemen and ladies, my lord will sell again next week; he has a heavy bet about it with the Prince Reg—— tush, what a fool I am! they will send me to prison if I tell!"

As a general rule, the more suspicious people are in some ways, the more credulous are they in all the rest. Kentish Crust was aware of this, and expected and found for the next two months extraordinary inquiry for his goods.

"Friend Gregory, wherefore art thou glum?" said Hilary to young Lovejoy, while the horses with their bunched-up tails were being buckled to again. Lorraine was radiant with joy, both at his recent triumph in a matter quite unknown to him, and even more because of many little pictures spread before him by his brisk imagination far away from London. Every stamp of a horse's hoof was as good as a beat of the heart to him.

"Lorraine," the sensible Gregory answered, after some hesitation, "I am vexed at the foolish thing you have done. Not that it really is at all a disgrace to you, or your family, but that the world would take it so; and we must think as the world does."

"Must we?" asked Hilary, smiling kindly; "well, if we must, let us think it on springs."

At the word he leaped into the fruit-van so lightly that the strong springs scarcely shook; and Gregory could do no better than climb in calmly after him. "Gee-wugg," cried Master Shorne again; the bright brass harness flashed in the sun, and the horses merrily rang their hoofs on the road to their native land of Kent.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANKFORT: SEPTEMBER, 1842.

For this period my chief authority is my journal, which, though short enough, I kept very regularly. Having spent the first winter after my marriage in Rome, I returned to Frankfort with my young wife in the summer of 1842, and was most kindly welcomed by my numerous friends, amongst whom I may reckon those connected with Mendelssohn by his wife. Felix came to Frankfort with his family in September, and stayed a fortnight. My wife had cultivated her beautiful soprano voice with great care in Italy, and had even been very successful on the stage for some months. Mendelssohn took the greatest interest in her musical

Digitized by Google

gifts, and his short visit that autumn was like a musical spring to us. He generally spent half the day with us, and we used to meet him and his wife at parties nearly every evening. I had filled a thick blue music-book with songs of all sorts, German, and Italian psalms, airs, and romances, which I had composed for my wife, and all of these Mendelssohn insisted on hearing; in fact, he never came to see us without asking for the blue book. Carl Müller, a clever painter, whose acquaintance we had made in Rome, happening to be in Frankfort just at this time, promised to do us a pencil sketch of Mendelssohn if we could only get him to sit. At my wife's request he consented to put himself into the painter's hands, on condition that she would sing to him meanwhile. Sixteen songs of various lengths completed the sitting, and this sketch, with his autograph and the date of the 15th of September, is one of our greatest treasures.

A few days before his departure he wrote in my wife's album a setting of the Volkslied,

> Es weiss und es räth es doch Keiner,
> Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl —

and painted underneath it a miniature map of Germany, so as to impress her new country on her mind. Next to the map he drew a pair of yellow kid gloves, as a sign of his endeavour to attain the height of elegance. After his return to Leipsic he continued his gallant behaviour by writing her an Italian letter, which I shall give in its proper place.

At that time he chiefly played to me the choruses from "Antigone." He delighted in recalling to mind the energetic way in which he had pushed forward and fixed the performance, in opposition to Tieck's hesitation and doubt, and as usual in such cases gave me amusing and graphic accounts of his little devices for getting round the famous old poet; he seemed to enjoy all this almost more than the beautiful work itself, which had taken him only just over a fortnight to compose. He had completed his great A minor Symphony in the course of the summer, and was at work on a four-hand arrangement of it for the pianoforte, which he made haste to finish on my account. During his stay we had invited our Frankfort acquaintances for the first time to a musical matinée; Felix completed the arrangement the evening before, and we began our music with this glorious work.

As usual Mendelssohn's time was always entirely taken up in some way or other with music. Charles Hallé, who has since gained such a high artistic position in England, came to Frankfort with his charming wife during that fortnight. Being totally unknown there, the prospects of a concert which he intended giving were perhaps not so brilliant as his great talent deserved. So I persuaded Mendelssohn to help us, and we played Bach's Triple Concerto; in consequence the room was crowded, every one wanted to see Mendelssohn at the piano, and Hallé's success was complete.

Another day he played on the organ at St. Catherine's church, and this, as may be imagined, attracted a great number of musical people. But I confess that even Mendelssohn's eminent talent, like that of so many other famous organists, left me quite cold, though I am far from attributing this to any want in their playing. I find it immensely interesting to stand by an organist and watch the motions of his hands and feet whilst I follow on the music. But the excessive resonance in churches makes it more pain than pleasure to me to listen from below to any of those wonderful creations, with their manifold intricacies and brilliant passages. When I saw next to me so many cultivated musical people in the greatest delight, I was obliged to tell myself that the fault must lie in my imperfect musical organization. Or did they only show their delight because it was the correct thing to do? That also is possible. As an accompaniment to congregational singing, or for strengthening the harmony in oratorio choruses, the organ is indispensable, sublime, unique. But as a solo instrument I can only enjoy it when the greatest care is taken both in the choice and performance of such things as lie completely within its province. To make use of the organ for secular music is to misuse it; but many even of the great works written expressly for it, suitable as they may be in feeling, are not effective in a church. The organ is a queen who should only show herself when surrounded by her choicest state.

Mendelssohn was immensely excited, whenever he played the organ, and indeed, even for musical organizations less highly developed than his, it must be most intoxicating to revel in that ocean of sound. Still, there is a gulf between making music and listening to it. He also accompanied us to the opera a few times, and I may here recall a gay re-

Digitized by Google

mark of his as we were listening to a performance of the "Favorita" for the first time. In the opening scene, if I am not mistaken, there is a chorus of monks, which begins with an ascending scale, accompanied by the orchestra in rather an old-fashioned style. "Now they will sing the descending scale," said Felix; and he was right.

The young singers of Frankfort were determined again to do homage to the famous composer, and a great *fête* was given at the "Sandhof," with part-songs, tableaux vivants, toasts, speeches, and the like. It was very pretty, though it had none of the poetry of the one which Mendelssohn so charmingly describes in a letter to his mother, 3rd July, 1839. I was in Italy at the time, and was only represented by some of my songs which were sung. But I cannot resist quoting a letter written by one of the ladies who helped to arrange the *fête*, because it gives such a vivid picture of the chief figure: —

"Everything went off beautifully, and it was just as if God had given His blessing to the whole affair. Mendelssohn seems not to have been able to wait till the time fixed, for he and his lovely young wife arrived much too early. But he adapted himself to the situation with the greatest good humour, and watched the preparations for his reception with infinite delight. I have never seen such a perfectly happy being as he was when he heard his quartets sung for the first time in the wood. His whole face beamed, his eyes literally sparkled with pleasure, and he was so excited that he actually danced about on one leg, calling out after each song 'Again, again please, once more!' We had to do the 'Lark's song' three times running with all the repeats."

It was in consequence of this *fête* that he dedicated the first book of his "Part-songs for the open Air" to Dr. Spiess and Herr Martin, two very musical gentlemen who had greatly helped in the preparation of the party.

On the 25th Mendelssohn went to Leipsic, and then to Berlin. It was only twenty years afterwards that I learned from the published collection of some of his letters in 1863 what a truly friendly action he had done for me during that very time. Amongst these letters I discovered one to Simrock, the publisher in Bonn, in favour of some one whom the editors of the letters discreetly designate as "X." There was no doubt about my being this unknown quantity; and having revealed the secret, I cannot resist letting the letter appear in print again, for it displays such a wonderful amount of tender consideration and loving sympathy. It is dated Frankfort, the 21st September:—

DEAR MR. SIMROCK, — I write to you to-day about a matter in which I must count on your entire discretion and profound secresy; your kindness towards me I know too well from experience to doubt the fulfilment of my wish, and I put the matter before you fully relying on your silence. I heard quite by chance, during my stay here, that my friend and fellow-artist, Mr. F. Hiller, had written to you about the publication of some new works, but as yet had received no answer. I wish very much, in the interest of art as well as in that of my friend, that your answer may be favourable; and as I fancy that my opinion may have some weight with you, it occurred to me to write to you about it, and beg you, if you possibly could, to make the German public acquainted with some of my friend's works. My reason for begging you to keep the matter secret from *everybody* and under *all circumstances*, is that I am certain that Mr. Hiller would be frantic if he had the remotest idea of my having taken such a step. I know that nothing would be more unbearable to him than not to stand altogether on his own feet, and therefore he must *never* know anything about this letter. But, on the other hand, it is a duty and obligation which one artist owes to another to help him as much as possible over difficulties and disagreeables, and to give him every assistance towards the attainment of his efforts, provided they are noble and the cause a good one. And certainly this is true in the very highest degree, both of his efforts and his cause. That is why I wanted to beg you to publish some of his compositions, and above all, if possible, to enter into some sort of agreement with him. I know perfectly well that the German publishers have not done any very brilliant business (as it is called) with most of his works as yet, and I cannot ensure its being different now; but that this *deserves* to be otherwise I feel no doubt whatever, and this is my reason, and my only reason, for making you this request. Were it not so, however great a friend he might be of mine, I would not ask it.

But just because the only consideration which ought reasonably to be entertained is that of intrinsic worth, and because it is the only one which *ought* to insure success if everything were carried on fairly in this world, and because it is too annoying to hear the old story repeated forever of the deserving and clever artists who at first have the greatest difficulty in getting their works brought out and made known, and afterwards are made a fuss about by everybody when one of their works happens to make a hit and gains the ear of the public, though, after all, neither the pleasure nor the fuss can make up for all their former troubles — just because of all

Digitized by Google

this I want you to act differently, and to believe more in real work than in chance success. It must be put a stop to some day, and the only question in such cases is how soon, and after how many disagreeables; and that is just the point where a publisher may be of so much value and importance to an artist. Universal applause brings them all to the front, of course; but I feel that you would be just the man to reform this state of things, and bring about one which should be at once ideal, practical, and just. Pray forgive my boldness, and if possible fulfil my request. As far as I understand, a large remuneration is of no consequence; the most desirable thing is that you should write in a friendly and artistic tone, and that the works should be published and be well diffused. And finally, if you are willing and able to carry out the matter, please to keep my share in it, my name, and my request, *completely secret*. How happy it would make me if I were to hear from him before long that you had written to him, and made him a kind offer to publish some of his new songs and pianoforte pieces! But after all, perhaps you will only say "What does this idle composer and still more idle correspondent mean?" In my correspondence I certainly have improved, as may be seen from this, and in the former I mean to improve very soon, and shall assail you with music-paper (as soon as it is well filled), and beg you, in my own name, what I have begged so earnestly and fervently for my friend. Always yours faithfully,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

The following extract from a subsequent letter of his from Berlin to Simrock also deserves a place here: —

If ever I was agreeably surprised by a letter, I was so by yours which I received here yesterday. The kind and quick fulfilment of my wish, and the large sum which you send me for my "Songs without Words" — I really do not know how to thank you enough, or express the great pleasure you have given me; I must confess I had hardly expected so hearty and complete a response as your immediate reply to my letter, and I am now doubly glad that I took a step from which, even as I wrote, I was very nearly withheld by false shame, and by that fatal worldly-wise maxim about not meddling with other people's affairs. I feel that your conduct, as exemplified in your yesterday's letter, only confirms me afresh in what I believe to be good and right, so I shall hang up the much-vaunted worldly wisdom on a nail, and go straight ahead, following my own first impulses and feelings. Even if I fail a hundred times, one *such* success is ample amends.

We composers, though possibly more inclined than other artists to devour each other (which lies in the nature of things), are still not so bad but what we often do one another such services as Mendelssohn did me by means of this letter. But this was done without any encouragement — quite secretly — without the possibility of receiving any thanks, much less a future return — even without the satisfaction of having patronized me. Perhaps it is just the secrecy of the service rendered which makes it a thing so rarely heard of. But nobody who has not made the experience can imagine the overpowering, elevating feeling it gives one to hear of such a deed long after the death of a friend.

The following letters I received soon afterwards from Berlin and Leipsic: —

BERLIN, *8th October*, 1842.

DEAR FERDINAND, — We arrived here quite safe and well, but still it seems to me as if it were already centuries since I left the "Fahrthor," and as if Berlin were a thousand miles from Frankfort. There's nothing worse than travelling north in the autumn; for the yellow leaves, and the bare trees, and cold blasts, and hot stoves, seem to come upon one quicker and quicker till one is right in the midst of them, and then one sees the court carriages all out, and eats sour grapes and bad nuts, and wastes a deal of breath in grumbling over them, and at the same time bores oneself and everybody else but —— Oh dear, I am already falling back into the old Berlin strain! But why is everything better in the south? The people, the fruit, the weather, the country, and everything? Your wife won't hear of its being so — but that doesn't alter it. At Leipsic I was told that there had been a musical morning-soirée at Ferdinand Hiller's last Sunday, with Herwegh and other notabilities. And then, as I said before, it did seem to me no end of a time since I left the "Rothmännche,"* though it was only three hours before the said morning-soirée, but I was already at Langensebold whilst the "Rothmännche" was resounding with good fine music. This is really a business letter, though you may not think so. I was at S.'s yesterday about your message. He says he will have your songs engraved, and then, when he gets your answer he will be able to publish them in six weeks, with a German translation, which we both thought desirable; if you are satisfied with the whole arrangement, he begs that you will fix the day of publication for him and for Ricordi. He made difficulties about engraving the Cello Sonata, because he has just now got to engrave the whole of Halévy's "Queen of Cyprus," besides all sorts of arrangements and potpourris of it, and could not publish any large work at the same time; however, if you like, he will write to Ricordi, and order a hundred copies from him, and get him to put the name of his (S.'s) firm on the title-page, and then he will see that it gets known in

* The name of the house we then lived in at Frankfort.

Digitized by Google

Germany. I could not exactly make out what particular advantage this would be to you, but as he insisted, I was at last obliged to promise that I would write to you, and so I do it. If I have done wrong, send me your "Hattischerif," but without the bow-string. S. is the only publisher here (Z. is the essence of Berlin *Philistinism* bottled, and sprinkled over a music-shop), so he does what he likes, and you have to cringe if you want to get anything published in Berlin. The day before yesterday they gave Rossini's "William Tell" *as a new opera*, for the first time, to celebrate the grand wedding, &c. (What should I know about it?). They cut it down to three acts, and announced it "as arranged by the composer for the stage in Paris." Since then it has been the question all over Berlin every day, whether or not it is Rossini's true vocation to be a composer — that is to say, whether he has been able to rise to the level of dramatic music, and possesses the inspiration for it — whether, in fact, it was justifiable to choose such a subject, Schiller's tragedy being certainly a far more perfect work of art than this opera, — whether meanwhile, &c. &c. (Oh dear! how good the dinners at the "Mainlust" are!) Certainly the Philistinism of all the rest of Germany put together is nothing compared to this spiritual "Michel,"* this immortal Nicolai,† who blooms and blossoms in all discussions on art, and peeps out of every Berlin form of speech. But now I am tired of this dry tone, and must talk to your wife in Italian.

"ILLUSTRISSIMA SIGNORA! — S'io avessi voluto aspettare la esecuzione della sua promessa, voglio dire il ricevimento d'une lettera Italiana scritta da lei, io avessi potuto aspettare lungo tempo. Per questa raggione debbo far il comminciamento e domandarla come sta la vostra salute? Spero che il rhumo del quale Lei soffriva allora è partito lungo tempo fà, e che la sua voce è da capo chiara e bella come sopra. Il paese qui non mi piace a fatto; vado frà dubbio e sospiri, navigando in un mar di pene, senza ramie senza vele. Vorrei aver il coraggio di dir al fine: così sì fà; ma la mia indecisione è sempre più forte di me. Qualche volta vorrei sentirla cantare soltanto un quarto d'ora; darei in cambio tutte le opere del Teatro Reale, dove si ascolta un canto pessimo. Adesso voglio finire. La mia moglie gli fà cento complimenti e pregandola di scusare gli sbagli che forse si troveranno nel mio stilo italiano, sono sempre con molta considerazione il suo umilissimo.

"FELICE MENDELSSONIO BARTHOLDI."

The fact is that after all I am a little ashamed of these last lines, on reading them over again this evening; but as I had to write to you directly, and in all the hurry of my arrival have no time for another letter, you must excuse the old bad jokes, and remain my true old friends. Good-bye for to-day.

Always your FELIX M.

LEIPSIC, 19 *January*, 1843.

MY DEAR GOOD FERDINAND, — When your letter of the 16th of November arrived (it was the best and nicest that I have ever had from you, and not one has ever given me so much pleasure, or touched me much more), I determined at once to write to you the next day, and at the same time to thank your wife for her affectionate lines. I put it off a few days — and now what a terrible gulf there is between that time and this!* I have to thank you for a second letter since then, another proof of your true friendship and kindness to me. Till now I could not think of letter-writing, or I should have thanked you at once, and have already done so many times in my heart. But at first I could do nothing, at most read a few pages or so, and it was only some weeks afterwards, when I could occupy myself with any routine musical work, or with writing music, that I began to feel a little better, — but letters were not to be thought of, and the least conversation with my most intimate friends would bring back the dull, confused feeling in my head, a sort of stunned sensation, together with the sorrow. I have had to conquer it these last three days, the mass of business letters had accumulated to such an enormous degree; and having once begun writing I felt that I must at least send you a few words of greeting and thanks; it won't be much more to-day. You know my feelings towards you and yours, and the deep interest I take in your welfare; let me hear of it soon and often, for it always cheers me and gives me pleasure. Thank God, my wife and children are well, and I really ought never to do anything but thank Heaven on my knees for such happiness. When I am alone with them, drawing windmills for the children, putting the oboes and violas into the score, or correcting tiresome proof-sheets, I sometimes feel quite cheerful and happy again; but when I begin to think of other things, or have to see people, and also after the rehearsals or concerts which I had to go on conducting directly afterwards, it is as bad as ever. So I am never at home for anybody all day, except between three and four, and sit in my little study, which I have now arranged, and where I am most comfortable; it is the old nursery, which you will remember, just opposite the front door, with a beautiful view over meadows and fields towards the sunset. Schumann and David we see sometimes, A. hardly ever, for he really only lives and breathes for the Subscription Concerts, and I am very little good to those just now — and so the days slip on. May yours be all the brighter and happier! I hear of great Charity Concerts which you are giving, and also that your new work is soon to be performed. I hope you will soon tell me

* "Michel" is the German "John Bull."

† Nicolai was rendered "immortal" by a work on Italy, solely remarkable for the wholesale way in which he abuses that country.

* He had lost his mother on the 12th of December.

Digitized by Google

about it, and confirm the good news. You ask for details of my present position. The King of Prussia has allowed me to return here, and stay here till he wants me in Berlin; in that case I have promised to go back. I have since written to him, that until I am personally established in Berlin I wish to give up half my salary, and meantime will carry out all his instructions here. Thereupon he wrote to me here, that he was satisfied with this; he has also given me a new title, but otherwise there has been no change of any importance. In a word, I am only awaiting here what I was at first to have awaited in Berlin, namely, that I should be indispensably needed there. I still doubt whether that will ever be the case, and hope (more than ever now, as you may imagine) that the King of Prussia will allow the present state of things to continue. What made me specially cling to Berlin, what in fact produced that consultation, or rather combination, no longer exists now.

The interest of that bequest, which I petitioned for more than three years ago, for a school of music, has at last been granted, and now the official announcements will appear in the newspapers. I shall have to go to the Gewandhaus three or four times a week and talk about 6-4 chords in the small hall there. I am quite willing to do this, for love of the cause, because I believe it to be a good cause.

How thankful I am to you for counting me amongst those with whom you like to be, and how heartily I respond to all you say about it. Indeed, it could not be so with one, unless the other felt exactly the same about it. We think we shall not travel this year, and shall probably spend the summer here or at Dresden. Is there any hope of our seeing you here? You once spoke of it. Best and kindest remembrances to your wife from me and mine; thank her for her sympathy, and beg her to keep us a place in her heart, and think of us sometimes, as we do daily with fond affection of you both, in good and evil times.

Your FELIX M. B.

LEIPSIC, *March 3rd*, 1843.

DEAR FERDINAND, — Best thanks for your dear, good, kind, long letter, which gave me great pleasure; especially what you say about your Opera, and your own satisfaction with it, and its conclusion; *you* feel this now that your work is done, whilst others would only feel it on the day of performance, after receiving laurel wreaths and poems, and such like; but really the satisfaction can only be true and genuine when one has finished one's work. I am quite delighted with all that you say about it, and I have no doubt whatever that a work written in such a spirit, and from the depths of your soul, cannot fail to make an impression on your countrymen.

But it will not only meet with success, it will deserve it — which in these days is saying ten thousand times more. How I look forward to it! Pray don't dream of letting the first performance be anywhere but in Frankfort; it would be the greatest mistake. You know how much importance I attach to one's native country; in your present circumstances I attach it also to your native town; they are fond of you there, they know all about you, and have to make amends for former slights in their behaviour towards you; and little as I should like to enforce this for the sake of making a bad thing pass for good, so much would I do it to ensure success for a good thing. Besides, *all* the theatres in Germany are at present in a bad state, so do not let yourself be deterred by any defect in your Frankfort theatre; rather try and improve it and all the others as well, by degrees. How can you wonder at N.'s success? They put all that into the newspapers themselves: and you who read them don't know what to think of it all, whilst I, meantime, am much better off, for I have become such a *Septembriseur* against all newspapers that I believe nothing, absolutely nothing, except what I see with my eyes on the music-paper, or hear with my ears. Unfortunately it is somewhat the same thing with Wagner; I am afraid that a great deal becomes exaggerated in that quarter; and *those* musicians whom I know to be conscientious people, increase my fear not a little. Still I have not yet heard any connected things out of his operas, and I always think that it must be better than people say. Talent he has most certainly, and I was delighted that he got that place, though even that made him enemies enough in the course of those few weeks, as I will tell you when we meet and go for a walk together at sunset.

Your question about your oratorio at Berlin you must explain to me more clearly; what do you mean by "being able to give a performance?" Do you want to give a concert on purpose, or do you merely want to give it a hearing at the Sing-Akademie or elsewhere? The subscription concerts here begin on the 1st of October; there is no regular musical season in Berlin before the middle of September; so that if you come as you say, towards the end of August and spend a few quiet weeks with us, here or in Dresden, it would then be the regular concert season. Now do carry this out, and fulfil these fine plans and promises as soon as the summer comes on. You remind me to take a good singing-master for our Music School. Please tell me if there is one to be found in Germany! Meantime I have had hard work to stop them from altogether doing away with the teaching of singing, which is almost more necessary than anything else. Thirty-four pupils have sent in their names, and the school is to be opened in the middle of April. Schumann will teach the piano, and so shall I. Next Thursday, as I hear, is the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Leipsic Subscription Concerts, and the orchestra is to have a supper. My symphony is out, and to be had since yesterday; Guhr did not say anything definite about it, or I should have sent it to him sooner. I hunted out that Scena for Mdlle. Schloss, for

Digitized by Google

her Benefit Concert, wrote a new Allegro to it, and so helped to make a full room. Otherwise it has little merit. I have written the Walpurgis Night all over again from beginning to end; in fact, it is altogether a different thing now, and a hundred times better. But I am still in doubt about having it engraved. Many remembrances to your wife from me and mine. Don't forget your FELIX.

LEIPSIC, *March 25th*, 1843.

MY DEAR FERDINAND, — If it be one of the evils of separation that good moods pass away before any answer can be made to them, it is one of its good points that bad moods also pass away before they can be answered. I hope this is so with my to-day's answer, and shall therefore not inquire much into your depression, but firmly believe that it has already gone by, and that you are as contented with yourself, with your work, and consequently with everything else, as I always wish you to be, and as you were in your first letter. Besides, if that sort of mood of cheerful contentment with himself and his works becomes habitual to a man, I look upon him as a regular Philistine, and believe that he will never do anything decent all his life long, so I don't complain of your despairing remarks. And when you declare that you have a real liking for any musical sphere of action, you meet with a hearty response from me and from all your friends and all musicians; and your insane misgivings about the "doubtfulness of your compositions" I shall again put down to the account of ungovernable fury, and not complain of that either, as it leads your thoughts to so desirable a result. And yet, to be candid, I do complain of it after all; and only hope that when you get these lines everything will look brighter and more rose-coloured.

I can write but little about myself, or anything else, just now. If the dear God will only grant me and all of us a happy Spring — then everything will go well again, even letter-writing. Now I can say and do very little, but always keep on thinking, If only the dear God would grant us a happy Spring. And because I don't want to go on repeating this in a letter, I will to-day only make haste and answer your questions. Do you mean that for a joke, what you say about the Director-general of the sacred music? or does it only sound so, without your intending it? You must know that I don't get the least thing for it but the title on paper, and nobody knows whether I shall ever get anything more. I neither have the right nor the wish to interfere in anything that goes on, or does not go on, in the way of music in Berlin. This much only do I know from all my experiences, that you would find it very difficult to give the oratorio in a concert of your own — it is difficult to supply the civilities requisite for inducing the chorus to sing, the money for getting the orchestra to play, and the unheard-of perfection which is necessary to make the public really interested; therefore it's better that the Sing-Akademie should give it at their concerts, and you should conduct. Anyhow, you ought soon to communicate with Rungenhagen about it; I would gladly save you the trouble and bother of a correspondence with that Society, if, on the one hand, I were not already utterly weary of them, and on the other did not know that my recommendation would more likely produce the opposite effect, if any at all; because everything there is done in a sort of haphazard way, and according to that strange Berlin *je ne sais quoi*, by which nobody knows, nobody cares, but everybody rules, from the King down to the meanest porter and the pensioned drummer. As far as one can reasonably foresee, a letter from you to Rungenhagen would be the best thing at present; especially if you can therein refer to your conversation with Rellstab, and say something about his having advised you, and so on. But, as I have already said, business being chiefly carried on in an unreasonable way there, a different plan may perhaps be just as good — for instance, if you happened to know one of the managers, and could entrust the matter to him. If all this doesn't suit you, and you want me to write to him, then I shall have to do that too, and everything else that I can, to please you; but, as I said before, I think I could then answer for a failure, and their unbusiness-like and unartist-like style of procedure is almost more than I can stand. Forgive this philippic. I suppose I shall be in the right, whatever the newspapers say, good or bad. I am working at the music for the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with chorus, entr'actes, &c., and when I have done that I shall also finish the choruses for "Œdipus," which I have begun.

I know next to nothing about the "Tempest," so only a third of those reports, if even that, has any foundation.

You want me to write about Berlioz? A subject like that is far too vast and full of detail; besides even as to his success or non-success, his giving pleasure or not, there are so many different opinions. In the autumn, when you come here, I will tell you about it; now, if you would only be very curious, and come a week sooner! Best remembrances to your wife from us both. Farewell, and may we have a happy meeting! Your FELIX.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEIPSIC: AUTUMN OF 1843.

SINCE the accession of King Frederic William IV., who wanted to transplant Mendelssohn to his capital, the latter had often wavered between living at Berlin or Leipsic. He was drawn to Berlin by his promise, and to Leipsic by his inclinations. However, at the end of 1843 it was decided that the whole family should move to Berlin; and under these circumstances I received at Frankfort the flattering proposal that I should un-

Digitized by Google

dertake the direction of the Gewandhaus Concerts during Mendelssohn's absence. Though I saw very clearly that a temporary situation of that sort would have its difficulties, and how hazardous it would be to follow immediately after, or rather act as a substitute for, a conductor who was worshipped to the degree that Mendelssohn was, I still thought I could not refuse; for since my marriage, I had been longing for some regular, artistic occupation, such as my friend had long wished me to have, and a more interesting one than that now offered me at Leipsic could hardly be imagined.

So I crossed the Rubicon and the Fulda with a light heart, and on the 23rd arrived in Leipsic, where a few hours afterwards, whilst my wife was resting from the fatigues of the journey, I was present with Mendelssohn and other friends at a performance of "Samson," in St. Thomas's Church, under the direction of Hauptmann. The peculiar situation in which Felix and I stood towards each other caused a slight *gêne* that evening, but next day it entirely disappeared. He and David came to see me early in the morning; in the evening he accompanied me to a performance at the theatre, supped with us afterwards at the hotel, and was in such exuberant spirits, so gay and genial and communicative, that I felt how anxious he was to put everything on a smooth footing.

He confessed to Cécile and David that at the first meeting he had felt rather a pang at seeing the person who was to fill the place he so loved and gave up so unwillingly. How little this had disturbed his confidence in me he proved, by repeatedly telling me that it would not be impossible under certain conditions to fulfil the promises he had made to the King, and still retain his accustomed sphere of work at Leipsic. He even initiated me so far into the secret as to tell me the particulars of the conditions, and begged for my candid opinion on the subject. I could only advise him to agree to them.

He also gladly volunteered to play in the first concert which I conducted, and which took place on the 1st of October. He played his G minor Concerto, which David allowed me to conduct, although it was his duty to conduct all solos with orchestral accompaniment. It was the first time I heard the Concerto with orchestra, though I had known it in Paris. It made a most favourable impression on the public that he should thus initiate my first appearance at the conductor's desk by taking a part in the concert, and it was thought to do honour to both of us.

A few days afterwards he went off to Berlin, without his family, to conduct the first performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." I followed on the 11th with David and the clever and good-natured Niels Gade, who had just come to Leipsic for the first time. The young prodigy Joachim also could not resist the temptation of going to hear this latest work of Mendelssohn's. On the 14th it was given for the first time, in the "New Palace." Mendelssohn joined us at dinner at the "Einsiedler" in Potsdam, after the rehearsal; he seemed very well satisfied, and we had a most lively and pleasant meeting.

The performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" enchanted me. The actors managed their parts capitally, even though Charlotte von Hagen, so lovely and popular, had rather more the air of the drawing-room or ballet, or both together, than of the elfin Ariel. The comic scenes were irresistibly amusing, and the *mise en scène*, especially the children's ballet, was quite poetic. But above all this, even above the great Shakespeare's verses, did I enjoy that wonderfully lovely music; that alone would be enough to stamp Mendelssohn for ever as one of the cleverest of Tone-masters and Tone-poets. The band played to perfection; Felix had had eleven rehearsals, and one saw what was possible with means like these under the direction of such a conductor.

It is characteristic of Mendelssohn's views of things that he should have been very much excited after the performance, and this from a twofold cause. It had been arranged according to his wish, that the whole thing, with the entr'actes, should be played without any pause whatsoever, as in his opinion this was indispensable for the proper effect. Nevertheless, not only was a long pause introduced, but this was made use of to offer all kinds of refreshments to the people sitting in the front rows and belonging to the Court, so that a full half-hour was taken up with loud talking and moving about, whilst the rest of the audience, who were quite as much invited, though perhaps only tolerated, were sitting in discomfort, and had to beguile the time as best they could. This disregard of artistic considerations, as well as common civility, so enraged Mendelssohn that he hardly

Digitized by Google

took any notice of all the fine things that we had to say to him.

A few days after I had returned to Leipsic, Felix also came back there. Musical life was in full flow: Gade gave us a new symphony, Schumann brought out his "Paradise and the Peri" for the first time, Mendelssohn played at a chamber concert, and we performed Bach's Triple Concerto a third time, Clara Schumann taking the first part in it. Mendelssohn's relations with that great artist had always been based on the most chivalrous affection, and I well remember a charming little incident illustrative of this, which occurred at a *matinée* at the house of our dear friend Bendemann the painter.

A large number of friends had been invited to hear Mendelssohn, Clara Schumann amongst them. Mendelssohn played Beethoven's great F minor Sonata; at the end of the Andante he let the final chord of the diminished seventh ring on for a long time, as if he wanted to impress it very forcibly on all present; then he quietly got up, and turning to Madame Schumann, said, "You must play the Finale." She strongly protested. Meanwhile all were awaiting the issue with the utmost tension, whilst the chord of the diminished seventh was hovering over our heads like the sword of Damocles. I think it was chiefly the nervous, uncomfortable feeling of this unresolved discord which at last moved Madame Schumann to yield to Mendelssohn's entreaties and give us the Finale. The end was worthy of the beginning, and if the order had been reversed it would no doubt have been just as fine.

The King of Saxony was present at one of the first of the Gewandhaus Concerts which I conducted. Mendelssohn arranged a great soirée in the Gewandhaus Concert-room in honour of the Grand-Duchess Helene, and also played to her on the organ. He was busy just then with a four-hand arrangement of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and I used to try it over with him as he finished each part. He put off his departure for Berlin as long as possible, evidently finding it very hard to separate himself from a circle which had become so dear to him.

In one of his very affectionate letters to me he once suddenly asked: "Do you really think we could ever quarrel? I think not." As far as I was concerned it seemed to me impossible. But, with a sorrowful heart, I must here mention the fact, that it did come to a *brouille* between us, arising from social, not from personal, susceptibilities. I think we were both in the wrong, but no angry words passed between us, and certainly the matter would soon have been smoothed over if Felix had not gone to Berlin in the beginning of December. However, it put an end to our correspondence, even though Mendelssohn's feelings towards me remained unchanged; I heard this often enough, sooner or later, from mutual friends, as well as from his wife. In fact, I have just now, quite by chance, come across a letter which he wrote to his old friend, Professor Hildebrandt, at Düsseldorf, five weeks before his death, on the 1st of October, 1847, and which I cannot quote, because my doing so would look like the strongest self-praise. But I look upon this cessation of my intercourse with that wonderful man during his last years, even though it was only an external separation, as one of the greatest losses which I have sustained in my agitated life.

On my way to Düsseldorf, where I had accepted the post of musical director, I came to Leipsic on the 11th of November, 1847, a week after Mendelssohn's death. Cécile received me with tearful eyes wonderfully calm, and her lovely features transfigured with grief. She told me that even during his last illness Felix had often spoken of me and of my appointment to Düsseldorf with the greatest sympathy. In the evening there was a concert at the Gewandhaus to his memory. "The saddest thing," says George Sand somewhere, "after the death of a beloved being, is the empty place at table." I had this same feeling during the concert. There stood the orchestra, the chorus; there was the audience, which for so many years had been inspired by Mendelssohn; they made their music and played and sang — and only a few days before they had followed his corpse to the church. I could hardly listen to the music — his last song, most touchingly sung by Madame Frege, is all that I remember of it. Indeed it seemed to me impossible that there should so soon again be music in that Gewandhaus Concert-room; but life must go on as usual, and the bereaved must again assemble for the accustomed musical feast!

A few years later, during a short stay in Berlin, I was one day dining with Mendelssohn's widow, surrounded by her charming children, and could not help

Digitized by Google

feeling deeply affected; the ingenuous bantering prattle of the children, the graceful, gentle way in which Cécile tried to check their high spirits, nearly overcame me. How much happiness was lost to him who had been taken from us — how much happiness those who were left behind had been robbed of!

Again after some years I returned for a few days to my native town. I had heard very sad accounts of the state of health of Mendelssohn's widow, who was then staying in Frankfort, and I feared the worst. It was on the 25th of September, 1853, I went to the house of Cécile's family and rung the well-known bell, which had so often answered to my touch when I went prepared for happy times there. In a few minutes Mendelssohn's mother-in-law, Madame Jeanrenaud, burst out of her room and opened the door for me. She was expecting Cécile's brother-in-law. "Oh, it is *you*, dear Mr. Hiller," she said in a gasping voice, with that frightful calm which often comes from despair, — "I have just lost my daughter!"

CONCLUSION.

THE mass of the public are in general not ill-pleased when to a certain extent it fares ill with great poets in words or in sounds. People pity their fate, but the misery which they have endured invests them with a certain interest. The outward radiance which shone around Goethe certainly procured him numerous opponents, and the advantageous circumstances which surrounded Mendelssohn from his birth are by many looked upon as blemishes.

"Le génie c'est la faim," said a Russian diplomatist to me one day. This absurd witticism meant nothing more than that a small amount of starvation is very wholesome diet for genius — but even that is false. Talent may be spurred on by it to the energy which is necessary for its development; but genius works by the force of nature, and the material difficulties with which it has to struggle are like rocks in the bed of a mighty stream; it dashes over them making lovely waterfalls as it goes.

The struggle for the bare necessaries of life may be hard enough, but in itself it has no special merit. It is only the instinct of self-preservation, which also compels the day-labourer to work, and though the struggle may be more painful when the head is called into action instead of the hands, it is certainly not more meritorious. Another kind of struggle is that against prejudice, against want of understanding, against jealousy, or whatever all such fine things may be called; but what champion of light can be spared this? More or less, everybody has to fight these battles, some sooner, some later, and in the midst of this second struggle it is far harder to preserve the desire for creating and the power of willing, than it is to resist the first one.

It is certainly very unfortunate, when, as often happens, both struggles are combined. Whether the increased admiration which is paid to any one who has made his way in the face of want, is perfectly justified, remains to be seen. Anyhow, it certainly depends very much on the manner in which he fights.

Perhaps even a stronger, because a more independent, force of will is needed to produce great things out of wealth than out of poverty. Who has not known men of remarkable gifts, varied knowledge, overflowing eloquence, who — I will not say by the force of genius, but by superior gifts of mind — would have been able to produce great things for the public benefit, if the world had not gone "too well" with them. When people bring riches and position into the world with them, all that remains to be acquired of this world's goods is fame, and it is not every one who is born to that. Contact with the public, to say the least of it, is unpleasant — it is like the wind which fans the large flame, but extinguishes the small one — and the thankless work, which even genius has to do, the self-sacrifice which she requires from so many sides, frightens many away, whilst the feeling of duty which demands that something should be done for the benefit of society, if one has the stuff for it, is much less often found than could be wished for the honour of mankind. Therefore, when an artist like Mendelssohn devotes his whole strength to giving even his smallest songs that perfection which always hovered before him as his ideal, when he strains his full power and knowledge to advance all that is best in his art on every side, he deserves no less acknowledgment because he happens to be in a position free from all material cares, than if he were compelled to wait for the reward of his work in order to pay his debts. Or is that preference for misery the unexpressed feeling, which in fact ought never to be expressed, that it is too much of a good thing when outward prosperity

Digitized by Google

is united to the happiness of possessing the poetic creative faculty? Such a preference must surely arise from error. The satisfaction of a man who forcibly conquers mean cares must surely be much greater than that of one who never felt them.

Be this as it may, the spectacle of those spiritual wariors, who, like the heroes in Kaulbach's "Battle of the Huns," do not touch the earth, but strive for victory in the clouds, is at at any rate more gratifying than that of those who fight on the earth and raise clouds of dust. They themselves are works of art; their bright forms are beautiful, apart from the palm-branches which wave before them; and one ought to feel the proudest pleasure that fate succeeds, though it be but seldom, in bringing forward a thoroughly free man.

Felix Mendelssohn was a bright being of this nature. Gifts of genius were in him united to the most careful culture, tenderness of heart with sharpness of understanding, playful facility in everything that he attempted, with powerful energy for the highest tasks. A noble feeling of gratitude penetrated his pure heart at every good thing which fell to his lot. This pious disposition, pious in the best sense of the word, was the secret of his constant readiness to give pleasure and to show active sympathy.

Were it conceivable that all his works should perish, the remembrance of his poetic nature would alone suffice to afford the German public the great satisfaction of thinking that such a being was born in their midst, and bloomed and ripened there.

How gloriously the Greeks would have honoured and praised him as a chosen favourite of Apollo and the Muses! For "all the highest things are free gifts from the gods."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER VII.

"It does not seem possible," said the Rector, slowly; "and yet somehow I cannot help thinking sometimes that I must be going to die."

"Herbert!"

"It is very curious — very curious — my reason tells me so, not feeling. I myself am just what I always was; but I think the symptoms are against me, and I see it in Marsden's looks. Doesn't he say so to you?"

"Dear," said Mrs. Damerel, with a trembling voice, "he does not conceal from me that it is very serious; but oh, Herbert, how often have we seen even the children at death's door, and yet brought back!"

"At death's door," he said, reflectively; "yes, that's a good expression — at the door of something unknown. Somehow it does not seem possible. One can believe it for others, not for one's self. The idea is very strange."

Mrs. Damerel was a good, religious woman; and her husband was a clergyman. She did not feel that this was how he ought to speak at such a moment, and the thought wrung her heart. "Dearest," she said, growing more tender in her grief and pity, "it is a thing we must all think of one time or another; and to you, who have served God faithfully, it must be something else than 'strange.'"

"What else?" he said, looking up at her. "I might say confusing, bewildering. To think that I am going I know not where, with no certainty of feeling that I shall ever know anything about it; that I am no longer a free agent, but helpless, like a leaf blown into a corner by the wind — I who for very nearly fifty years have had a voice in all that was done to me. My dear, I don't know that I ever realized before how strange it was."

"But — you are — happy, Herbert?" she said, in a low, imploring voice.

"Happy, am I? I don't know — why should I be happy? I know what I am leaving, but I don't know what I am going to. I don't know anything about it. Something is going to happen to me, of which I have not the least conception what it is. I am not afraid, my dear, if that is what you mean," he said, after a momentary pause.

This conversation took place weeks after the departure of Edward Wodehouse, and the end of that first flowery chapter of Rose's life. Her parents had not thought very much of her feelings, being concerned with much weightier matters. It had been a very long, lingering illness, not so violent as some fevers, but less hopeful; and the crisis was over, but the patient did not mend. He was dying, and his wife knew it; and, though no one as yet had made the solemn announcement to him, he had found it out. He was very weak; but his mind was not at all impaired, and he could talk, with

Digitized by Google

only a pause now and then for breath, as calmly as ever. It was a curious spectacle. He was gathering his cloak round him like Cæsar, but with sensations less satisfied and consciously heroic. Mr. Damerel was not a man to be indifferent to the necessity of dying fitly, with dignity and grace, but he had confidence in himself that nothing would disturb the folds of his robe at that supreme moment: he knew that no spiritual dread or cowardice would impair his fortitude; it was not necessary for him to make any effort to meet with dignity the unknown which was approaching; and his mind was at leisure to survey the strange, unexpected situation in which he found himself — going to die, without knowing what dying was, or how it would affect him, or where it would place him. I do not know, though he was a clergyman, that there was anything religious in the organization of his mind, and he had never come under any of those vivid influences which make men religious — or, at least, which make them fervent religionists — whatever may be the constitution of their mind. Mr. Damerel was no sceptic. He believed what he had been taught, and what he taught in turn to others. His mind was not doctrinal or dogmatic, any more than it was devout; but he believed in the broad truths of Christianity, in some sort of a heaven, and some sort of a hell. These beliefs, however, had no effect upon his present state of feeling. He was not afraid of the hereafter; but his mind was bewildered and confounded by the contemplation of something close at hand which he did not know, and could not know so long as he retained consciousness of this only world with which he was acquainted. He was absorbed by the contemplation of this mystery. He was not thinking of his sins, nor of reward, nor of punishment, nor of rest from his labours (which had not been many). In short, he did not consider the great change that was about to take place upon him from a religious point of view at all, but rather from one which was at once natural and philosophical. I should not like to blame him for this, as, perhaps, some people will do. When we have lost much that made life sweet; when our friends, our children, have gone before us into the unseen country; then, indeed, the heart learns many longings for that world in which alone there can be reunion and explanation of life's sore and weary mysteries. But this was not Mr. Damerel's case. There was no one waiting for him at the golden gates; except, perhaps, those whom he had long forgotten, and who had gone out of his life. He was departing alone, the first of his generation; curious and solitary, not knowing where he was going. To God's presence; ah yes! but what did that mean?

"All the same, my dear," he said, cheerfully, rousing himself, "we must not make ourselves wretched about it. A thing that happens to every man cannot be so very bad; and, in the meantime, we must make the best of it. I ought to have thought of it, perhaps, more than I have done."

"Oh, Herbert! God is very merciful," said his wife, who was crying softly by his side.

"Yes, yes, that is quite true; but that is not what I was thinking of. I ought to have thought of what would follow in case of this happening which is about to happen. I ought to have tried to save; but how could I have saved out of the little pittance we had?"

"Dear, don't think of such things now."

"But I must think upon them. I have never had any extravagant tastes, and we have always lived very quietly; but I fear you will find a difference. What a blessed thing that you are the sort of woman you are! The struggle will not fall so heavily upon you as upon most people. Incledon, of course, will marry Rose ——"

"Oh, Herbert! what does all this matter? Do not think of it. I would so much rather hear you speak of yourself."

"There is nothing to say about myself; and, perhaps, the less one thinks, in the circumstances, the better; it is a curious position to be in — that is all that one can say. Yes, Incledon will marry Rose; he will make her a very good husband. Do not let it be put off from any regard to me. He will be a great help to you; and you may trust him, I should think, to settle about the boys. Lay as much upon him as you can; he is quite able to bear it. If one had foreseen this, you know, there are many things that one might have done; but — curious!" said the Rector, with a smile, "I can't believe in it, even now."

"Oh, Herbert, it is never too late for God! Perhaps your feeling is the right one. If He would but give you back to us now!"

"No, no; don't think there is anything prophetic in my feelings, my dear. You

Digitized by Google

may be sure every man is like me, more or less," said Mr. Damerel. "I know we must all die; only it is impossible in respect to one's self; I am myself you perceive just as much as ever; and yet to-morrow, perhaps, or next day — there's the wonder. It makes one feel giddy now and then. About the boys; I have always felt that one time or other we should have to decide something for the boys. Leave it to Incledon; he is a practical man, and will know what to advise."

"Dear Herbert, if you can talk of it — oh, how much better it would be to tell me what *you* wish, that I might be guided by your own feeling — than to refer me to any one else!" said Mrs. Damerel, crying, kissing his hand, and gazing with wet eyes into his calm face.

"Oh, talk; yes, I can talk, but for a little catching of the breath, the same as ever, I think; but the boys are a troublesome subject. Leave it to Incledon; he knows all about that sort of thing. I think now, perhaps, that I might sleep."

And then the curtains were dropped, the watcher retired a little out of sight, and everything was subdued into absolute stillness. Mrs. Damerel sat down noiselessly in the background, and covered her face with her hands, and wept silent tears, few and bitter. She had felt him to be hard upon her many a day; she had seen what was wanting in him; but he was her husband, the first love of her youth, and her heart was rent asunder by this separation. She had enough to think of besides, had she been able; she had poverty to face, and to bring up her children as best she could in a world which henceforward would not be kind and soft to them as it had been hitherto. Her soul was heavy with a consciousness of all that was before her; but, in the meantime, she had room for no distinct feeling except one — that her husband, her love, was going to be taken from her. This tremendous parting, rending asunder of two lives that had been one, was more than enough to fill all her mind; she had room for nothing more.

And he slept, or thought he slept, floating out of the vague pain and wonder of his waking thoughts into strange, vague visions, dimmer still, and then back again to the fancies which were waking and not sleeping. There was a dim impression of painfulness in them, rather than pain itself; wonder, curiosity, and that strange sense of an absolute blank which makes the soul giddy and the brain swim. Sometimes his mind seemed to himself to wander, and he got astray somehow, and felt himself sinking in an unfathomable sea, or striving to make his way through some blackness of night, some thorny wood in which there was no path. I suppose he was asleep then; but even he himself scarcely knew.

When he woke it was evening, and the lamp, carefully shaded, had been lit at the other end of the room. He liked the light; and, when he stirred and spoke, the watchers made haste to draw back the curtains. The serene evening sky, full of soft tints of reflection from the sunset, with breaks of daffodil light melting into ineffable soft greenness and blueness, shone in through the uncurtained window, which he liked to have left so, that he might see the sky. Rose and her mother, close by the bright circle made by the lamp, were, one of them preparing some drink for him, the other opening a new bottle of medicine which had just been sent. Though it was all so familiar to him, the fact that he was to go away so soon seemed to throw a strangeness over everything, and gave a bewildering novelty even to the figures he knew so well.

"More of Marsden's stuff," he said, with a low laugh; and his own voice sounded far off to him, as he lay looking at that strange little picture — a distant view of the two women against the light, with the sky and the window behind; somebody's wife and daughter — his own — his very Rose, and she who had been his companion since his youth. Strange that he should look at them so quietly, almost with an amused sense of novelty, without any tragic feeling or even pain to speak of, in the thought that he was going away shortly and would see them no more. He fell to thinking of a thousand things as he lay there watching them, yet not watching them. Not the things, perhaps, that a dying man ought to think of; little nothings, chance words that he had forgotten for years, lines of poetry, somehow connected with his present condition, though he did not remember the links of connection. "The casement slowly grows, a glittering square," he said to himself, and made an effort to think whence the line came, and why it should have at this moment thrust itself into his mind. Then he fell altogether into a poetic mood, and one disconnected line followed another into his mind, giving him a vague sense of melancholy pleas-

Digitized by Google

ure. He said one or two of them aloud, calling the attention of his nurses — but it was not to them he was speaking. Finally, his mind centred on one which first of all seemed to strike him for its melody alone —

Who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

He said this aloud once or twice over. "'To dumb forgetfulness a prey!' that is not my feeling — not my feeling; the rest is very true. Gray does not get half justice now-a-days. How it satisfies the ear, flowing round and soft! 'To dumb forgetfulness!' now I wonder what he meant by that?"

"You are better, papa," said Rose, softly. Her mother stayed behind, not able to speak; but the girl, in her simplicity, thought the poetry "a good sign."

"No, Rose. 'Dumb forgetfulness,' — it is not that, child; that is not what one fears; to be sure there is a coldness and blackness that might chime in with the words. But the rest is true, 'The warm precincts of the cheerful day;' warm is a living word altogether; it is not warm out here."

"I will put the quilt on the bed," said wistful Rose, thinking he complained of cold.

"No," he said, roused, with a gentle laugh; "the quilt will do nothing for me; I am not cold — not yet; I suppose I shall be presently. Is your mother there? My dear, help me with your experience. I dislike cold so much; does one feel it creeping up before one dies?"

"Oh, Herbert, dearest!" said his wife, heart-broken. What could she answer to such a question?

"Nay, I don't want to make an unnecessary fuss," he said; "it is only a curiosity I have. Cold creeping up — it is disagreeable to think of it. What! have I more medicine to take? What does Marsden mean by sending me his detestable compounds still? it will only make your bill the larger, and me the less comfortable. I will not have it; take it away."

"It is something different," said Mrs. Damerel. "The doctor thought, perhaps, it might be worth trying."

"Is it the elixir of life?" said the patient, smiling; "nothing short of that would be worth trying; even that would be too much trouble for the good. It would be folly to come back now when one has got over all the worst of the way."

"You do not feel worse, Herbert?"

"Oh, no; when I tell you the worst is over, my anxious Martha! I am curious — curious — nothing more. I wish I could but tell you after what sort of a thing it was. Sit down by me, and give me your hand. Rose, you will be good; you will do everything your mother says?"

"Oh, Herbert!" said his wife, "do not think of us — if it has come to this — think of yourself, think where you are going — to God, Herbert, dearest, to be happy beyond anything we can think."

"Is it so?" he said, still smiling. "I don't know where I am going, my dear, and that is the only thing that gives me a little trouble. I should like to know. I am not afraid of God, who has always been far better to me than I deserved; and I hope I know the way of life." This he said with a momentary seriousness which was quite exceptional. Then he added, in the musing tone which to his anxious watchers seemed almost a gentle delirium, "But think, my dear! to be sent even into a new place, a strange town, in the dark, without any direction — without knowing where to go, right hand or left." He gave a little, soft broken laugh. "It is the strangest way of dealing with curious inquisitive creatures like men. I never realized it before."

Here some one appeared, beckoning behind the curtains, to say that Mr. Nolan was in the next room. The Curate came daily, and was always admitted. Rose went softly out to meet him, and almost dropped into the kind man's arms in her exhaustion and excitement. "He is talking so very strangely," she said, the tears running down her pale cheeks. "Oh, Mr. Nolan, I think he is wandering in his mind! Should I send for the doctor? To hear him speak is enough to break one's heart."

The good Curate put her in a chair and soothed her, smoothing her pretty hair, with unconscious tenderness as if she had been a child. "Don't cry, dear," he said; "or rather, do cry, poor child, it will do you good; and stay quiet till I come back."

Rose did what she was told with the docility of helplessness. She lay back in the chair, and cried softly. In this new strait she was as a child, and all the

Digitized by Google

child's overwhelming sense of desolation and half-superstitious awe of the terrible event which was coming, weighed down her heart. Pity, and terror, and grief mingled in her mind, till it seemed unable to contain so much emotion. She sat and listened to the low voices in the next room, and watched the side gleam of light which came from the half-open door. The very world seemed hushed while this drama came to its conclusion, and there was not a sound without or within but the soft movements in the sick-room, and the low voices. How many new experiences had come into her simple life in so short a time! Darkness overshadowed the earth already, so that her pleasant pathway in it seemed lost; and now here was Death, that visitor who is always so doubly appalling the first time he enters a peaceful house.

"Well, Nolan, you have come in time, for I am just setting out," said the Rector, in a voice stronger than it had been, his anxious wife thought. "Why, man, don't look so grave; and you, my dear, don't cry, to discourage me. Set me out on my journey a little more cheerily! I never thought much about dying people before; and mind what I say, Nolan, because it is your work. Of course, to those who have never thought about such matters before, religion is all-important; but there's more in it than that. When a man's dying he wants humouring. Such strange fancies come into one's head. I am not at all troubled or serious to speak of; but it is a very odd thing, if you think of it, to set out on such a journey without the least notion where you are to go!"

And he laughed again. It was not harsh nor profane, but a soft laugh, as easy as a child's. I do not know why it should have horrified the attendants so, or what there is wrong in a laugh so gentle from a death-bed; but the hearers both shivered with natural pain and almost terror. They tried to lead him to more serious thoughts, but in vain. His mind, which had been serious enough before, had got somehow dissipated, intoxicated by the approach of the unknown. He could think of nothing else. A certain levity even mingled in his excitement. He asked questions almost with eagerness — questions no one could answer — about the accessories of death. He was curious beyond description about all that he would have to go through. "What a pity that I shall never be able to tell you what it is, and how I liked it!" he said, reflectively; "at least until you know all about it, too — we can compare notes then." He would not give up this kind of talk. After the prayers for the sick, which Mr. Nolan read, he resumed the same subject; and if it is possible to imagine anything that could have made this terrible moment of her life more bitter to poor Mrs. Damerel, I think this would have been the one thing.

"Are his affairs in order, do you know?" said the doctor, after paying his late visit, as the Curate accompanied him to the door. He had just given it as his opinion that his patient could not see another morning; and Mr. Nolan had made up his mind to remain at the Rectory all night.

"I shouldn't think it. He has never taken much trouble with his affairs."

"Then don't you think you could speak to him even now? I never saw a man so clear-headed, and in such possession of his faculties, so near —— Speak to him, Nolan. He knows exactly how things are, and no agitation can harm him now. He must have some wishes about his family — some arrangements to make."

Mr. Nolan restrained with difficulty an exclamation that rose to his lips, and which might have sounded unkind to a dying man; and then he asked abruptly. "Do you find, in your experience, that people who are dying are much concerned about those they leave behind?"

"Well, no," said the doctor, doubtfully; "I don't think they are. Self gets the upper hand. It is all Nature can do at that moment to think how she is to get through ——"

"I suppose so," said the Curate, with that seriousness which naturally accompanies such a speculation. He walked with the doctor to the gate, and came back across the plot of shrubbery, musing, with a heavy heart, on the living and on the dying. It was a lovely starlight night, soft and shadowy, but with a brisk little questioning air which kept the leaves a-rustle. Mr. Nolan shivered with something like cold, as he looked up at the stars. "I wonder, after all, where he is going?" he said to himself, with a sympathetic ache of human curiosity in his heart.

Digitized by Google

From The Contemporary Review.

THE REPLY OF ACHILLES TO THE ENVOYS OF AGAMEMNON.

PREFACE.

THE Greek hexameter, under the hand of Homer, is in my opinion the most efficient and flexible of all known metrical instruments. Meeting every need, surmounting every difficulty as it proceeds, it presents to our view the most comprehensive and varied range of beauties. For this among other reasons it is that his translators, as I am but too conscious, lag so wofully behind him: they have no vehicle at their command in the slightest degree comparable to his. They may have their favourite measures, and each of them, nowadays, may gallantly break a lance for his own; but it is, after all, a Dutch auction, every one of them bidding downwards for the smallest degree of failure. For my own part, with reference to this business of rendering Homer in another tongue, I have involuntarily conceived of the Poems as a fortress high-walled and impregnable, and of the open space around as covered with the dead bodies of his Translators, who have perished in their gallant but unsuccessful efforts to scale the walls.

I do not mean to imply that on this account the attempt should no more be made. On the contrary, it seems that if any such endeavour can carry into another language, and into the minds of those who speak it, some few rays of light not before transmitted, the attempt, though humble, and as to the chief aim ineffectual, is justified by the result.

On account, however, of the necessarily narrow limits of success in such an undertaking, there is, as I think, more to be said for the daring and celebrated experiment of Pope, than could have been urged in justification or apology if he had been practising upon any other author. He has done to the text of Homer what the French Government of 1848 said it would do for the Treaty of Vienna—he has taken it for his point of departure: he has built upon that text, line by line, a different, and of course immeasurably inferior, but yet a remarkable poem of his own, into which he has transfused much Homeric light. Or perhaps it should be said that, casting the materials of Homer into the crucible of his own mind, he has both mechanically and chemically readjusted them, and has produced them to the world in a mould, and with a tissue, altogether peculiar to himself. The result, however, is that, while his is perhaps the most inexact and licentious translation in existence of any poem, it is likewise perhaps the most successful. It has taken a place in literature, from which it seems reasonable to prophesy that it will never be deposed. It fastens itself alike on the imagination and the ear, both of childhood and of maturity. Was there ever so signal a testimony rendered to the power of a work purporting to be a translation, as that of Mr. John Stuart Mill, who states, in his Autobiography,* that, when a boy, he perused it from beginning to end between twenty and thirty times! Nor is it possible to conceive a contrast more discouraging to virtuous drudgery, than that which may be drawn between the brilliant literary libertinism of Pope, and the patient industry of Voss—

> Qui verbum verbo curavit reddere fidus
> Interpres,

who assists the student line by line and word by word, like a commentator; and whose translation is, like a posthumous cast, an exact image of the Poem, except the life of it.

In the case of the Speech of Achilles, the version of Pope is throughout polished, forcible, and splendid; though diffuse in parts, it is succinct upon the whole, and it is full of an interest which never flags. But the main question is, does it give to the English reader as much of Homer, and as little that is not Homer, as the case admits? And here the answer must be in the negative. The simplicity and thoroughly natural directness of Homer's manner disappear, and are replaced by a pervading tone of exaggeration. For the ebb and flow of passion, so marked in the original, is substituted an uniform Virgilian loftiness of march, a continuity of effort which is somewhat like a strain. Declamation, made to run all through the powerful sarcasm, much weakens its effect. At the same time a liberty reaching to lawlessness, both of insertion and of omission, may be observed. For the careful and stately courtesy of introductory verse, which gives Odysseus his full titles, together with a most characteristic epithet (πολυμήχανος), is substituted the single familiar vocative "Ulysses" (v. 307). Except as to the one word "to-morrow," verse 357 is skipped over. The line, "fighting with warriors on account of wives of theirs,"

* P. 10.

Digitized by Google

i.e., of the sons of Atreus (v. 327), is at once clipped, enlarged, and mistranslated, into

For thankless Greece such hardships have I braved,
Her wives, her infants, by my labours saved;

as if Troy had been an invading power. Into the simple request that Phoinix may remain for the night, to sail in the morning, is foisted a very indifferent compliment to the still vigorous elder:

His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Phthia's friendly land.

But I can hardly choose a better testing passage than the six fine lines relating to Thebes:

Not all proud Thebes' unrivalled walls contain,
The world's great Empress on the Egyptian plain,
That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars,
From each wide portal issuing to the wars.

Setting aside minor variations from the text, we may observe that it makes no mention of horsemen at all; and that the whole of the second and third of these lines, except the single word Egyptian, are an exaggerative interpolation. Or take the line —

The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass.

But Homer's χαλκὸς is not brass, nor is it shining; his πόλιος σίδηρος, grey iron, is not steel; and his gold, which has no epithet attached, is not ruddy. All these errors except the common misrendering of *chalcos*, are Pope's own.

These observations on Pope, which would apply to his version very extensively, are in truth in the nature of an apology for treading ground once trodden by so great a poet:

Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flevit alumnus.

And moreover generally, I feel the necessity of an apologetic tone in presenting an effort, which may possibly be censured both as ambitious and as feeble. One, however, of the points, in which Homer seems to me to have been least worthily appreciated, is that of his vast oratorical power. This point should be one of special interest to every native of these islands; because that oratorical power is not vague or declamatory, but lies specially in the line of debating oratory — where complication and continuity of structure are to be combined with promptitude of conception and expression, and where every word, as it issues, should go straight as an arrow to its mark. This oratorical temperament of Homer was closely associated with the free political organization of the early monarchies of Greece; and it may be traced even in some expressions of his that seem casual, and perhaps odd, but that are, if I mistake not, truly characteristic, and because characteristic, interesting. In my opinion, the stock phrase of ἔπεα πτεροέντα, winged words, is not meant to set forth the slight and transitory character of human speech, which so commonly

In vento et rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

It is not the mere feather, but the wing, which is described. It is not a random, but a carrying force. The word is a weapon, and bears its mission through the air. So again in the quaint remonstrance —

ποῖόν τοι ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων;

"What expression is this, that has escaped the barrier of your teeth!" The meaning is, "You have let slip part of your treasure, you have misused a mighty instrument, you have wasted power: what should have been a great thing, you have made a mean thing." It would be easy to multiply proofs of the high estimate in Homer's mind of the faculty of organized speech. I will add only two or three easy illustrations. One is, that the epithet of *speaking* men, which he so frequently employs, is not with him, as it would probably be with us, a commonplace: it describes man by the attribute which was for our Poet not only the most obviously characteristic, but also one of the very noblest. Next, the gorgeous epithet κυδιάνειρα, glory-giving (but this rendering is weak), is jealously confined by Homer to the two arenas, the only two in which man could then grow great — the Battle and the Assembly. Lastly, when the Horse of Achilles speaks by a special gift, this is felt to be such a violation of the natural order (how different were the conceptions of the Oriental tales) that the Erinūs, or Vindicatress, promptly interferes, and arrests the action of the voice. (Il. xix. 418.)

As debating oratory is distinguished by the closeness and minuteness of its applications, so perhaps for the full appreciation of its exhibition in the Poems,

Digitized by Google

and especially in the Iliad, is required that close and minute handling of the text which, until recent times, was almost unknown, and in which we are still so greatly deficient. Hence it may be that our translators in general seem neither to have caught, nor to have been caught by, the specific character and the extraordinary merit of the Homeric speaking. They commonly seem to plod or gallop, as the case may be, alike through the Speeches and the ordinary text; as if such marvellous efforts, as the finest among them must be held to exhibit, were after all part indeed of the 15,711 lines of the Poem, and were nothing more. But in the great speeches, a spirit seems to seize the Bard which, according to the grand expression of Longinus, φοιβάζει τοὺς λόγους — we seem to have the fire among the ships carried into the Poet's mind. In lifting thus high the standard of trial, I may be preparing my own doom; but I think there may be a better chance of seizing and presenting the specific character of one among these orations, when it is approached singly, and its elevation can in some degree be measured, than when it is taken in the ordinary course, and approached upon the level.

To the Speech of which a version is here offered, I have prefixed a title as "The Reply of Achilles." And what a Reply! I know not where to look for its equal, in comprehensiveness, in force, in splendour, in sarcasm, and in subtlety.

Something, however, has to be said as to the moral groundwork of such a Speech, in order to secure its due appreciation. If I admit that Revenge is its dominant idea and aim, I seem to give up the case, so far as moral elevation is concerned. But here I come upon two main causes of misunderstanding, which must be brought into clear view. First, we suffer from the inveterate habit of judging Homer, not from himself, but through the later tradition. Secondly, we must remember that Christianity has practically shifted the poles of human life, and has brought down all the passions associated with pride to a different and lower level.

In the later tradition, the Wrath of Achilles is a hard and brutal, if not a sordid wrath; embodying a keen insatiable vindictiveness, and nothing else. But in the Iliad, Achilles has the deepest heart, and the most refined and courteous manners, united with his tremendous energy of passion. And the Wrath, which only by its excess becomes wrongful, is fundamentally a reaction against wrong.

And here I come upon the change, which Christianity has wrought. From the time when the Redeemer of Mankind on the one hand glorified humility, suffering, and forgiveness, and on the other hand promulgated definitely and clearly to the world at large the doctrine of a ruling and a reckoning Deity, Revenge's occupation has been gone, and it has become not noble but simply bad and base. But in the days when the veil had not been lifted, and a belief in the Providential order was but weak and vague, each man was for himself the vindicator of the moral order; and those can never understand Achilles or the Iliad who do not keep this great law of his action in view. The fine gold of a strong determination to uphold the law of right against a base and sordid, as well as a violent invasion, is not the less truly precious, because to it there adheres some merely human dross.*

Now let us proceed to consider the situation of affairs which forms the framework of the Speech. The Achaian force, in the absence of Achilles from the field, has suffered heavily, is driven back upon the ships, and, at a melancholy nightfall, anticipates for the morrow a renewed, which may be also a fatal attack. An Embassy to the quarters of Achilles is decided on. Ajax and Odysseus are chosen to be the Envoys, as being the two Chiefs most acceptable to the mighty warrior; Ajax probably on the two grounds, first of relationship, and secondly, of a valour signal and splendid, but cast in a mould of blunt and almost animal simplicity, which can in no possible way vie with that of his great cousin; Odysseus, because a man with the mind of Achilles could not but do homage to the one transcendant Intellect of the Army.

They find Achilles in his encampment, singing the feats of bygone heroes to the music of his lyre, which he had reserved from the spoils of the city of Eëtion. After a courteous welcome, and the usual preliminary entertainment, business is opened by Odysseus in a long and a most skilful speech.

Beginning with a health to Achilles, and an allusion to his liberal hospitality, he proceeds to present a touching contrast in the dismal condition of the Army.

* Perhaps the finest case of revenge in our English literature is that of Othello: and it may be worth remark that he is a Moor.

Digitized by Google

He exhorts the great hero to interpose before it shall be too late. Afraid of assuming directly the office of a censor, he ingeniously introduces a tale, according to which Peleus had admonished his son, when about to set forth, to be on his guard against his own haughty overweening spirit. Following up this adroit stroke, and reckoning on its effect, he proceeds to detail in imposing series the gifts offered by Agamemnon (ix. 262–99): but offered, we must remember, without any confession of his fault, such as at the final Reconciliation he has to offer (Il. xix. 134–9). In them is of course included the restoration of Briseis; and there is added a proposal that he shall choose, among the three daughters of the Sovereign, whichever of them he prefers to be his wife. Having thus by varied means done all he can to soften the obdurate soul, he makes his final appeal (300–5) in the name, and on behalf of the other Chiefs and of his fellow-countrymen at large, whom Achilles ought to distinguish from the guilty King; and makes it, lastly, in the name of the rich prize, the capture and destruction of Hector, which is sure to be his, inasmuch as that warrior will now, such is his present daring, not fear to come into the way of danger.

That wrathful Achilles, of whom some conceive only as of a big spoiled child, has reined himself in during this prolonged address; and now, opening the sluices of his eloquence, meets Odysseus at every turn, and beats him with his own arms. First, disclaiming all the arts of rhetoric, and blasting liars as with a thunderbolt, he slily hits at his astute opponent by setting forth the merits of truth and directness in speech (I.). He then sets out the case in a homely, business-like, matter-of-fact way (II.): how can it answer to him, as a rational man, to have all the work and none of the pay; his energies tasked to their utmost, and then their great results overlooked in the day of distribution? Nay, not only overlooked, but while all other prizes are respected, he has been foully robbed of his. And here he comes in contact with the topic which sets his soul on fire. They who tore this prize, a woman, from him, are the very same who, for a woman's sake, in whom they were interested, have called all the children of Hellas to war and to banishment from home (III.). Is it possible to deal with men on such terms? He at least will not, now that he knows them: "forewarned is forearmed." And why, he asks with stinging sarcasm, should Agamemnon want Achilles, when he has been able to build and dig and fortify so much without him? But, as the appeal of Odysseus had described the forwardness of Hector, he is now reminded how little forward Hector was when Achilles used to take the field.

In this state of things he will depart next morning (IV.). Moreover, Odysseus may come and see him go if he likes! And, on the whole, he will be able to get on very well, in peace, at home. Such is the message he has to send; and he desires it may be given publicly before the Achaian Chiefs, that their indignation too may be at length aroused. This is his admirable, not too sharply pointed answer, to the appeal of Odysseus on behalf of the Army apart from Agamemnon. In expressing the hope that their indignation may be awakened, he reminds them that it ought to have been stirred before, when they stood by in silence, and saw him foully wronged.

All this time he keeps pent up within him a torrent of passion. He had passed through one climax of emotion, when it found vent in the contrast between his case with Briseis, and the case of the Atridai with Helen. He had closed the door again; but the flood rolled and swelled within him; and, as it rises, he is reduced, in the effort of repression, to abrupt and broken sentences (vv. 370–7). He sums up as to the person of Agamemnon, dismissing him with lofty scorn; and then he arrives at his other climax, in touching on the proffered Gifts (V. VI.). The wonderful lines which follow form the second climax of the Speech; and the two passages are, in very truth, the two summits of Parnassus. But still, while the Wrath rushes in streams of scorching lava, the subaltern action of sarcasm has its climax too. The word *Basileus*, which we render King, is one of singularly distinctive force and emphasis in the Iliad. In the great contention of the First Book (v. 186), Agamemnon had reminded Achilles of the superiority of his own station. And it was his boast and claim to be more royal, more a King than other chiefs. (Il. ix. 69, 160.) In this hour of his exulting resentment, Achilles remembers all this, without too pointedly showing his remembrance, and suggests that Agamemnon shall confer the honour of the proposed alliance not on him but on some other Achaian, who is more a king than he.

Digitized by Google

He had met the sad description of the condition of the invading army by indications that it was likely to be worse; but he has not yet replied to the insinuation of Odysseus, so dexterously conveyed, respecting his haughty and unruly spirit. This he now proceeds to do by drawing a domestic picture (VII.) of a marriage for himself at home; this is all, he says, that is necessary to satisfy his haughty, his unruly mind (VIII.); so that, in the midst of towering pride and overboiling passion, he is enabled to take credit for a quiet, unambitious, and contented disposition. So the close of the Speech is marked by a gradual but rapid fall of temperature. He advises that all should do as he does, all go home, and spare themselves what may be the chance of utter ruin, and must be at best ineffectual pains. He again refers the business of extrication from the dilemma to the Chiefs in general, who, by a blameworthy silence, had been its cause: and then, as if to show how completely he is reined in, he ends by a courteous invitation to his friend and old tutor Phoinix to be his guest for the night, and accompany him homewards on the morrow; that is, if he be wholly willing, for, as to constraint, such a thing is not to be thought of for a moment.

Let us now pass to the Speech itself; or so much, or so little of it, as can be seen in my translation.

THE REPLY OF ACHILLES.

I.

God-born offspring of Laertes,
  Warrior rich in all resource:
It behoves me now in answer
  Out to speak my blunt discourse;
How I mean, and how 'twill happen,
  Be it well, or be 't amiss;
That ye buzz no more about me,
  One from that man, one from this.
For I hate with perfect hatred,
  Hate him like the gates of Hell, 10
Who within him one thought harbours,
  While his lips another tell.
Not so mine. I plainly utter
  What I truly hold for best.
Nor, I trow, will Agamemnon
  Nor the Chieftains, move my breast.

II.

Pitilessly warring alway
  On the foe, it likes me not.
He that fights with might and main, and
  He that tarries, one their lot. 20
Equal honour crowns the caitiff
  And the brave. The busiest fare
As the sluggard; death befalls them.
  With the herd in all I share
Save the battle's daily peril,
  And the soul that in me bleeds?
As the bird, with all she gathers,
  Still her callow offspring feeds,
Careless though her plight be evil,
  Ill her plight and sharp her needs; 30
Even so I, times unnumbered,
  Wore my sleepless nights away,
And in fight from morn to nightfall
  Spent as oft the bloody day;
All to win for them a woman,
  Men, and brave men, smiting down.
Peopled cities twelve, with vessels,
  Seawards have I overthrown:
Inland, over deep-loamed Troié,
  Have I sacked eleven more. 40
Well; the heaps of precious chattels,
  Won from each, I ever bore
For a gift to Agamemnon,
  Son of Atreus. He, that still
Lagged beside the wingéd vessels,
  Took them with a ready will,
Some assigned to Kings and Chieftains,
  But the most himself retained.
Every King and every Chieftain,
  All he got, he holds it still; 50
Me, alone of the Achaians
  Me, to plunder was his will,
And he holds the wife I cherished:
  Let his greed, then, have its fill.

III.

Ay; but why should we Argeians
  Wage with Troy the deadly war?
Why did he, the Son of Atreus,
  Bring the gathered folk from far?
Is it not for bright-haired Helen,
  Trojan with Achaian strives? 60
What! Of speaking men, do none, save
  Sons of Atreus, love their wives?
Every good man, every steadfast,
  Loves and cares for his; so her
Loved I from my soul, and cherished,
  War-won captive though she were.
Since, then, he hath once entrapped me,
  When he seized my prize amain,
Let him try no more, Odysseus.
  Now, I know him. 'Tis in vain. 70
Let him rather, with thy counsel,
  And the Kings, thy brethren, search
How he best may from the vessels
  Ward the foeman's blazing torch.
Nay, but he hath wrought without me
  Much and well. His wall he made,
Dug his broad deep foss around it,
  In the foss his palisade
Firmly set. Yet all too feeble
  Murderous Hector's sweep to stay; 80
Who, so long as with th' Achaians
  I, Achilles, faced the fray,
Never cared to bring the battle
  From the sheltering walls away,
Scarcely to the Skaian gateway
  And the oak his sally made;
There once met me, and mine onset
  Nearly with his life he paid.

Digitized by Google

IV.

Now, 'tis changed. With royal Hector,
Mark, I combat not again. 90
But, to Zeus and all Immortals
Victims first devoutly slain,
I to-morrow charge my vessels,
Haul and launch them on the main.
Thou may'st see them — if thou willest,
If thou car'st for such a sight —
Over Helle's swarming waters
Bound along in morning's light,
And their crews of hardy rowers
Ply the oar with eager might. 100
Then if great Ennosigaios *
Grant good passage o'er the foam,
Three short days will serve to bring me
To my fruitful Phthian home.
Wealth abides me there, that, hither
Senseless drawn, I left in store:
More of gold and ruddy copper,
Slender-waisted women more,
Iron grey, I carry with me;
All that lot had given before. 110
But my prize! that Agamemnon,
Son of Atreus, Lord, assigned,
Insolent he ravished from me.
Therefore, tell him all my mind
In the face of all, I charge thee.
Indignation so shall rise
In the soul of each Achaian,
If again his tricks he tries. —
Truly he is ever clad in
Shamelessness. — Dog, though he be, 120
Look me in the face he dares not. —
I forswear his company
Both in counsel and in action. —
Once he duped, once wrought me ill;
Words of his no more can cheat me. —
Long enough he works his will.
Pass he to his doom; for surely
Zeus hath done his wits to nought.
And in sum, I hate his presents;
Him I prize not at a groat. 130

V.

Gave he ten times, gave he twenty
What he gives, it would be vain;
If the wealth of all the wealthiest
To appease me he could rain;
Could Orchomenos, could Thebai
Their inflowing riches yield;
Egypt's Thebai, in whose mansions
Matchless treasures lie concealed,
And she boasts an hundred portals,
And from every portal wide 140
Twice an hundred horsèd chariots
Twice an hundred warriors guide.
Ay, and were his offerings countless,
Like the dust and like the sand,
Not by them should Agamemnon
Win my soul to his command,
Of the biting shame he did me
Till the price in full be got.

* One of the titles or names of Poseidon; signifying Shaker of the Earth.

VI.

With a child of Agamemnon,
Son of Atreus, wed I not. 150
If with golden Aphrodité
She can match for Beauty's prize;
If with flashing-eyed Athené
In her skill of toil she vies;
No, not then will I espouse her.
Let him some Achaian try,
That is nearer to his liking,
And is more a KING than I.

VII.

Should the kindly Gods deliver
And my safe returning grant, 160
Peleus will be there, to find me
And to give the wife I want,
Bevies of Achaian maidens
Hellas, ay and Phthia, bear,
Sprung from chiefs the best and bravest,
Wardens of their cities fair.
I can surely, if so please me,
Make a loving bridal there.

VIII.

Yes; that haughty mind within me
Much inclines at home to wed, 170
And with fitting mate united,
Partner of my lawful bed,
Live at ease upon the riches
That mine aged Sire did gain.
What is all this flourished * City,
All the gates of Troy contain,
Were it as in peace she boasted,
Ere Achaians crossed the main;
What is all, that great Apollo,
Archer Phoibos, safely locks 180
In his stone-built fane's recesses,
Mid the beetling Pythian rocks,
Weighed against a life? A foray
Oxen yields, and fleshy flocks;
Store of caldrons, traffic earns, and
Many a crest of chestnut horse;
But the soul of man returns not,
Not by bargain, not by force,
Once it passes from the gateway
Of his lips. — My mother saith 190
(Thetis, Goddess, silver-footed,)
That unto the bar of Death
Either Fate of twain may bear me.
Home shall never greet mine eyes,
If I still beleaguer Ilios;
Yet my glory never dies.
But, if homeward I betake me
To my own dear land again,
Perishes my wealth of Glory
From the thoughts and lips of men; 200
Only, Death's dark goal receding,
Length of days shall crown me then, —
Yea, for all it is my counsel,
Travel homeward o'er the wave;
Never shall ye see an ending,
Since that, Ilion's height to save,

* "Out — through the fresh and flourished lusty vale." From the beautiful poem of Dunbar, "The Merle and the Nightingale."

Digitized by Google

Wakeful Zeus his hand outstretches;
And its folk is waxen brave.

IX.

Go then, tell the news ye carry,
Speak as only Elders can, 210
To the Chiefs of the Achaians;
Bid them shape another plan,
And a better, which may save them,
Fleet and men alike, from bale,
Throngéd by the shapely Vessels; *
Seeing this may nought avail
Which they fashioned; I resenting
Still. For Phoinix, I would pray
Let him bide with me till morning,
Then to his dear land away 220
In my ships, if so it likes him,
Free to go, or free to stay.

W. E. G., 1874.

* I have advisedly adopted this rendering of γλαφυρῇσι as referring to the shaped and finished or "carven" form of the ship rather than to its context. It is surely more in conformity with the later uses of the word.

From The Spectator.

THE WOMEN AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

THE Convocation of the University of London decided, by a majority of 83 to 65, to do all in its power for the admission of women to its degrees. Without the concurrence of the Senate, which is the governing body of the University, this resolution will take no effect, and it is even possible that the present Government, in spite of its hankerings after female suffrage, might decline to accede to a request of the Senate, should the Senate make the request, for the supplementary charter necessary to carry out the object of Convocation. But undoubtedly the great step has been taken in the conversion of the popular body of the University to the proposed change. We call it the popular body, though on most points it has undoubtedly been far more Conservative than the Senate; indeed, it is now many years since the Senate were equally divided on the proposal to apply for the power to give degrees to women, and the proposition was lost only by the casting-vote of the Chancellor, who as usual with the owner of a casting-vote, gave it with the object of securing delay and reconsideration. It certainly does not follow that the Senate will be equally favourable to the proposition now. That body has since been reinforced by a considerable number of graduates, and amongst them not a few of the most conservative members of the University, the London Doctors. It may, therefore, happen that for the present the vote of Convocation will remain for a time a dead-letter. But whether this be so or not, it will have its effect. When a body as Conservative as the Convocation of the University of London changes its mind, a like change of opinion in the middle-class of English society is not far off.

We heartily rejoice in the result. We said a fortnight ago that, under certain careful limitations as to age and the conditions of the examination, there appeared to us to be no plausible reason for excluding women from the same advantages of education, and the same testimonies to a good education, as men. What is to be desired is, that women may never be masculinized, — that they may never become as much exposed to the battle of life, and as much hardened by the battle of life, as men. Where a stronger and a weaker sex have to share between them the duties of life, it is very natural and very desirable that the more onerous and more rasping of human duties, those which involve most external toil and fag, should be taken by the stronger, while the weaker should accept those involving the most patience, tact, tenderness, and forbearance. Any change which led to an inversion of this relative position of the two sexes would be a very mischievous and dangerous change. But the question which the University of London had to discuss was whether the proposed admission of women to its degrees did endanger this result or not. It decided, rightly we think, that it did not, and should the Senate concur, we confidently believe that it will be possible to carry out the new policy without either bringing women into the full tide of individual competition, or encouraging them to overwork at an age when overwork may seriously injure their physical organization. If the age at which women are first admissible to degrees be made two or three years later than that for young men; if the women be ranged in class-lists by themselves, though subjected to the same absolute tests of proficiency; and if the Oxford class system, as distinguished from the Cambridge individualizing system, be always adopted in the examinations for honours, we do not see that any unfeminine stimulus whatever will be applied even to the education of the few who resolve on qualifying themselves for the London degrees; and of course, considering the age at which

Digitized by Google

women marry and undertake absorbing household duties, we cannot doubt that the number of them will always continue to be indefinitely fewer than the number of men who enter for similar degrees. On the contrary, we believe that, in many directions, women who avail themselves of their new opportunities will gain not merely as human beings, but as women.

Take the most critical department of all,—surgery and medicine. It is because the medical profession believes that women will attempt to intervene in departments of that profession which are not fit for them, that they oppose their admission to medical degrees so strenuously. We cordially admit that there are many departments of surgery and medicine which are not well fitted for them, but women's delicacy will teach them as clearly what those departments are as it does already in hospitals, where the most refined ladies act as nurses. For how can their gain in knowledge and in the *evidence* of their knowledge,—for, after all, this is the most that the London University can directly give,—involve any loss in feminine qualities, or even be inconsistent with some accession to them? It might have been fairly maintained that some of the duties of nurses were duties which it was impossible for women to accept without some loss of delicacy, but that is just what the experience of generations has disproved. Women have always given these services, and have always gained new value in the eyes of men by the manner in which they have done so. Can it reasonably be maintained that when they have more accurate and scientific knowledge of the subject they are dealing with, their delicacy is likely to suffer even so much as it does when they are familiarized with the least pleasant of the hospital duties without attaching to them the same scientific meaning? Is it not matter of notoriety that what is coarse, or even vulgarizing work to one who attaches no physiological meaning or interest to it, carries to the trained surgeon or physician a meaning which diverts the attention from the vulgarizing accidents, and fixes it upon the causes and the results? And can any one doubt, then, that if a lady can take the distressing details upon herself without loss of delicacy, in spite of complete ignorance of what, in a medical sense, they imply, she can do so much more if she has the trained understanding of the physician, as well as the tender instincts of the nurse? If her delicacy does not suffer by her duties as nurse, it can certainly not suffer by her duties as physician. No doubt this takes for granted that women will no more force themselves into painful and unfeminine positions in medical than in any other department of life. It is quite possible for a woman to be unfeminine in a drawing-room or at a ball, and of course it will be equally possible at a hospital or in a consultation. What we insist on is, that while the feminine qualities are of the first possible value, there is not even so much danger of physiological knowledge driving them away, as there is of the special services which women already take to themselves, not only in relation to general hospital work, but in relation to special classes of medical cases, driving them away. If the almost menial services of nursing, without scientific knowledge, do not spot the delicacy of women, we are very certain that the addition of scientific knowledge will decrease rather than increase the danger.

But, says the *Times*, these degrees, whenever they are gained, must lead women to desire to utilize them in professional life; with men, degrees are the gates to professional distinction,—how is it to be expected that they should be otherwise regarded by women? We should reply that, to a limited extent, it will be so, and ought to be so. The most effective external use made by men of degrees is to qualify them as teachers, and for this purpose we not only expect, but hope, that women also will use their degrees. Again, medical men use their degrees as guarantees of their possessing the proper knowledge of medicine, and the few women who are likely to practise medicine,—mainly, of course, in relation to the diseases of women and children,—will do the same. Again, science degrees may become very useful to a few exceptional women, as evidence of knowledge which will qualify them for appointments in certain of the scientific arts. But what we cannot understand is, why feminine tact cannot be trusted to discover for itself the various callings in which knowledge and the proof of knowledge may be put to good account, without any undue admixture of masculine forwardness, but must be protected by artificial hindrances put in the way of women's obtaining the proper attestation of their acquirements. We not only take no such guarantees where the danger is greatest,—in the case of the accomplishments of singing, dancing, and acting,—

Digitized by Google

but we freely allow women to compete on the stage with men in all sorts of unfeminine, and often really injurious capacities; for then our own amusements are at stake, and when men are to be amused, women may sacrifice their delicacy, and no one cares. Yet when we have such substantial guarantees for culture as true knowledge always gives,—and with culture, of course, partial guarantees also for capacity, judgment, and the humility which true knowledge brings,—the world cries out that woman's good-feeling cannot be trusted to keep within properly feminine limits, but must be further secured by refusing to feminine study and acquirements the accredited trademarks which we freely accord to those of men. Is a woman who knows a fair share of Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Literature, and Science really less to be trusted with the guidance of her own powers, than an empty-minded woman with a lovely voice or graceful and active limbs? Has true knowledge a refining and steadying, or a vulgarizing and intoxicating influence? If, as we all believe, the true earthly ideal of woman's character and man's character be a widely different ideal, will a good education be likely to deepen the insight into this instinctive difference in the minds of women, or to cancel it? If to deepen it, why object to give women the attestation of a good education? If to cancel it, why not at once *prohibit* the education of women beyond the dangerous point,—if there be such a point,—instead of merely refusing to give them the attestation that such an education has actually been received? For our own parts, we are very confident indeed that educated women will assimilate the feminine elements in literature for their own guidance, just as educated men assimilate the masculine elements, and become more true women, rather than less true women, as the result. It must not be forgotten that while men are not in the least likely to wish to have pushing and forward women for their wives, they do more and more look for a certain amount of intellectual sympathy as well as practical sympathy in their homes, and that no wife fails to gain influence by her ability to appreciate the character and culture of her husband's pursuits.

But then, it is said, there is sex in mind as well as in body, and therefore women's culture should follow a different path and aim at a different end from men's. That is all very pretty as a theory. But as the two most thoughtful speakers in the recent debate in the University of London, Mr. Fitch and Mr. Osler, both showed, it is in the theoretical rather than in the practical stage of the question that such a statement takes the fancy. The University of London did its best to act on the theory. It drew up an examination for women intended to be a feminine equivalent for the matriculation examination for boys, with (originally) somewhat less of mathematical requirement, with a choice of Italian in the place of Greek, with a rather higher examination in English history and literature, and questions in physical geography not put to the young men, and with an alternative of Botany in the place of Chemistry. After all the difference was very slight, but what was most remarkable was this,—that, slight as it was, it had to be constantly attenuated. The young ladies hardly ever chose the alternatives of Italian and Botany. They complained of the smallness of the requirements in mathematics, and asked and eventually obtained leave to take up as much mathematics as the lads, with a compensating remission of the examination in one of their own feminine subjects. And the net result was, as Mr. Osler very justly said, that the difference between the girls' examination and the boys' is now a difference not in reality, but in name. Again, Mr. Fitch described very ably his own embarrassment as an Examiner in trying to discover what specially feminine aspect he could give to his questions in English History and Literature. Try as he would, he could not manage it. Of course, girls might show greater taste for one class of subjects and boys for another, but how was he to frame questions which would distinguish the feminine familiarity with English institutions and English poets from the masculine? After all, knowledge is knowledge, and there is no more a specifically feminine way of describing correctly the origin of the Lollard movement, or the character of Spenser's poetry, than there is a specifically feminine way of solving a quadratic equation or proving the 47th proposition of Euclid's first book. Women and men may and will assimilate somewhat different elements in the teaching they receive; but knowledge, after all, is one, and neither men nor women can know the same truth adequately without knowing it in the same way.

Look at it as you will, then, the result always comes out the same. The woman's

Digitized by Google

character is not, and ought never to be, the same as the man's. But you cannot distinguish between the foundations of a good education for a woman, and the foundations of the same education for a man. Moreover, once let a woman receive a good education and the proof of it, and you have more instead of less reason to expect that she will use the power it gives her with tact and delicacy, and make for herself with it a way in life different from, and yet complementary to, men's.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

AN ALSATIAN EXPERIMENT.

On the 28th of January, 1798, the free city of Mulhouse was declared an integral portion of the French Republic "one and indivisible." In consequence of the strict blockade to which the town had so long been subjected, several of the most important manufactories were closed, and the population had dwindled down to 6,500 souls. Under the Consulate and the Empire, Mulhouse recovered in some degree the industrial activity which had characterized the palmy days of its independence; but it was not until the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars that it actually entered upon the path which finally led to its remarkable prosperity. Success, however, was only achieved after a sustained and resolute struggle with the natural disadvantages of its position. Situated almost at the point of contact of France, Germany, and Switzerland, Mulhouse was continually flooded with emigrants from the last two countries, whose numbers kept down the price of labour while they augmented the cost of the necessaries of life. No sooner, therefore, had these comparatively unskilled workmen acquired some knowledge of their craft than they moved on to other towns, where their services would be more adequately remunerated. Unprovided with water communication, far removed from the sea, and compelled to pay dearly for both coal and cotton, the millowners of Mulhouse and the neighbouring towns were too heavily handicapped to be able to pay a good wage to secure good labour. The condition of the working classes became at last so bad that it amounted to both a scandal and a danger, and accordingly in 1835 the Academy of Moral and Political Science commissioned Dr. Villermé to report upon the state of the cotton operatives, especially in Alsace. At that time the population of Mulhouse was estimated at 28,000, of whom no fewer than 13,000 were "birds of passage" taking breath for a further flight to more propitious fields of labour. Of this mixed multitude 17,000 belonged to the industrial class, and one-third of this number were constrained by exorbitant rents to seek lodgings in the surrounding villages, in some instances at a distance of six miles. A day's work then lasted from five in the morning to eight at night, whether in winter or summer; so that thousands of poor creatures had often to tramp to and fro in the dark along muddy roads and through rain and snow. These suburban lodgers were usually those who earned the least, and many of them were ill-clad women and children in rags. To escape the fatigue of these long journeys, the operatives would crowd together in some city garret or cellar, two families being often huddled together in a mere den, with a thin layer of straw for a bed. The rent of a room ten feet square, or thereabouts, was from eight to nine francs a month, and few artisans occupied more than one room. It is, therefore, not very surprising that the mortality among the children, ill fed, worse clad, and wholly neglected, was so appalling that not one-half attained the age of two years. Except on pay day, and perchance on the morrow, neither meat nor wine was ever tasted, the ordinary fare consisting of potatoes, bread, and watered milk. Wages were paid once a fortnight, and barely sufficed to keep soul and body together.

While deploring the condition of their workpeople, the manufacturers were sorely puzzled to devise means for its amelioration. There was the danger that a mere rise of wages would induce greater drunkenness and immorality, for all idea of decency and self-respect had departed from these animated machines. Large sums of money were annually dispensed in charity, with the effect of aggravating the work of demoralization. It was felt that the first thing to be done for these unfortunate beings was to create in them a love of order, sobriety, and cleanliness. To wean the artisan from his habit of frequenting the public-house and wasting money on cards and unwholesome drink, it was judged necessary to place within his reach the comforts of a home. The huge barrack-like buildings erected in Paris, and more recently introduced into London, were rejected as entirely op-

Digitized by Google

posed to a working man's habits and prejudices. Ground rent being still within moderate limits, it was resolved at a meeting of the manufacturers of Mulhouse to construct a certain number of dwelling-houses, measuring about 18 ft. each way within the walls, and containing two rooms and a kitchen on the ground floor, with two bedrooms and a lumber-room on the second floor, and an open attic over this. There was to be a cellar and a lumber-room beneath the ground floor, with a court-yard and a garden to each house. The rent was not to exceed 11 f. per month, or very little more than what was then commonly asked for a good-sized room within an easy distance of the factories. This would doubtless have been a great boon to artisans with families, but it was not comparable to the bold and benevolent experiment attempted by Mr. Dollfus, senior.

This gentleman — a manufacturer belonging to the town — formed a company under the style and title of "La Société Mulhousienne des Cités Ouvrières," with a capital of £12,000, divided into sixty shares of £200 each — himself subscribing for thirty-five. The Government doubled the capital, which was perhaps to be regretted, though it enabled the company to dispose of their first batch of houses on somewhat lower terms than they were afterwards obliged to demand. Operations commenced in the latter end of July, 1853, and within twelve months one hundred houses were completed, on three different models, varying in price from £74 to £116 each. The first "cité ouvrière" occupies a space of about twenty acres. The principal streets, 25ft. in width between the footpaths, which are each nearly 5ft. wide, are intersected at right angles by the secondary streets with roadways 16ft. in breadth and footpaths similar to the others. Both roads and side-paths are macadamized, while the gutters are paved and frequently flushed with water. They are also lighted with gas at the expense of the town, and planted on each side with lime-trees, while a sewer of masonry work runs below, and is connected with each tenement. With the exception of six in the middle of the cité, reserved for public offices, the houses have only one story, and seem to nestle in the midst of gay gardens and leafy trees. The arrangements are fourfold. Some are semi-detached, standing back to back, with a garden in front. Others are isolated, with a court-yard on one side and a garden on the other. Thirdly, come small blocks of four houses, two facing one way, two the other, and separated by a wall in the form of a cross, with a garden along the frontage and the two sides. Each house occupies a little more than forty square yards, and the garden covers an area of thrice that extent. This is the kind most in request. To the fourth category belong houses with simply a ground floor and no upper story, somewhat longer and wider than the others, but at the expense of their gardens; these also are ranged in groups of four. It is needless to add that, besides flowering plants, fruits and vegetables are cultivated to considerable profit.

The success of the first year's operations encouraged the Association to issue eleven additional shares at £200 each, raising the total capital to £14,200 or, including the State subvention, to £26,-200. Supplementing this fund by loans at 5 and subsequently at 4 1-2 per cent., the Association gradually invested the not inconsiderable sum of £80,000 in artisans' dwellings, of which 692 were completed in ten years, besides public baths, wash-houses, a bakery, a general store, and a restaurant. Of these houses 614 were already transferred to working-men proprietors, 171 being free from all encumbrance, and a still larger number being very slightly burdened. The purchase is assumed to be effected on the payment of £12 or £14 down, according to the size of the house, the balance being liquidated by easy payments extending over fourteen or fifteen years. In the event of the purchaser being unable or unwilling to fulfil his contract, the sum paid down in advance is returned to him with interest and also the difference between a fair rental and the somewhat larger payments he has made with a view to ultimate proprietorship. Strange to say, although 49 houses were sold during the first twelve months, the demand next year fell off to 18, and in the year after that to only 5. The operatives, unable to comprehand a disinterested benevolence, began to talk the matter over among themselves, and came to the conclusion that there must be a trap laid for them somewhere, and that it was certainly not for the sake of the 4 per cent. per annum that their employers were taking upon themselves so much risk and trouble. In the fourth year, however, as no visible harm had befallen their adventurous comrades who had become house proprieters, the working men shook off

Digitized by Google

their suspicions, and 53 houses were disposed of, while 109 were claimed in the ensuing year. From that moment the demand continued in advance of the supply, even where, as at Guebwiller, each house costs from £144 to £180.

Of the various establishments provided by the Mulhouse Association for the common use of the dwellers in the cités, two at least met with slender support. In order to provide the working men with wholesome bread at a lower price than that which the bakers found it necessary to charge, a public bakery was built, and an active woman placed in charge of a supply of 900 loaves per diem. Cash payments, however, being obligatory, the actual sale seldom exceeded 60 or 70 loaves, supplemented by a small quantity of groceries. For a similar reason the general store, containing plain furniture, kitchen utensils, ready-made clothes, firewood, &c. &c., was seldom opened, though the articles were all good of their kind and offered at wholesale prices. The restaurant proved more successful, being opened to the whole town, with liberty to purchase articles of food to be consumed off the premises. A meal consisting, say, of a plate of soup, a portion of bouilli or vegetables, three to four ounces of veal, and nearly half a pint of wine, cost only fourpence halfpenny; or rather that was the price previous to the annexation of Alsace to Germany. The baths and wash-houses have been eminently prosperous, the charge for a bath being three halfpence, while for one halfpenny may be enjoyed for two hours the use of wash-house, mangle, drying-room, &c. At Cornach, Guebwiller, Colmar, Beaucourt, and Wesserling institutions exist similar to those at Mulhouse, partly copied, partly improved. The moral effect has everywhere been most remarkable. Drunkenness, brawling, idleness, and discontent have given place to sobriety, order, industry, and self-respect. While wages are considerably lower in Alsace than at Lisle, Lyons, or Rouen, the condition of the working classes appears to be superior in every respect. Some allowance, perhaps, must be made for the calmer and more persevering temperament of the Teutonic race; but it may be fairly assumed that noteworthy advantages would attend the development of similar institutions even in the most Gallic departments of France — *à fortiori* in our own country.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JOURNAL DE A. M. AMPERE.

THE "Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère" * is one of those books which, perhaps, it is half profane to publish, but which, once published, become to every sympathetic reader not books but incidents and persons he has known as part of his own recollections. It is of the *genre* of the "Recit d'une Sœur," and probably but for the extraordinary success of that work, would never have seen the light; but it is much shorter, more reticent and modest in its revelations, and has much more dramatic unity in its brief and complete record of one episode in a great and worthy life. The eminent mathematician and philosopher does not appear to us as does the woman whose pure and simple career we have just discussed, in the course of his training, or the development of his genius. We see incidentally how he struggled up to the first step in the ladder of reputation, but this struggle is so entirely subordinate to a dearer object that it interests us in a secondary degree; for Ampère worked not in the first place for knowledge, like Mary Somerville, nor for fame and advancement, like many another — but for Julie; his wife, and his child, and the means of supporting them, and enjoying their tender society, were his inspirations. To make sure of a little home in Lyons, where he could give his lessons, and study the *chimie*, which ruined *ses pantalons* and burnt holes in his waistcoats, to Julie's despair — with her by his side and their boy — was the motive which pushed him to ever greater and greater efforts, which impelled his brain to ceaseless work, and kept his hands black (also to Julie's despair) with burns and staining acids. Let us allow that to pursue science for the love of science is perhaps a nobler motive. The men who go furthest in all sublime paths of learning are perhaps — though we do not affirm it — men who have no Julie. When Andrea del Sarto, musing in Mr. Browning's beautiful poem upon the higher elevation of Rafael and Agnolo, reflects, "but then they had no wife," it is like enough that the excuse for his own shortcoming was valid. But here again a compensating human sentiment comes in. The love of art or of science is grand but cold, and not comprehensible to all of us; but the love of the little home, the

* Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère. Hetzler & Cie., Paris.

Digitized by Google

dependent family, the child, the woman, how deeply comprehensible they are! Therefore the struggle of André Ampère will go to many a heart which has little sympathy with science — and it is, though an episode in the history of science, in itself pure poetry, the oldest and most everlasting of all arts. It forms but one chapter in a long life — such an episode as a man might half forget, looking back to it in the long blank of years after, seeing himself as in a dream, and wondering if it could ever have been true; or might keep in his heart and memory, hidden far from common sight, unknown to others, yet his most dear and precious possession. We do not know in which of these ways the celebrated Ampère, in the long ages after, when he had won everything that fame had to give, remembered the wife of his youth: but in the days before he was great, in the beginning of his career, his heart was so full of her that there was room for little else; and this is the story of that brief but agitated time.

The lady who has arranged the letters, linking them together with a thread of remark and description not always in good taste, and seldom necessary, prefaces the collection with an extract from Saint-Beuve's "portrait" of Ampère, in which the great critic describes how, searching among his hero's papers, "blasonnées de figures algébriques," for materials for his work, he found a page of paper yellow with time, and more than usually scratched with mathematical symbols, on which the young man had evidently begun to scribble some record of his youthful feelings — describing how his studies and books had become so distasteful to him all at once, and his heart had demanded something more than science or literature. "One day, walking at sunset along the bank of a solitary stream," the MS. goes on — then ends abruptly, leaving no further information. "What did he see on the banks of this stream?" says Sainte-Beuve. "Another folio full of memorials leaves us in no doubt on this subject, and, under the title *Amorum*, carries on day by day the entire history of his feelings, of his love and marriage, up to the death of the object of his affections. Who could believe it? or rather, when one thinks a little, why should it not have been so? The philosopher whom we have seen full of thoughts and wrinkles, and who appeared to have lived only in the world of figures, was in his day a vigorous youth; he loved and was loved again; but all this has passed with the years, has been covered up and forgotten: perhaps it would have astonished himself even, had he found, in searching for some geometrical paper, this journal of his heart, this book of *Amorum*, long buried and forgotten."

Not long ago it was our fate to have in our hands the journal of another illustrious Frenchman, a brilliant and caustic spirit, showing little trace of the tender sentimentality of youth, in his conversation and social aspect at least. One of the little volumes had a heading, "writ large," to every page, often underlined in red ink to make it more emphatic. This heading was "BONHEUR." It contained the narrative of his wedding tour. We leave the reader to guess what were the feelings of the wife to whom this volume, with its eloquent and often-repeated heading, came as an inheritance thirty years or more after, when the writer was dead. But poor Ampère's *Amorum* was no poetical preface to a long and happy existence. It forms but a short episode, dramatically perfect and complete, embracing about five years only of a prolonged life.

André-Marie Ampère was the son of a respectable mercant in Lyons who was guillotined under the Revolution. The boy had already shown signs of the ability afterwards so fully proved and acknowledged: "Quant à mon fils, il n'y a rien que je n'attende de lui," his father wrote in a fine and touching letter of farewell addressed to his family a few hours before his execution. Close to Polémieux, the little property which belonged to the Widow Ampère, was the village of Saint-Germain-au-Mont-d'or, where, in a simple little country house, lived, during the summer, a family called Carron, *bourgeois* like the other. The second daughter, Julie, was a golden-haired girl with blue eyes, in which André read "the serenity of an angelic soul." The young man himself lived in Lyons, giving lessons and studying with all his heart. "In winter he rose long before day, at four o'clock, and leaving his room, climbed up the long stairs to a house on the fifth story in the Place du Cordeliers, to join a group of comrades eager like himself to read and know." Every Saturday he took his way to Polémieux, after the wont of many a laborious lad, to spend Sunday at home. It is to be supposed that the pleasant country road led him through Saint-Germain, where stood the little campagne — homely white house

Digitized by Google

with its garden — where Julie folded up the linen which had been hung out to dry, and gathered strawberries, and filled the boy-student's soul with dreams. Here is the beginning of the *Amorum* — the story of this pure and gentle love: —

AMORUM.

1796.

Sunday, 10th April. — I saw her for the first time.

Saturday, 10th August. — I went to her house, when they lent me the "Novelli Morali di Soavi."

Saturday, 3d September. — I took back the "Novelli;" they gave me my choice in their library. I took "Madame Deshouliers." I was alone with her for a minute.

Sunday, 4th September. — I walked home with the two sisters after mass. I took back the first volume of Bernardin. She told me that she would be alone; her mother and sister were to leave on Wednesday.

Friday, 9th September. — I went, but found only Elise (poor boy!)

Thus the journal goes on. On Saturday the 17th September he "begins to open my heart." On the following Monday he completes his declaration, bringing back "feeble hopes, and an order not to go back before the return of her mother." After this, several occasions occur in which he met her "without daring to speak to her." Sometimes Julie is unkind, and bids him come not so often. "Elle me rembourra bien" is another complaint. But, nevertheless, progress is made. There are few protestations, which were unnecessary in Ampère's brief memoranda, and none of the sentimental *épanchements du cœur* which make us half despise Madame Craven's too eloquent hero. There is, however, nothing but *her*. "I ate a cherry which she had dropped: I kissed a rose which she had touched," the lad says in the following June. "When we were walking, I twice gave her my hand to cross a stile. Her mother made a place for me on the bench between her and Julie. As we returned, I said to her that I had scarcely ever passed so happy a day, but that it was not the sight of nature that had most charmed me. She talked to me with grace and kindness." Another time "she deigned to hold a long conversation" with the happy youth. It was not, however, till three years after their first meeting that the shy Julie and her careful parents allowed themselves to be persuaded to accord her to her eager lover. He was only twenty-three or twenty-four, so that there was not much time lost after all. The young couple began their married life humbly in the Rue Mercier in Lyons, with, however, the kindly refuge of the two village houses behind them, especially that of Julie's mother, now a widow. They were poor, but they were happy. André's pupils, however, did not afford a sure maintenance for the little family when increased by the child who was in his turn to make himself well known to the world — the antiquarian-historian, Jean Jacques Ampère; and André decided to accept an appointment in Bourg, twelve leagues off (they talk of this as if it had been thousands of miles away), where his income was fixed at the modest sum of two thousand and six francs — about eighty pounds — which he did his best to increase by means of private pupils, hoping always to bring himself into notice, and to obtain a post in the Lycée which was to be established at Lyons. Julie, whose health never seems to have been re-established after the birth of her child, was not allowed by her doctor to accompany her husband; and for the two years following André lived in a state of exile from all he loved best, making hurried visits in the holidays to his wife and child; living the most laborious and frugal life away from them, and thinking of them night and day. All his efforts, all his labours and hopes, are directed to the one point of getting this much-longed-for appointment in Lyons, which would restore him to Julie and her family, and his own. Our space will permit us to quote only a few of the ceaseless letters which the young mathematician, in the intervals of his perpetual lessons, calculations, and chemical experiments, found opportunity to write to his poor young wife, sick and ailing, but always hopeful, in the gloomy little house in the Rue Mercier. Here is one which shows the young *savant* in the middle of his work: —

Seven years ago I proposed to myself a problem of my own invention which I could not solve by direct means, but to which by chance I found a solution which I saw was right without being able to demonstrate it. This has often returned to my mind, and twenty times have I sought, without finding, the direct solution of my problem. A few days since my idea took once more possession of me, and at last, I know not how, I have succeeded in grasping it, along with a theory of curious and novel ideas upon the theory of probabilities. As I believe that there are few mathematicians in France who will solve this problem in a shorter time, I do not doubt that its publication in a pamphlet of twenty pages

Digitized by Google

would be a good way of attaining to a mathematical chair. I will finish the day after to-morrow this little essay of pure algebra, in which there is no need of figures; but will keep it to revise and correct it until next week, when I will send it to you by Pochon, with the checked waistcoat, the woollen stockings, and the six louis of which I have spoken. As soon as the MS. arrives at Lyons it must be printed. . . . The six louis for this month and the seven for next must be used for this, and I shall be certain of the place at Lyons. Perhaps we may sell some copies, but first of all I think many must be given to the learned in Paris.

I trouble you with my commissions, but it will not last long. The future offers us a happy perspective; health for you, a good place at Lyons, our delightful child, and the still sweeter thought that you love me always.

Here is another, in which the love comes uppermost, the young philosopher having *ses vacances*, and giving himself up entirely to thoughts of Julie: —

Bourg, Wednesday,
Eleven o'clock morning.

How I sigh for the moment which shall bring us together again! Oh, when, when will the holidays come!

Four o'clock.

This exclamation had just come from my lips when I was seized with a sudden fancy which you will think odd. I made up my mind to go back with your packet of letters to the field behind the hospital, where I had gone to read them before my journey to Lyons with so much pleasure. I meant to renew there the gentle recollections of which I made provision before, and I have gathered sweeter still for another time. How sweet your letters are! One must have a mind like yours to write things which go thus to the heart, without design or study. I remained till two o'clock seated under a tree, with a meadow at my right hand, the river to the left and in front of me, the buildings of the hospital behind. You may suppose that I had taken the precaution before thus indulging myself to leave word at Madame Beauregard's that I should not dine there to-day. She supposes I have gone out to dinner; but as I had breakfasted well, I was all the better for having no dinner but love. At two I felt so calm and easy in mind, in place of the weariness that oppressed me this morning, that I took the fancy of walking and botanizing. . . . I write all sorts of nonsense to you, to give you an idea of the state of my mind. It is certain that my long walk, these dear recollections, the success of my experiments and of my lessons, have singularly tranquillized the mind which was so much excited eight days ago.

Here is a list of my daily occupations [he writes at a later period]. M. Clere works with me from six o'clock in the morning till ten; Gripier from half-past eleven to one. In the afternoon, from three to four, I give my lessons in physics; the rest of my time is passed in thinking of Julie, and of the works I am meditating. During the weekly holiday (or more exactly, for these were the days of the Revolution, *la vacance du décadi*) M. Clere makes experiments in chemistry along with me. Yesterday I did not sup till ten, when I was thoroughly wearied with the exertion and broken in spirit, having broken my materials in the mortar, carried coals, and blown the fire for twelve or thirteen hours, but happy to have sometimes succeeded. Ah, if all this would but bring me to the Lycée I should be satisfied, and should no longer fear the necessity of living long separate from Julie, unable to supply her with things necessary for her, so often deprived as she has been of a thousand indispensable matters . . . I have made an arrangement with Perrin, by which, counting from to-day, she will furnish me with breakfast daily for three francs a-month (!) Dear Julie, consult whatever doctor you like, but in no case neglect your health. Ah, if I only knew how to cure you by returning to Lyons! for that I would give up the Ecole Centrale and everything else. . . . At Easter, my darling, at Easter, I shall have some days of happiness at least!

The answers sent by the young wife to these letters are more graceful and sprightly in style, and not less tender and simple. She pities her *pauvre ami*, who has nothing but physics and chemistry to console him. "You go on making those villanous drugs," she cries, half smiling, half in dismay; "and your poor book is no nearer finished than ever." She is anxious and troubled about his "cloth trousers," which she bids him send her, lest the rats should eat them; and tells him to take care of his waistcoats and breeches, and to wear the coarse aprons with strings which she sends him. Many and often repeated are her counsels about his personal appearance. "I beg of you not to unrip the lining of your sleeves," she says; "take care to have your cravats clean, to be *bien chaussé;* take care of your trousers, your waistcoats, your stockings." After a little quarrel he has had with his landlady on going to dinner with hands stained black with some acid, she addresses him with mingled vexation and sympathy. "I approve your leaving Madame Beauregard after her politeness," she says; "but I wish this would make you a little more careful of your person, for many may think within themselves what she has the rudeness to say. If you pay any visits, do try to have the aspect of a respectable man, to please your poor wife, who has not too many pleasures." Nor does Julie confine her-

Digitized by Google

self to such small matters. She gives him counsel about the management of his affairs, in which the philosopher is not very clear; and arranges, weak and suffering as she is, about his printing, and the distribution and correction of his pamphlet. But her health keeps her from him, and keeps him in a perpetual anxiety, which she thus endeavours to calm down: —

Mon pauvre ami, it is not the first time that you have made me smile, bidding me promise you to be ill no more. Ah, health is so precious that if I possessed wealth I would sacrifice it all to obtain that blessing. But we must submit, hope in the future, and have patience. Have patience, also, mon fils, and do not stupefy yourself with this as you do with your calculations; for how to be cured is not a problem which can be solved, and it is vain to attempt it if the Master of our being wills that it should be otherwise. We must learn to bear these evils, and do what we can not to think too much of them. How willingly [she adds later] would I spend your money that you might have a wife like others who could enjoy with you and our little one so many little pleasures which bad health poisons! Oh yes, it is sad indeed to be always an object of anxiety to one's own people — to you, mon pauvre ami, who see me suffering, weary, sometimes unjust. God wills it so — we must submit. I should have been too happy had He left me my strength. A good husband, a delightful child, the best of mothers, loved and cherished by all my family, would not this have been too much happiness? I feel it, for, notwithstanding my condition, I am more attached to life than ever: it is because I love you more, and my child also, and I am sure that both of you have need of me to be happy. But let us change the subject, for this overcomes me; you will feel, like me, your heart bleed as you read.

Poor Julie! poor young husband! — the pamphlet, with its unique calculation (*considérations sur la théorie mathématique du feu*), the anxious efforts of every kind, brilliant lectures, successful experiments, problems solved, succeeded to the height of his hopes. In the spring of 1803 he had at last certainty of his appointment at the newly-formed Lycée of Lyons. On the 17th April he came home *pour ne plus quitter Julie* — pathetic words! for Julie was on the eve of leaving him, and forever. On the 5th July he gave, poor soul, his first lesson in Lyons; but the day which should have been the climax of happiness to him calls forth not a word of pleasure. He went to his much-desired tribune from the deathbed of his wife. On the 13th of July, after a pitiful record of medicines administered and changed, which is all his journal has come to, there ensues a sudden deadly lull. "Multa flagella peccatoris sperantam autem in Domino misericordia circumdabit," he cries twice over out of the depths. "Wilt Thou take from me all happiness on this earth? Thou hast it in Thy hands, O my God, I hope in Thee, O my God, I submit to Thy sentence, whatever it may be; but I should have preferred to die. O Lord God of mercy, reunite me in heaven to her whom Thou hast permitted me to love on earth."

Julie was dead.

After this the hapless life pauses, comes to a dead stop, as lives do when struck with those blows which slay only the heart, not the body. He strayed away from the Lycée which he had longed and prayed for, but which was now a misery to him, and after a while got to Paris, to fame, to a reputation more than national, and a place among the first rank of French philosophers. But the chapter of *Amorum* was closed forever. In after-years the passion of paternal love, which belongs so specially to the French character, made him happy in his absolute devotion to his son; but that one brief, almost momentary, episode of a passion more absorbing still, got buried in silence and obscurity, until the time came when poor André Ampère died, one of the most distinguished of *savants*, and the hand of genius stirred those ashes to make a record of his life. Strange power of human words! With the old letters out of the silken portfolio which Julie worked for him, this whole little circle reappears as living as if in France letters were still dated in Germinal and Messidor — not Ampère and Julie only, but the two mothers, the sisters, the old servants, and all that homely life over which their refined and graceful tongue throws a charm and elegance which does not always appear in translation or in reality. Besides the melancholy beauty of the story, it is a revelation of apparently cultivated intelligence and elevated feeling such as we scarcely expect to find in a poor *bourgeois* family in the height of the Revolution. These rural women write in French to which the Academy could take small exception. They play at graceful society games of *bouts rimés*, such as solace the highest circles. They read comedies, tragedies — "Lettres Provinciales," the "Nuits de Young," and much beside — yet are merely poor middle-class people, noways

Digitized by Google

distinguished from others, so far as can be perceived. This glimpse into the unrevealed depths of society in such an age is of as much interest historically, as is this charming, gentle, and real romance for the illustration of human life.

From The Academy.

TWINKLING OF THE STARS.

THE subject of the twinkling of stars has engaged a good deal of attention of late years, and some interesting results have been obtained. A few years ago, the Italian astronomer, Respighi, announced the discovery of the cause of scintillation in certain dark bands which were seen to traverse the spectrum of a star, indicating changes in the refrangibility of our atmosphere, from hot and cold strata, which produce something of the effect of a passing mirage. A layer of hot air would bend the rays less than the colder and denser air around, and thus the star's light would not reach the observer, rays which traversed the hot stratum passing over his head, and those which traversed the cold air below being bent so as to fall beneath his feet. As the rays of different colours are differently bent in their passage through the air (the red rays being the least refracted), different parts of a star's spectrum would be thus cut off in succession, as the relative temperatures of the layers of air varied. Arago's not very lucid explanation of the phenomena, as a result of the interference of light, is in this way completely disposed of.

M. Montigny, of Brussels, has been investigating the amount of scintillation in different stars by the help of an ingenious contrivance, to which he gives the name of scintillometer. His plan is to make use of the persistence of impressions on the retina, by causing a thick plate of glass, mounted obliquely on an axis parallel to that of the telescope used, and fixed just in front of the eye-piece, to rotate rapidly; the effect of this is to displace the star's image, so that, owing to the varying inclination of the glass plate, the star appears to move in a circle, which, if the rotation is rapid enough (three or four times in a second), forms a continuous circle of light, just as in the case of a burning stick whirled rapidly. The changes in the colour of a star will be seen on this circle, the successive points of which give the appearance of the object at successive small fractions of a second; and in this way, by counting the alternations of colour in the circumference of this circle of light, M. Montigny has succeeded in observing nearly two hundred alternations of colour in a second of time.

The point sought to be established was the connection between these changes and the constitution of the stellar light, for it is easy to see that rays which are deficient cannot be acted on by undulations of the atmosphere, and that there will therefore be fewer changes of colour the more dark bands there are in a star's spectrum. Now Secchi has divided the stars of which he has examined the spectra into four types, and M. Montigny has observed the scintillations of stars belonging to three of these types: viz., bluish white stars exhibiting four black lines in their spectrum; yellow stars, like our sun, showing numerous fine dark lines; and orange stars, which have a spectrum somewhat resembling a colonnade. As far as the results obtained by M. Montigny go, it seems that the greatest amount of twinkling is to be found in the first type (white stars), and the least in the third type (orange stars), and that the mere brightness of the star has no influence on the phenomena. But the principle of combining observations of different nights without any further correction, on which M. Montigny has acted, is highly objectionable, and destroys our confidence in his conclusions. The proper way of treating such measures is to arrange the stars in sequences representing the order of scintillation, just as Sir John Herschel formed sequences of brightness as a basis for his standard magnitudes of stars.

RITUALISM.

IT is difficult for a thoughtful and considerate person to speak positively on this subject, because in all that relates to common forms, so much depends upon taste and feeling, and taste and feeling, again, are so powerfully influenced by custom. We are familiar enough with different extremes of practice, with regard to the forms of religious worship. You may represent to yourselves, on the one hand, a building like a barn, with its inside walls bare and cold, marked in every part, and not least where the Christian altar stands, by signs of indifference

Digitized by Google

and neglect; the worshippers and perhaps the minister using hardly any forms of religious gesture, but behaving with nearly as much freedom as if they were outside the building. This you may describe as the Presbyterian or the Puritan usage. You may represent to yourselves a very different scene; a beautiful ecclesiastical building, with the dyes of its storied windows casting a dim religious light, rich with solemn ornament, each part reverently cared for, but especially the sanctuary and the altar, the forms and the attitudes and the tones of worship all studied for imaginative effect,—a scene striking you as something so different from the common outside world, a sheltering refuge for faith and devotion. This you may call the Catholic usage. Yet every one knows that the feeling towards religious forms is profoundly affected by habit, and that there may be more of devotion and reverence in some Presbyterian than in some Roman Catholic worshipper, in a Presbyterian than in a Roman Catholic congregation; nay, that the very action of the service may in particular cases not improbably touch and move the Presbyterian more than the Roman Catholic. Forms which are perfectly familiar to us, we take as they come, and are not greatly affected by them. The way in which a service may impress any one to whom it is new and strange, is no measure of its influence upon those who are accustomed to it . . . The introduction of more taste and art and care into our ritual has in some degree carried the whole population along with it. It belongs in part to a movement which is general as well as religious, and affects common life no less than Churches. There is ritualism among Dissenters as well as in the Church. Probably most persons of middle-age are conscious of having moved with the stream, and many can remember that they once felt a repugnance to things which now almost every one prefers. It is not creditable that there should be unreasonable panic and misjudgment about attempted improvements of the externals of worship. But I venture to plead two justifying considerations in excuse of the instinct of resistance to such attempts. First, I think it is reasonable to deprecate *excessive* or *abrupt* change, in our traditional ways of worship. Feelings of reverence grow up entwined with arrangements or customs which may not be in themselves the best. And the real want of reverence is in those who treat with levity or roughness religious habits which have been the inheritance of any generation. Whilst it is not to be desired that ritual forms should be stereotyped, the change of them ought not only to be manifestly for the better, but it ought also to be made as smoothly and gently as possible. Secondly, I am convinced that it is well to be watchful against making too much of the *senses* in religion. We are always in danger of falling away from spirituality. A sensuous worship, appealing in however refined a way to eye and ear and artistic feeling, may be a subtle snare; and the danger of it is much increased, if there is a deliberate attempt to muzzle and chain up the understanding, in the interest of sentiment and of the imagination.

Llewelyn Davies, on Superstition.

We know not whether our readers may not feel more regret than satisfaction on learning that the charming region of the Bernese Oberland is to be levelled and tunnelled in every direction to make way for a network of railways, which, thanks to the success of the Rigi line, are now to penetrate to the ledge of every waterfall, ice grotto, and glacier. At Grindelwald a central station is to be brought within the precincts of the Schwarzer Adler, close enough to the glacier, we hear, for the smoke and steam to blacken and melt its icy waves. The guides to Lauterbrünnen and the Wengern-Alp will soon be an extinct race. Tourists will no longer have to hire horses and mules to convey them along paths, where, as they soon learned by experience, their own feet generally had to carry them the greater part of the way. All that is past. A railway will soon enable the flying tourist to pass through the Ober-Bernland in a day, and to look down from a first-class carriage on the panorama seen from the Scheidegg, which is to be the culminating point of the lines.

Academy.

Unamiableness. — It is hard to say so, but stern propriety, rigid temperance, and the practice of early rising and the shower-bath, are among the grand supporters of human pride and the conspicuous causes of human unamiableness. By sternness no good is effected.

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. | No. 1567.—June 20, 1874. | From Beginning, Vol. CXXL

CONTENTS.

I. THE STRIVINGS OF ANCIENT GREECE FOR UNION. By F. W. Newman, ... *Fraser's Magazine*, ... 707
II. A ROSE IN JUNE. Part V., ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 715
III. INTERNATIONAL VANITIES. V.—Emblems, *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 726
IV. ALICE LORRAINE. A Tale of the South Downs. Part III., ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 739
V. IMPRESSIONS OF ICELAND, ... *Cornhill Magazine*, ... 750
VI. A COUNTRY WALK WITH THE POETS, . *Victoria Magazine*, ... 762

POETRY.

HOME-SICK, ... 706 | ATTAINMENT, ... 706
TIMES, ... 706 | IN APRIL, ... 706

MISCELLANY, ... 768

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Digitized by Google

HOME-SICK.

O TIME, great healer, canst thou still
  The crying hearts that feel the knife?
O great restorer, canst thou fill
  The wide gaps broken out of life
  By love and duty's bitter strife?
O friend, and canst thou, as they say,
  Soothe all our troubles on thy breast,
Till, calm in death, they pass away,
  And, one by one, are laid to rest
  In unknown graves, beyond our quest?

Nay, there's a wound thou canst not ease.
  Nay, there's a sickness past thine art.
Ah me! while I'm beyond the seas
  There'll be a sore place in my heart
  That, at a touch, will throb and smart.
Nay, nay, with all thy skill — with all
  The care and cunning thou mayst spend —
Thou canst but weakly patch the wall
  That wrench of parting came to rend;
  That gap no mason's hand can mend.

And as for buried sorrows: — one,
  Hears every sound above its head;
Joys and prosperities may run
  With happy footsteps o'er the dead —
  This grief of absence feels the tread.
O Time, thy graveyard is a street —
  Thy graves no sculptured records crown;
Yet this one, trod of many feet,
  Still shows the heaped earth, fresh and brown;
  No foot of joy can press it down.

There velvet mosses soon will creep,
  And grey and golden lichens grow;
There sweet white snowdrops soon will peep,
  And purple violets bud and blow,
  From winter's bosom, cloaked in snow;
There summer lights and shades will fall,
  And soft rains patter through the trees;
There slender grasses, frail and tall,
  Will wave and whisper in the breeze; —
  'Twill be a grave in spite of these.

Sunday Magazine. A. C.

TIMES.

"GOOD times, and bad times, and all times, pass over."
  Then cheerily bend to the oar;
Through depth and through shallow, through calm and through tempest,
  The bark is still nearing the shore.

Soft woos the zephyr and low laughs the ripple,
  Warm glows the rich light of the sun,
But oh, at his brightest, he slopes to the westward;
  The good time is over and done.

Black rolls the billow, white flashes the breaker,
  Fierce and bitter the pitiless blast,
But of its own fury the storm sinks exhausted;
  The bad time is over and past.

Our "times" we can neither foretell them nor rule them;
  Let us face them, however they come;
Pray God for one true hand to clasp through the hours,
  Till night brings us haven and home.

Tinsley's Magazine.

ATTAINMENT.

I THINK Odysseus, when the strife was o'er
  With all the waves and wars, a weary while,
  Was restless in the disenchanted isle,
And still would watch the sunset, from the shore,
Go down the golden path; and evermore
  His heart would follow westward, mile on mile,
  Back to the Goddess of the magic wile,
Calypso; and the love that was of yore.

And thou, thy haven gained, must turn thee yet,
  To look across the sad and stormy space,
  Tears of a youth as bitter as the sea,
Ah, with a heavy heart, and eyelids wet
Because, within a far forsaken place
Times Past, and Might-have-been, are lost to thee!

Macmillan's Magazine.

IN APRIL.

BARE twigs in April enhance our pleasure;
  We know the good time is yet to come;
With leaves and flow'rs to fill summer's measure,
  And countless songs ere the birds be dumb.

Bare twigs in Autumn are signs for sadness?
  We feel the good time is well-nigh past;
The glow subdued, and the voice of gladness;
  And frosty whispers in every blast.

For perfect garlands just now we waited;
  Already, garlands are turning sere;
And Time, old traveller, like one belated,
  Hurries on to fulfil the year.

Ah, Spring's defects, and October's losses!
  Fair hope, sad memory! — but grieve not thou;
In leafless dells, look, what emerald mosses;
  Nay, secret buds on the wintry bough.

Athenæum. W. A.

Digitized by Google

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE STRIVINGS OF ANCIENT GREECE FOR UNION.

BY F. W. NEWMAN.

THE movements of modern nationalities for larger unions give interest to the history of attempted union in ancient Greece and compulsory union of ancient Italy. Of course only a bare outline can be aimed at in these pages.

Let an apology for speculation on events be first admitted. More than half the interest of history would be lost, if it were forbidden to speculate about what might have been, but was not. When a state or a prince does some evil or stupid deed, we cry, Alas! or, What a pity! and we consider how matters would have gone if a few men had been wiser. In such reasonings we are liable to much error. We can never really know what *would* have been. Our hypotheses and our wishes are often simple impossibilities. Physical geography and other outward circumstances enormously affect national action, and go far to impress the necessity of a certain career. The limits of moral ability are often much narrower than we think: nevertheless, not to reason at all concerning them is to sacrifice all study of the causes of events. In any complexity, if we are to debate how far one event was influenced by another, we must necessarily in imagination take things separately, even things which may have been inseparable. Thus the most rigid metaphysicians introduce hypotheses which they know to be human impossibilities, such as, that we should have perception without desires, or perfect sight but no muscular power. Again, in studying the life of a man, we not only learn what he did, but speculate on what he was capable of doing. To have had some force in reserve, capacity beyond one's opportunities, and therefore beyond one's achievement, is a cumulus of honour. Here again we may much mistake; as Tacitus says of Galba, that if he never had been put to the trial, all would have judged him eminently competent for the post of emperor. Yet unless we encounter the risk of such mistake, and speculate as to what *might* have been, we must read history without praise or blame, perhaps without admiration or contempt; we must largely lose sympathy, and with sympathy insight. We cannot reasonably censure or deplore what *is*, unless we believe that something else *might* be.

Greece strove for political union, and failed; narrowly failed, it may seem; so much depended on single minds. In discussing this subject, information concerning ancient Greece will be superfluous to many of our readers; yet for the sake of others, they will kindly forgive some introductory explanation.

Greece Proper is a highly mountainous country, with sharp natural divisions. It has a very long sea-coast, and very numerous islands; and the Greek colonies were nearly all upon the coasts of neighbouring countries. In the historical era, Greeks were sharply divided by dialect into Ionian and Dorian: but although the difference of dialect was strong enough to be of great political importance, it was not so great as to forbid the Greeks understanding one another's speech. What the Lancashire dialect is to us, such may coarse Doric have been to an Athenian. The people were really one nation. They were proud of the same Homer, and loved to recite his verses. They had the same notions of religion, worshipped gods of the same name and attributes, and revered the same oracles. They had the same susceptibility to music and poetry, the same love of solemn and graceful dancing, and they celebrated like festivals. Moreover from the earliest times they had been accustomed to assemble in popular concourse and by representative ambassadors on certain high days; which assembling eminently kept up the conscious relationship of States and tribes. If we believe the Hymn (called Homeric) to Delian Apollo, even the women and children of Ionia assembled statedly at the little island of Delos; which was crowded with ships of the visitors coming to honour Apollo, the peculiar god of Greece. Besides the greater festivals and the great games, there were many smaller and closer unions of tribes under various names. All were of importance

Digitized by Google

to cement Grecian fellowship: but the widest of all was that of the four great games, called Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian; of which the Olympian, celebrated once in every four years, was pre-eminent. According to national sentiment, a sacred truce was to be held everywhere during the celebrations. Safe-conduct, as for pilgrims, was of course necessary for visitors. The people of Elis, on whose soil Olympia lay, had a right to a sort of sacred neutrality, which it was chiefly their own fault if they did not always enjoy. Thus, in spite of rugged mountains, deficiency of wheel roads, and numerous sovereign States, there were many mutual meetings and plentiful recognition of general Grecian unity. And though the Dorians were chiefly continental, and the Ionians almost wholly maritime, both alike kept up their reunions and practised mutual recognition. Dorian Sparta and Ionian Athens were regarded as the two eyes of Greece; and apparently Dorian and Ionian differed in temperament no more than the English peasant from the English townsman.

Yet, while the nation was thus conscious of unity, and its very narrow area seemed to make union both natural and necessary, it was vehemently, almost fanatically, attached to local sovereignty, out of which its great political activity flowed: and with difficulty did any State resign the *right* of border war, for regaining or retaining its rightful limits. While Grecian energy mainly depended on the intensity of local politics, which in the more democratic States gave free course to talent; yet the great need of Greece, if she was to stand against the far greater mass of surrounding monarchies, was (as she herself knew and felt) a willing and permanent federation. [illegible] was she to coalesce under a single central or[illegible] — a power able to restrain her from inte[illegible]ne war by deciding her local quarrels; a[illegible] also to rally her energies, when needed, for defence against a foreign enemy? [illegible]is was her cardinal problem. She had a[illegible] the elements for its solution: she ma[illegible]e much progress towards it: with a little more, it perhaps might have been solved — had *this* man lived longer, or had *that* man been killed earlier. She would not then have been conquered by Rome, but would have stopped Roman pre-eminence before it was too late. Greece, Carthage, Egypt, Rome, would probably then have co-existed, as independent powers, and the whole history of Europe would have been changed. Did an immovable fate ordain that Greece should ever strive towards union and ever fail? or may we without absurdity think, that, but for this or that irregular phenomenon which we call Accident, things would have gone differently?

The elements ot the population might have suggested beforehand to an observer, that many leagues at once would be formed in many districts; that these would enter into alliance, and a general crystallization follow. In fact, this was the process after the great fall of Athens; but when history first opens brightly on us, we see nearly all Greece clustering round two centres only, Athens and Sparta.

Early preparation was made by wise policy (attributed to Theseus) for the eminence of Athens. The barriers of the petty Attic boroughs were swept away, not by violence, but by a natural cohesion, as our Heptarchy was absorbed into an England. All Attica coalesced into one State, so that every citizen, of whatever borough, became a full citizen of Athens, the chief city. Thenceforward Attica became not only the home and refuge of exiles, but the fountain-head, whence flowed a wonderful stream of Ionian colonies to the Greek islands and to Asia. Some of these attained prosperity and cultivation earlier than Athens herself; but were blighted, first by the Lydian, next by the Persian monarchy, being no doubt themselves offensively energetic toward barbarians. The colonies sent out new colonies, especially to the coast of Thrace (*Roumelia*), to the Dardanelles, and to the Black Sea; and these all looked up to Athens as their parent. Thus a real and even a close

Digitized by Google

confederation of Ionian Greece could not have been difficult, if justice had presided in Athens itself.

Union of Greece was likewise greatly forwarded by the attack of the mighty Persian empire. The danger of the crisis was intense. With a little less of confidence, a little more of military caution, the success of Xerxes would have been assured. He had an enormous superiority by sea, as well as by land, also in money and in all resources: greatest of all, he had unity of action, and armaments devotedly obedient. If he had occupied all at once critical places on the coast and certain islands, with fractions of his vast force, he would have distracted his most formidable opponents. He could have been everywhere superior and could have used his superiority everywhere; and if he had condescended to buy Grecian statesmen there were many willing to sell themselves, so great was the despondency. Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly were conquered; Bœotia had embraced the Persian side. Princes of Thessaly and a king of Sparta were in the Persian camp; and when it came to fighting, Sparta was slow to aid and deficient in energy of counsel. Only when (as it were, driven to bay, did the Spartans fight. Without being too fanciful, one may assert, that what Massachusetts and South Carolina were in the American War of Independence, such were Athens and Sparta in the Persian war. Athens, like Massachusetts, was the heart and soul of resistance, foremost in daring, marvellous in sacrifice, untiring in devoted exertion. Sparta, like South Carolina, was embarrassed by slaves at home, who needed to be severely repressed; and though both proud and gallant, she was always apt to be many days behind the time. Her very bravery was too mechanical. It was based on the drill-sergeant, and useful only on level ground and close fight. It was helpless against walls — even against mound and ditch — and liable to discomfiture by archers and slingers. In the great decisive battle of Platæa, though the Spartans at last did their duty, they at first tried to retreat, and had to fight against their will. No power, in short, could be more unenterprising; for which a real excuse lay in necessary poverty; also in the enmity of their slaves and of their disfranchised free population. Long before the war was finished, the gross misconduct of the Spartan king forced the home authorities to recall him, with the army: but the Athenians persevered in the war, to expel the Persian garrisons. The maritime Greeks, charmed by the behaviour of Aristides and Kimon, freely entreated them to accept for the Athenians the post of "leading State." This was a most auspicious, indeed a glorious moment, full of high promise.

Two ideas at that time were deeply fixed in the political creed of Greece. First, that every State had a right to local independence; which implied full internal sovereignty, and external right of action limited by treaties only. Next, that each state must belong to a league, and act with a leading State: to stand aloof was thought misanthropic, and suggestive of piracy. The powers of the leading State may be understood from our Parliamentary parties. The leader is freely chosen, much trusted, often even obeyed: nevertheless he is expected, not to command, but to urge, advise, explain, and, if possible, persuade. To throw off the leader of a party is always a hard effort: with States it was far harder. Nothing but tyranny, or gross incompetence and neglect, could lead to such a step. Hence there was needed in Athens no miracle of virtue, no morality too high for that age, no wisdom which we only late in time have reached; but merely to carry into politics that good sense which they used in common affairs; merely to show to their followers the equity which they knew that all followers expected from their leaders. Nor was there any lack of courtesy, kindness, and justice in the Athenians personally. The men who held command had had to make themselves agreeable to their poor fellow-countrymen, and (to borrow an artisan's metaphor) knew that a thimbleful of oil goes farther than a pint of vinegar in making things work smoothly. But Spartan commanders, like too many Eng-

Digitized by Google

lishmen in India, thought that an off-hand use of the stick on the backs of freemen was the way to expedite affairs. Though Athens was a thorough democracy (in regard to all full citizens), the lower people much preferred the old aristocracy for places of authority. Nothing but its indolence or incapacity, or incurable disaffection and lawless violence, excluded it from high office, and enabled men of lower birth to supplant it.

One heroic leader Athens had at that time, Kimon son of Miltiades, who was peculiarly fitted to conciliate the Spartans, as well as the Ionian allies. He cherished the Spartan alliance, praised their virtues to the Athenian populace, and was damaged in reputation by it. He had more of the Greek in him than of the Athenian. His mother was a Thracian princess: he himself took an Arcadian wife, and named his three sons Lacedæmonius, Eleius, and Thessalus, evidently to indicate his sympathy with all parts of Greece. Aristides first eagerly supported him, seeing his noble, truthful and kindly temperament. Μεγαλοφροσύνη (magnanimity) described his character, according to Plutarch. He was a most active champion of the Asiatic Greeks; but because his patriotism was not limited to Attica, he was accused of "Laconism." The ingratitude and insult of the Spartans, when the Athenians listened to their call for military aid, gave his Athenian enemies advantage over him. Pericles even stooped to urge the names he had given to his sons as a crime, and succeeded in effecting his banishment for ten years — which they called *ostracism*.

But what were the services of the Lacedæmonian State to Greece collectively? To the genuine Spartan his native city was emphatically all in all. Her institutions were his idol, and their essence was stagnation and repression. All virtues, all accomplishments, all enjoyments were to be sacrificed for a mere soldier's prowess; wealth, knowledge, science, taste, refinement were forbidden: industry was despised, except as a slave's virtue. Perpetual drill, in the intervals of raids or hunting, was a Spartan's ordinary life. Even the girls had their military drill of races and wrestlings in half-naked dress, since their sole function was, to breed stout soldiers. Naturally with all this the Spartans were eminently methodical. They did everything by rule, — not only as to eating and sleeping, combing their long hair, oiling their limbs, and going through the drill, — but as to every affair of State. They could not endure a despot, whose arbitrary will should be law, nor yet would they cast off royalty, when kings were troublesome; but to curb the royal power, they adopted the remarkable system of *two* hereditary kings. We cannot call this Monarchy, but it was a constitutional *Diarchy* under an overshadowing cabinet of five men elected by the citizens. The kings, like the royal dukes of England, were little else than hereditary generals; who indeed on suspicion of high treason might be imprisoned by the civil executive. But in all the rest of Greece, kings were displaced by aristocracies; and these, almost everywhere, by usurpers whom the Greeks named *tyrants*. The word at first meant only *lord;* but the power being always undefined, and generally seized by violence, gravitated into a total overthrow of law, and made the very name Tyrant detestable. To such usurpation the Spartans had a fixed repugnance, and by their active interference (as Thucydides tells us) the greater number of the tyrants in Greece Proper, especially the later ones, were overthrown. Even Athens owed her liberation from the son of Peisistratus to a Spartan army. Naturally from such a process much political influence accrued to the Spartan State. Wherever they put *down* a tyrant, they put *up* men of temperament and sentiment congenial to them, who all thenceforth would generally look to them as patrons. The aim of Sparta was to sustain aristocracy and repress democracy everywhere; the opposite instinct soon led the Athenians to precisely the opposite conduct.

Aristides has the high honour (though Thucydides gives no hint of it) of establishing the original regulations on which the Athenian alliance was based. Some of the allies were to furnish money, others ships and men; the quota was equitably fixed, and willingly accepted; moreover a treasury was established in the sacred island of Delos, into which the contributions were paid, under the management of a board of treasurers. How this board was elected, and from whom, is not clear; but no complaint was made of it. Sad to tell, Pericles, almost immediately upon the death of Kimon, subverted the very appearance of freedom and equality. No one can doubt that the contributions were a war-tax, and that war was never counted on as eternal. The Athenians had already ceased to consult their allies; claimed to continue

Digitized by Google

war indefinitely, and reduced to vassalage those who refused the war-tax or neglected to furnish ships. It is unknown who first openly began the career of arbitrary rule. Everything was at the mercy of one or two officials in Athens, unless the common interests of the allies were decided by common councils. The Attic cultivators could not hurry up to Athens to discuss and vote on pressing affairs. The presiding general was able to colour foreign facts to the citizens who were in Athens itself, and by aid of their vote he shielded his own measures under the name of the Athenian people. Public rumour or a private messenger alone conveyed news; no written despatches were sent home by Athenian generals; no bulletins were published by magistrates. Even an English Parliament collectively feels itself too ignorant in foreign affairs to control the Executive, except in some great impending calamity; much more in Athens was a trusted official omnipotent. Pericles, in removing the treasury from Delos to Athens, deprived himself (as Plutarch remarks) of the plausible excuse that the removal was necessary for the safety of the treasure; for he plainly laid down the principle that "Athens was not bound to give account of the money to the allies; but it was enough if she protected them from the Persians." Nothing indeed was left for him but to brazen it out, when he was spending the trust-money in embellishing the city of the trustees. Probably he was not the first to use the words Tribute in place of Contribution, Empire for Leadership, Subjects for Allies; but he first blazoned the change before men's eyes, and defended it as rightful. When a Pericles was found to preach such doctrine and act upon it, a Cleon was sure to follow with sanguinary revenge against refractory allies, and an Alcibiades to avow that because the Empire had become a Tyranny, it must be kept by the strong hand. Nay, but Athens had no organized armies equal to such a task. Good will had won supremacy; only good will could keep it.

Plato assails Pericles as the corrupter of his countrymen, and Plutarch's facts so terribly chime in, that denial seems impossible. But that Pericles was the true ruiner of the Athenian leadership, his contemporary and panegyrist Thucydides demonstrates against his own intention and will. The people of Athens (he tells us) dreaded the Peloponnesian war; the Spartans did not wish for it, but undertook it with a bad conscience barely from the *point of honour* to their allies. Any slight concession from Pericles would have averted it; but he deliberately plunged into the war, knowing the Athenian alliance to be already rotten, yet expecting to prevail by naval skill, and by resources wrung from unwilling and distant subjects. With mere patience and prudence, the leadership of all Greece must have fallen to Athens; for the Spartans were too rigid and uncongenial to compete with her. Indeed, though she had neither patience nor prudence, yet in the forty-eight years subsequent to the retreat of Xerxes, with all her foibles and errors, she was perpetually winning upon her rival. In place of this steady progress, Pericles chose convulsive and uncertain war. Knowing that he could not contend with the enemy in the open field, he summoned the citizens from all Attica into the city and long walls of Athens, where, in the heat of summer, they huddled together in little rooms and stifling tents. A terrible plague followed, which is treated as an inscrutable accident. Nothing but Spartan want of enterprise saved Athens from immediate and total ruin. Pericles is praised for his legacy of prudent counsel; but he himself made prudence impossible, when he set Athens to gamble at high hazards for a brilliant stake. Successes were then as sure to intoxicate as failure to be ruinous. The Athenians came out of the war a changed people, having become accustomed to live on State pay; so corrupted, that thenceforward an upright solid democracy was impossible. To Greece at large the moral evils of the war were still worse; for it opened a civil contest of frightful bitterness in every State except Athens and Sparta. Murder and exile of neighbours, and every form of cruelty, were too common to record in detail. If Pericles had not had many great and noble and specious qualities, the Athenians would not have submitted to enter this fatal war against their own will and judgment. If Pericles had died earlier, and Kimon had lived longer, the whole history would have been changed.

To the contemporary historian the picture of brutal cruelty, perfidy, malice, the breach of all ties, whether of blood, of country, or of oaths, presented a picture of unrelieved gloom. Atrocity had become too common to surprise or to cause shuddering. Indeed, if moral sentiment were only stereotyped on man from with-

Digitized by Google

out, and did not grow up irrepressibly from within, our race could never recover from such times. But when twenty years had passed, it might be discerned, that though Athens never could be to Greece what she had been, Greece collectively was in a far more hopeful and forward state. Political movement now actuated whole populations which had been torpid and stagnant, Sparta so quickly abused her power that a reaction of sentiment ensued, democracy reared its head, and many new combinations were imagined. Thebes became democratic, and tried to establish an independent league of Bœotia. There was also a Phocian league, a Thessalian league, and even a Byzantine league. Presently came an alliance of Thebes and Athens, and an attempt, very new to Greece, to fuse Corinth and Argos into a single political community. Each city-State felt its extreme weakness in isolation: UNION was the key-note of all the separate movements. Most remarkable perhaps of all was the league of Olynthus in Thrace, to which our histories do not appear to direct adequate attention. Its permanence would have made the growth of Macedonia into an overwhelming empire impossible, and would have saved the liberties of Greece. This league rapidly took up not only the numerous Ionian colonies on that coast, but also some native Thracian communities which were free from kings. In it was comprised the celebrated Athenian colony Amphipolis, the loss of which in the Peloponnesian war was a permanent fretting sore to Athens. The Olynthian power had begun even to encroach on Macedonia, so that King Amyntas had to yield to it town after town. It looked as if in Macedonia also republican federation would prevail. But the news reached the south of Greece that a great power was growing up in the north. Sparta had for nearly thirty years become accustomed to distant naval expeditions and enterprising war, especially under Lysander and Agesilaus, and to her a powerful league sounded like a powerful enemy. "A mighty affair," it was said, "is growing up in Greece." No time, it seemed, was to be lost. On no other occasion in history did Sparta act so quickly and so boldly. Having advantage in her fleet, and in the support of the King of Macedonia, she displayed against the Olynthian league rashness combined with pertinacity, and by military successes crushed the rising union. The consequence was, that twenty-five years later, instead of a republican league, Philip II. of Macedon "grew up" against Greece.

But Sparta disgusted most of the Greek cities, alike in Europe and in Asia, by the rude manners and violent conduct of her officers. The political oppression under Athens was forgotten, and the popular manners of the Athenians again began to win Greek hearts. The King of Persia, indignant at the Spartan inroads on his territories, desired to raise up Athens as a balance of power in Greece, and supplied the Athenian Conon with money for shipbuilding and other purposes. Once more a maritime league began to form itself round Athens as the centre, and we read with astonishment the ease with which Conon and Iphicrates and Timotheus, son of Conon, add city after city to the Athenian alliance. But in this second and wholly spontaneous movement of the smaller States, moral qualities were again lacking in the leading city. The Athenian people, or those whom they elected to office, did not understand that their Ionian kinsmen had no intention of becoming vassals, however desirous of free and equal union. We have no details of the quarrel; we only know that a sad and scandalous war against the Asiatic allies arose, in which Athens was beaten: and this, just at the crisis when all her strength was needed to resist the Macedonian power.

Before this a Thessalian league had been organized so highly, and had raised armies of horse and foot, and ships of war, on such a scale, that its elected leader, Jason, regarded himself as the chief person in Greece. His power reached into Epirus: he made the Thebans his allies, and after the battle of Leuctra condescended to mediate for the benefit of the Spartans. But he was assassinated by seven young men, of whom five escaped and (says Xenophon) received such honour in Greek cities, that the murder must be ascribed to the fears which Jason inspired. This is a remarkable tale; and indicates the energy of union which was then at work in regions which, fifty years earlier, were unheard of as powers in the political contests.

The Theban league fell into deadly contest with Sparta, who had treacherously seized and garrisoned the Theban citadel. Violent resentment was not satisfied with the expulsion of the garrison. A war followed which the celebrated Epaminondas carried into the heart

Digitized by Google

of Sparta's resources. He drew off all Peloponnesus from the alliance, and founded the city Megalopolis as a centre for Arcadia. Such were the results of his defeat of the Spartans in the critical battle of Leuctra. The loss of Sparta in that battle (400 citizens) would have seemed to any other principal State of Greece a bearable calamity; but falling on an aristocracy which could scarcely trust the middle classes better than the slaves, it was quite irretrievable. Sparta had already shown her moral inability to wield and retain the central force of the Greeks; she now was exhibited as physically weak also. Henceforward she existed only as a quaint, useless, and noxious monument of effete institutions; powerless for good, noxious by impeding new combinations. But neither was the Theban league, which succeeded to her power, morally competent to lead the Greeks. Epaminondas was a man of rare virtue, like Aristides; but he fell in battle, and no Theban arose worthy of the opportunity. Thebes had risen too suddenly: her ascendency was very soon offensive, and again it seemed that no State had the requisite moral qualities for leadership. Ἀρχὴ τὸν ἄνδρα δείξει, "Rule will display the man," was the sentiment of Bias. When Athens, Sparta, and Thebes had all failed from refusing to treat their allies with equality, some will say, "The age was not morally advanced enough for it; the thing was morally impossible; failure was predestined." Yet, to believe this, seems quite unreasonable, when in the next century the semi-barbarous and piratical Ætolians set up a league and extended it by violence, yet admitted into full equality the men whom they overpowered, and treated all public interests by a public assembly, freely electing their yearly leaders without distinction of district from district. Out of this rose their power and prosperity. This was what the Just Aristides desired the Athenians to do, but the subtle and unprincipled Themistocles thwarted and undermined him, whose policy Pericles followed; otherwise Athenians were surely capable of being as virtuous as Ætolians. But it is not wonderful that, after seeing so many failures, calm-judging and broad-thinking men, like Isocrates (whom Niebuhr calls "a consummate fool"), became persuaded that a king like Philip of Macedon would, after all, be the best leader for Greece.

Philip grew up *against* Greece, yet he was capable of becoming the much desired cementer of Grecian union. It was very hard to resist him, when he had added Thrace to Macedonia, with very little resistance from Greece; the Olynthian league having been dissolved, and Athens being both feeble and preoccupied. With an impracticable Sparta behind, there was no longer time for the gradual cohesion of many leagues into one vigorous executive. It was far better to accept Philip constitutionally, than to be conquered by him. By selling the Phocian people into slavery, he gave warning how cruel on a great scale he could be, where policy suggested. Yet in temperament he was mild and courteous; and to Athens it is thought he was especially well disposed. His position was peculiar. His dynasty was purely Greek. He was acknowledged to be a "Heracleid" by descent, and as a pure Greek had the right of competing for prizes at the Olympian games; but his people were esteemed barbaric, and their language scarcely Greek. Philip was undoubtedly proud of his Greek blood. To be conquered by such a prince, could not but be to Greek cities a bitter mortification; yet even that would have been to Greece at large an evil immeasurably less than to fall under Persians or Romans. On the other hand, if they could freely accept him as leader, with a reserve of all their local laws and liberties, it would save them from intestine war, and strengthen them against the foreigner. Philip was eager to be recognized as chief captain of Greece, leader of her armies against Persia. To fight one campaign in this character would draw after it fixed relations with all Greece, and make him a constitutional *suzerain*. His leadership could undoubtedly be admitted without the sacrifice of reasonable freedom. Such considerations prevailed in spite of Demosthenes. The battle of Chæronæa had silenced him; and all Greece, except Sparta, opened its ears to Philip. A congress was summoned to Corinth, in order to accept him as leader, and make needful arrangements. But before the congress met, Philip fell by the attack of an assassin, who was aggrieved in a private quarrel. In such assassination I see no "inevitable destiny," but account it a calamitous accident, funereal to Greece. It let loose the energy of his wild and wonderful son, and led to the conquest of Persia in the mode least desirable to Greece.

It was natural to suspect that Persian

Digitized by Google

management suborned the assassination, though adequate reasons of personal resentment are assigned for the deed. But it deserves remark that Arrian (ii. 14) professes to lay before us a letter of Alexander to Darius, in which he not only charges the Persians with the murder of Philip, but says that "the Persians themselves had boasted of it in public edicts." Be this as it may, we cannot doubt that a Greek invasion of Persia was a fact predestined. The younger Cyrus so well knew the superiority of Greek armour and discipline, that he planned to dethrone his brother by Greek auxiliaries. The safe return of the Ten Thousand, and the uniform success of Agesilaus against Persian satraps, made Jason of Thessaly (according to Xenophon) regard the conquest of Persia as a slight task compared to a conquest of Greeks. Unless the Persian dynasty had been internally reformed, it could be certainly foreseen that Greek arms would conquer some of its provinces; but no one could have expected—hardly could any one have imagined—such a sudden rush of conquest as Alexander achieved; nor have we reason to believe that any other Greek of that century, or of any century, would have acted so rashly and succeeded so brilliantly. Had Alexander never lived, the Persian dynasty would still have sunk; but the war would in all probability have taken a different turn. Partial success would have added some provinces to Greece, who coveted especially the sea-coast. Such manifestation of Persian weakness would have loosened the ties of empire, and have prepared the field for a new dynasty, as of Parthians, or Elamites, or Armenians. Success against Persia achieved by Philip was full of hope for Greece; the success actually achieved by Alexander was fatal.

Philip, mature of age, cautious by temperament, accustomed to make progress sure and slow, and look well behind him as well as before; Philip, who never once followed up success hotly and rashly, could not have pursued in Asia the career of his son. When Darius entreated peace of Alexander, offering him friendship and alliance, after the battle of Issus, Alexander could certainly have stipulated to hold all that he had conquered, but he disdainfully refused peace; and when Parmenio said to him, "If I were Alexander I would accept the offers," replied, "And so would I, if I were Parmenio." But Parmenio might have urged on him with truth, "Your father Philip, if alive, would take what is won, and avoid the infinite uncertainties of longer war." The first substantial concession would have satisfied him, because (and this is the main point) he had the heart of a Greek; he did not want to be estranged from the Greek world. Success in Asia was coveted by him, to glorify and establish his supremacy in Greece. Pæonia and Illyria, Europe as far as the Balkân, or, it may be, as high as the Danube, would be far more to him than Babylon and Persepolis. A compact and truly Greek kingdom was the full dream of his ambition. Whatever his Asiatic success, Greece would still have been his strength and his glory, and he would have returned to her essentially a Greek prince. Her precedents of freedom, her stubborn spirit, her formidable mountains, would have extorted from him perhaps *more* respect for local rights and hereditary laws, for magistracies and free militia, than is often enjoyed under constitutional royalty now. Greece possibly might have won a stability, a force, which she has never had yet, with an influence over all the Mediterranean powers, which would have saved Europe from the dark ages.

Everything was blighted by the peculiar temperament of Alexander. His headlong rashness, joined with high military talent, with officers long trained under his father, and soldiers self-sacrificing for his safety, led to unprecedented rapidity of success; and success made him insatiable of new adventure. When he heard from one of his generals the words, "Is it not time now *to remember Macedonia*, instead of wandering farther and farther into Asia?" the remonstrance sounded to him as an utterance of disaffection almost treasonable. For his native Macedon and his faithful Macedonians he cared not a straw, except as tools to glorify him in Asia. Not satisfied with conquering Balkh and Samarcand, beyond the Hindoo Kush, he crossed into the wilds of Scythia, and chased the Scythian cavalry in bravado. After conquering the Punjaub, he thought it base and heartbreaking ingratitude in his soldiers that they refused to go farther, and conquer India to the mouth of the Ganges. Foiled in this fatuous dream, he returned into Persia, only to display that he had ceased to be a Greek in feeling. He assumed the manners, the dress, the pomp of a Persian despot; married a Persian wife; expected prostration on the ground before him; proclaimed himself a son of Jupiter; and never forgave his equal and

Digitized by Google

playmate, the son of Parmenio, for privately counselling him against such extravagant folly. Too much success had ruined the good sense of a man of wonderful genius, cleverness, and energy. Success could not save him from wearing out his own life at the age of thirty; but it amassed in his hands resources against which, wielded by Antipater, united Greece in vain contended. Treasures equal to those of Xerxes; armies far more formidable than the Persian; generals such as Greece had none; an intimate acquaintance with all the weak points of Greece, moral and material; Greek citadels already held by his garrisons; enabled him and his immediate successors to overawe or crush the States which had elected him their leader. Greece had aspired to conquer the coast of Asia, on which Greek colonies were planted, and suddenly found herself vassal of a monarch reigning in Susa and Babylon. Not without reason has the Persian tradition, which survives in the Shah-nahmeh, represented Alexander the Great as, not a Greek, but a Persian prince who supplanted his brother Darius.

Through all the historical years from Solon to Alexander, Greeks had continued to fight against Greeks, to kill, and to weep for the slain; yet Greece throve through it all. Demosthenes testifies that she had constantly increased in men and resources, and that the armaments of his day were greater than ever. But after Alexander there was a rapid and constant wasting of the Greek population, with equally rapid decline in manliness. Bishop Thirlwall believes that the striking diminution of numbers arose from an unnatural reluctance to marry; but if so, why did this reluctance never show itself in republican times? Surely the causes were at bottom political. Perhaps enough weight has been given to the vast emigration of young men — just the most spirited of the nation — to become soldiers in Asia, or members of the very numerous Greek colonies planted by Alexander as bulwarks of his empire. Be the causes of Greek decline, in detail, what they may, in their origin they must be traced to the Macedonian successes. The princes who thenceforward reigned, whether in Asia or in Greece, were in spirit Asiatics, unrestrained by constitutional rules or freedom of the subject peoples. Had Philip lived fifteen years longer, Alexander in maturer age might, and probably would have been a different prince, and Greece meanwhile might have learned to combine constitutionally against royal encroachments. But the end was truly mournful. Dried up and wasted under Macedonian despotism, Ætolian buccaneering and Spartan obstinacy, while an ill-cemented Achaian league kept alive but a feeble flame of freedom, she fell an easy victim to Roman power, which did but consummate her moral ruin. As Roman genius perished with Tacitus, so (it seems) did Greek genius with Demosthenes. A night of two thousand years followed, while the cleverest nation of Europe lay prostrate under the barbarian — all because her leading statesmen had misused critical opportunities for equal and just union.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. DAMEREL did not die for twenty-four hours after this. People do not get out of the world so easy. He was not to escape the mortal restlessness, "the fog in his throat," any more than others; and the hours were slow and long, and lingered like years. But at last the Rector came to an end of his wondering, and knew, like all the *illuminati* before him who have learned too, but are hushed and make no sign. It is a strange thought for mortals to take in, that almost every death is, for the moment at least, a relief to those who surround the dying. The most intolerable moment is that which precedes the end, and most of us are thankful when it is over. I need not enter into the dismal hush that fell upon the pleasant Rectory, nor say how the curious sun besieged the closed windows to get into the house once so freely open to the light; nor how, notwithstanding the long interval of illness which had banished him from common view, the shady corner under the lime-trees, where Mr. Damerel's chair and round table still stood, wore a look of piteous desolation, as if he had left them but yesterday. All this is easily comprehensible. The servants cried a little, and were consoled by their new mourning; the children wept bitterly, then began to smile again; and two poor clergymen, with large families, grew sick with anxiety as to who should have Dinglefield before

Digitized by Google

our Rector had been dead a day (neither of them had it, you may be sure, they wanted it so much). When the news was known in the parish, and especially on the Green, there was a moment of awe and emotion very real in its way. Most people heard of it when they were first called, and thought of it with varying degrees of impression till breakfast, to which they all came down looking very serious, and told each other the details, and remarked to each other what an inscrutable thing it was, and yet that it was wonderful he had lasted so long. Breakfast broke in upon this universal seriousness; for when it is not any connection, as Mrs. Perronet well remarked, you cannot be expected to remain under the impression like those who are relatives; and after breakfast the Green with one consent turned from the dead to the living, and began to ask what Mrs. Damerel would do, how she would be "left," what change it would make in her circumstances? Many shook their heads and feared that it would make a very great change. They calculated what he had had, and what she had had, when they were married, which was an event within the recollection of many; and what the income of the Rectory was, after deducting the Curate's salary and other necessary expenses; and how much Bertie cost at Eton; and many other questions which only an intimate knowledge of their neighbours' affairs could have warranted them in discussing. General Perronet knew for certain that Mr. Damerel's life was insured in at least two offices; and though they could not, everybody agreed, have saved anything, yet there arose after a while a general hope that the family would not be so very badly off. Some of the ladies had quite decided before luncheon that the best thing Mrs. Damerel could do would be to take the White House, which happened to be empty, and which contained a number of little rooms just suitable for a large family. To be sure it was possible that she might prefer to go back to her own county, where her brothers still lived, one of whom was a squire of small property, and the other the parson of the hereditary parish; but the Dinglefield people scarcely thought she would take this step, considering how many friends she had on the Green, and how much better it was to stay where you are known, than to go back to a place where people have forgotten you.

"And then there is Mr. Incledon," said Mrs. Wodehouse, who felt that her son had been slighted, and may be excused perhaps for being a little spiteful. "The mother has always had her eye upon him since he came back to Whitton. You will see that will be a match, if she can manage it; and of course it would be a great match for Miss Rose."

I think if an angel from heaven came down into a country parish and a good woman with daughters entertained him unawares, her neighbours would decide at once which of the girls she meant to marry Gabriel to. But Mrs. Wodehouse had more justification than most gossips have. She could not forget the little pleading note which her Edward had made her write, entreating Rose to come down if only for one moment, and that the girl had taken no notice of it; though before that expedition to Whitton to see the Perugino, and Mr. Incledon's great house, Rose had been very well satisfied to have the young sailor at her feet. Mrs. Wodehouse had met the mother and daughter but seldom since, for they had been absorbed in attendance upon the Rector; but when by chance she did encounter them, she felt proud to think that she had never said anything but "Good morning." No enquiries after their health had come from her lips. She had retired into polite indifference; though sometimes her heart had been touched by poor Rose's pale cheek, and her wistful look, which seemed to ask pardon. "I do not mind what is done to me," Mrs. Wodehouse said to her dear friend and confidant, Mrs. Musgrove; "but those who slight my son I will never forgive. I do not see that it is unchristian. It is unchristian not to forgive what is done to yourself; and I am sure no one is less ready to take personal offence than I am." She was resolved, therefore, that, whatever happened, "Good morning" was all the greeting she would give to the Damerels; though of course she was very sorry indeed for them, and as anxious as other people as to how they would be left, and where they would go.

Mrs. Damerel herself was overwhelmed by her grief in a way which could scarcely have been expected from a woman who had so many other considerations to rouse her out of its indulgence, and who had not been for a long time a very happy wife. But when man and wife have been partially separated as these two had been, and have ceased to feel the sympathy for each other which such a

Digitized by Google

close relationship requires, a long illness has a wonderful effect often in bringing back to the survivor the early image of the being he or she has loved. Perhaps I ought to say she; I do not know if a sick wife is so touching to a husband's imagination as a sick man is to his wife's. And then a little thing had occurred before the end which had gone to Mrs. Damerel's heart more than matters of much greater moment. Her husband had called Rose, and on Rose going to him had waved her away, saying, "No, no," and holding out his feeble hands to her mother. This insignificant little incident had stolen away everything but tenderness from the woman's mind, and she wept for her husband as she might have wept for him had he died in the earlier years of their marriage, with an absorbing grief that drove everything else out of her thoughts. This, however, could not last. When the blinds were drawn up from the Rectory, and the brisk sunshine shone in again, and the family looked with unveiled faces upon the lawn, where every one still expected to see him, so full was it of his memory, the common cares of life came back, and had to be thought of. Mrs. Damerel's brothers had both come to the funeral. One of them, the Squire, was the trustee under her marriage settlement, and one of the executors of Mr. Damerel's will; so he remained along with the lawyer and the doctor and Mr. Nolan, and listened to all the provisions of that will, which were extremely reasonable, but of a far back date, and which the lawyer read with an occasional shake of his head, which at the moment no one could understand. Unfortunately, however, it was but too easy to understand. The Rector, with the wisest care, had appropriated the money he had to the various members of his family. The life interest of the greater part was to be the mother's; a small portion was to be given to the girls on their marriage, and to the boys on their outset in life, and the capital to be divided among them at Mrs. Damerel's death. Nothing could be more sensible or properly arranged. Mr. Hunsdon, Mrs. Damerel's brother, cleared his ruffled brow as he heard it. He had been possessed by an alarmed sense of danger — a feeling that his sister and her family were likely to come upon him — which weighed very heavily upon the good man's mind; but now his brow cleared. Further revelations, however, took away this serenity. The money which Mr. Damerel had divided so judiciously was almost all spent, either in unsuccessful speculations of which he had made several with a view to increased dividends; or by repeated encroachments on the capital made to pay debts; or for one plausible reason after another. Of the insurances on his life only one had been kept up, and that chiefly because his bankers held it as security for some advance, and had consequently seen that the premium was regularly paid. These discoveries fell like so many thunderbolts upon the little party. I don't think Mrs. Damerel was surprised. She sat with her eyes cast down and her hands clasped, with a flush of shame and trouble on her face.

"Did you know of this, Rose?" her brother asked, sternly, anxious to find some one to blame.

"I feared it," she said, slowly, not lifting her eyes. The flush on her cheek dried up all her tears.

Mr. Hunsdon, for one, believed that she was ashamed — not for the dead man's sake — but because she had shared in the doing of it, and was confounded to find her ill doings brought into the light of day.

"But, good heavens!" he said, in her ear, "did you know you were defrauding your children when you wasted your substance like this? I could not have believed it. Was my brother-in-law aware of the state of the affairs? and what did he intend his family to do?"

"Mr. Damerel was not a business man," said the lawyer. "He ought to have left the management in our hands. That mining investment was a thing we never would have recommended, and the neglect of the insurance is most unfortunate. Mr. Damerel was never a man of business."

In the presence of his wife it was difficult to say more.

"A man may not be a man of business, and yet not be a fool," said Squire Hunsdon, hastily. "I beg your pardon, Rose; I don't want to be unkind."

"Let me go, before you use such language," she said, rising hastily. "I cannot bear it. Whatever he has done that is amiss, he is not standing here to answer before us now."

"I mean no offence, Rose. Nay, sit down; don't go away. You can't imagine — a man I had so much respect for — that I mean to cast any reflections. We'll enter into that afterwards," said Mr. Hunsdon. "Let us know at least

Digitized by Google

what they will have to depend on, or if anything is left."

"There is very little left," said Mrs. Damerel, facing the men who gazed at her wondering, with her pale face and widow's cap. "We had not very much at first, and it is gone; and you must blame me, if any one is to blame. I was not, perhaps, a good manager. I was careless. I did not calculate as I ought to have done. But, if the blame is mine, the punishment will also be mine. Do not say anything more about it, for no one here will suffer but my children and me."

"I don't know about that. You must be patient, and you must not be unreasonable," said her brother. "Of course we cannot see you want; though neither George nor I have much to spare — and it is our duty to enquire."

"Will enquiring bring back the money that is lost?" she said. "No, no; you shall not suffer by me. However little it is, we will manage to live on it; we will never be a burden upon any one. I don't think I can bear any more."

And the judges before whom she stood (and not only she, but one who could not answer for himself) were very compassionate to the widow, though Mr. Hunsdon was still curious and much disturbed in his mind. They slurred over the rest, and allowed Mrs. Damerel and her son and daughter to go, and broke up the gloomy little assembly. Mr. Hunsdon took Mr. Nolan by the arm and went out with him, leading him on to the lawn, without any thought how the sound of his steps would echo upon the hearts of the mourners. He would have seated himself in the chair which still stood under the lime-trees had not Mr. Nolan managed to sway his steps away from it, and lead him down the slope to the little platform round the old thorn-tree which was invisible from the windows. The good Curate was deeply moved both for the living and the dead.

"I don't mind speaking to you," said the anxious brother; "I have heard so much of you as an attached friend. You must have known them thoroughly, and their way of living. I can't think it was my sister's fault."

"And I know," said Mr. Nolan, with energy, "it was not her fault. It was not any one's fault. He had a generous, liberal way with him ——"

"Had he?" said the Squire, doubtfully. "He had a costly, expensive way with him; is that what you mean? I am not saying anything against my late brother-in-law. We got on very well, for we saw very little of each other. He had a fine mind, and that sort of thing. I suppose they have kept an extravagant house."

"No, I assure you ——"

"Entertained a good deal. Kept a good table, I am certain; good wine — I never drank better claret than that we had last night — the sort of wine *I* should keep for company, and bring up only on grand occasions. If there is much of it remaining I don't mind buying a few dozen at their own price," Mr. Hunsdon said, parenthetically. "I see; fine cookery, good wine, all the luxuries of the season, and the place kept up like a duke's — an expensive house."

"No," said the Curate, reiterating an obstinate negative; and then he said, hotly, "She did herself a great deal of injustice. She is the best of managers — the most careful — making everything go twice as far and look twice as well as anybody else."

Mr. Hunsdon looked at him curiously, for he was one of those people who think a man must be "in love with" any woman whose partisan he makes himself. He made a private note of the Curate's enthusiasm, and concluded it was best that his sister and her daughter should be warned of his sentiments. "I have not seen very much of my poor brother-in-law for some time," he said, disguising his scrutiny, "so that I have no way of judging for myself. I don't know which is most to blame. In such cases the wife can generally stop the extravagance if she likes. Two boys at Eton, for example — *I* can't afford so much."

"Bertie is on the foundation, and costs very little. He is a boy who will do something in the world yet; and I ought to know, for I taught him his first Greek. As for Reginald, his godfather pays his expenses, as I suppose you know."

"You have been here for a long time, I perceive," said the Squire, "if you taught the boy his first Greek, as you say?"

"Eight years," said Mr. Nolan, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"And now?"

"Now? I'll go off again, I suppose, like a rollin' stone, unless the new Rector will have me. God help us, what heartless brutes we are!" said the Curate, with fiery heat; "I've just laid my old

Digitized by Google

Rector in the grave, and I think of the new one before the day's gone. God forgive me; it's the way of the world."

"And why shouldn't you be Rector yourself? No one would be so good for the parish, I am sure."

"Me!" said Mr. Nolan, his face lighting up with a broad gleam of humour, which he quenched next moment in the half-conventional gravity which he felt to be befitting to the occasion. "The days of miracles are over, and I don't expect to be made an exception. No; I'll get a district church maybe sometime, with plenty of hard work and little pay; but I am not the kind that are made to be Rectors. There is no chance for me."

"The people would like it," said Mr. Hunsdon, who was fishing for information; "it would be a popular appointment, and my sister and I would do anything that might lie in our power."

Mr. Nolan shook his head. "Not they," he said; "they have a kindness for me in my humble condition. They know I'm a friend when they want one; but they want something more to look at for their Rector—and so do I too."

"You are not ambitious?" said Mr. Hunsdon, perplexed by his new acquaintance, who shrugged his shoulders again, and rose hastily from the seat under the thorn-tree where they had been sitting.

"That depends," he said, with impatient vagueness; "but I have my work waiting if I can be of no more use here. For whatever I can do, Mrs. Damerel knows I am at her orders. And you won't let her be worried just yet awhile?" he added, with a pleading tone, to which his mellow brogue lent an insinuating force which few people could resist. "You'll not go till it's fixed what they are to do?"

"You may be sure I shall do my duty by my sister," said the Squire, who, though he had been willing to take the Curate's evidence about the most intimate details of his sister's life, instantly resented Mr. Nolan's "interference" when it came on his side. "He is in love with one or the other, or perhaps with both," said the man of the world to himself; "I must put Rose on her guard;" which accordingly he tried to do, but quite ineffectually, Mrs. Damerel's mind being totally unable to take in the insinuation which he scarcely ventured to put in plain words. But, with the exception of this foolish mistake and of a great deal of implied blame which it was not in the nature of the man to keep to himself, he did try to do his duty as became a man with a certain amount of ordinary affection for his sister, and a strong sense of what society required from him as head of his family. However he might disapprove of her, and the extravagance in which she had undeniably been act and part, yet he could not abandon so near a relation. I should not like to decide whether benefits conferred thus from a strong sense of duty have more or less merit than those which flow from an affectionate heart and generous nature, but certainly they have less reward of gratitude. The Green was very much impressed by Mr. Hunsdon's goodness to his sister, but I fear that to her his goodness was a burden more painful than her poverty. And yet he was very good. He undertook, in his brother's name and his own, to pay Bertie's expenses at Eton, where the boy was doing so well; and when it was decided, as the Green by infallible instinct had felt it must be, that the White House was the natural refuge for Mrs. Damerel when the time came to leave the Rectory, Mr. Hunsdon made himself responsible for the rent, and put it in order for her with true liberality. The whole parish admired and praised him for this, and said how fortunate Mrs. Damerel was to have so good a brother. And she tried herself to feel it, and to be grateful as he deserved. But gratitude, which springs spontaneous for the simplest of gifts, and exults over a nothing, is often very slow to follow great benefits. Poor Mrs. Damerel thought it was the deadness of her grief which made her so insensible to her brother's kindness. She thought she had grown incapable of feeling; and she had so much to realize, so much to accustom herself to. A change so great and fundamental confuses the mind. So far as she could see before her, she had nothing now to look forward to in life but an endless humiliating struggle; and she forgot, in the softening of her heart, that for years past she had been struggling scarcely less hardly. When she looked back she seemed to see only happiness in comparison with this dull deprivation of all light and hope in which she was left now. But the reader knows that she had not been happy, and that this was but, as it were, a prismatic reflection from her tears, a fiction of imagination and sorrow; and by-and-by she began to see more clearly the true state of affairs.

They stayed at the Rectory till Christmas by grace of the new Rector, who un-

Digitized by Google

fortunately, however, could not keep on Mr. Nolan — of whose preferment there never had been a glimmer of hope — beyond that period. Christmas is a dreary time to go into a new home; though I don't think the Rector of Dinglefield thought so, who brought home his bride to the pretty Rectory, and thought no life could begin more pleasantly than by those cheerful Christmas services in the church, which was all embowered in holly and laurel, in honour of the great English festival and in honour of him; for the Green had of course taken special pains with the decorations on account of the new-comer. The long and dreary autumn which lay between their bereavement and their removal was, however, very heavy and terrible for the Damerels. Its rains, and fogs, and dreary days seemed to echo and increase their own heaviness of heart; and autumn as it sinks into winter is all the more depressing in a leafy woodland country, as it has been beautiful in its earlier stages. Even the little children were subdued, they knew not why, and felt the change in the house, though it procured them many privileges, and they might now even play in the drawing-room unreproved, and were never sent away hurriedly lest they should disturb papa, as had been the case of old when sometimes they would snatch a fearful joy by a romp in the twilight corners; even the babies felt that this new privilege was somehow a symptom of some falling off and diminution in the family life. But no one felt it as Rose did, who had been shaken out of all the habits of her existence, without having as yet found anything to take their place. She had not even entered upon the idea of duty when her secret romance was brought to a sudden close, and that charmed region of imagination in which youth so readily finds a refuge, and which gilds the homeliest present with dreams of that which may be hereafter, had been arbitrarily closed to the girl. Had her little romance been permitted to her, she would have had a secret spring of hope and content to fall back upon, and would have faced her new life bravely with a sense of her own individuality, such as seemed now to have faded altogether out of her mind. Her very appearance changed, as was inevitable. Instead of the blooming maiden we have known, it was the whitest of Roses that went about the melancholy house in her black dress, with all the colour and life gone out of her, doing whatever she was told with a docility which was sad to see. When she was left to herself she would sit idle or drop absorbed into a book; but everything that was suggested to her she did, without hesitation and without energy. The whole world had become confined to her within these oppressive walls, within this sorrowful house. The people on the Green looked at her with a kind of wondering reverence, saying how she must have loved her father, and how she looked as if she would never get over it. But grief was not all of the weight which crushed her. She was for the moment bound as by some frost, paralyzed in all the springs of her interrupted being. She had no natural force of activity in her to neutralize the chill her soul had taken. She did all that she was told to do, and took every suggestion gratefully; but she had not yet learned to see for herself with her own eyes what had to be done, nor did she realize all the changes that were involved in the one great change which had come upon them. Misfortune had fallen upon her while she was still in the dreamy vagueness of her youth, when the within is more important than the without, and the real and imaginary are so intermingled that it is hard to tell where one ends and another begins. Necessity laid no wholesome vigour-giving hand upon her, because she was preoccupied with fancies which seemed more important than the reality. Agatha, all alert and alive in her practical matter-of-fact girlhood, was of more value in the house than poor Rose, who was like a creature in a dream, not seeing anything till it was pointed out to her; obeying always and humbly, but never doing or originating anything from her own mind. Nobody understood her, not even herself; and sometimes she would sit down and cry for her father, thinking he would have known what it meant, without any recollection of the share her father had in thus paralyzing her young life. This strange condition of affairs was unknown, however, to any one out of doors except Mr. Nolan, who, good fellow, took it upon him once to say a few coaxing, admonishing words to her.

"You'll ease the mother when you can, Miss Rose, dear," he said, taking her soft, passive hands between his own. "You don't mind me saying so — an old fellow and an old friend like me, that loves every one of you, one better than another? I'll hang on if I can, if the new man will have me, and be of use — what's the good of me else? — and you'll

Digitized by Google

put your shoulder to the wheel with a good heart like the darling girl that you are?"

"My shoulder to the wheel," said Rose, with a half-smile, "and with a good heart! when I feel as if I had no heart at all?" and the girl began to cry, as she did now for any reason, if she was startled, or any one spoke to her suddenly. What could poor Mr. Nolan do but soothe and comfort her? Poor child! They had taken away all the inner strength from her before the time of trial came, and no better influence had yet roused her from the shock, or made her feel that she had something in her which was not to be crushed by any storm. Mr. Nolan knew as little what to make of her as her mother did, who was slowly coming to her old use and wont, and beginning to feel the sharpness of hardship, and to realize once more how it was and why it was that this hardship came.

CHAPTER IX.

THE White House did not stand on the Green, but on one of the roads leading out of it, at a short distance from that centre of the world. It looked large from outside — something between a mansion and a cottage — and within was full of useless passages, confused little rooms, and bits of staircases on which the unaccustomed passenger might break his neck with ease, and a general waste of space and disorder of arrangement which pleased the antiquary as quaint, but was much less desirable practically than artistically. There were two sitting-rooms, which were large and low, with raftered roofs, and small deep-set windows overgrown with creepers; and there was a garden, almost as rambling as the house itself, and surrounded by old walls and hedges which effectually shut out every view, except into its own grassy, mossy depths. Some former enterprising inhabitant had introduced into the drawing-room one long French window, by which there was a practicable exit into the garden; and this was the only modern point in the house. Some people said it spoilt the room, which otherwise would have been perfect; but it was a great convenience and comfort to the Damerels in summer, at least. The house was somewhat damp, somewhat weedy, rather dark; but it was roomy, and more like a house in which gentlefolks could melt away into penury than a pert little new brick house in a street. It was very cheap; for it had various disadvantages, into which I am not called upon to enter. Mrs. Damerel, whose house had always been the perfection of houses, with every new sanitary invention, was glad to put up with these drawbacks for the sake of the low rent — so vast and so many are the changes which absence of money makes. Before Christmas Day they had all the old furniture — save some special pieces of *virtu*, graceful old cabinets, mirrors, and ornamental things, which were sold — arranged and adapted, and settled down in tolerable comfort. The boys, when they came from school, looked with doubtful faces at the change, especially Reginald, who was humiliated by it, and found fault with the room allotted to him, and with the deficiencies of service. "Poor! why are we poor? It must be some one's fault," said this boy to his sister Agatha, who cried, and declared passionately that she wished he had not come back, but had gone to his fine godfather, whom he was always talking of. When an invitation arrived for him from his godfather, some days later, I think they were all glad; for Reginald was very like his father, and could not bear anything mean or poor. The number of servants had dwindled to one, who made believe to be of all work, and did a little of everything. Except in the case of those lucky families who abound in fiction, and now and then, *par exception*, are to be found in ordinary life, who possess a faithful and devoted and all-accomplished woman, who, for love of them, forsakes all hopes of bettering herself, and applies at once genius and knowledge to the multifarious duties of maid-of-all-work — this class of functionary is as great a trouble to her employers as to herself; and to fall back upon attendance so uninstructed and indifferent is one of the hardest consequences of social downfall. The girls had to make up Mary Jane's deficiencies in the White House; and at first, as they were not used to it, the results were but little consolatory. Even Bertie, perhaps, though a good son and a good boy, was not sorry to get back to school, and to the society of his friends, after these first holidays, which had not been happy ones. Poor children! none of them had ever known before what it was to do without what they wanted, and to be content with the bare necessaries of life.

All the same, a shower of cards from all the best people about came pouring down upon the new dwellers in the White House, and were taken in by Mary Jane

Digitized by Google

between a grimy finger and thumb to the drawing-room, where the rumble of the departing carriages excited Agatha and Patty, at least, if no one else. And all the people on the Green made haste to call to express their sympathy and friendliness. Mrs. Wodehouse was the only one who did not ask to see Mrs. Damerel; but even she did not lose a day in calling; and, indeed, it was while on her way from the White House that for the first time she met Rose, who had been out about some business for her mother, and who, with her black veil over her face, was straying slowly home. Mrs. Wodehouse said "Good morning," with a determination to hold by her formula and not be tempted into kindness; but when the girl put back her veil and showed her pale face, the good woman's heart melted in spite of herself.

"How pale you are!" she said. "Oh, Rose! and how is your mother?" she added hastily, trying to save herself from the overflowing of tenderness which came upon her unawares.

"Are you going to see her?" said Rose.

"I have been to call; I did not, of course, expect she would see me. And how do you like the White House? I hope you have not been ill; you do not look so fresh as when I saw you last."

"It is very nice," said Rose, answering the first question; "though it feels damp just at first; we all think we shall soon get used to it. It is a long time since I saw you last."

This was said with a little piteous smile which made Mrs. Wodehouse's resolution "never to forgive" become more and more hard to keep.

"I could not think I was wanted," she said, with an effort to appear short and stern; "or I should have gone to your mother before now."

"Why?" asked Rose, with a wondering glance; and then, as there was a dead pause, which was awkward, she said, softly: "I hope you have news from—your son?"

"Oh, yes; I have news from him. He is always very good in writing. There never was a kinder boy to his mother. He never forgets me; though there are many people who would fain get his attention. Edward is always finding friends wherever he goes."

"I am glad," said poor Rose.

"Plenty of friends! I have nothing but good news of him. He writes in the best of spirits. Oh, Rose!" cried Mrs. Wodehouse, hurriedly running one subject into another with breathless precipitancy, "how could you be so heartless—so unkind—as not to come down stairs when I asked you to bid my poor boy good-bye?"

A flush of colour came upon Rose's pale face; it made her look like herself again. "I could not," she said; "do not be angry. I have so wanted to tell you. There was nobody there but me, and he held my hand, and would not let me leave him. I could not. Oh! how glad I am that you have asked me! It was not my fault." Her father's name brought the big tears to her eyes. "Poor papa!" she added, softly, with an instinctive sense that he needed defence.

Whether Mrs. Woodhouse would have taken her to her arms forthwith on the open Green in the wintry afternoon light, if no one had disturbed them, I cannot tell; but just as she was putting out her hands to the girl, they were interrupted by a third person, who had been coming along the road unnoticed, and who now came forward, with his hat in his hand, and with the usual enquiry about her mother to which Rose was accustomed. The sound of his voice made Mrs. Wodehouse start with suppressed anger and dismay; and Rose looked out from the heavy shadow of the crape veil, which showed the paleness of her young face, as if under a penthouse or heavy-shaded cavern. But she was not pale at that moment; a light of emotion was in her face. The tears were hanging on her eyelashes; her soft lip was quivering. Mr. Incledon thought that grief and downfall had done all that the severest critic could have desired for her young beauty. It had given tenderness, expression, feeling to the blooming rose face, such as is almost incompatible with the first radiance of youth.

"Would Mrs. Damerel see me, do you think?" he asked; "or is it too early to intrude upon her? It is about business I want to speak."

"I will ask," said Rose. "But if it is about business she will be sure to see you. She says she is always able for that."

"Then I will say good-bye," said Mrs. Wodehouse, unreasonably excited and angry, she could scarcely tell why. She made a step forward, and then came back again with a little compunction, to add, in an undertone: "I am glad we have had this little explanation. I will tell him when I write, and it will please him, too."

Digitized by Google

"You have not been quarrelling with Mrs. Wodehouse, that you should have little explanations?" said Mr. Incledon, as he walked along to the White House by Rose's side.

"Oh, no! it was nothing;" but he saw the old rose flush sweep over the cheeks which had half relapsed into paleness. What was it? and who did Mrs. Wodehouse mean to write to? and what was she glad about? These foolish questions got into the man's head, though they were too frivolous to be thought of. She took him into the drawing-room at the White House, which was almost dark by this time, it was so low; and where the cheery glimmer of the fire made the room look much more cheerful than it ever was in the short daylight, through the many branches that surrounded the house. Mrs. Damerel was sitting alone there over the fire; and Rose left him with her mother, and went away, bidding Agatha watch over the children, that no one might disturb mamma. "She is talking to Mr. Incledon about business," said Rose, passing on to her own room; and Agatha, who was sharp of wit, could not help wondering what pleasant thing had happened to her sister to make her voice so soft and thrilling. "I almost expected to hear her sing," Agatha said afterwards; though indeed a voice breaking forth in a song, as all their voices used to do, six months ago, would have seemed something impious at this moment, in the shadow that lay over the house.

Mr. Incledon was nearly an hour "talking business" with Mrs. Damerel, during which time they sat in the firelight and had no candles, being too much interested in their conversation to note how time passed. Mrs. Damerel said nothing about the business when the children came in to tea — the homely and inexpensive meal which had replaced dinner in the White House. Her eyes showed signs of tears, and she was very quiet, and let the younger ones do and say almost what they pleased. But if the mother was quiescent, Rose, too, had changed in a different way. Instead of sitting passive, as she usually did, it was she who directed Agatha and Patty about their lessons, and helped Dick, and sent the little ones off at their proper hour to bed. There was a little glimmer of light in her eyes, a little dawn of colour in her cheek. The reason was nothing that could have been put into words — a something perfectly baseless, visionary, and unreasonable. It was not the hope of being reconciled to Edward Wodehouse, for she had never quarrelled with him; nor the hope of seeing him again, for he was gone for years. It was merely that she had recovered her future, her imagination, her land of promise. The visionary barrier which had shut her out from that country of dreams had been removed — it would be hard to say how; for good Mrs. Wodehouse certainly was not the doorkeeper of Rose's imagination, nor had it in her power to shut and open at her pleasure. But what does how and why matter in that visionary region? It was so, which is all that need be said. She was not less sorrowful, but she had recovered herself. She was not less lonely, nor did she feel less the change in her position; but she was once more Rose, an individual creature, feeling the blood run in her veins, and the light lighten upon her, and the world spread open before her.

> If I have freedom in my love,
> And in my soul am free —

I suppose this was how she felt. She had got back that consciousness which is sometimes bitter and sometimes sad, but without which we cannot live — the consciousness that she was no shadow in the world, but herself; no reflection of another's will and feelings, but possessor of her own.

When her mother and she were left alone, Rose got up from where she was sitting and drew a low chair which belonged to one of the children, to her mother's knee. Mrs. Damerel, too, had watched Agatha's lingering exit with some signs of impatience, as if she, too, had something to say; but Rose had not noticed this, any more than her mother had noticed the new impulse which was visible in her child. The girl was so full of it that she began to speak instantly, without waiting for any question.

"Mamma," she said, softly, "I have not been a good daughter to you; I have left you to take all the trouble, and I have not tried to be of use. I want to tell you that I have found it out, and that I will try with all my heart to be different from to-day."

"Rose, my dear child!" — Mrs. Damerel was surprised and troubled. The tears, which rose so easily now, came with a sudden rush to her eyes. She put her arms round the girl, and drew her close, and kissed her. "I have never found fault with you, my darling," she said.

Digitized by Google

"No, mamma; and that makes me feel it more. But it shall be different; I am sorry, more sorry than I can tell you; but it shall be different from to-day."

"But, Rose, what has put this into your head to-day?"

A wavering blush came and went upon Rose's face. She had it almost in her heart to tell her mother; but yet there was nothing to tell, and what could she say?

"I—can't tell, mamma. It is mild and like spring. I think it was being out, and hearing people speak—kindly——"

Here Rose paused, and, in her turn, let fall a few soft tears. She had gone out very little, scarcely stirring beyond the garden, since her father's death, and Mrs. Damerel thought it was the mere impulse of reviving life; unless indeed——

"My dear, did Mr. Incledon say anything to you?" she asked, with a vague hope.

"Mr. Incledon? Oh, no! except to ask me if you would see him—on business. What was his business?" said innocent Rose, looking up into her mother's face.

"Rose," said Mrs. Damerel, "I was just about to speak to you on a very important matter when you began. My dear, I must tell you at once what Mr. Incledon's business was. It was about you."

"About me?" All the colour went out of Rose's face in a moment; she recollected the visit to Whitton, and the sudden light that had flashed upon her as he and she looked at the picture together. She had forgotten all about it months ago, and indeed had never again thought of Mr. Incledon. But now in a moment her nerves began to thrill and her heart to beat; yet she herself, in whom the nerves vibrated and the heart throbbed, to turn to stone.

"Rose, you are not nervous or silly like many girls, and you know now what life is—not all a happy dream, as it sometimes seems at the beginning. My dear, I have in my hand a brighter future than you ever could have hoped for, if you will have it. Mr. Incledon has asked my leave to ask you to be his wife. Rose——"

"Me! his wife!" Rose clutched at her mother's hand and repeated these words with a pant of fright; though it seemed to her the moment they were said as if she had all her life known they were coming, and had heard them a hundred times before.

"That is what he wants, Rose. Don't tremble so, nor look at me so wildly. It is a wonderful thing to happen to so young a girl as you. He is very good and very kind, and he would be, oh! of so much help to all your family; and he could give you everything that heart can desire, and restore you to far more than you have lost; and he is very fond of you, and would make you an excellent husband. I promised to speak to you, dear. You must think it over. He does not wish you to give him an answer at once."

"Mamma," said Rose, hoarsely, with a sudden trembling which seemed to reach into her very heart, "is it not better to give an answer at once? Mamma, I am not fond of him. I think it would be best to say so now."

"You are not fond of him? Is that all the consideration you give such a question? You do not intend *that* for an answer, Rose?"

"Oh, mamma, is it not enough? What more answer could I give? I am not fond of him at all. I could not pretend to be. When it is an answer like that, surely it is best to give it now."

"And so," said her mother, "you throw aside one of the best offers that ever a girl received with less thought on the subject than you would give to a cat or a dog! You decide your whole future without one thought. Rose, is this the helpfulness you have just promised me? Is this the thoughtfulness for yourself and all of us that I have a right to expect?"

Rose did not know what to reply. She looked at her mother with eyes suddenly hollowed out by fear and anxiety and trouble, and watched every movement of her lips and hands with a growing alarm which she could not control.

"You do not speak? Rose, Rose, you must see how wrong you would be to act so hastily. If it were a question of keeping or sending away a servant, nay, even a dog, you would give more thought to it; and this is a man who loves, who would make you happy. Oh, do not shake your head! How can a child of your age know? A man who, I am sure, would make you happy; a man who could give you everything and more than everything, Rose. I cannot let you decide without thought."

"Does one need to think?" said Rose, slowly, after a pause. "I do not care for him, I cannot care for him. You would not have me tell a lie?"

"I would have you deny yourself,"

Digitized by Google

cried her mother; "I would have you think of some higher rule than your own pleasure. Is that the best thing in the world, to please yourself? Oh, I could tell you stories of that! Why are we in this poor little house with nothing? why is my poor Bertie dependent upon my brother, and you girls forced to work like maid-servants, and our life all changed? Through self-indulgence, Rose. Oh! God forgive me for saying it, but I must tell the truth. Through choosing the pleasure of the moment rather than the duties that we cannot shake off; through deciding always to do what one liked rather than to do what was right. Here are eight of you children with your lives blighted, all that one might be pleasant and unburdened. I have suffered under it all my life. Not anything wrong, not anything wicked, but only, and always, and before everything what one liked one's self."

Mrs. Damerel spoke with a passion which was very unlike her usual calm. The lines came into her brow which Rose remembered of old, but which the tranquillity of grief had smoothed out. A hot colour mounted to her cheeks, making a line beneath her eyes. The girl was struck dumb by this sudden vehemence. Her reason was confused by the mingled truth and sophistry, which she felt without knowing how to disentangle them, and she was shocked and wounded by the implied blame thus cast upon him who had been of late the idol of her thoughts, and whom, if she had once timidly begun to form a judgment on him, she had long ceased to think of as anything but perfect.

"Oh! stop, stop! don't say any more!" she cried, clasping her hands.

"I cannot stop," said Mrs. Damerel; "not now, when I have begun. I never thought to say as much to one of his children, and to no other could I ever speak, Rose. I see the same thing in Reginald, and it makes my heart sick; must I find it in you too? There are people who are so happy as to like what they have to do, what it is their duty to do; and these are the blessed ones. But it is not always, it is not often, so in this life. Dear, listen to what I say. Here is a way by which you may make up for much of the harm that has been done; you may help all that belong to you; you may put yourself in a position to be useful to many; you may gain what men only gain by the labour of their lives; and all this by marrying a good man whom you will make happy. Will you throw it away because at the first glance it is not what your fancy chooses? Will you set your own taste against everybody's advantage? Oh, my darling, think, think! Do not let your first motive in the first great thing you are called upon to do, be mere self!"

Mrs. Damerel stopped short, with a dry glitter in her eyes and a voice which was choked and broken. She was moved to the extent of passion — she who in general was so self-restrained. A combination of many emotions worked within her. To her mind, every good thing for her child was contained in this proposal; and in Rose's opposition to it she saw the rising of the poisonous monster which had embittered her whole life. She did not pause to ask herself what there was in the nature of this sacrifice she demanded, which made it less lawful, less noble, than the other sacrifices which are the Christian's highest ideal of duty. It was enough that by this step, which did not seem to Mrs. Damerel so very hard, Rose would do everything for herself and much for her family, and that she hesitated, declined to take it, because it was not pleasant, because she did not like it. Like it! The words raised a perfect storm in the breast of the woman who had been made wretched all her life by her ineffectual struggle against the habitual decision of her husband for what he liked. She was too much excited to hear what Rose had to say; if, indeed, poor Rose had anything to say after this sudden storm which had broken upon her.

"We will speak of it to-morrow, when you have had time to think," she said, kissing her daughter, and dismissing her hastily. When Rose had gone, she fell back into her chair by the waning firelight, and thought over the many times in her own life when she had battled and had been worsted on this eternal point of difference between the two classes of humanity. She had struggled for self-denial against self-indulgence in a hundred different ways on a hundred fields of battle, and here was the end of it: a poor old house, tumbling to pieces about her ears, a poor little pittance, just enough to give her children bread; and for those children no prospect but toil for which they had not been trained, and which changed their whole conception of life. Bertie, her bright boy, for whom everything had been hoped, if her brother's precarious bounty should fail,

Digitized by Google

what was there before him but a poor little clerkship in some office from which he never could rise, and which, indeed, his uncle had suggested at first as a way of making him helpful to his family. God help her! This was what a virtuous and natural preference for the things one liked had brought Mrs. Damerel to; and if her mind took a confused and overstrained view of the subject, and of the lengths to which self-denial ought to be carried, was it any wonder? I think there is a great deal to be said on her side of the case.

Rose, for her part, lit her candle and went up the old stairs — which creaked under her light foot — with her head bent down, and her heart stifled under a weight that was too much for her. A cold, cold January night, the chill air coming in at the old casements, the dark skies without lending no cheering influence, and no warmth of cheery fires within to neutralize Nature's heaviness; an accusation thrown upon her under which her whole being ached and revolted; a duty set before her which was terrible to think of; and no one to advise, or comfort, or help. What was she to do?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.

NO. V. — EMBLEMS.

THE word emblem, in its national application, represents to most of us a flag, and little else. But it has other meanings too; less important and less self-evident, it is true, but which well merit to be remembered. Images of animals, badges, war-cries, cockades, liveries, coats of arms, tokens, and tattooing, have all been accepted symbols of distinction between races; and though, in our time, those symbols have lost the greater part of their importance, and are almost everywhere replaced, practically, by the ensign, they still retain their historic interest, and form essential elements of the question. And, in addition to the variety of details which it thus presents, the subject possesses one rare and special merit: of all the forms in which the pride of nations has exhibited its pertinacity and its strength, this one notion of the symbol is perhaps the only one which provokes our unhesitating approbation. There is something strangely noble in the principle that the dignity, the power, and the glory of a great people may be represented by an emblem; something impressive in the thought that every member of that people can protect himself, no matter where, by the simple exhibition of that emblem. It is indisputably a form of vanity, otherwise it could not be included here; but it is a vanity which stands alone, high up above all others. We may smile at the exaggerations which it has occasionally assumed, at the pretensions which have sometimes been based upon it; but the smile will be respectful, and not one amongst us will be able to really laugh at the little weaknesses of so grand and so illustrious a pride. Just as we feel an instinctive reverence when our own flag goes by, so do we regard with deferential sympathy the entire theory of state signs; so do we cordially extend to the symbols of other lands the courtesy and the homage which we require for our own. And the theory is a very old one; it is no invention of to-day; it goes back into our earliest beginnings, so far, indeed, that we can fix no commencement for it. From all time men have used emblems to indicate their nationality. Homer, it is true, makes no allusion to their presence at the siege of Troy; but if his Greeks must therefore be presumed to have had no knowledge of them, there is good reason to suppose that other nations of the period were perfectly accustomed to them, and employed them regularly. The archæologists assert — and it looks as if they were quite right — that the earlier Egyptians carried images of bulls and crocodiles into battle; that each of the twelve tribes of Israel had a special ensign of its own; and that the faithful subjects of Semiramis adopted doves and pigeons as their token, in deference to their queen, whose name — surprising as it may seem — meant "dove." They go on to tell us that, at later dates, Athens chose an owl for its public sign, as a compliment to Minerva; Corinth a winged horse, in memory of Pegasus and his fountain; Carthage a horse's head, out of flattery to Neptune; Persia the sun, because its people worshipped fire; Rome an eagle, in order to show courtesy to Jupiter. All these objects appear to have been carved in wood or metal; there is no proof of the existence of anything resembling modern flags — except, perhaps, in parts of Asia — until the Romans began to use fanions, somewhere about the time of Cæsar. These small signals had, however, no moral value, and possessed no national or public character; all the pride of Rome continued

Digitized by Google

to be concentrated in the eagles; and it was not till Constantine gave a religious meaning to the Labarum that any floating banner really acquired a reputation. It should, however, be observed, that another sort of mark of nationality appears to have been a good deal applied amongst the less civilized populations of the epoch; they used to paint themselves, and so became, in fact, their own flag. The Ethiopians in Xerxes' army adorned their skins with vermilion and white plaster; the tribes of Germany inscribed various animals on their breasts; the North British carried their love of this class of patriotic symbols to such a point that they earned by it the name of Picts; and there are curious inquirers who pretend that even so recently as the eighth century there were men in England who continued to be so proud of their illustrated bodies, that they steadfastly declined to wear any clothes at all, in order to exhibit themselves completely. These facts lead us, not unnaturally, to the thought that tattooing may possibly be the most ancient of all existing national devices, although the word itself, and the idea which it expresses, have only become known to Europeans since the discovery of the South Sea Islands. We need not carry further these indications of the origins of the subject; we can abandon the first forty-five centuries of the world's existence, and can begin our tale with Clovis, who, according to some of the special authors, was the first Western sovereign to adopt a flag.

It is not, however, very easy to say what Clovis did; for the excellent reason that there is a bitter fight between learned critics as to whether he did anything at all. The wonder-loving section of the Continental writers about emblems, including Favyn, Père Anselme, Benéton, and even the modern M. Rey, tell us, as a matter of course, about which no discussion is possible, that Clovis, after his conversion, adopted the "chape de St. Martin" as his standard. They do not all agree as to what the "chape" was, some asserting positively that it was the cloak of the famous saint of Tours; others, that it was the remaining half of the identical garment which he cut in two at Amiens in order to share it with a beggar; others, again, that it was no part of the vestments of the saint, but a regular proper flag belonging to his abbey. The latter group of authors go so far as to describe the banner, and to proclaim that it was blue and had three points. But another set of equally convinced enthusiasts (whose opinion has been adopted by M. Sepet in his curious monograph of the flag of France) urge that the "chape de St. Martin" never was a real flag at all, and that it was not even a garment used as a flag; they argue that it was simply a relic of the saint which was carried in procession with the army in a box, as an encouragement to the troops. Legendary or real as the history may be, there is a wide-spread belief in France not only that the ensign of St. Martin was the first banner of the Gallic nation, but that it was also the first flag ostensibly adopted in Western Europe; and, furthermore, that the word chapel is descended from "capella," which originally meant a little cloak, but was also used to designate the oratory in which the "chape" was kept: and that chaplain also grew current from the same source, because the priests attached to the oratory of St. Martin were known by that appellation. This is a question which may be left to etymological antiquaries to settle, if they can; it need not delay us here.

After Clovis, Dagobert took an eagle as his emblem; but, from his day, wild animals temporarily went out of fashion in Christianity, and were replaced by flowers, figures, crosses, flames, and saints, which began to disappear again when shields of arms were invented. It is pretended that, at this same time, the Germans used a serpent and a lion for their symbols; the Goths a lion, cock, and bear; the Danes three lions and a crow; the Burgundians a cat; and the Saxons a white horse.

It will, however, be as well to continue the story of the French flag, and to tell it completely, before any reference is made to the emblems of other countries. There are several reasons for adopting this order in the tale: the flag of France has had a career of curious variations; it has passed through grave adventures; its story has been written a good many times, and we consequently possess details with respect to it which, more or less, are wanting in the case of most other colours; its successive modifications serve as mark-points in the history of the French; finally, the special interest of actuality which attaches to it just now would justify us, even if no other motives existed, in assigning to it, for the moment, the foremost place in the list of European banners. Five months ago, the Comte de Chambord re-

Digitized by Google

fused to become king of France, unless he could bring the white flag back with him: it seemed strange that the destinies of a nation should be made dependent on the colour of a standard,—but so it was; France missed a possible opportunity of acquiring a definite form of government because its intended king would not let his subjects use the tricolour. This fact alone makes it well worth while to tell the legend of the two rival flags, and to tell it before we speak of the less exciting emblems of other nations.

We therefore go on to Charlemagne, and with him the modern history of bunting begins in earnest, for the first oriflamme appears. About this, at all events, no doubt is possible, for at Rome, in the Church of St. John Lateran, there was a mosaic representing St. Peter in the act of offering the pallium with his right hand to Leon III., and a banner with the left to Charlemagne. The latter wore a closed imperial crown, a moustache, and no beard; the banner is blue, with six red roses on it. A drawing of this mosaic (which exists no longer) is given by Montfaucon in his "Monuments de la Monarchie Française." And this is not the only evidence we possess with reference to this ensign; here are four lines about it from the "Chanson de Roland:"—

Montjoie, ils crient! Entre eux est Charlemagne:
Geoffroy d'Anjou y porte l'Oriflamme,
Fut de Saint Pierre, et avait nom Romaine;
Mais de Montjoie son nom là prit échange.

This seems to tell us that this flag, which was first called "Romaine," apparently because it was given to Charlemagne in Rome, changed its name to Montjoie, a corruption of Mons Gaudii, which was a hill near Rome. So far the story is tolerably comprehensible; but it winds up with a grievous difficulty, for no one pretends to know the end of the first oriflamme, or why it was suppressed and its place absorbed by the second oriflamme—the famous flag of St. Denis. To account for this otherwise inexplicable difference, M. Sepet suggests—though he gives us no reason why—that the "Romaine" was identical with the standard of St. Maurice, which Charlemagne carried in his wars against the Saracens of Spain, and which Hugues Capet sent afterwards as a present to King Athelstane. Whether this be true or not, St. Peter's gift is no more heard of.

St. Denis was an abbey of the county of Vexin, a district outside Paris, stretching from the Epte to the Oise, and including Mantes, Magny, Chaumont, and Pontoise. The county was transferred to the crown in the reign of Philip I., and the king, having apparently no other flag which he liked better, adopted the banner of St. Denis on becoming Comte du Vexin. It was solemnly raised for the first time in the year 1124, when Louis le Gros was going to fight the Emperor Henry V. From that moment the oriflamme of St. Denis became the official standard of France, and was in all the battles of the kingdom down to Agincourt, after which it seems to have been used no more. There is considerable doubt as to what became of it. Some of the learned critics pretend that it was lost in Flanders; others have the courage to assert that it was still in existence in 1792, and was then borne by the regiment of M. de Vergnette. It is, however, probable that when it ceased to be employed, it was deposited at St. Denis; for, in an inventory of the treasure of the abbey, made in 1504, it is spoken of as being there in a worn-out state; and Dom Felibian says that he saw it there in 1594, half-eaten by mites. It was a red silk flag; probably it bore no pattern or inscription; it seems also likely that it was cut into several points, and that its name of oriflamme was a consequence of its flame-shaped ends. And that is almost all which can be guessed about it.

But now we come to something much more interesting. While the oriflamme was still in all its glory, another flag appeared: the oriflamme was a banner of devotion, the new-comer was personal and political; the oriflamme was red, the other one was blue; the oriflamme was an accident, its rival was destined to become an institution; one was the flag of St. Denis, the other grew into the flag of France. Under Louis VII. this blue ensign was carried respectfully behind the oriflamme; it was at Bouvines, it was at Acre; on the windows of the cathedral of Chartres, St. Louis appears on horseback, his shield in one hand, this banner in the other. Throughout the 13th and 14th centuries it floated on every battle-field; it was at Crécy and at Poitiers. It was at first the "bannière royale;" then it was called the "Bannière de France;" it was the blue flag with the golden fleurs-de-lys.

The adventures and the transformations of this famous standard are difficult

Digitized by Google

to trace with certainty; but its birthplace is still more difficult to define. Who can pretend to tell us the true origin of the fleurs-de-lys? Who can determine with precision why the kings of France adopted blue as the colour of their banner and their shield? We have the choice between so many genealogies for the fleur-de-lys, that it is really prudent not to attempt to decide between them. A certain Goropius tells us that France already used this famous emblem in the time of Noah, Japheth having received it direct from heaven for the express purpose of ornamenting the flag of Gaul. Less eager writers, while still maintaining the celestial derivation of the symbol, assign a somewhat less distant date to its appearance upon earth, and content themselves with proclaiming that an angel brought it down to Clovis. A third group shakes its awful head and mutters, "It descended not to Clovis, but to St. Denis." Then comes the unbelieving school, which argues that the fleur-de-lys was not a flower at all, but was simply an imitation of a lance-head. The partisans of this interpretation urge that the first sceptre of the Frank monarchs was a javelin, and that the point of this weapon passed as an ornament into their crown, their clothes, and finally, into their coat of arms. Next we find the theory that the fleurs-de-lys may be imitations of a bee, the reason being that about 300 little images having a faint resemblance to that useful insect were found in the tomb of Childeric, and were supposed, when first discovered, to have been sewn all over his mantle, and to have therefore been his emblem. Other explanations are, that the first arms of the Frank kings were toads, in memory of the marshy countries from which they came, and that by some curious process the toads grew into lilies; or that the soldiers of Clovis made for themselves crowns of lilies after the battle of Tolbiac, and that their leader consequently adopted the lily as his mark instead of the toads which he had so far borne. That the sovereigns of France did bear toads at one time is proved by many testimonies; but it is not easy to imagine how they could have become converted into a sign so widely different. One more legend is that the twelve first Louis signed their names as Löys, and that fleur-de-lys was simply a corruption of fleur-de-Löys. Finally, when we get to the flower itself — if really it was a flower — we find that it may have been a lily, or a gladiolus, or an iris. About the blue the theories are simpler; the authors generally content themselves with statements that it was the colour of the Merovingians and of St. Martin, and was therefore naturally chosen for the royal hue; some few of them, however, pretend that it was adopted in memory of the water in which the lilies grew.

In addition to all this uncertainty as to origin, there is also considerable difficulty as to the date at which this banner first appeared. There is no evidence of its existence prior to 1148, but it is then distinctly spoken of as having been carried by Louis VII. to the Crusade. Yet, whatever be its real antiquity, it may fairly be regarded as the primary royal flag of France, and as exhibiting the original arms and colour of the nation. The first alteration which occurred in its composition was the diminution of the number of fleurs-de-lys. Down to Charles VI. there was no limit to them — there were as many as the field could hold; from this time they were reduced to three. The next change was infinitely more important, for it seems to have been the starting-point of a series of progresses which gradually converted the blue flag into a white one. It appears — so far, at least, as the uncertain evidence enables us to arrive at an opinion — to have resulted from the transfer of the white cross which French soldiers habitually wore upon their breasts to the centre of the royal standard. The "droite croix blanche" had been for centuries a mark of France, just as the red cross of St. George was the badge of England; but it does not appear to have been inscribed upon the blue ensign until the time of Charles VII. — that is to say, at the very date when the Maid of Orleans made her own white flag so famous. The entire question is tangled and difficult to unravel; but the more serious authorities appear to agree that the sacred banner of Jeanne d'Arc, which she said she cherished as being worth forty times her sword, which she held aloft at Rheims when Charles VII. came there to be crowned, was the first white flag ever seen in the French armies; and it, let it be remembered, was an essentially religious emblem, — it was the banner of the Virgin Mary, of her colour, and bearing her image: it was not a royal symbol; there was no white in the king's banner until the cross crept into it about the middle of the fifteenth century. It would appear, moreover, that at first the cross

Digitized by Google

was carried in the centre of the blue, and that its arms did not stretch to the edges — just as the cross of Switzerland is blazoned now. It was probably only by degrees that the four arms extended, and that the "bannière de France" became a straight white cross between four blue corners, with gold fleurs-de-lys upon each square of blue. At last, when Francis I. was king, a pure white flag was occasionally employed as the special royal sign; but it is not till we get to Henri Quatre that the blue really disappears, and that the *drapeau blanc* becomes the flag of the Maison de France. It came in with the first Bourbon; it has always been the Bourbon mark; but it is a very modern emblem, for it only saw the light towards the end of the sixteenth century.

The theory of the gradual conversion of the blue flag into a white one is defended, with many proofs and many arguments, by M. Sepet, himself an ardent Legitimist, who evidently would do the best to serve his cause; yet even he cannot carry the origin of the Bourbon flag more than three hundred years back. It is true that, as has just been said, Francis I. sometimes used a "cornette blanche;" but white did not become the accepted royal hue till Henri Quatre made it so. His flag was white — his scarf was white, his plume was white, his livery was white — white was the colour of the Royalists against the League. Under Louis XIII., the use of white grew on. The "rose de ruban blanc" — what we now call the white cockade — began to be worn on the hats of soldiers. The *cravates* of the flags were white. And yet, with all this, the old blue of France did not disappear. The *drapeau blanc* was military and royal, but not national; and the squadrons of the fleet preserved as their distinguishing emblems three ensigns which indicated the three successive transformations of the colours — blue, blue and white, and white. And — which is a far stronger proof — the white flag was rigorously reserved for warships. All merchant-vessels carried, according to the wording of the ordinance of Louis XIV., "the old flag of the French nation, which is, a white cross on a blue standard" — that is to say, the flag which intervened between the blue banner of St. Louis and the white one of Henri Quatre.

The white flag, thus established, lasted for two centuries. For just two hundred years, from 1589, it was the royal standard. On the 13th of July 1789 appeared the first symptom of the rival which was to take its place, and to make the flag of France more glorious still. On that day, at the Hotel de Ville of Paris, the National Guard was constituted, and a cockade of red and blue (the colours of the capital and of the livery of its *échevins*) was assigned to it as a special badge. The next day the Bastille was taken. On the 17th the king came up from Versailles, went to the Hotel de Ville, received the new cockade from the Mayor of Paris, and put it in his hat. Then Lafayette proposed to add the white, "in order to nationalize the ancient colour of France;" and so the tricolour was created by the adjunction of the royal white to the local red and blue of Paris. It may be worth observing that several kings of France had used red, white, and blue for the liveries of their servants; and the later Bourbons, including both Louis XVIII. and Charles X., employed those colours regularly for that purpose. But the tricoloured cockade in no way sprang from that accidental mixture. It was, as we have just shown, an amalgamation of the colours of rebellious Paris and of the beaten king.

The flag, however, did not at first follow the cockade; each of the sixty sections of the *Garde Nationale* of Paris had its own ensign: some had a red flag, some had white, some had blue, and some had various mixtures of red, white, and blue, with crosses, fleurs-de-lys, and caps of liberty. But, though there were hesitations about the flag, there were none whatever with reference to the new cockade; it spread rapidly through France, and became the special mark of the Revolution, in contradistinction to the white cockade which the "aristocrats" still wore. The white flag held on for some months in spite of this. At the *fête* of the federation in the Champ de Mars on 14th July 1790, nearly all the flags were white. It was not till the 22nd of October of that year that the new colours were transplanted from the cockade to the flag of France by a vote of the *Constituante*, after a violent discussion which lasted for three days. But this first flag was red, white, and blue; it was not till 15th February 1794 that the Convention made the final change, and instituted the present tricolour, blue, white and red, the flag of the Consulate and the Empire — the first absolutely national emblem which France had ever possessed.

From all this it results that the white

Digitized by Google

flag is essentially the Bourbon mark. Every Bourbon king in France has borne it as a royal, personal, and military standard; but it has never been employed as a national symbol in the secondary though important sense of citizen or mercantile usage. For that purpose, as we saw just now, blue with a white cross was, before the Revolution, the only legal ensign. Furthermore, at that time, each province and each seaport flew its own special colours; so that, really, the white flag was at no time the universal banner of the French nation. It is easy enough to understand that, individually, as a Bourbon prince, the Comte de Chambord should regard the *drapeau blanc* as an attribute of his royalty, and should refuse to separate himself from it; but if, in addition to its employment as his personal standard, he decides (as he seems to do, though he has not spoken clearly on the subject) to impose this one flag on France to the exclusion of all others, then, manifestly, he puts himself historically in the wrong. He is already as wrong as he can be in the political aspect of the question; but, leaving that consideration entirely aside, and limiting our view to this one point of the historically proved usages of the *drapeau blanc*, we are unable to conceive the grounds on which the Comte de Chambord can rest his apparent claim that, for the first time since the white ensign was invented, no other flag shall exist in France beside it. Here ends this agitated story for the moment; but before we travel on from France to other nations it will be worth while to note that the *drapeau rouge*, to which the Communists of Europe have lately given a distinctive character, was not originally a revolutionary emblem. It was adopted by the *Constituante* simply as a signal of the proclamation of martial law; it was for this reason that Lafayette employed it for the first time in the Champ de Mars on 17th July 1791. Since then it has changed its meaning.

The stories of the colours of other countries are a good deal shorter and more simple than the tale of the flag of France; but still, almost every ensign has some sort of history. The flags of Belgium and of the new German Confederation sprang into existence all complete, and were at once officially adopted and set forth in 1831 and 1866, in the first Constitution of their respective countries. But these two cases are exceptions, so far, at least, as the more important nations are concerned; the other examples of direct creation of a standard which have been recently supplied by Mexico, by some of the American Republics, and by the Danubian Principalities, do not present general interest enough to be worth quoting here. The rule amongst European nations is, that flags have slowly grown, with more or less of change and hesitation, into their actual form. In our own case, for instance, the red banner with the golden leopards, and the white standard with the square red cross, which waved so long on all our battle-fields, gave way at last to the first Union Jack, comprising the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George. This symbol was constituted in 1606 by a proclamation of James I., and grew later on into its present shape by the addition of St. Patrick's cross for Ireland. The Stars and Stripes, again, modern though they be, were not made all at once. "On the 1st of January 1776," as Mr. Bancroft tells us in his history, "the tricoloured American banner, not yet spangled with stars, but showing thirteen stripes of alternate red and white in the field, and the united red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue ground in the corner, was unfurled" at Boston. It was not till eighteen months after this first attempt that the badge of England disappeared from the new ensign. On 14th June 1777 the crosses were struck out; on that day Congress "resolved that the flag of the thirteen United States should be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." The heraldry was original, but the idea was excellent, and it has grown a good deal since by the addition of other stars to the "constellation." The history of the flag of Holland is somewhat more complicated. That flag was the first tricolour invented, and it has been pretended that its horizontal orange, white, and blue were suggested by Henry IV. of France, who, according to the legend, was requested by the Dutch to choose their colours for them when they became independent; but in Jonge's Note on the Nederlandsche Vlag it is proved by the evidence of the tapestries of Middleburg, which were executed in 1591, and depicted battles fought twenty years before, that this flag existed and was in use when the Béarnais was still almost a boy. It may be that the blue and white was copied from the French out of gratitude for the goodwill which Henry III. showed to the struggling

Digitized by Google

United Provinces; but Jonge denies even that, and will have it that the Nassau colours were not orange only, but orange, white, and blue: whence came, he says, the old cry of Holland, "Oranje boven!" (orange above), as a reference to the position of the orange in the ensign. And yet this famous Nassau orange (the name of which came, after all, from a little principality in France) was replaced by red for some cause, and at some date unknown, before the end of the seventeenth century. Even William, when he came to England in 1688, wore above his own standard a pennant of red, white, and blue.

Here we may open a parenthesis, and draw attention to the fact that this first tricolour has been largely imitated. The Dutch pattern has been copied, in various colours, and with or without charges in the field, by France, Belgium, Italy, Mecklenburg, Roumania, Servia, and the German Confederation, and by Russia too, for its merchant-vessels; while, in the two Americas, it has been adopted by the majority of the Governments south of the United States. Of the four essential types into which navy ensigns may be divided — arms, crosses, stripes, and tricolours — arms are blazoned by Prussia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, and Brazil; crosses are employed by Russia, England, Denmark, Sweden, Oldenburg, and Norway; stripes by a very few; while tricolours are now flown by no less than nineteen several states. And yet, with all this multiplicity of adoption, and with all their varied contrasts, the tricolours have never become grand flags to look at. That white standards should be dull was to have been expected, and the two of them which the Bourbons carried, in France and Naples, proved what a cheerless colour white is for a banner; but it might have been supposed that red, white, and blue, especially when imperially sprinkled with golden bees, and with the crown and eagle in the centre, would make a grand effect. And yet those Napoleonic colours faded almost into dulness beside the imperial and royal yellow flag of Austria, with its double-headed thrice-crowned sable eagle, charged with shields of arms and with the collar of the Golden Fleece, surrounded by its triangulated border of red, yellow, white, and black. And even this again turns pale when it is compared to the royal standard of the King of Prussia, which is by far the noblest flag that flies. Nothing that silk or bunting has ever shown, can approach the glory of the iron cross on the red-purple field, all covered with black eagles and golden crowns, illuminated by the white edges of the cross, and by the central white escutcheon. It really is superb; and such of us as saw it waving over the Prefecture at Versailles will well remember how the splendour of its aspect looked worthy of the grandeur of its career.

Most other flags are in the happy state of having no history that is worth telling; and even if they had, it would not be possible to narrate here the origin of each one of them, for there are so many that the mere enumeration would occupy several pages. The French "Encyclopédie de la Marine" describes 237 of them as being in existence in 1787 in the maritime states of Europe; and though the composition of the list has radically changed since then, the total number in all the world is now vastly larger. Including all the various national and official sorts — royal standards, naval and military colours, and commercial, local, and special flags, but not comprising signals, or any private or unauthorized inventions — there exist at present more than 1100 different ensigns. This addition is, however, necessarily below the reality, for it cannot be supposed that a really complete catalogue exists anywhere; there must be many flags which remain unknown to the compilers, however careful they may be; and, furthermore, it does not contain any of the emblematic colours. The standard of the prophet (though it still exists), the corsair's hand and sabre on a red ground, the pirate's black, and even the yellow of quarantine, and the white of truce and peace, are all omitted from it. The increase which it shows during the present century has evidently been produced by the rapid multiplication of new nations in America and Asia. It is in no degree a consequence of any particular flag-inventing proclivity of our epoch; on the contrary, the tendency is manifestly towards diminution and unification of each nation's symbols. Local flags (that is, flags of provinces and towns) are falling out of fashion everywhere; and even the old distinction between the naval and commercial colours of each country is so rapidly disappearing, that at this moment more than two-thirds of the maritime states employ the same flag for both purposes. Some day, perhaps, the world will get on further still, and, imitating the excellent example which, in this one

Digitized by Google

respect, France now offers us, will adopt, throughout the universe, one single ensign for all the needs of each separate state. In this way the complications of the subject would disappear, and it would cease to be impossible to distinguish without a guide-book between the various flags which fly.

After flags, the most striking symbols of a nation are those which we find on its shield of arms; and here, without going into heraldry, there is a fresh field of curious vanities to explore. The history of the double-headed eagle, for example, adds a wide page to the tale of pride; and though its earlier details are not quite distinct, we know enough about it to be able to follow its main developments. Some people pretend that Constantine was the first to double the Roman bird, and that he did so because his empire had grown into two parts, while still forming one single body. Others argue that this theory is unfounded, because a two-skulled eagle was depicted on the Antonine column, which was put up a hundred years before Constantine was born. Others again assert that, at whatever date the change was made in the Western or Eastern Empire, the old Roman symbol did not definitely acquire a second head in Germany until Sigismund put it on in the fifteenth century. The single-headed bird seems to have been taken up by Charlemagne as his imperial emblem when he was crowned at Rome; but it made no appearance on the German flag until the time of Otho II., although it was reproduced meanwhile on the seals of the Palatines and Margraves, and finally on the coin. It was still in use in 1356, for the seal of the Golden Bull bears a one-beaked bird, though Louis of Bavaria had temporarily employed a double eagle in 1325. Wenceslos copied Louis in 1378, and put two heads upon his seal as "a sign of majesty;" but it was not, as has just been said, till the time of Sigismund (who was elected emperor in 1410) that the double bird became the distinctive sign of the German Empire.

Russia also bears a double-headed eagle; it was first adopted by Ivan Wassiliwitch about the year 1500, on the occasion of his marriage with a niece of the last Emperor of Constantinople, in order to thereby demonstrate that he claimed to have become the representative of the extinct Greek emperors. The German and the Russian bird present certain differences of aspect: their shapes are not quite alike; and furthermore, at Vienna the beak, claws, and tongue are gilt, while at Petersburg they are red.

The Prussian eagle is now the only unchanged descendant of the original Roman emblem. Prussia, however, did not get it as an imperial token, as Austria and Russia pretend to hold it; she obtained it simply by absorption from the Teutonic order, which received it from Frederick II., who, as a testimony of his admiration of the fighting qualities of the brotherhood, permitted it to bear his arms. But in the Emperor Frederick's time, as we have just seen, the German eagle had but a single head: it was in that form, therefore, that the order took it; so that, when Sigismund altered the imperial bird by making it look left as well as right, the original single beak remained, thenceforth, the sole property of the Teutonic knights. It passed on, with their black and white, to the Duchy of Prussia, when Albert of Brandenburg, the last Grand-Master, turned Protestant, and profited by the opportunity to convert the dominions of the order into a property for himself. In 1618 the Duchy was conveyed by marriage to the electoral branch of Brandenburg, which thus acquired the Black Eagle and the Teutonic colours. The Brandenburg eagle, as it is now called — though, as this story shows, the name is a total error — has golden claws and beak, and a red tongue; and it is the only one of the three eagles which we are here describing which is employed on the ordinary flags of the country to which it belongs. It is perhaps the oldest emblem which exists — not, of course, in its Prussian sense and use, but in its history and origin; for it goes straight back, possibly without a change of shape or colour, to the Crusades, and thence on again to Rome. Even the Spanish arms, which are undoubtedly very ancient, cannot show such an antiquity as this. Their red and yellow, which are carried upon the flag as well, come from the old shields of Castille and Arragon, both of which bore gules and or; while the castle and the lion of Castille and Leon are perhaps the earliest examples of what we call "canting arms," and the French *armes parlantes*. All this dates probably from the beginning of the 13th century, and has remained unaltered since. As for the reason of it Ocampo tells us that Alphonso the Noble, King of Castille, adopted in 1212 a castle for his arms, in memory of the Castle of Ferrail, which

Digitized by Google

he took from the Moors. Legend says, too, that the Count of Barcelona, who became King of Arragon, took the four red bars, because, on a battle-field, Charles the Bald of France laid four blood-stained fingers on his golden shield.

Our own lions formed, as leopards, the arms of Normandy, and were imported by the Conqueror. There were, however, only two of them in his time, and there is doubt as to when the third was added; some authors arguing that it was put on by Henry II., others, that Richard Cœur de Lion gave it to us, and that he simultaneously changed the leopards into lions. The origin of the white cross of Savoy is unknown: the story which explained it by the presence of Amadeus the Fifth at the siege of Rhodes, and by his consequent supposed adoption of the badge of the Hospitallers, is discredited by all modern historians; for the double reason that Amadeus never went to Rhodes, and that the house of Savoy bore the white cross long before the siege took place. The quintuple red cross of Jerusalem, forming what French heralds call a *croix recroisetée*, which is now worn as the star of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, has a clearer source; Godefroy de Bouillon assumed it as his mark when he was proclaimed King of the Holy City in 1099. The red shield and silver cross of Switzerland came from Schwytz, which gave not only its name but its emblem to the Confederation on its foundation in 1315. The men of Schwytz had either kept the cross in memory of the Crusades, or, as Justinger asserts, had received it specially from the emperor during a raid they made in Burgundy. Of the four Austrian colours, the black and yellow represent the Empire, or rather the sable of the eagle and the golden shield; while the red and white are the old Austrian colours proper, as distinguished from those of Hapsburg and Lorraine. It should, however, be observed, that there is a legend which explains the black and yellow in another way: it is pretended that Frederick Barbarossa noticed one day at a ceremony at Mayence that the flooring of the hall was painted black and gold, admired the combination, and declared that he adopted it as the imperial badge.

And so, if it were not wearisome, we might go on for half an hour. It will, however, be more amusing to abandon both history and legend for a few seconds, and to quote a little from the imagination of an enthusiast. Here is an extract from the opinions of Père Anselme, who wrote in 1663: he explains the origin of arms without much care for fact, but he is very rich in sentiment. He tells us that "the Kings of Scotland, Bohemia, Leon, and Norway bear lions in their arms in order to indicate the nobility of their anger. The Kings of Sweden and Media bear crowns and diadems to express their power. England and Denmark have leopards, as a sign of the variety of their warlike passions. The hearts which appear on the shield of Denmark represent the love of the people for the prince. The Ottomans have taken crescents, as a symbol of the ambition of their conquests. The King of India has bezants, to show that he possesses mines of gold and silver; and the King of Cathay has taken heads of Moors, in order to astonish foreigners." This is ingenious, and it really is a pity that it is not true, for national coats of arms would become infinitely more interesting if we could but attribute their birth to such essentially moral causes as the Père Anselme enumerates. His explanation of the crescent is not more remarkable than his other statements; but it is the only one which it is worth while to notice, for the reason that actual popular opinion agrees with his idea that the crescent really is a purely Ottoman symbol. This is wrong. The crescent was the special mark of Constantinople; it lasted there for centuries, as a local and thoroughly Christian emblem. The Turks found it there, and adopted it; but they no more invented it than Prussia invented the Black Eagle. Even now, at Moscow, and in other Russian towns, the crescent is to be seen on churches with the cross above it, the object of their union being to signify the Byzantine origin of the Russian faith. The antithesis of the Crescent and the Cross is therefore altogether an illusion; there is no original hostility between them: the supposed contrast of their meaning has grown up by habit during the last four hundred years, but it has no foundation in the genealogy of the crescent.

Some subjects have borne arms which were grander than those of the sovereign who bestowed them. What could be more superb, for instance, than the shield which Ferdinand granted to Columbus — the arms of Castille and Leon, and a blue sea with silver islands, with the motto, "Por Castilla y por Leon nuevo mundo Hallo Colomb"! The

Digitized by Google

Chateaubriands bear the fleur-de-lys, which was given to them by St. Louis, with the magnificent device, "Mon sang teint les bannières de France." The Montmorencys, too, have a brilliant coat: they changed their white cross into a red one in memory of the blood shed by Matthieu the First at the battle of Bouvines, and added sixteen gold eaglets in memory of the sixteen flags he took on the same occasion. Blazonries like these serve as veritable marks in history: it is true that they are not international in their character or effect; but although they are only personal attributes, they possess a grandeur which entitles them to be mentioned amongst the symbols of the countries to which their bearers have belonged.

From arms we get to badges, which may be taken to include scarfs, liveries, uniforms, cockades, and all other analogous distinctive tokens. Even "Sublime Porte" may be regarded as a badge, though it has ceased to be a material object, and exists now only as a name. When it was an object, it was a very curious one. Mostadhem, the last Caliph of the Abassides, put a piece of the famous black stone of Mecca into the gate of his palace at Bagdad (it is worth observing that, according to true believers, this stone was white at first, but turned black from the influence of the sins of men). The gate consequently became a shrine of veneration, and, by degrees, the entire palace, regarded as the seat of authority, came to be known under the name of its "Sublime Gate." Other Governments than that of Turkey have been similarly designated by the appellation of the sovereign's residence; the Courts of the Tuileries, of St. James's, of the Escurial, were examples of them. State seals form another class of badges; but symbols of all these descriptions strike us much less than the ordinary visible signs amongst which we live. Of these latter, uniforms are perhaps the most conspicuous; but they are so well known, and are such a matter of mere tailoring, that it would be a waste of time to say anything here about them, although they do aid to constitute a prodigious mass of individual vanity. Liveries have ceased to be brilliant or universal, but they were the starting-point of uniforms, and are interesting as historic emblems. Unfortunately they have been so perpetually changed, that they have no longer any symbolic value; in their actual state they represent nothing but the nineteenth-century idea of servants' dress; and have altogether lost their original party significance. Clan tartans are now the only remaining example of the old use of liveries, of the time when all the members and retainers of great families wore the colours of their chief. Cockades, again, though they still generally preserve in European countries a distinctive aspect of nationality, have similarly changed their meaning. They continue, it is true, to be worn in certain Continental armies; but they too are generally regarded as a mere detail of servants' clothes. And yet they have a special place in history; for just as liveries were replaced by scarfs in battle, so scarfs were replaced again by cockades, in order to help to distinguish hostile armies during the infancy of uniforms. They first appeared in the early part of the seventeenth century, when a few of them were worn in France; but the tuft of grass which Marlborough put upon his soldiers' hats was the earliest military cockade which was employed on a large scale; for though cockades continued to be worn occasionally as a party mark from the commencement of the eighteenth century, it does not appear that they became general in European armies until the war of the Austrian succession (1740–1748). At that time they were knots of ribbon; sometimes, even, they were bunches of paper; and they were not invariably of the national colour, for the French cockade appears to have been white and green in 1756, and not to have become pure white, by royal ordinance, till 1767. From this latter date cockades became universal; but a writer in the "Conversations Lexikon" asserts that they did not really take root in Germany until 1813, when, in addition to the separate cockade adopted by each country, the so-called national cockade of Germany — black, red, and gold — was first invented. This badge, which was essentially political, was prohibited by the Diet in 1832; but it came up again in 1848, when it was worn even by the army. It died out in 1850. The wearing of cockades by nobody but the servants of persons who hold the Sovereign's commission is a purely British practice; throughout the Continent, the rule (if indeed there be any rule at all) is that the national cockade is borne only by the servants of great dignitaries; but our black Hanoverian cockade (luckily it is not English) has been appropriated by almost everybody in France during the

Digitized by Google

last twenty years, and is coming into use elsewhere as a natural ornament of a footman's hat, without the slightest reference to the master's place in life. After all, this does not matter much, for the whole principle of badges is vanishing from our manners and our customs. We are a long way now from the paper cross of St. Bartholomew, from the corn-stalks of the Mazarinists during the Fronde, from the two parties of the Caps and Hats in the Swedish Diet in 1788, from the scarfs of the Armagnacs, and the cross of the Burgundians. All these marks were evidences of a way of life which seems to have disappeared; and even if similar causes were to occur again, it is scarcely likely that badges would be revived by them. In the days of badges there were no policemen, and standing armies had not grown into normal institutions; soldiers and policemen wear badges for us now, so the public does without them, except when its small vanities are satisfied by maintaining them.

The shape of armorial shields is another means of indicating nationality. Nearly every great people has its own special form of *écusson* for men, but all nations have agreed in assigning lozenges to women; the reason being, according to the Legitimists of France, that, as the Gospel says of lilies that "they toil not, neither do they *spin*," and as spinning is a special attribute of women, it follows not only that the wearer of the lilies cannot be a woman, but also, that women should bear arms in a shield shaped like a distaff. The first of these two conclusions is not exactly logical, for the Salic law is certainly more ancient than the French lilies; but it supplies an excellent and diverting example of the facility with which words, facts, or figures, whatever be their nature, can be made to serve a special cause. The second argument is still more droll, for its result is to deduce female heraldry from the teaching of the Bible; we need not go back quite so far, and can content ourselves with the explanation that lozenges represent a distaff, because that instrument was the special attribute of women in the early feudal times when arms were first invented.

Mottoes, particularly when they assume a special form, like the F.E.R.T. of Savoy, or the A.E.I.O.U. of Austria, must certainly be classed amongst the lesser emblems of nations. No one knows what the former example means, for the old interpretation, "Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit," is now abandoned; but the latter may be done freely into English by "Austria's Empire Is Over Universe." France has never possessed a national device, though her kings have borne a variety of personal mottoes, of which the "Nec pluribus impar" of Louis XIV. was the latest. And England is in an analogous position, for "Dieu et mon droit" is purely royal, and belongs in no way to the country. The Prussians, on the contrary, have a really national phrase in "Mit Gott für Koenig und Vaterland;" but even that dates only from the great rising in 1813. It may be said that to some small extent mottoes replaced war-cries, when the latter were driven out by gunpowder; for it was not till eager people could no longer shout their sentiments that they began to write or print them. And yet scarcely any battle-cries were really national; excepting, perhaps, St. George for England, and Santiago for Spain: nearly all the others were personal to each chieftain and his men. For example, the Duke of Lorraine cried, "Lorraine au riche duc;" the men of Hainaut, "Hainaut au noble Comte;" the Auvergnats, "Clermont au Dauphin d'Auvergne;" the Coucys cried, "Coucy à la merveille;" the Venetians, "Marco, Marco;" the Normands, "Rouen;" the Gascons, "Bordeaux;" the Flemings, "Ghent;" and we all know who cried "Douglas, Douglas." In Lorraine there was a custom of the strangest kind; all gentlemen who carried in their arms a cross cried "Prény;" all who bore a bar cried "Couvert;" and all who had rings cried "Loupy." Of all the innumerable shouts which history and tradition have handed down to us, there was but one, or rather two at once, which made a real mark — the double cry of the fight at Weinsberg in 1140, the cry which gave their names to Guelph and Ghibelline, "Hie Waiblingen"—"Hie Welf." And yet, notwithstanding their want of influence on history, war-cries have a sort of literature of their own; they have been written about and have been divided, like other subjects, into categories. There were cries of invocation, like "Dieu aide," "Notre Dame," or "Montjoie;" cries of resolution, like the "Dieu le veut" of the Crusaders; cries of exhortation, like "A la recousse, Montoison," and "Au plus dru;" cries of defiance, like the arrogant exclamation, "Place à la bannière;" and cries of terror, like "Au feu" or "Chevaliers peuvent." Whether the modern "Hoch" and the

Digitized by Google

ancient "Hurrah" are still to be considered as war-cries is a matter of individual opinion; but when the Germans evacuated Paris on that bright March morning three years ago, and, in the intoxication of abundant victory, madly roared out those two echoing words as they passed beneath the Arch of Triumph, it certainly did seem to the half-dozen lookers-on that the fierce shout from those forty thousand throats well deserved the name of *Kriegsgeschrei*. If so, war-cries still continue to form part of the vanities of nations in their most aggressive and defiant form.

Crowns are emblems of another class; many of them have possessed a distinctly marked national character, and, even now, each country has a special shape of crown for its sovereign's use. The critics of the question go deeply into the discussion whether Nero was the first Roman monarch to wear a radiated crown, or whether his diadem was of the same shape as that of the Armenian and Syrian kings, who, because they claimed direct descent from Apollo, wore an imitation of the rays of the sun. The modern notion of a crown seems to date from Charlemagne, who took what we now call an imperial closed crown when he was at Rome. There is no sign of this sort of shape on any of the seals anterior to him, but from his time it came generally into use. The German emperors wore it in the tenth century, and William the Conqueror adopted it as soon as he became king of England. Du Cange says that, in the middle ages, the Western emperors received a triple crown, "silver in Germany, iron in Italy, and gold in sundry places" — the latter phrase meant Rome. The German crown possessed two points, which were surmounted by a diadem, a ball, and a cross of pearls; the cross indicated the guardianship of Christianity, the diadem the empire, and the two points the seigneuries of Denmark and Bohemia. The crown of England has four fleurs-de-lys, representing the old claims on France; and four Maltese crosses, indicative of that amusing appellation, Defender of the Faith. The famous Lombard crown was originally all gold, like most other crowns; but when Agilulph received it in 590, his wife, Theodolinda of Bavaria, put an iron ring inside to make it stronger, and that is why it became known as the iron crown. The legend is that the ring was made of one of the nails of the true cross, which was given to Theodolinda by Gregory the Great. The crown itself is now preserved at Vienna. In France the closed crown came into fashion more slowly than elsewhere. Some of the authorities pretend that Charles VIII. was the first French king to wear one, and that he adopted it when he took the quality of Emperor of the East in 1495; but this looks doubtful, for there are coins of Louis XII., his immediate successor, on which the crown is open. It is only from Francis I. that the closed crown appears to have been regularly worn. Of all crowns, however, the Papal tiara is that which has the most curious history. The Roman bishops had at first a mitre, like other prelates, and the legend is that they converted it into a regal symbol, because Clovis, after his conversion, sent on to Pope Symmachus a crown which he had himself received from the Emperor Anastasius. This crown, according to this theory, was the first owned at Rome, and was known afterwards at Papal coronations by the name of *Regnum Mundi*. Cicognera says, however, that Alexander III. was the first Pope to wear a crown, and that he added it to his mitre as a sign of sovereignty. Boniface VIII., who died in 1303, is supposed to have added a second crown, to indicate the union of the spiritual and temporal power; and Urban V. is said to have put on the third as a symbol of the government of the Holy See over the Church suffering, militant, and triumphant. There are, however, other explanations of the meaning of the triple crown: one is, that it represents the Pope as sovereign sacrificer, grand judge, and sole legislator of Christianity; another, that it implies triple royalty — spiritual over souls, temporal over the Roman States, and mixed over all kings; a third, that it indicates the threefold authority of the Holy Father as chief of the Church, as Bishop of Rome, and as temporal sovereign. Whatever doubts there may be as to this interpretation, it is at all events quite evident that, as the mitre implies spiritual power, so does the tiara imply material power. When the Pope is going to officiate pontifically, he wears the tiara as he advances to the altar, but there he takes it off and puts on his mitre. The treasury of the Vatican includes seven or eight tiaras, the last of which was given by the Queen of Spain in 1855; its three crowns are all alike; it weighs only 3 lb., and it cost £12,000. Napoleon had one made for Pius VII. after the Concordat; its three crowns are all different from

Digitized by Google

each other; it weighs 8 lb.; it cost £8800. All these details are quite intelligible; but it is less easy to comprehend why, or how, the Papal crown became possessed of the name Tiara, which was the denomination given by Herodotus to the cap of the King of Persia. There is a total want of harmonious etymology in this origin.

National airs necessarily come last in the catalogue of symbols, because they are so miserably modern. The oldest of them — "God save the Queen" — has not a hundred and fifty years behind it. It was first sung in 1740; and it may be added that it is now proved to have been composed by Dr. Carey, and not by Dr. Bull. The various *Ranz des Vaches* are much more ancient, it is true; but they cannot reasonably be included in the same category of national expressions as the Russian or English hymns. France has never had a national air at all. The "Chant du Départ" and the "Marseillaise" are warlike and Republican, not national. "Partant pour la Syrie" was a baby song, taught principally to parrots. "Vive Henri Quatre" was popular, not official. A nation, indeed, could scarcely publicly adopt such rhymes as these: —

> Vive Henri Quatre!
> Vive le roi vaillant!
> Qui sait boire et se battre,
> Et être vert-galant.

A French writer says of this once famous quatrain, "Il est une image du caractère Français; il est vif, égrillard, aussi peu solennel que possible, et il rend à merveille la fidélité monarchique de nos pères." This may be; but anyhow, there is nothing national in such words as these. Even in that German land where love of country is so deep, where convictions are so strong, where duties are so resolutely (though so disagreeably) discharged, there is no universally accepted home-made air. There are patriotic chants in any quantity. "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland," the "Wacht am Rhein," "Hurrah, Germania!" and all the crowd of *Volkslieder*, are there, to prove the fertility of the Teutonic soul; but these songs are not national in the real symbolic sense. They all are furiously patriotic, which is natural, for nations are supposed to be composed of patriots; but not one of these purely German chants has the official character which alone gives an emblematic value to a song. Furthermore, the one real public hymn of Northern Germany, the "Heil dir im Siegerkranz" is sung to the English music of "God save the Queen;" and that is why it so strangely happens that, notwithstanding her home enthusiasm, Germany has no truly national air of her own. "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star-spangled Banner" may be rigorously American, but they scarcely convey the notion of a people's prayer; and the other more or less local melodies which bands play, all about the world, on State occasions, are in pretty much the same condition. All this seems to indicate that our last attempt at creating another symbol, our idea of putting nationality into music, has not been worked out brilliantly thus far. It is a pretty fancy; and when, as in our own case and in that of Russia, it really attains success, it constitutes a heart-inspiring addition to the stock of emblems; but as it may be taken to have failed at least nine times out of ten, it is to be regretted that States do not put up their hymns to public competition, and by that means make a new and healthier selection.

The other emblems which nations use may just as well be left as they now stand; not because they are quite perfect, but because they are, at all events, about good enough for the work they have to do. It would be easy to suggest all sorts of changes in them, but it does not follow that any real improvement would follow from those changes; while, on the other hand, they would have the unsatisfactory effect of modernizing ancient customs, and of destroying what is best and truest in our various symbols — their old associations. The wisest plan will be to leave them for the present as they are, excepting always such of them as necessarily fluctuate with fashion. In the present condition of the world, coats of arms and flags and crowns may advantageously remain in the shape they originally assumed; but pigtails, wigs, and stocks would be as out of place in the uniforms of to-day as the horse-pistols of last century in a combat of artillery at 5000 yards. And this last consideration leads us to other thoughts. Judging from past experience, the smart coats which warriors wear, and which are identified in every country with the national idea of force, will go on changing, not only as a mere result of varying taste in dress, but also as a consequence of the development of weapons. The time may come when the token which we now call "uniform" will disappear altogether;

Digitized by Google

when, after passing through an intermediate stage of cuirassed armies, in which regiments, like ships, will be sheathed in six-inch plates, the battles of the world will be fought, at ranges of several degrees of longitude, by the scientific employment of the forces of nature. If ever this occurs, the soldiers of the future will doubtless be enclosed in laboratory bottles, and be surrounded by opaque vapours; generals will wear diving-dresses, and carry safety-lamps into action; while reconnaissances will be made by spectrum analysis. The effects of such a change as this would not be limited to the mere suppression of variegated coats and trousers; they could scarcely fail to simultaneously extend to other details too. Under such conditions of belligerence all actual emblems would lose their value; nations would probably discard them, and adopt, instead, devices more in harmony with the new methods which each of them would then employ in war. France, for instance, might give up the tricolour and adopt "portable democratized earthquakes" as her badge; England might abandon the ugly Union-Jack, and send her troops to fight beneath an oriflamme of "chemistry and dynamics;" Russia would replace the Byzantine eagle by "explosive ice;" while Italy would put "utilized volcanoes" in the place of the white cross of Savoy. United Germany, on the contrary, would continue to employ the practical but touching motto which she has recently adopted, "Blood and iron:" in this respect, as in many others, she is far away ahead of her contemporaries, and is showing them the way to the mottoes of the future. For the moment this view of coming emblems may seem exaggerated; but science is progressing very fast, and some day, perhaps, a great deal more than even this may come to pass.

If so, it is not unlikely that our successors will look back with a sort of envy to what, in their time, will be geologically known as the "flag-period" of the earth's existence. The fossilized relics of the happy generations which went to war with gunpowder will be preserved in the museums of the future side by side with the shreds which may then remain of their standards, their coats of arms, their liveries, their cockades. Fathers will take their children on Sunday afternoons (unless at that period the world employs a chemical substitute for Sunday) to gaze with curious sympathy on the skulls and thigh-bones of the simple races which used breech-loaders for weapons and coloured stuffs for emblems. In the then state of destructive inventivity our epoch will be regarded as a golden age of peace, ignorance, and love, and our ensigns and other symbols will come in for a just proportion of the admiration which our retrospective innocuity will provoke. Professors of archæology will teach their pupils that the Prussian Eagle was an accepted sign of gentleness and maiden diffidence; that the Stars and Stripes stood universally for bashful modesty; and that the British Lion was a type of self-sacrificing unselfishness. We really ought to be very proud to have such a future before us: we do not suspect that it is waiting for us (we know ourselves too well for that); but if really it comes to pass, our shades will look on approvingly, and will murmur to each other, "Posterity is right; we always said our flags were full of noble meaning."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER XIII.

HILARY LORRAINE enjoyed his sudden delivery from London, and the fresh delight of the dewy country, with such loud approval, and such noisy lightsomeness of heart, that even Crusty John, perched high on the driving-box above him, could not help looking back now and then into the van, and affording the horses the benefit of his opinion. "A right down hearty one he be, as'll make some of our maids look alive. And the worst time of year for such work too, when the May-Dukes is in, and the Hearts a colouring!"

Hilary was sitting on an empty "half-sieve," and with his usual affability enjoying the converse of "Paddy from Cork," as everybody called the old Irishman, who served alike for farm, road, or market, as the "lad of all work." But Gregory Lovejoy, being of a somewhat grave and silent order, was already beginning to doubt his own prudence in bringing their impulsive friend so near to a certain fair cousin of his now staying at the hospitable farm, in whom he felt a tender interest. Poor Lovejoy feared that his chance would be small against this dashing stranger; and he balanced uncomfortably in his mind, whether or

Digitized by Google

not he should drop a hint, at the first opportunity, to Lorraine, concerning his views in that quarter. Often he almost resolved to do so; and then to his diffidence it seemed presumptuous to fancy that any young fellow of Hilary's birth and expectations would entangle himself in their rustic world.

At Bromley they pulled up, to bait "man and beast," three fine horses, and four good men, eager to know the reason why they should not have their breakfast. Lorraine, although very short of cash (as he always found the means to be), demanded and stood out for leave to pay for everybody. This privilege was obtained at last — as it generally is by persistency — and after that it was felt that Hilary could no longer be denied his manifest right to drive the van. He had driven the Brighton four-horse coach, the whole way to London, times and again; and it was perfectly absurd to suppose that he could not manage three horses. Master John Shorne yielded his seat, apparently to this reasoning, but really to his own sure knowledge that the horses after so long a journey would be, on their way to stall, as quiet as lambs in the evening. Therefore he rolled himself up in the van, and slept the sleep of the man who has been up and wide-awake all night, for the sake of other people.

The horses well knew the true way home, and offered no cause for bit or whip; and they seemed to be taken sometimes with the pleasure which Hilary found in addressing them. They lifted their tails, and they pricked their ears, at the proper occasions genially; till the heat of the day settled down on their backs, and their creases grew dark and then lathery. And the horsefly (which generally forbears the pleasure of nuisance till July) in this unusually hot summer was earnest in his vocation already. Therefore, being of a leisurely mind, as behoves all genuine sons of the soil, Master Shorne called a halt, through the blazing time of noon, before battling with the "Backbone of Kent," as the beautiful North Down range is called. Here in a secluded glen they shunned the heats of Canicula under the sign of the "Pig and Whistle."

Thus the afternoon was wearing when they came to Sevenoaks, and passing through that pleasant town, descended into the weald of Kent. No one but Hilary cared for the wonderful beauty and richness of the view, breadth upon breadth of fruitland, woven in and out with hops and corn; and towards the windings of the Medway, pastures of the deepest green, even now after the heat of the sun, and the thirst of the comet that drank the dew. Turning on the left from the Tonbridge road, they threaded their way along narrow lanes, where the hedges no longer were scarred with chalk, but tapestried with all shades of green, and even in the broken places, rich with little cascades of loam. Careless dog-rose played above them with its loose abandonment; and honeysuckle was almost ready to release its clustered tongues. But "Travellers' Joy" — the joy that makes all travellers long to rest in Kent — abode as yet in the hopeful bud, a pendent shower of emerald.

These things were not heeded much, but pleasantly accepted by the four men and three horses. All felt alike that the world was made for them, and for them to enjoy themselves; and little they cared to go into the reason, when they had the room for it. With this large sense of what ought to be, they came to the gate of Old Applewood farm, a great white gate with a padlock on it. This stopped the road, and was meant to do so; for Martin Lovejoy, Gregory's father, claimed the soil of the road from this point, and denied all right of way, public or even private, to all claimants of whatsoever kind. On the other hand the parish claimed it as a public thoroughfare, and two farmers further on vowed that it was an "occupation road;" and what was more, they would use it as such. "Grower Lovejoy," as the neighbourhood called him — not that he was likely to grow much more, but because of his cherry-orchards — here was the proper man to hold the gate against all his enemies. When they sawed it down, he very promptly replaced it with cast-iron; and when this was shattered with a fold-pitcher, he stopped their premature triumph by a massive barrier of wrought metal case-hardened against rasp or cold chisel. Moreover he painted it white, so that any nocturnal attack might be detected at a greater distance.

When Paddy had opened this gate with a key which he had carried to London, they passed through an orchard of May-Duke cherries, with the ripe fruit hanging quite over the road. "No wonder you lock the gate," said Lorraine, as Crusty John, now on the box again, hand-

Digitized by Google

ed him a noble cluster, with the dark juice mantling richly under the ruddy gloss of skin.

"Do you mean that we should get them stolen?" Gregory asked, with some indignation; for his Kentish pride was touched: "oh, no, we should never get them stolen. Nobody about here would do such a thing."

"Then they don't know what's good," answered Hilary, jumping at another cluster; "I was born to teach the Kentish public the proper way to steal cherries."

"Well, they do take them sometimes," the truthful Gregory confessed; "but we never call it stealing any more than we do what the birds take."

"Valued fellow-student, thy strong point will not be the criminal law. But you must have a criminal love of the law, to jump at it out of these cherry-trees."

"It was my mother's work, as you know. Ah, there she is, and my cousin Phyllis!"

For the moment Lovejoy forgot his duty to his friend and particular guest, and slipping down from the tail of the van, made off at full speed through the cherry-trees. Hilary scarcely knew what to do. The last thing that ever occurred to him was that any one had been rude to him; still it was rather unpleasant to drive, or be driven, up to the door of his host, sitting upon a bushel-basket, and with no one to say who he was. Yet to jump out and run after Gregory, and collar him while he saluted his mother, was even a worse alternative. In a very few moments that chance was gone; for the team, with the scent of their corn so nigh, broke into a merry canter, and rattled along with their ears pricked forward, and a pleasant jingling. Neither did they stop until they turned into a large farmyard, with an oast-house at the further end of it. The dwelling-house was of the oldest fashion, thatched in the middle, at each end gabled, tiled in some places, and at some parts slabbed. Yet, on the whole, it looked snug, dry, and happy. Here, with one accord, they halted, and shook themselves in their harness, and answered the neighs of their friends in the stables.

Hilary, laughing at his own plight, but feeling uncomfortably stiff in the knees, arose from his basket, and looked around; and almost the first thing that met his gaze destroyed all his usual presence of mind. This was a glance of deep surprise, mingled with timid inquiry and doubt, from what Master Hilary felt at once to be the loveliest, sweetest, and most expressive brown eyes in the universe. The young girl blushed as she turned away, through fear of having shown curiosity; but the rich tint of her cheeks was faint, compared with the colour of poor Lorraine's. That gay youth was taken aback so utterly by the flash of a moment that he could not find a word to say, but made pretence in a wholesale manner to see nothing at all particular. But the warm blood from his heart belied him, which he turned away to hide, and worked among the baskets briskly, hoping to be looked at, and preparing to have another look as soon as he felt that it could be done.

Meanwhile, that formidable creature, whose glance had produced such a fine effect, recovered more promptly from surprise, and felt perhaps the natural pride of success, and desire to pursue the fugitive. At any rate, she was quite ready to hear whatever he might have to say for himself.

"I must ask you to forgive me," Lorraine began in a nervous manner, lifting his hat, and still blushing freely, "for springing so suddenly out of the earth — or rather, out of this van, I mean; though that can't be right, for I still am in it. I believe that I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Phyllis Clitherow. Your cousin, Mr. Lovejoy, is a very great friend of mine indeed; and he most kindly asked, or rather, what I mean to say is, invited me to come down for a day or two to this delightful part of the world; and I have enjoyed it so much already, that I am sure — that — that in fact ——"

"That I hope you may soon enjoy it more." She did not in the least mean any sarcasm or allusion to Hilary's present state; still he fancied that she did; until the kind look, coming so sweetly from the kind warm heart, convinced him that she never could be so cruel.

"I see the most delightful prospect I ever could imagine of enjoying myself," Lorraine replied, with a glance, imparting to his harmless words the mischief of that which nowadays we call "a most unwarrantable personal allusion." But she she did not, or would not, take it so.

"How kind of you to be pleased so lightly! But we do our best, in our simple way, when any one kindly comes to see us."

"Why, Miss Clitherow, I thought from

Digitized by Google

what your cousin said to me that you were only staying here for a little time yourself."

"You are quite right as to Miss Clitherow. But I am not my cousin Phyllis. I am only Mabel Lovejoy, Gregory Lovejoy's sister."

"By Jove, how glad I am!" cried Hilary, in his impetuous way; "what a fool I must have been not to know it, after I saw him run to meet his cousin in the orchard! But that treacherous Gregory never told me that he even had a sister. Now, won't I thoroughly give it to him?"

"You must not be angry, Mr. Lorraine, with poor Gregory, because — because Phyllis is such a beautiful girl."

"Don't let me hear about beautiful girls! As if — as if there could be any ——"

"Good enough for Gregory," she answered, coming cleverly to his rescue, for he knew that he had gone too far; "but wait till you have seen cousin Phyllis."

"There is one thing I shall not defer for the glory of seeing a thousand Miss Clitherows, and that is the right that I have to shake hands with my dear friend Gregory's sister."

He had leaped from the van some time ago, and now held out his hand (a good strong one, pleasingly veined with cherry-juice), and she, with hospitable readiness, laid her pretty palm therein. He felt that it was a pretty hand, and a soft one, and a hearty one; and he found excuse to hold it longer, while he asked a question.

"Now, how did you know my name, if you please, while I made such a stupid mistake about yours?"

"By your bright blue eyes," she was going to answer, with her native truthfulness; but the gaze of those eyes suggested that the downright truth might be dangerous. Therefore, for once, she met a question with a question warily.

"Was it likely that I should not know you, after all I have heard of you?" This pleased him well in a general way. For Hilary, though too free (if possible) from conceit and arrogance, had his own little share of vanity. Therefore, upon the whole, it was lucky, and showed due attention to his business, that Grower Lovejoy now came up, to know what was doing about the van.

Martin Lovejoy was not a squatter, by seven years stamped into "tenant right," which means for the most part landlord's wrong. Nor was he one of those great tenant farmers who, even then, were beginning to rise, and hold their own with "landed gentry." His farm was small, when compared with some; but it was outright his own, having descended to him through long-buried generations. So that he was one of the ever-dwindling class of "franklins," a class that has done good work for England, neither obtaining nor wanting thanks.

Old Applewood farm contained altogether about six hundred acres, whereof at least two-thirds lay sweetly in the Vale of Medway, and could show root, stem, or bine against any other land in Kent, and therefore any in England. Here was no fear of the heat of the sun, or the furious winter's rages, such a depth of nature underlay the roots of everything. Nothing ever suffered from that poverty of blood which makes trees canker on a shallow soil; and no tree rushed into watery strength (which very soon turns to weakness), through having laid hold upon something that suited only a particular part of it.

And not the trees alone, but all things, grew within that proper usage of a regulated power (yet with more of strength to come up, if it should be called for). which has made our land and country fertile over all the world; receiving submissively the manners and the manure of all nations. This is a thing to be proud of; but the opportunity for such pride was not open to the British mind at the poor old time we deal with.

Martin Lovejoy knew no more than that the rest of Europe was amassed against our island; and if England meant to be England, every son of that old country must either fight himself or pay. Martin would rather have fought than paid, if he had only happened to be a score and a half years younger.

Hilary Lorraine knew well (when Martin Lovejoy took his hand, and welcomed him to Old Applewood) that here was a man to be relied on, to make good his words and mind. A man of moderate stature, but of sturdy frame, and some dignity; ready to meet everybody pretty much as he was met.

"Glad to see you, sir," he said; "I have often heard of you, Master Lorraine; it is right kind of you to come down. I hope that you are really hungry, sir."

"To the last degree," answered Hil-

Digitized by Google

ary; "I have been eating off and on, but nothing at all to speak of, in the noble air I have travelled through."

"Our air has suited you, I see by the colour of your cheeks and eyes. Aha! the difference begins, as I have seen some scores of times, at ten miles out of London. And we are nearly thirty here, sir, from that miserable place. Excuse me, Master Lorraine, I hope I say nothing to offend you."

"My dear sir, how can you offend me? I hate London heartily. There must be a million people there a great deal too good to live in it. We are counting everybody this year; and I hear that when it is made up there will be a million and a quarter!"

"I can't believe it. I cannot believe it. There never was such a deal before. And how can there want to be so many now? This numbering of the people is an unholy thing, that leads to plagues. All the parsons around here say that this has brought the comet. And they may show something for it; and they preach of Jerusalem when it was going to be destroyed. They have frightened all our young maids terribly. What is said in London, sir?"

"Scarcely anything, Mr. Lovejoy: scarcely anything at all. We only see him every now and then, because of the smoke between us. And when we see him, we have always got our own work to attend to."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" answered the Grower; "who can make out them Londoners? About their business they would go if Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were all swallowed up in front of them. For that I like them. I like a man—but come in to our little supper, sir."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next day was Sunday; and Hilary (having brought a small bag of clothes with him) spent a good deal of the early time in attending to his adornment. For this he had many good reasons to give, if only he had thought about them; but the only self-examination that occurred to him was at the looking-glass. Here he beheld himself looking clean and bright, as he always did [illegible] and yet he was not quite satisfied [illegible] ought to have been) with his countenance. "There is room for a lot of improvement," he exclaimed at himself, quite bitterly: "how coarse, and how low, I begin to look! But there is not a line in her face that could be changed without spoiling it. There again! Hairs, hairs, coming almost everywhere! Beautiful girls have none of that stuff. How they must despise us! All their hair is ornamental, and ours comes so disgracefully!"

When he had no one else to talk to, Hilary always talked to himself. He always believed that he knew himself better than anybody else could know him. And so he had a right to do; and so he must have done just now, if doubtful watch of himself and great shaking of his head could help him.

At last he began to be fit to go down, according to his own ideas, though not at all sure that he might not have managed to touch himself up just a little bit more—which might make all the difference. He thought that he looked pretty well; but still he would have liked to ask Gregory before it was too late to make any change, and the beautiful eyes fell upon him. But Gregory, and all the rest, were waiting for him in the breakfast-room; and no one allowed him to suspect how much he had tried their patience.

Young Lovejoy showed a great deal of skill in keeping Lorraine to the other side of the table from Phyllis Clitherow; and Hilary was well content to sit at the side of Mabel. Phyllis, in his opinion, was a beautiful girl enough, and clever in her way, and lively; but lovely was the only word to be used at all about Mabel. And she asked him to have just a spoonful of honey, and to share a pat of butter with her, in such a voice, and with such a look, that if she had said, "Here are two oz. of cold-drawn castor oil—if you take one, I'll take the other," he must have opened his mouth for it.

So they went on; and neither knew the deadly sin they were dropping to—that deadly sin of loving when the level and entire landscape of two lives are different.

Through the rich fields, and across a pretty little wandering brook, which had no right to make a quarter of the noise it was making, this snug party went to church. Accurate knowledge of what to do, as well as very pretty manners, and a sound resolve to be over-nice (rather than incur the possibility of pushing), led the two young men from London rather to underdo the stiles, and almost go quite away, than to express their feelings by hands, whenever the top-bar made a tangle, according to the usual knot of it. The two girls entered into this, and said to themselves, what a very

Digitized by Google

superior thing it was to have young men from London in comparison with young hop-growers, who stood here and there across them, and made them so blush for each inch of their legs. What made it all the more delicate, and ever so much more delightful, was, that the excellent Grower was out of the way, and so was Mrs. Lovejoy. For the latter, being a most kind-hearted woman, had rheumatic pains at the first church-bell, all up the leaders of her back; so that the stiles were too many for her, and Master Lovejoy was compelled to drive her in the one-horse shay.

By the time these staid young men and maidens came to the little churchyard gate everything was settled between them, as if by deed under hand and seal, although not so much as a wave of the air, much less any positive whisper of the wind, had stirred therein. The import of this unspoken and even undreamed covenant was, that Gregory now must walk with Phyllis, and see to her, and look at her, without her having any second thoughts about Hilary. Hilary, on the other hand, was to be acknowedged as the cavalier of Mabel; to help her when she wanted helping, and to talk when she wanted talking; although it might be assumed quite fairly that she could do most of that for herself. Feeling the strength of good management, all of them marched into church accordingly.

In the very same manner they all marched out, after behaving uncommonly well, and scarcely glancing at one another, when the clergyman gave out that the heat of the weather had not allowed him to write a new discourse that week; but as the same cause must have made them forgetful of what he had said last Sunday (when many of them seemed inattentive), he now proposed, with the Divine assistance, to read the same sermon again to them.

With the unconverted youthful mind, a spring (like that of Jack-out-of-the-box) at the outer door of the church jumps up, after being so long inside, into that liberal goodwill, which is one of our noblest sentiments. Anybody is glad to see almost everybody; and people (though of one parish) in great joy forego their jangling. The sense of a grand relief, and a conscience wiped clean for another week, leads the whole lot to love one another as far as the gate of the churchyard.

But our young people were much inclined to love one another much further. The more they got into the meadow-land, and the strength of the summer around them, with the sharp stroke of the sun, and the brisk short shadows of one another, the more they were treading a dangerous path, and melting away to each other. Hilary saw with romantic pride that Mabel went on as well as ever, and had not a bead on her clear bright cheeks; while at the same time Phyllis, though stopping to rest every now and then — but Hilary never should have noticed this. Such things are below contempt.

In this old and genial house, the law was that the guest should appoint the time for dinner, whenever the cares of the outer work permitted it. And as there were no such cares on Sunday, Hilary had to choose the time for the greatest event of the human day. This had been talked of and settled, of course, before anybody got the prayer-books; and now the result at two o'clock was a highly excellent repast. To escape the power of the sun they observed this festival in the hall of the house, which was deliciously cool even now, being paved with stone, and shaded by a noble and fragrant walnut-tree. Mrs. Lovejoy knew, what many even good housekeepers seem not to know — to wit that, to keep a room cool, it is not necessary to open the windows when the meridian sun bombards. "For goodness' sake let us have some air in such weather as this!" they cry, when they might as well say, "Let us cool the kitchen by opening the door of the oven."

Lorraine was one of those clever fellows who make the best of everything; which is the cleverest thing that can be done by a human being. And he was not yet come to the time of life when nothing is good if the dinner is bad; so that he sat down cheerily, and cheered all the rest by doing so.

Of course there were many things said and done, which never would have been said, or thought of, at the dinner-table of Coombe Lorraine. But Hilary (though of a very sensitive fibre in such matters) neither saw, nor heard, nor felt, a single thing that irked him. There was nothing low about anybody; whereas there was something as high as the heavens dining out of the very next plate. He made himself (to the very utmost of his power) agreeable, except at the moments when his power of pleasing quite outran himself. Then he would stop and look at his fork — one of the fine old two-pronged

Digitized by Google

fellows — and almost be afraid to glance, to ask what she was thinking.

She was thinking the very things that she should have known better than to think. But what harm could there possibly be in scarcely thinking, so much as dreaming, things that could have nothing in them? Who was she, a country-girl, to set herself up, and behave herself, as if anybody meant anything? And yet his eyes, and the bend of his head, and his choice of that kidney-potato for her (as if he were born a grower) — and then the way he poured her beer — if there was nothing in all this, why then there was nothing in all the world except delusion and breaking of heart.

Hilary, sitting at her knife-hand, felt a whole course of the like emotions, making allowance for gender. How beautifully she played her knife, with a feminine tenderness not too make too strong a slice of anything! And how round her little wrist was, popping in and out of sleeves, according as the elbow went; and no knob anywhere to be seen, such as women even of the very latest fashion have. And then her hair was coming towards him (when she got a bit of gristle) so that he could take a handful, if the other people only would have the manners not to look. And oh, what lovely hair it was! so silky, and so rich, and bright, and full of merry dances to the music of her laugh! And he did not think he had ever seen anything better than her style of eating without showing it. Clearly enjoying her bit of food, and tempting all to feed their best; yet full of mind at every mouthful, and of heart at every help. But above all, when she looked up, quite forgetting both knife and fork, and looked as if she could look like that into no other eyes but his; with such a gentle flutter and a timid wish to tell no more, and yet a sudden pulse of glad light from the innocent young heart — nothing could be lovelier than the way in which she raised her eyes, except her way of dropping them.

These precious glances grew more rare and brief the more he sought for them; and he wondered whether anybody else had been treated so. Then, when he would seem to be doubtful, and too much inclined to stop, a look of surprise, or a turn of the head, would tempt him to go on again. And there would be little moments (both on his side and on hers) of looking about at other people with a stealthy richness. With a sense of some great treasure, made between them, and belonging to themselves in private; proud demand that the rest of the world should attend to its proper business; and then, with one accord, a meeting of the eyes that were beginning, more and more, to mean alike.

All this was as nice as could be, and a pretty thing to see. Still, in a world that always leaves its loftiest principles to accumulate, at the lowest interest (and once in every generation to be a mere drug in the market), "love" is used, not in games alone, as the briefest form of "nothing." All our lovers (bred as lovers must be under school boards) know what they are after now, and who can pay the ninepence. But in the ancient time, the mothers had to see to most of that.

Mrs. Lovejoy, though she did not speak, or look particularly, had her perception of what was going on close by. And she said to herself, "I will see to this. It is no good interfering now. I shall have Miss Mabel all to myself in three-quarters of an hour."

CHAPTER XV.

Mrs. Lovejoy's lecture to her daughter seemed likely to come just a little too late, as so many excellent lessons do. For as soon as he saw that all had dined, the host proposed an adjournment, which was welcomed with no small delight by all except the hostess.

"Now, Master Lorraine, and my niece Phyllis, what say you, if we gather our fruit for ourselves in the shady places; or rather, if we sit on the bank of the little brook in the orchard, where there is a nice sheltered spot; and there we can have a glass of wine while the maidens pick the fruit for us?"

"Capital," answered Hilary; "what a fine idea, Mr. Lovejoy! But we surely ought to pick for the ladies, instead of letting them pick for us."

"No, sir, we will let them have the pleasure of waiting upon us. It is the rule of this neighbourhood, and ought to be observed everywhere. We work for the ladies all the week, serve, honour, and obey them. On Sundays they do the like for us, and it is a very pleasant change. Mabel, don't forget the pipes. Do you smoke, Master Lorraine? If so, my daughter will fill a pipe for you."

"That would be enough to tempt me, even if I disliked it, whereas I am very fond of it. However, I never do smoke, because my father has a most inveterate prejudice against it. I promised him some time ago to give it up for a twelve-

Digitized by Google

month. And the beauty of it is that there is nothing he himself enjoys so much as a good pinch of snuff. Ah, there I am getting my revenge upon him. My sister will do anything I ask her; and he will do anything she asks him: and so, without his knowledge, I am breaking him of his snuff-box."

"Aha, well done! I like that. And I like you too, young man, for your obedience to your father. That virtue is becoming very rare; rarer and rarer every year. Why, if my father had knocked me down I should have lain on the ground, if it was a nettle-bed, till he told me to get up. Now, Greg, my boy, what would you do?"

"Well, sir, I think that I should get up as quick as I could, and tell my mother."

"Aha! and I should have the nettles then. Well said, Greg, my boy; I believe it is what all the young fellows nowadays would do. But I don't mean you, of course, Master Lorraine. Come along, come along. Mabel, you know where that old Madeira is that your poor Uncle Ambrose took three times to Calcutta. Ah, poor man, I wish he was here! As fine a fellow as ever shotted a cannon at a Frenchman. Nelson could have done no better. And it did seem uncommonly hard upon him never to go to Churchyard. However, the will of the Lord be done! Now mind, the new patent cork-screw."

Mabel was only too glad to get this errand to the cellar. With filial instinct she perceived how likely she was to "catch it," as soon as her mother got the chance. Not that she deserved it. Oh no, not in the least, her conscience told her. Was she to be actually rude to her father's guest, and her brother's friend? And as if she was not old enough now, at eighteen and a quarter, to judge for herself in such childish matters as how to behave at dinner-time!

By the side of a pebbly brook — which ran within stone-throw of the house, sparkling fresh and abundant from deep well-springs of the hill-range — they came to a place which seemed to be made especially for enjoyment. A bend of the grassy banks and rounded hollow of the fruit-land, where cherry, and apple, and willow-tree clubbed their hospitable shade, and fugitive water made much ado to ripple down the zigzag rill. Here in cool and gentle shelter, the Grower set his four legs down; *i.e.*, the four legs of his chair, because, like all that in gardens dwell, he found mother earth too rheumatic for him, especially in hot weather when deep sluggish fibres radiate. The Groweress also had her chair, borne by the sedulous Gregory. All the rest, like nymphs and shepherds, strewed their recumbent forms on turf.

"God Almighty," said Master Lovejoy, fearing that he might be taking it too easy for the Sabbath-day, "really hath made beautiful things for us His creatures to rejoice in, with praise, thanksgiving, and truthfulness. Mabel, put them two bottles in the brook — not there, you stupid child; can't you see that the sun comes under that old root? In the corner where that shelf of stone is. Thank you, Master Lorraine. What a thing it is to have a headpiece! But God Almighty never made, among all His wonderful infinite works, the waters and the great whales, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit, whose seed is in itself, and the green herb for meat, which means to come to table with the meat; His mercy endureth forever; and He never showed it as when He made tobacco, and clay for tobacco-pipes — the white clay that He made man of." With this thanksgiving he began to smoke.

"Now, Martin, I never could see that," answered Mrs. Lovejoy; "the best and greatest work of the Lord ought to have been for the women first."

"Good wife, then it must have been the apple. Ah, Gregory, I had your mother there. However, we won't dispute on a Sunday; it spoils all the goodness of going to church, and never leaves anything settled. Mabel, run away now for the fruit, while Gregory feels if the wine is cold. Master Lorraine, I hope that our little way of going on, and being over free on a Sunday perhaps, does not come amiss to you."

Hilary did not look as if anything came amiss to him, as now he lay at the feet of Mabel, on the slope of the sweet rich sward, listening only for her voice, more liquid than even the tone of the brook. He listened for it, but not to it; inasmuch as one of those sudden changes, which (at less than half a breath) vapour the glass of the feminine mind, was having its turn with the maiden. Mabel felt that she had not kept herself to herself as she should have done. Who was this gentleman, or what, that she should be taken with him so suddenly as to feel her breath come short, every time that she even thought of her mother? A gentleman from London too, where the whole time of the Court was spent, as Master Shorne brought news every week, in

Digitized by Google

things that only the married women were allowed to hear of. In the present case, of course, she knew how utterly different all things were. How lofty and how grand of heart, how fearful even to look at her much — still, for all that, it would only be wise to show him, or at least to let him see that — that at any rate, for the present ——

"Now, Mabel, when are you going for the cherries? Phyllis — bless my heart alive! Gregory, are you gone to sleep? What are all the young people made of, when a touch of summer makes them only fit to sprawl about?"

"Bring three sorts of cherries, Mabel," Gregory shouted after her; "Mr. Lorraine must be tired of May-Dukes I am sure. The Black Geans must be ripe, and the Eltons, and the Early Amber. And go and see how the White-hearts are on the old tree against the wall."

"Much he knows about cherries, I believe!" grumbled Mr. Lovejoy; "John Doe and Richard Roe be more to his liking than the finest Griffins. Why, the White-hearts haven't done stoning yet! What can the boy be thinking of?" It was the Grower's leading grievance that neither of his two sons seemed likely to take to the business after him. Here was the elder being turned by his mother into a "thieves' counsellor," and the younger was away at sea, and whenever he came home told stories of foreign fruit which drove his father into a perfect fury. So that now it was Martin's leading wish to marry his oldest daughter to some one fitted to succeed him, who might rent the estate from the proper heir, for the land had been disgavelled.

It is a pleasing thing to a young man — ay, and an old one may be pleased — to see a pretty girl make herself useful in pretty and natural attitudes; and that pleasure now might be enjoyed at leisure and in duplicate. For Phyllis Clitherow was a pretty, or rather a beautiful young woman, slender, tall, and fair of hue. Not to be compared with Mabel, according to Hilary's judgment; but infinitely snperior to her in the opinion of Gregory. All that depends upon taste, of course; but Mabel's beauty was more likely to outlast the flush of youth, having the keeping qualities of a bright and sweet expression, and the dark lustre of sensible eyes.

These two went among the cherry-trees with fair knowledge what to do, and having light scarves on their heads, brought behind their ears and tied under the curves of their single chins. Because they knew that the spurs and sprays would spoil their lovely Sunday hats, even if they should escape the drip of a cherry wounded by some fine thrush. The blackbirds pop them off entire, and so do the starlings; but the thrushes sit and peck at them, with the juice dripping down on their dappled breasts, and a flavour in their throats which they mean to sing about at their leisure. But now the birds that were come among them meant to have them wholesale. Phyllis, being a trifle taller, and less deft of finger, bent the shady branches down for Mabel to pluck the fruit. Mabel knew that she must take the northern side of the tree, of course; and the boughs where the hot sun had not beaten through the leaves and warmed the fruit. Also she knew that she must not touch the fruit with her hand and dim the gloss; but above all things to be careful — as of the goose with the golden eggs — to make no havoc of the young buds forming, at the base of every cluster, for the promise of next year's crop.

Hilary longed to go and help them; but his host being very proud of the grandeur of his Madeira wine, would not even near of it. And Mrs. Lovejoy, for other reasons, showed much skill in holding him; so that he could but sit down and admire the picture he longed to be part of. Hence he beheld in the happy distance, in and out the well-fed trees, skill, and grace, and sprightly movements, tiny baskets lifted high, round arms bent for drawing downward, or thrown up for a jumping catch, and everything else that is so lovely, and safe to admire at a distance.

By-and-by the maids came back, bearing their juicy treasure, and blithe with some sage mysticism of laughter. They had hit upon some joke between them, or something that chanced to tickle them; and when this happens with girls, they never seem to know when the humour is out of it. And of course they make the deepest mystery of a diminutive jest so harmless, that it hits no one except themselves. Mrs. Lovejoy looked at them strongly. Her time for common-sense was come; and she thought they were stealing a march upon her, by some whispers about young men, the last thing they should ever think of.

Whereas the poor girls had no thought of anything of the kind. Neither would they think one atom more than they could help, of what did not in the least concern

Digitized by Google

them; if their elders, who laid down the law, would only leave them to themselves. And it was not long till this delightful discretion was afforded them. For, after a glass or two of wine, the heat of the day began to tell, through the cool air of the hollow, on that worthy couple, now kindly hand in hand, and calmly going down the slope of life. They hoped they had got a long way to go yet; and each thought so of the other. Neither of them had much age, being well under threescore years; just old enough to begin to look on the generation judiciously. But having attained this right at last, after paying heavily, what good could they have of it, if young people were ever so far above their judgment? Meditating thus they dozed, and youthful voice, and glance, and smile, were drowned in the melody of — nose.

The breeze that comes in the afternoon of every hot day (unless the sky is hushing up for a thunderstorm) began to show the underside of leaves and the upper gloss of grass, and with feeble puffs to stir the stagnant heat into vibration, like a candle quivering. Every breath at first was hot, and only made the air feel hotter, until there arrived a refreshing current, whether from some water-meadows or the hills where the chalk lay cool.

"The heat is gone," said Martin Lovejoy, waking into the pleasant change; "it will be a glorious afternoon. Pooh, what is this to call hot weather? Only three years ago, in 1808, I remember well——"

"It may have been hotter then, my dear," said Mrs. Lovejoy, placidly; "but it did not make you forget your pipe, and be ungrateful to Providence about me."

"Why, where can the children be?" cried the Grower: "I thought they were all here just this moment! It is wonderful how they get away together. I thought young Lorraine and Gregory were as fast asleep as you or I! Oh, there I hear them in the distance, with the girls, no doubt, all alive and merry!"

"Ay, and a little too merry, I doubt," answered Mrs. Lovejoy; "a little too much alive for me. Why, they must be in the wall garden now! Goodness, alive, I believe they are, and nobody to look after them!"

"Well, if they are they can't do much harm. They are welcome to anything they can find, except the six strawberries I crossed, and Mabel will see that they don't eat those."

"Crossed strawberries, indeed now, Martin!" Mrs. Lovejoy never could be brought to understand cross-breeding; "they'll do something worse than cross your strawberries unless you keep a little sharper look-out. They'll cross your plans, Master Martin Lovejoy, and it's bad luck for any one who does that."

"I don't understand you, wife, any more than you understand the strawberries. How could they cross them at this time of year?"

"Why, don't you see that this gay young Lorraine is falling over head and ears in love with our darling Mabel?"

"Whew! That would be a sad affair," the Grower answered carelessly: "I like the young fellow, and should be sorry to have him so disappointed. For of course he never could have our Mab unless he made up his mind to turn grower. Shorne says that he is a born salesman; perhaps he is also a born grower."

"Now, husband, why do you vex me so? You know as well as I do that he is the only son of a baronet, belonging, as Gregory says, to one of the proudest families in England, though he doesn't show much pride himself, that's certain. Is it likely they would let him have Mabel?"

"Is it likely that we would let Mabel have him? But this is all nonsense, wife; you are always discovering such mare's-nests. Tush! why, I didn't fall in love with you till we fell off a horse three times together."

"I know that, of course. But that was because they wanted us to do it. The very thing is that it happens at once when everybody's face is against it. However, you've had your warning, Martin, and you only laugh at it. You have nobody but yourself to thank if it goes against your plots and plans. For my own part, I should be well pleased if Mabel were really fond of him, and if the great people came round in the end, as sooner or later they always do. There are very few families in the kingdom that need be ashamed of my daughter, I think. And he is a most highly accomplished young man. He said last night immediately after prayer-time that I might try for an hour and he would be most happy to listen to me, but I never, never could persuade him that I was over forty years old. Therefore, husband, see to it yourself. Things may take their own course for me."

"Trust me, trust me, good wife," said Martin; "I can see, as far as most folks can. What stupes boys and girls are, to

Digitized by Google

be sure, to go rushing about after watery fruit, and leave such wine as this here Madeira. Have another glass, my dear good creature, to cheer you up after your prophecies."

Meanwhile, in the large old-fashioned garden, which lay at the east end of the house, further up the course of the brook, any one sitting among the currant-bushes might have judged which of the two was right, the unromantic franklin, or his more ambitious but sensible wife. Gregory and Phyllis were sitting quietly in a fine old arbour, having a steady little flirt of their own, and attending to nothing in the world besides. Phyllis was often of a pensive cast, and she never looked better than in this mood, when she felt the deepest need of sympathy. This she was receiving now, and pretending of course not to care for it; her fingers played with moss and bark, the fruits of the earth were below her contempt, and she looked too divine for anybody.

On the other hand, the rarest work and the most tantalizing tricks were going on at a proper distance between young Mabel and Hilary. They had straggled off into the strawberry-beds where nobody could see them, and there they seemed likely to spend some hours if nobody should come after them. The plants were of the true Carolina, otherwise called the "old scarlet pine," which among all our countless new sorts finds no superior, perhaps no equal, although it is now quite out of vogue, because it fruits so shyly?

What says our chief authority? "Fruit medium-sized, ovate, even, and regular, and with a glossy neck, skin deep red, flesh pale red, very firm and solid, with a fine sprightly and very rich pine flavour." What lovelier fruit could a youth desire to place between little pearly teeth, reserving the right to have a bite, if any of the very firm flesh should be left? What fruit more suggestive of elegant compliments could a maid open her lips to receive, with a dimple in each mantled cheek — lips more bright than the skin of the fruit, cheeks by no means of a pale red now, although very firm and solid — and as for the sprightly flavour of the whole, it may be imagined, if you please, but is not to be ascertained as yet?

"Now, I must pick a few for you, Mr. Lorraine. You are really giving me all you find. And they are so scarce — no, thank you; I can get up very nicely by myself. And there can't be any brier in my hair. You really do imagine things. Where on earth could it have come from? Well, if you are sure, of course you may remove it. Now I verily believe you put it there. Well, perhaps I am wronging you. It was an unfair thing to say, I confess. Now wait a moment, while I run to get a little cabbage-leaf!"

"A cabbage-leaf! Now you are too bad. I won't taste so much as the tip of a strawberry out of anything but one. How did you eat your strawberries, pray?"

"With my mouth, of course. But explain your meaning. You won't eat what I pick for you out of what?"

"Out of anything else in the world except your own little beautiful palm."

"Now, how very absurd you are! Why, my hands are quite hot."

"Let me feel them and judge for myself. Now the other, if you please. Oh, how lovely and cool they are! How could you tell me such a story, Mabel, beautiful Mabel?"

"I am not at all beautiful, and I won't be called so. And I know not what they may do in London. But I really think, considering — at least when one comes to consider that ——"

"To consider what? You make me tremble, you do look so ferocious. Ah, I thought you couldn't do it long. Inconsiderate creature, what is it I am to consider?"

"You cannot consider! Well, then, remember. Remember it is not twenty-four hours since you saw me for the very first time, and surely it is not right and proper that you should begin to call me 'Mabel,' as if you had known me all your life!"

"I must have known you all my life. And I mean to know you all the rest of my life, and a great deal more than that ——"

"It may be because you are Gregory's friend you are allowed to do things. But what would you think of me, Mr. Lorraine, if I were to call you 'Hilary' — a thing I should never dream of?"

"I should think that you were the very kindest darling, and I should ask you to breathe it quite into my ear — 'Hilary, Hilary!' — just like that; and then I should answer just like this, 'Mabel, Mabel, sweetest Mabel, how I love you, Mabel!' and then what would you say, if you please?"

"I should have to ask my mother," said the maiden, "what I ought to say. But luckily the whole of this is in your imagination. Mr. Lorraine, you have

Digitized by Google

lost your strawberries by your imagination."

"What do I care for strawberries?" Hilary cried, as the quick girl wisely beat a swift retreat from him. "You never can enter into my feelings, or you never would run away like that. And I can't run after you, you know, because of Phyllis and Gregory. There she goes, and she won't come back. What a fool I was to be in such a hurry! But what could I do to help it? I never know where I am when she turns those deep rich eyes upon me. She never will show them again, I suppose, but keep the black lashes over them. And I was getting on so well — and here are the stalks of the strawberries!"

Of every strawberry she had eaten from his daring fingers he had kept the stalks and calyx, breathed on by her freshly fragrant breath, and slyly laid them in his pocket; and now he fell to at kissing them. Then he lay down in the Carolinas, where her skirt had moved the leaves, and to him, weary with strong heat, and a rush of new emotions, comfort came in the form of sleep. And when he awoke, in his open palm most delicately laid he found a little shell-shaped cabbage-leaf piled with the fruit of the glossy neck.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

IMPRESSIONS OF ICELAND.

I SHALL not attempt in the compass of these few pages to give an account of Iceland, either physically, or socially, or statistico-economically, or politically, or historically, or from any of the other points of view of a gazetteer. There are several fairly good books of travel (Henderson's, the oldest, is still the best) in which those who are curious will find the extraordinary natural phenomena and the manners of the natives treated of at full length. All I desire to do here is to give some sort of notion of the kind of impression which the scenery and the people make on a passing traveller — a thing which is what one chiefly wishes to know about strange countries, though it is often that which it is hardest to convey.

Iceland is most easily described by negatives. There are no trees, though apparently there were plenty in the tenth century, when we hear of men hiding among them and being hanged from them. No corn is grown, nor any other crop, except a few turnips and potatoes which taste only half-ripe. The only wild quadrupeds are the blue fox (who has probably come, as the white bear now and then does, on ice-floes from Greenland), and the reindeer — the latter introduced about a century ago, and still uncommon, ranging over the desert mountains. There is no town except the capital, a city of 1,800 people, no other place deserving to be called even a village, unless it be the hamlet of Akureyri, on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, with some fifty houses; no inns (save one in that village whose resources consist of two beds, a single jug and basin, and a billiard-table); no hens, ducks or geese (except wild geese), no pigs, no donkeys, no roads, no carriages, no shops, no manufactures, no dissenters from the established Lutheranism, no army, navy, volunteers, or other guardians of public order (except one policeman in Reykjavík), no criminals, only two lawyers, and finally no snakes. "What, then, is there?" Snow mountains, glaciers, hot springs, volcanoes, earthquakes, northern lights, ravens, morasses, and, above all, deserts.

Or rather — there is the Desert! For Iceland — and this is a point which none of the books of travel bring out — Iceland is really one vast desert fringed by a belt of pasture land which lies along the more level parts of the coast, and here and there runs up the valleys of the great rivers into the interior. And a desert in Iceland does not mean merely a land waste and solitary, such as large parts of Scotland and Ireland have become (especially since deer forests grew to be so profitable), but land that has always been and will always be desolate — land bare and drear, treeless, shrubless, grassless, where not a sheep or pony can browse, and where by consequence man can never plant his dwelling. Of this great central space a part is occupied by glaciers and snow fields. One tremendous mass, out of which the highest peaks of the island rise, covers an area of some four thousand square miles, has never been crossed, and never will be. The mountains are not very high; but then the level of perpetual snow is only some 3,000 feet above the sea, and the larger glaciers descend almost to the sea-level. Other parts are filled by volcanic mountains surrounded by fields of rugged lava, sometimes, like the great Odada Hraun, spreading over hundreds of miles, and not only barren but waterless. The rest is an undulating

Digitized by Google

waste of black volcanic sand and pebbles, or perhaps, what is most dismal of all, an expanse of bare earth strewed with loose blocks of stone, from among which no herb springs, over which the nimble pony can hardly pick its way. On the lava fields one may have at least shrublets of dwarf birch and willow, nestling, with a few tiny ferns, in the chinks and hollows of the mouldering rock, but on these stony wastes all is desolation — not a flower, not an insect, not a bird, except the sombre raven, Odin's companion, least of all a sign of human presence. A far less imaginative people than the Icelanders might easily have peopled such a wilderness with trolls and demons.

Round the northern and western coasts, and in some of the broad river valleys of the north-eastern and south-western corners of the isle, the aspect of nature is less forbidding; for there one finds stretches of pasture land, flower-spangled in the earlier summer months, with now and then a farm-house, cosily placed upon some sunny slope, the grass hillocks of its tun * all round, and a bright stream murmuring below. Yet even in these more favoured regions a great deal of the surface is covered with dreary bog, and the land shows always a tendency to relapse — so to speak — into a desert. On a sudden, with no apparent provocation, you find, as you ride along, that the grass comes to an end, and you may then travel for miles and miles over bare earth and stones before it reappears again on the banks of some deep flowing stream. This is so round Reykjavík itself, the capital of the island, where the pasture land stops with the houses, and five minutes beyond the last tun one looks round upon an utter wilderness. As the life of man depends upon that of sheep and cows, and as sheep and cows depend upon grass, it follows that houses are few and far between even in the more habitable and civilized districts, while villages are unknown altogether. Seldom does one find more than one house where the map marks what the inexperienced traveller supposes to be a town, unless, indeed, on the coast, where sometimes two or three fisherman's huts lie near together. And from one house to another it is often five, six, or seven hours' riding.

* Every baer (farm-house or city; the same word which appears in England as "by" — Derby, Grimsby) has its tun (town), a small enclosure of carefully-mown grass land; the greater part of it is usually covered with hillocks a foot or eighteen inches high.

Of the scenery I am rather reluctant to speak, because I know from experience that the effect produced on the reader will not be that which the writer desires. It is very strange and peculiar; solemn and stern, and, in its way, most stimulating. But we * found that everybody who asked us about it on our return, and had it described to him, went away with the notion that it was merely bleak and gloomy, perhaps downright ugly. This came of too much anxiety to be veracious. We described the actual features, the black and white of the country (it is a country of blacks and whites), and did not convey the impression it made. Very likely the same thing will happen now, and the present reader will form the same conception of Iceland as a dismal sort of place, with little to attract the lover of nature. Nevertheless, it is something more than that.

The elements of beauty in natural scenery are nobleness of form and richness of colour, with a certain measure of variety in both of these. Great size is, of course, sometimes desirable to produce majesty, yet certainly less necessary than we are apt to fancy. Now, as respects both form and colour Iceland is badly off. The mountains are all of igneous rock, sometimes of basalt, amygdaloid, and the various kinds of trap, sometimes of more recent lavas and tuffs. The former have usually a tabular, the latter frequently a conical shape, but in neither are the outlines generally bold or noble. The basaltic hills are apt to be long flat-topped ridges of only slightly varying height, with abrupt and often precipitous faces, but singularly wanting in "sky-line." Sometimes, when they front the sea, they break down towards it in a superb range of crags; sometimes in the middle of them one finds a grand "corrie," or hollow encircled by precipices, but usually they are the least picturesque of mountains, no better than those Ochil hills in Scotland, or the trappean mountains of Ulster, which in geological character they much resemble. The volcanic mountains proper do occasionally show finer forms — cones, though generally rather blunt and lumpy cones, like that of Hekla, serrated ridges, and here and there a group of jagged

* "We" means a party of three friends, who spent two months in Iceland in the autumn of 1872, and who, strange to say, after being two months incessantly in company under considerable hardships, remain friends still. Their opinions, however, about the island and its people differed extremely, and the other two are not responsible for anything said here.

Digitized by Google

peaks, the fragments of some huge old crater which has been broken down and left these pieces of its rim standing up alone. But even such peaks and ridges are rather wanting in beauties of detail. One does not find those patches of cliff alternating with grass slopes, or those deep little glens and gullies which lend so much charm to the hill-sides of Scotland or Norway. And the mountains are mostly separated, not by valleys, as with us, but by level or undulating plains, which more completely detach the hills from one another, and give less occasion for the graceful curves and sweeps which are as essential to the beauty of the lower parts of mountains as bold and sharp-cut lines are to the higher peaks. In these plains lie the lakes, which are seldom fine, because the shores are low and you can see the whole of them at once. They lie among hills, but the hills do not dip straight into the water; there is none of that mysterious winding away behind promontories one has at Killarney, or Ullswater, or Loch Lomond. As for colour, there are in Iceland (besides the white of the snow mountains) two colours and no more: to wit, intense volcanic black and the yellowish green of the marshy plains. Sometimes the black is wonderfully effective. In particular states of the atmosphere, and especially about sunset, it will turn to the richest purple or violet. Rising in inaccessible crags of lava, it is terribly stern; and where, as at the bottom of the cone of Hekla, it is powdered over with snow and ice, the contrast has a strikingly weird effect. So the yellow-green is a fine hue, especially in such clear air as that of Iceland, where the lights and shadows of the clouds playing over these broad open surfaces are inexpressibly beautiful. But one grows tired of the constant combination of these two colours only, unrelieved by intermediate shades. No reds, either of earth, or rocks, or heather bloom; no greys or light blues of limestone, such as one has in the Alps; no dark blues of slate rock, like those of Wales; no greens of fir, or beech, or oak, or hazel copse. Trees are wanting everywhere,* and any one can fancy how much the landscape loses thereby in softness and variety. For one thing, there are no foregrounds, and the country is therefore as unfit for a painter as any really grand country can be. Wherever there is a fine prospect it is a distant and extensive one. One does not come upon gracious little cascades, or wooded dells, or flowery lawns sloping to a brook, or groups of grey boulders overgrown by fern and brushwood, such as the sketcher loves — all these, all the smaller and more tender beauties of landscape, are wanting. Bare undulating flats of bog or stone, traversed by foaming rivers, and backed by wild irregular isolated mountains, sometimes snow-covered, sometimes black and rugged — such are the general elements of an Icelandic view, and it needs all the vivid brilliance of the air, and the dignity which vast extent gives, to redeem them from dreariness and monotony. The Danes, between whom and the Icelanders there is little love lost, have a saying that "God made the rest of the world, but the devil made Iceland." Natives of flat and sandy Denmark may have no right to be heard on a question of natural beauty, yet there is a sort of meaning in this Manichæan view of theirs. Iceland looks as if it had been made, I will not say by a malignant power, but by itself, by chance, by the ungoverned action of natural causes, without any purpose to produce beauty. There are regions in the world, parts of the Bernese Oberland for instance, or the central Pyrenees, and perhaps not least notably the English Lake country, where one feels as if the forces of nature had consciously laboured to mould and adorn a landscape delightful to human eyes, combining, as at Rosenlaui or in the valley of Derwentwater, hills, woods, rocks, and water, so as to create at every turn the most exquisitely finished pictures. In Iceland the elements of beauty and grandeur, or at least the chief among them, mountains, lakes, glaciers, rapid rivers, are present; but they are so ill-placed towards one another — so little wrought out, so to speak — that a perfect landscape is rarely the result. There are many thrilling notes, but no harmony.

"What a gloomy, dismal, uninteresting country!" Gloomy? well, yes: dismal? sometimes: uninteresting? certainly not. There is something so singular about the scenery; so peculiar a sentiment, if one may use the expression, that one is often more profoundly and permanently impressed by it than by other regions which are more truly beautiful or sublime. Everywhere is silence, desolation, monotony; one is awed by the presence of the most tremendous forces of nature — fire which has reared these peaks and poured

* To be strictly accurate, I will say that we came upon a pretty little thicket of birches in one of the northern valleys, and a rowan tree in the middle of the houses at Akurevri.

Digitized by Google

out these lava torrents; frost which rends the rocks and soil and frowns down on you from the interminable ice ridges. One knows oneself surrounded by a tempestuous ocean, far removed from even those outposts of civilization, Norway and the Shetland isles; in a land wholly out of relation to the rest of the world, and unaffected by its fortunes; a land where nothing has happened for many centuries; a land which seems not designed for man at all, but left waste for nature to toss wildly about the materials she did not need elsewhere, and disport her in sudden displays of her own terrible powers. The eye ranges over these vast black landscapes of the interior, and finds among them not only no trace of human habitation, but scarcely a grassy nook where a human habitation might be planted. Sahara itself is not more hopelessly sterile; and however full the world may in time become, little prospect is there that any new band of emigrants will turn their prows to the stormy shores of Iceland.

Perhaps the best way to give a notion of the sort of effect which the scenery produces on a traveller will be to say something about two characteristic views which came in our way. Very likely there are others finer. We had not time to reach the southern slope of the Vatna with its terrible rivers, on the banks of one of which, a torrent three quarters of a mile long and a mile and a half wide, the traveller is often obliged to halt for weeks before he can venture to cross. Nor have I seen the grand north-west — Breidifjördr and the icy valleys of the long Isafjördr, where glaciers stream down the steep glens into a glassy sea; but can hardly think that anything even there can be more genuinely Icelandic than what I must now endeavour to describe.

Two days we had been driven over a tossing sea before a southerly gale, two days and nights since the majestic outline of the hill of Hoy,* westernmost and highest of the Orkneys, faded away among the mists that hang forever round it; and on the morning of the third, grey mountains appeared upon the port bow, and we joyed not less than Ulysses when he saw the isle of the Phæacians rise like a shield from the sea. The first sight of land after a voyage, be it long or short, is always exciting, and it was now the more so because every one was stirred by the utter strangeness of this untravelled ocean, and perhaps by a slight sense of danger, since nobody on board had ever seen the harbour of Seydisfjördr for which we were making. As the vessel drove swiftly nearer, the features of the coast revealed themselves, but the sense of mystery and danger grew almost stronger. Long lines of crags, black or of a grey more dismal than black, rose out of a deep deep sea, sometimes in sheer precipices, piled in terraces one above another, sometimes in steep slopes of loose stone, topped by a range of cliff with more rock slopes and more cliffs above. Highest of all, where the tops of the cliffs seemed to run back into a lofty table-land, walls of rock enclosed deep dark hollows, where the sun never came to melt the snow that filled them; and, last of all, further back still, sharp peaks and glittering ice-fields rose above the table-land, and peered down into the heads of these high ravines. Far up into the heart of this mountain mass ran the narrow winding fiords, the mouth of each guarded by a towering promontory and fringed by rocky islets, over which the billows broke in sheets of foam, marking the whole coast with a line of white. No brushwood, no heather, upon all these slopes and faces, not a blade of grass to vary the black and lamentable brown, not a trace of pasture, not a human dwelling all along the shores, not a sail upon the water, but a cold, grey, cheerless, hazy sea stretching away towards the Pole till it met the cold and steely sky. One thought of that enchanted mountain in the *Arabian Nights* against which ships are driven in an unknown sea; and the thrill of awe and mystery was almost painful, until at length, the desired haven found, we passed between the tremendous portals of one of these long fiords, and gliding swiftly up, cast anchor under the slopes of smiling green that encircle its head.

A fortnight later we had an experience of inland scenery not less impressive. The whole interior of the island is a desert, and although great part remains unexplored, there are some four routes by which it may be crossed from north-east to south-west, and by one of which, the westernmost, where the desert region is narrowest, it is crossed pretty frequently.

* These old red sandstone cliffs on the west side of Hoy (a name familiar to the readers of Walter Scott's *Pirate*) are at one point 1,100 feet in nearly vertical height, and certainly among the grandest in the British Isles. The little mail packet from Scrabster to Stromness passes close under them.

Digitized by Google

Another (Vatnajökulsvegr) has, so far as I know, been traversed only once, and can never be traversed without serious risk of losing the horses by hunger and exhaustion, and probably getting lost oneself. A third is taken perhaps once or twice a year, and the fourth (Vatnahjallavegr), which we had determined to follow, stimulated to some extent by the mystery that enveloped it, had not been tried for fifteen years or so, and was supposed to be known to only one man in the whole country-side, and who bore the name (common in Iceland) of Sigurdr, the hero of the Völsunga Saga.

On Monday morning, at five A.M., we started, a party of seventeen horses, three guides, and three Englishmen, from the last house on the north side of the wilderness, a strange, lonely place, where the simple natives had crowded and buzzed round us all the day before, in mingled curiosity and kindness, as if we were visitors from another planet. Climbing out of the valley where this house lay, we reached a high undulating plateau strewn with loose rough slabs of stone, like the pavement of a ruined city, with here and there sheets of black water,* too small for lakes, too big for pools; patches of bog, and beds of half-thawed snow. The slowly rising clouds showed all round the same country, a land without form and void, a land that seemed as if only half-created, with no feature for the eye to dwell upon; neither peaks nor valleys, neither rocks nor grass, but everywhere bare, bleak, blank desolation. It was not always the same, for sometimes there was more snow, sometimes bog, sometimes only stone; but one had no sense of progress in it, and felt as if it might go on forever. Late in the afternoon the stone changed to a rolling plain of black volcanic pebbles, and coming at last to an oasis of short grass, we halted for an hour to give the horses a feed, though a scanty one, and to discuss our course, for the clouds had now settled down upon us, and there was no seeing more than a few hundred yards in any direction. Track, or mark to indicate a track, there was of course none; and Sigurdr admitted that without the Jökull† to guide him, he could not tell where we were or which way we were going. Now, the Jökull, though one knew, from the number and whitish colour of the torrents we crossed, that it could not be very far off, was in such weather hopelessly hidden. Onwards, however, we pressed, for night was beginning to fall; and if we could not reach a scrap of pasture that lay some hours ahead, it might go hard with the horses. Everything depended on the horses, for our supply of food was scanty, and the next house one hundred miles away. The compass was consulted in vain, and Sigurdr shook his head more and more ominously, till at last, when it was almost dark, and the mist, driven by a piercing wind, was turning to a snow mizzle, there was nothing for it but to halt. The tent was taken off the horse that carried it, and, with fingers so numb that we could scarcely untie its cords, we set about pitching it, while the natives tied our seventeen horses tail and head together to keep them from running off during the night, as their wont is. The tent-pegs took no grip of the soft loose shingle, however deep we drove them in; but when one remarked that the pole would probably fall during the night and bury us all in the ruins, the other two only gave a shivering assent and crawled inside. Then the head of the commissariat served out supper, consisting of some fragments of mouldy biscuit and clammy mutton, with a carefully limited sip of corn brandy; waterproofs were laid down, pillows extemporized out of riding boots, every scrap of clothing turned to account against the cold, and we lay down to court sleep. The native Icelander regards neither cold nor hunger; but we were less seasoned, and one at least of the party lay awake all night, freezing hard, longing, as Homer says, for the coming of fair-throned Morning, listening resignedly to the sounds, steady and strong as the beats of a steam-engine, that told of the better fortune of a comrade, trying now and then to relieve the weariness by fixing his mind upon a point of law, but failing always, and slipping off into a wandering reverie, wherein England and civilization, and all familiar things beyond the great sea, seemed plunged deep in the past, or whirled away to an illimitable horizon.

Next morning early when we again mounted and started, unrefreshed, upon our way, everything was still wrapped in cloud, and Sigurdr's mind most of all, he moaning at intervals, "If I could only see the Jökull!" About nine o'clock, however, the mist suddenly rose and then vanished, the sun shone out, and the

* Called, as we found to our amusement, "Ullarvötn," *i.e.* Ullswaters (= Wool-lakes).

† The term Jökull (J in Icelandic is pronounced as consonantal Y) describes both a perpetual snow-mountain and the glaciers which issue from it.

Digitized by Google

wished-for Jökull appeared, a long, flat-topped, smooth-sloped ridge of ice (névé one would have called it in the Alps), four or five miles to the east of us, trending away south further than eye could reach. So the way was now plain, and we rode on as fast as the roughness of the ground permitted, where flats covered with the overflow of glacier torrents alternated with rocky or shingly hills, and with the iron billows of successive lava-flows. The scene was unlike yesterday's, as drear and solitary, but with a certain weird splendour of its own. On one side the smooth endless line of snow-field, on the other an immense plain, flooded with sunlight, with a few tiny volcanic cones rising on its extreme western marge. Right in front, two bold snowy mountain groups, the square mass of Lang Jökull, and opposite it five sharp icy pinnacles capping the ridge of Blángny Jökull; between them a depression, through which we were to pass to the south, and which, so clear was the air, seemed no nearer at six o'clock, after incessant quick riding, than when we had caught sight of it before noon.

The unfruitful sea is not more lonely or more waste than this wilderness, shut in by frozen barriers. Yet it was not a howling wilderness, such as that which awes a child's imagination in the Hebrew prophets, such as that we had traversed the day before; but full of a strange stern beauty, stilling the soul with the stillness of nature. There was not a cloud in the sky, not a bird, not an insect, not a floweret at our feet; only the blue dome of air raining down brightness on the black desert floor, the dazzing snows in front, and far away exquisite tints of distance upon the western peaks. And then the silence, what was ever like it? a silence, not as of death, but as of a time before life was. To us the scene was all the more solemn because of yesterday's cloud and the weary night, for there was nothing to connect what we now saw with the region we had left on the northern side of the desert; we could no more tell how we had got there than how we should get out. It was like a leap into fairy land; and indeed, despite our exhaustion, a delicious leap, for the air was so fine and keen, the sky so brilliant, the aspect of everthing so novel, that the barrenness underfoot, and the sense of danger in case any misfortune befell us, so far from human help, did not seem to depress us; and each rode alone in a sort of grave exhilaration, gazing as in a dream at the hills and drinking in the sunlight, content with silence and the present.

The sun went down as we entered the majestic sand-strewn portal between the two Jökulls, and the eastern one, on whose snows his light lingered longest, glowed with colours more glorious than any we could remember in the Alps; the rose perhaps less vivid than that which burns at dawn upon the Silberhorn, but with it an infinitely varied and tender alternation of violet and purple, opal, and pink and orange, passing from one tint to another in swift iridescent pulses till they died away into chilly blue. Darkness had hardly descended before what had seemed a steel-grey bank of cloud in the north-east turned to an auroral arch, which soon shot forth its streamers across the zenith, throbbing and glancing from one side of heaven to the other, and flinging themselves into exuberant folds and curves of vaporous light. We rode, first by its help, and then stumbling about in utter darkness, all night through, making only one or two short halts for the sake of the wearied horses. The ground was rough, and we were more than half asleep, exhausted by fasting and excitement, so how we got safely across was a marvel then, and remains so to us now.

When the saffron robe of morning was spread over the east, we were among new mountains, with the pass already far away; and when from behind one of their pinnacles the sun suddenly flamed up, we were descending towards the great White Lake (Hvitarvatn), one of the largest in the country, over whose bosom two glaciers streaming down between savage ink-black cliffs scattered a shower of miniature icebergs that sailed about, sparkling in the morning light. It was a wild and striking scene, but not in the least beautiful, and almost too savage to be grand. For there was nothing tender, nothing graceful, nothing picturesque to break the intense grimness of the black mountains, with their blunt, harsh lines, or give variety to the huge sheet of whitish blue water that washed them; no waterfall flashed among the rocks, no copse wood clothed the glens or dipped into the lake. One had little temptation to linger, especially as the swans that fluttered over the icebergs were too wild to let us approach them; so we hurried on, and after some hours more gained from the top of another pass a boundless prospect over the great south-western plain of the island, Hekla guarding it to

Digitized by Google

the south, while in the distance, puffs of steam marked the spot where the Geysers lie.

The land was greener to the eye, but it was still utterly waste and desolate, nor did we find a place to halt, a human dwelling, and that which is the chief support of life in Iceland, a draught of milk, till after a long and hard day's riding we came at evening to the solitary farm of Haukadalr. Here the valiant Sigurdr departed, having first kissed us after the manner of his people, to return home all alone across the desert; and from this we mounted the red Geyser hill, and pitched our tent close to the boiling basin whence the Great Geyser rises, though now in his old age more rarely, and where all night long the earth shook beneath us with his thundering snorts and groans.

Having been thus betrayed into a sort of personal narrative, I am tempted to go on to describe the Geysers (which are, it need hardly be said wholly unlike what one expects), and the ascent of Hekla (a perfectly easy one, by the way, even in a snow storm), and the boiling mud-pits at Námaskard, and the obsidian mountain of Hrafntinnuhryggr, and the great Myvatn (Midge water) Lake, where in July the gnats rise in clouds that hide the sun, and have been known (one hears) to devour a horse and his rider in ten minutes; and, what is most interesting of all, Thingvellir, the seat of the ancient federal parliament of the island, with its wonderful rock chasms, its lake, its waterfall, its Hill of Laws, its swirling pool into which witches were thrown, its island where judicial duels were fought out. Then there are incidents of travel without end to be enlarged on; the long weariful journeys on horseback at a foot's pace, usually ending in the dark, the encampments in the churches (which serve for inns, and though they supply nothing but a floor to lie down upon, and a pulpit to hang wet clothes from, are yet better than the biting winds without), the crossing of rivers, sometimes on a steed that can scarcely keep its footing among the stones, with the waves rising over its neck — sometimes where the stream is too deep for this amusement, driving in one's whole troop of cavalry with stones and whipcracking, and following in a leaky skiff which the torrent whirls away down its eddies; tent life and its pleasures (not so unmixed under the 66th parallel as Mr. Cook's tourists no doubt find them in Palestine); the internal economy of a baer, and the tricks one is driven to to get a whiff of fresh air among its ancient and fishlike smells, the conversations in dog Latin carried on with a worthy priest who has forgotten the little he once knew, the perpetual buying, selling, swopping, losing, searching for, and abandoning of horses, and general chaffering on the subject of horses, which goes on all day and every day, and which no linguistic difficulties seem to interrupt; * the food, an inexhaustible topic (although the items are so few), and the ardour with which the famished stranger pounces upon cold trout and sour curds,† the only dainties an Icelandic larder supplies — all these and many more details of the whimsical life one leads there I pass over, *spatiis exclusus iniquis*, and leave to be told by others after me, as they have been told by many before. And even about the people, though desiring to say a word or two, I am somewhat afraid to speak, since I cannot speak with confidence. A passing traveller misjudges many things, especially if he is ignorant of the language, and though we learnt to read Icelandic (and very hard work it proved) we could never talk it. In the capital, to be sure, there may be found four or five people who speak English, nearly as many Latin, one or two German, and two or three a language which goes by the name of French. But the capital is the least genuinely national place in the island, and even there it is with travelled and educated men that one communicates through these various media. From the women, who are usually the best representatives of social character and spirit,

* The first remark which an Icelander makes when he meets you crossing a desert, after the salutation "Come thou blest!" is, "What will you take for that horse?" whereto you of course answer by naming thrice the animal's value, and the conversation proceeds in a way which can be imagined. I am tempted to transcribe a dialogue on the same topic which took place one morning during our stay at Reykjavík. Enter an Icelandic friend: "Bonus dies, domini." "Bonus dies, dulcissime. Sedeas, precor, sedeas, nobisque, si quid novi affers, imperti." "Equos nonne vobis in animo est vestros hic in urbe vendere?" "Immo equidem.' "Quomodo?" "Sub hasta." "Sed mihi alium vobis modum proponere liceat. Rusticus quidam ex familia mea nuper advenit; auditoque hominum sermone de equis vestris, mihi dedit mandatum vos rogare quantum pro nigro equo, quantum pro gilvo poscatis." (Short consultation among the vendors.) "Pro gilvo nos scito summam quadraginta imperialium (rikdalers), pro albo autem triginta quatuor poscere." "Gilvum quanti emistis? anne quinquaginta? Ecce autem rusticum meum, Steingrimum nomine." Enter Steingrimur accordingly, and continuation of the bargain through the interpreter.

† This is Skyr, a delicacy of long standing, since it is mentioned in the Saga of Egil Skallagrimsson and the Heimskringla. It is eaten with sugar and cream; and what cream! — cream in which the horn spoon stands erect!

Digitized by Google

of the ideas, feelings, and usages of an average household, we were wholly cut off. They were wonderfully kind and helpful when one came in starving and exhausted after a sixteen hours' ride; and had evidently plenty to say — indeed they said it — but we could only respond by nods and wreathed smiles and interjectional nouns, and try to look as grateful as our power of countenance permitted.

Any one might fancy that people who inhabit such a country would be silent, downcast, gloomy, perhaps sullen and morose; or, at any rate, on Mr. Buckle s principle, superstitious. Nothing of the kind. The average Icelander is more talkative than an average Briton, and much more so than a Spaniard; and though you would not call him downright gay, there is no want of cheerfulness and good humour. His position, "far amid the melancholy main," has not made him — as Mr. Disraeli thinks it has made the Irishman — discontented with his country; on the contrary, he tells you it is the fairest land the sun shines on. The solitude of his life in an isolated house, miles and miles from the nearest neighbour, throws him all the more upon the society of the other inmates, and makes him value a neighbour's visits more than one usually does in London. But there is a way in which external conditions do seem to have affected the modern Icelander, and moulded his character. He is wanting in dash and vigour, and the spirit of enterprise generally; has little promptitude in his decisions, still less in his movements. Nothing could be more unlike than he is in all these respects to those terrible ancestors of his in the tenth and eleventh centuries, whose whole life was spent in adventures by flood and field, for when they were not harrying our coasts they were waging blood feuds with some neighbouring chieftain at home, or joining in the endless civil wars of Norway. The contrast between the magnificent heroes, whose exploits are written in their own magnificent Sagas, and the inhabitants of modern Iceland, seems much more striking than any which could be drawn between an Englishman, or German, or Frenchman, or Greek (assuming the Greek to be what his name implies) of to-day and his remote forefathers; for it is by no means merely a change of manners that one sees — in the case of the Icelander the very qualities which most strike you in the one are those most conspicuously absent in the other. One cause is probably to be found in the restriction of his energies since the decline of piracy and the extinction of the independent republic in 1262 to so narrow a field, and to a life which gives no opening to enterprise, where there is no hunting because there is nothing to hunt, little navigation because no wood to build ships, no joint-stock companies because nobody is rich enough to take shares, no public meetings because a man lives fifteen or twenty miles from his nearest neighbour. But something may also be due to the crushing down of their souls by the overwhelming forces of nature. The old Vikings came straight from Norway, where the climate is comparatively genial, and the land productive; but the Icelanders have now for ten centuries been maintaining a ceaseless struggle against frost and fire, and frost and fire have been too much for them. They do not till the ground, for though corn and other crops were raised by the first colonists, these will no longer ripen, and they have given up the attempt to construct roads, to reclaim barren tracts, even to build themselves comfortable houses, because one of the terrible spring or winter storms, or more terrible earthquakes, may destroy in a moment the labour of many years. Despondency and sluggishness may be pardoned to a people which remembers as it were yesterday eruptions like that of the Skaptar Jökull in 1783, which covered with lava and ashes a tract larger than most English counties, and caused, either directly or through the famine it produced, the death of a fifth part of the whole population of the island. Nor is it so strange that they should set little value on time, or indeed, as one sometimes thought in moments of impatience, regard Time as an implacable enemy to be got rid of at all hazards and by all devices. For they have always more than enough time for everything they have got to do — more time than they need in the three months' summer to garner in their scanty crop of hay, far more than they need in the long unbroken night of winter for the men to mend their nets and tools, while the women spin and weave the wool into the thick blue vadmál, and out of it make clothes for the household. Hence on easy-going, listless sort of mind, as well as manner, has grown upon them, which makes them unwilling to hurry or exert themselves, no matter what your urgency, and seems to have rendered them curiously indifferent to discomforts which a little

Digitized by Google

effort might remove or greatly diminish. Nature, to be sure, has a good deal to answer for in the wretchedness of an Icelander's lodging and food. There is no timber, the stone is bad for building purposes, and one must not complain of the absence of luxuries where everything comes over a thousand miles of sea. Still, the house need not be a mere rabbit-burrow, as it mostly is. It is built of sods, with a few blocks of basalt or lava (unmortared, of course) forming the lower part of some of the chief walls, is roofed with sods laid over the rafters, and covered on the top with grass and weeds, looking, when it stands with a hill behind it, itself so like a hillock that you are in some danger of riding over it, and finding the horse's fore-feet half-way down the smoke-hole before you know where you are. Inside, it is a labyrinth of low, dark, and narrow passages, with tiny chambers opening off them, one of which has, perhaps, some little furniture, a table, or board doing duty for a table, a couple of stools, and and or two bedsteads (often in the hollow of the wall). There is a small window, but its frame is fixed so that it cannot be opened. The air, therefore, is never changed, and as the room is seldom or never cleaned; as the chambers are half-full of dried stock fish, and reek with a variety of other hideous smells, any one can fancy what the interior of an Icelandic farm-house is like, and can understand why the first thing to be done on entering it is to light a pipe and smoke furiously till the room is in a cloud.* There is but one fire, and that a sorry one, consisting of a few smouldering turfs, with twigs thrown on when a blaze is wanted to make the pot boil; it is the central chamber, called the fire-house (eldhus), and of course does not substantially warm the rest of the house; but although we shivered incessantly, the natives do not seem to find the cold disagreeable. How they got on in winter, having no furs, we could not make out; for when we suggested that perhaps they spent all winter under the eider-down coverlets, which every house possesses, they replied that at no time of the year were they so little in bed. The furniture and internal appointments generally are what you might expect in such rooms; but three things no Icelandic farm wants — books, a coffee-pot, and a portrait of Jón Sigurdsson, the illustrious leader of the patriotic party.

After all, some one will say, this squalor is not worse than that of the poorest cottagers in Ireland or the Scotch highlands, not so bad as what you may see any day in the lowest parts of Liverpool. True enough, but in Liverpool the ignorance and spiritless abasement of the people is in keeping with the wretchedness of their life, whereas in Iceland the contrast between the man and the house he lives in is the strongest possible, and oversets in a delightful manner all one's English notions of fitness. He is poor, to be sure, poor in the sense of having very little ready money — there is less money in all Iceland than in many an English country town. But he is a person of some substance and of eminent respectability. He is in no danger of want; is the owner of horses, sheep, and oxen, very likely of broad lands which his family has held for centuries. His pedigree not improbably goes back further than that of all but three families in England. He considers himself altogether your equal, behaves as such (though he now no longer hesitates to receive some remuneration for his hospitality), and such, in fact, he is. Along with a certain want of finish in some of his personal habits, he has a complete ease and independence of manner, and a simple courtesy which, as it flows from this ease, is in no danger of being mistaken for servility. He is, moreover, an educated man, who, if a priest, speaks a little Latin, anyhow perhaps a little Danish, has learnt pretty much all that the island has to teach him, and is certain to be familiar with the masterpieces of his own ancient literature. It is this knowledge of the Sagas that has more than anything else given a measure of elevation as well as culture to his mind. It has stimulated his imagination, and added to his people and country a sort of historical dignity which their position in the modern world could never entitle them to. It has also cultivated his taste, given him a turn for reading generally, made him capable of taking in ideas. Few are the houses in Iceland which do not contain a library; and twice, in spots of rather exceptional wretchedness, I found exceptionally good ones — one chiefly of legal and historical treatises, the other an excellent collection of Sagas and poetry, in a lonely and miserable hovel at the foot of Hekla. It is a remarkable evidence of the power of an old

* Ghastly tales are told by many travellers of the insects; but herein we thought the country maligned, for though reasonably well bitten now and then, we were never eaten up but once.

Digitized by Google

literature which has struck deep root in the minds and affection of the people that, ever since the golden days when that literature sprang up, there have not been wanting, except for about a century and a half of darkness before the Reformation, poets as well as prose writers of substantial merit. The last fifty years have produced several highly valued, and, so far as a stranger can judge, rightly valued by their countrymen; and one is told that at this moment "to be a good skald," as the Sagas express it, is no rare accomplishment, and that many of the farmers and priests at whose houses we stayed are able to turn a neat sonnet on occasion, just as their ancestors were wont to pour forth those strange little poems (visus) which are the despair of modern interpreters. Strangest of all, this literature has preserved the language almost untouched by the wearing and varying influences of time and foreign intercourse. Modern Icelandic has adopted a very few Danish and Latin words, has dropped a few old grammatical forms, and has introduced some slightly different modes of construction. But, for all practical purposes, it is the Icelandic of the twelfth century; and differs less from the language which Egil, son of Skallagrim, spoke when he fought against the Scots for King Athelstan in A.D. 936 than the English of Tennyson differs from that of Gower, or the French of Michelet from Philip of Comines.

To a traveller, these historic memories which hover round him in Iceland rather heighten the impression of melancholy which its scenery makes. The ghosts of those terrible heroes seem to stalk across the desert plains, mourning the downfall of their isle. All its glories belong to days long past, the days of the free republic; since the submission to Norway it has dropped out of the sight of Europe, its climate has grown more bitter, its people have lost their old force and splendour; they live no longer in spacious dwellings such as the Sagas describe; they fetch home no shiploads of costly spoils from the coasts of Gaul and Spain. But to the people themselves these historic memories bring nothing but pleasure and pride; they spend the long night of winter in listening to the exploits of Gunnar and Bersi, or the wiles of Gudrún, or the unhappy loves of Helga the Fair and Gunnlaugr Snake-tongue read to them as they sit at work by some one planted in the midst. And within the last few years their reviving patriotism, fed by these memories, has extorted from Denmark the re-establishment of the ancient Althing, though in a new form and a new place; and will not be content till the rights of the island to local self-government are fully recognized.

Manners are simple in Iceland, as indeed in all the Scandinavian countries; and all the simpler here because there is really no distinction of ranks. Nobody is rich, and hardly anybody abjectly poor; everybody has to work for himself, and works (except, to be sure, a few storekeepers in Reykjavík, and at one or two spots on the coast), with his own hands. Wealth would not raise a man much above his fellows, and there are indeed no means of employing it except in supplying a house with what would be thought in England indispensable comforts. Wealth, therefore, is not greatly coveted (although the Icelander likes a good bargain, especially in horseflesh), and an air of cheerful contentment reigns. The farm servant scarcely differs from the farmer, and probably, if a steady fellow, ends by marrying the farmer's daughter and getting a farm himself.* There is no title of respect, save Herra to the bishop and Sira to a priest; not even such a title as Mr. or Mrs., or Esquire. If you go to call for a lady you tap at the door and ask if Ingibjorg or Valgerdr is in; or, if you wish to give her her full name, Ingibjorg Thorvaldsdottir, or Eiriksdottir, or Bjarnardottir (as the case may be), for there is no title of politeness to apply. Her name, moreover, is her own name, unchanged from birth to death; for as there are no surnames or family names among the Icelanders,† but only Christian names, there is no reason for a wife assuming her husband's name, and she is Thorvaldsdottir after her marriage with Gudmundr just as before, while her children are Gudmundsson and Gudmundsdottir. When such a concession is made to the rights of women, it is a little surprising to find that she is in any other respect treated as an inferior, not usually sitting down to table with the men of the family, but waiting on them and dining separately. Otherwise, how-

* Crime is all but unknown; and though they have built a new prison at Reykjavík, I could not hear that there was any prospect of inmates, and should certainly, on our promised next visit, apply for lodgings there, as it is the only stone house in the place, except the Governor's, and occupies the finest site.

† Some few families have adopted the Danish fashion of a surname; but this practice, which is quite an innovation, is said to be already declining.

Digitized by Google

ever, women seem sufficiently well off, having full rights of property, and riding valorously about the country wherever they will; and we could not hear that there was any movement for their emancipation, or indeed for social reform of any kind, though, to be sure, imperfect knowledge of the language restricted our enquiries. In one regard, the women of Iceland have obtained a completer equality than their sisters in continental Europe. They receive exactly the same education as the men do. There are no schools in the island naturally, as families live mostly a dozen miles apart; and instruction is therefore given by the father to his sons and daughters alike and together, the priest where there is a priest — sometimes adding a little Latin or Danish. Thus the girl learns all her parents can teach her, and is as good an arithmetician, and as familiar with the Sagas, as her brothers. Accomplishments, of course, are pretty well out of the question; painting, not only from the difficulty of procuring the materials, but because there is really nothing to paint; dancing, because you can seldom gather a sufficiently large party, and have no rooms big enough; instrumental music, on account of the impossibility of transporting a piano over rocks and bogs on the back of a pony. Nevertheless, we found in a remote house (a good wooden house, by the way), upon the coast, where we were hospitably entertained for a day and night, not only a piano, but several young ladies who could play excellently on it and a guitar, accompanying themselves to songs in four or five languages, the Swedish, as we thought, the prettiest of all. They lived in the most desolate spot imaginable — the sea roaring in front on a long strand; inland, a plain of dreary bog, and behind it, miles away, grim shapeless mountains. They had no neighbours within ten or fifteen miles, and told us they were often without a visitor for months together. But they were as bright and cheerful as possible; and though they did not respond to the suggestion of a dance, they sang and played to two of us all evening long in the tiny drawing-room, while the storm howled without; and their worthy father (who was a sort of general merchant for that part of the island), and the lord-lieutenant of the county, who had dropped in from his house thirty or forty miles off, brewed noble bowls of punch, and held forth to our third comrade, in a strange mixture of tongues, upon the resources of Iceland, and the prospects of opening, by means of British capital, a flourishing trade in sulphur.

As for society, it must not be imagined that there is any society in Iceland in the same sense as in England or America. Except at weddings or funerals there are no social gatherings; even in the town an entertainment is the rarest thing in the world, and in the country it is impossible. There are no "county people," no "best sets," and hence no struggles to get into them. But there is not only a great deal of practical hospitality, everybody staying as a matter of course at everybody else's house, but a very generous spirit shown in giving it. This is one of the things which one most enjoys in travelling there, and which atones for many discomforts. Everywhere you meet a hearty welcome; all that the house affords is set before you, the best room is at your service, and what is done, be it great or little, is done in an ungrudging spirit, and with genuine kindliness of manner. In fact, the strongest impression which we carried away, after that of the grimness of the scenery, was that of the geniality of the people, and the pleasant sense of a social equality which involves no obtrusive self-assertion by the poorer, since it is the natural result of the conditions under which life goes on.

Hospitality, it may be said, is natural enough in a wilderness where the least engaging stranger brings news, and varies somehow the intense monotony of life. But in Iceland, as nothing ever happens, there can hardly be even news to bring, except round the coast, where the expected arrival of a ship is a great event; and the people have singularly little curiosity about other countries. The two newspapers (to which I believe a third has since been added) contained only the most trivial local incidents and reflections on the Danish Government. Nobody (except of course those few who had themselves travelled) enquired what was passing in the great world of Europe. Some had just heard of the fall of Louis Napoleon two years before; but not a question was put as to the war or its results on France, and when one volunteered remarks they excited no interest. Once or twice I was asked whether London was not a large town, and if I had seen when in America the Icelandic colony at Milwaukee, but here curiosity about foreign countries stopped. The fact was that they did not know enough

Digitized by Google

about the phenomena of the world outside to know what to ask about it; while, as to its politics or social or literary movements, they felt that nothing that happened there would or could make any difference to them. To them at least what the French call the "solidarity of the peoples" has not any meaning or application. No political revolution, no ascendancy of democracy or imperialism, no revival or decay of literature or art, no scientific invention, will substantially affect their lives. Steam and the telegraph have done nothing for them, for there is not a steam-engine or galvanic battery in the country; and though a steamboat visits them six times a year, trade is not more brisk than in the old days. Even those discoveries which seem of the most universal utility, discoveries in medicine and surgery, are practically useless to them, who have but one doctor.*

And this is the third and last of the dominant impressions which one receives in Iceland—an impression of utter isolation and detachment from the progress of the world; stronger here than in the remotest wilds of America, because it is an old country, because its inhabitants are civilized, and because you know that whichever way the currents of trade and population may flow, they will never turn hither. The farmer of the interior of Iceland, or the north-west coast, lives on and is clothed by the produce of his own hillside, reads only his own language, hears of the great world but once or twice a year: what do its excitements and changes signify to him? What can they signify even to his late descendants? Human life is reduced to its simplest elements; and one feels how permanent these elements are, and how small a part man plays in the order of things. Nature confronts him, strong, inexorable, always the same; and he remains the same because unable to resist her. It is not wholly, it is not even chiefly, a dismal feeling, this sense of isolation and stillness in Icelandic life. The traveller enjoys for himself the most absolute immunity from the interruptions of his usual interests and duties that can be imagined, for no news from Europe can reach him; he may be offered a seat in the Cabinet, or accused of forgery, or pourtrayed in *Vanity Fair*—he will know nothing about it till his return. And he sees that the native Icelander, if he wants some of those requisites for the enjoyment of life which custom has made us expect, wants also many of the fountains of bitterness which spring up in a highly civilized society, and possesses all that philosophy can admit to be necessary for happiness. Comfort he has never known, and therefore does not miss; and he has the primal human affections, healthful and useful labour, books to ennoble his life by connecting him with the past and the future, the changing seasons, clouds and the colours of sunset, and, most of all, calm and the freedom from temptations—*secura quies et nescia fallere vita.* When the first Norwegians came to Iceland, driven forth by the conquests of Harold the Fair-haired, they found it already inhabited by a few saintly Irish hermits, who soon disappeared before the intruders. It is still a place to be commended to those who are tired of the giddy world and would give themselves to meditation upon everlasting problems.

These wandering reminiscences have rambled on further than was intended, yet many things have been passed over which it would have been pleasant to speak of—whimsical incidents of travel, curious little bits of ancient usage, such as the institution of parish arbitrators to whom a dispute must be submitted before it turns to a law-suit; instances of the friendly warmth with which the people are ready to receive strangers who do not give themselves airs, and which culminated in a farewell entertainment, at which the health of the departing visitors was proposed by a dear old friend, in a long Latin speech, with an eloquence and command of Ciceronianisms that put the answerer to shame. Enjoyable, however, heartily enjoyable, as we found our two months there, I cannot say that other travellers would, any more than I can feel sure that the views and sentiments I have tried to express are those which the aspect of the country and people will suggest to others. Even in our little party there were those who balanced very differently the pleasures and the miseries of our lot, and opinions diverged upon all sorts of Icelandic questions; one, for instance, maintaining the Icelanders to be an exceptionally religious people; a second, exceptionally unreligious; while the third thought them neither more nor less religious than the rest of the world. (Each still holds to his own view, so I

* He is a very delightful and energetic old doctor, who travels up and down constantly, trying to diffuse sound ideas regarding health; but no one man can do much in such an area.

Digitized by Google

commend the matter to the next traveller.) On the whole, our conclusion was that tourists, even those who are tired of Alps and Pyrenees, ought not to be advised to visit Iceland, unless they either are interested in Scandinavian literature and history, or belong to that happy and youthful class which enjoys a rough life for its own sake. Life in Iceland is certainly very rough, and if it may strengthen the strong, it tries too severely the weak. But he who does not fear hardships, and penetrates the desert interior, or coasts the wild north-west, may rest assured that he will find a new delight to the study of the ancient literature of the island, and of the island itself will carry away an ineffaceable impression. Ineffaceable, not only because it is peculiar, but because it is so simple; for as respects nature, it is the impression of an unchangeable present; as respects man, of an unreturning past. Iceland had a glorious dawn, and has lain in twilight ever since; it is hardly possible that she should again be called on to play a part in European history. But the brightness of that dawn can never fade entirely from her hills, or cease to ennoble the humble lives of her people.

JAMES BRYCE.

From The Victoria Magazine.

A COUNTRY WALK WITH THE POETS.

I have gathered a posy of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is my own. — MONTAIGNE.

IT is in the power of each one of us to find, as the Good Duke did in *As you Like it* —

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stone, and good in everything.

And true poetry consists in taking the "common round, the daily task," of human life; or in observing the treasures hid among hedgerows and by meadow streams, as well as the grander adjuncts of trees with autumn tints and soft hazy moutains melting off into the mysterious blue distance; and with these materials weaving a song that shall speak home to the hearts of the uninstructed countryman and innocent child.

There are people to whom poetry is simply a number of words strung like beads upon a string; people who may be classed as strictly anti-poets and painters, anti-lovers of nature and the beautiful; to whom Wordsworth's lines in *Peter Bell* may aptly be applied —

A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

But to a real lover of nature every blade of grass speaks in an intelligible language. The river with an "inner voice," the sighing of the summer woods about them blowing, which "makes a murmur in the land," the song of birds, the hum of insects on the wing, are to them "so many voices, and not one of them is without signification."

We may divide the poets of nature into two schools — those who paint with the brush of a Rubens and those who use the more delicate touch of a Raphael. Milton and Spenser stand foremost among the first, while Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Tennyson belong to the latter.

In the 4th Book of *Paradise Lost* we have the following description of the bower —

——— It was a place
Chosen by the Sov'ran Planter, when He fram'd
All things to man's delightful use; the roof,
Of thickest covert, was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall: each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem.

Exquisite as this picture is, we lose sight of the individual flowers in it: it is the *Bower* that is the subject of Milton's word painting. I think that the metre in which this splendid poem is written is not suited for minute detail. It flows on in a deep, solemn current, now thundering forth in scenes of terror and describing the arch-fiend's journey to hell's ninefold gates; now changing into soft music like the nestling of angels' wings far up in the blue heaven, to usher in that still small voice that Elijah heard after the tempest had passed.

In the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, both of which were written, as was the greater part of the *Paradise Lost*, at Horton, Milton gives us many beautiful pictures

Digitized by Google

of pastoral scenes; but nowhere do we find the minute description of the daisy, foxglove, or cowslip which some of our great poets have given us.

Shelley, in his *Spirit of Solitude*, has described, in glowing language, a tropical forest, where —

Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starr'd with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The grey trunks;
——— Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
Minute, yet beautiful.

Shelley has, however, shown us in his poem of the *Sensitive Plant* that he was also a miniature-painter. In the 2nd Book, Canto vii., of the *Faerie Queene*, Spenser gives us an account of the Garden of Proserpine —

There mournful cypress grew in greatest store
And trees of bitter gall, and ebon sad,
Dead sleeping poppy; and black hellebore;
Cold coloquintida, and tetra mad;
Mortal samnitis, and cicuta bad;
With which th' unjust Athenians made to die
Wise Socrates, who, thereof, quaffing glad,
Pour'd out his life and last philosophy
To the fair Cirtias, his dearest belamy.

Swinburne has given us, in his *Garden of Proserpine*, a stanza that resembles the above —

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine.
Pale beds of blowing rushes,
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this, whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

He also alludes to the *cicuta* or hemlock. *Tetra* was the old name for the deadly nightshade, and the *mortal samnitis* is the saim or juniper tree.

The above quotations will be sufficient to explain what I mean by the Rubens school of poetry. It is, however, with the Raphael school that I intend to deal.

Chaucer stands first as the poet who has given us the most minute description of his favourite flower, and of the manner in which he worshipped her. In the *Legend of Good Women* he tells us how he rose early in a spring morning before the sun had risen, so that he might rush out into the fields and see the daisy open, its *resurrection* as he quaintly calls it, and how —

Adown full softly I began to sink,
And leaning on my elbow and my side
The longë day I shope me to abide,
For nothing ellës, and I shall not lie,
But for to look upon the daisy;
But men by reason well it callë may
The day's eye, or else the eye of day,
The empress and the flower of flowers all.

And then in the evening he again went to the fields —

To see the flower, how it will go to rest,
For fear of night, so hateth it the darkness.

The father of English poetry had not to wander far in those days to find his Empress of flowers —

——— green fields and oaks,
With branches broad, laden with leavës new,
That sprangen out against the sunnë sheen,
Some very red, and some a glad light green

were to be met with in the very heart of our great city of London.

In none of his poems does Chaucer fail to mention the emblem of Innocence. In the *Flower and the Leaf* the fair lady with the branch of Agnus castus (a kind of willow) in her hand sings —

A bargeret, in praising the daisy,
For as me thought, among the notës sweet,
She saidë, "Si douce est la Marguirite."

Chaucer was also the first to notice the manner in which the daisy opened at sunrise and closed at sunset. "This flower," says a quaint old English author, "is such a wanderer that it must have been one of the first flowers that strayed and grew outside the garden of Eden."

Passing from the father of English poetry I come to the prophet of humanity — the thousand-souled Shakespeare! His favourite flower appears to have been the violet, but he loved all the treasures of the fields and hedges, and the names he gives them are those by which little children and country folk still call them.

In *Cymbeline* he speaks of the "winking Mary-buds" which begin "to ope their golden eyes." In some parts of England the hawthorn still bears the old name, and the month of May is still called "Mois de Marie" in France. The clover-flowers were called cocksheads and honeysuckle in olden days.

How exquisitely touching is that scene between Ophelia and Laertes —

Ophelia. There's the rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and

Digitized by Google

there are pansies, that's for thought. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays — you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died.

The rosemary was said to comfort the brain and strengthen the memory, hence it was worn at weddings and at funerals. The fennel is also called Love-in-a-mist. Later on, when the Queen tells Laertes that his sister is drowned, she says —

There is a willow grows aslant a brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream,
There with fantastic garlands did she come.
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead-men's-fingers call them.

The crow-flower is the common campion. The long-purples belong to the orchis family, and are generally known by the name of Purple-loosestrife.

The *Midsummer Night's Dream* really takes place in May. There is no allusion in Shakespeare's play to the bonfires and pageantries which usually took place in England on the 24th of June, the Midsummer night of the olden days, when the country maidens gathered the magical St. John's wort, which was to foretell if their lover would prove constant. Old Stowe, the topographer, tells us that it was the custom of the people on May-day to walk "in the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind," and this is is what Shakespeare's characters do throughout the Dream.

Oberon tells a beautiful story of the little Western flower, the heartsease, or pansy, sometimes called Kiss-me-behind-the-garden-gate and Herbe Trinity, which was —

Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wounds.
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.

It must not be confounded with the love-lies-bleeding, which belongs to the Amaranth family; and here it may be as well to remark that the amaranth in poetry is often an imaginary flower, which was supposed never to fade.

In the *Winter's Tale* Perdita enumerates the flowers she "lacks to make a garland of" —

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and wake
The winds of March with beauty: violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength.

Bold oxslips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The fleur-de-luce being one.

In some parts of England the country folk still say "he died," or "she was married about primrose time;" and in *Hamlet* the word is used as an adjective to describe the gay and flowery path to ruin —

The primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

The fleur-de-luce is not, strictly speaking, a lily, but the Iris or flag-flower, and derives its name from Louis VII. of France, who chose it for his emblem before starting for the Crusades. The name is a corruption of Fleur-de-Louis, and is now called Fleur-de-lis. The crown-imperial is the Fritillary, and the daffodil or Lent lily is the Amaryllis, and is often called by Spenser and Michael Drayton "lily." The white narcissus of the poets was called "primrose peerless;" it was a great favourite with the Greek writers; the Anemone is by some called the white narcissus, and the French call it *l'herbe-au-vent*, which is a translation of the Greek name Anemos — wind-flower, from which our word of anemone is derived. The dark purple kind is sometimes called Pasque-flower. The red anemone is by some said to be the "lilies of the field," to which the Lord referred. It is a common flower in Palestine.

In "*Love's Labour Lost*" four of the most exquisite lines occur, lines unsurpassed in simplicity and music by any of Shakespeare's beautiful songs —

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

All those who are acquainted with fields and meadows know well the Cardamine, or meadow bitter-cress, the lady-smock of our old poets. It is sometimes called cuckoo-flower; but it was a common practice to call all flowers that appeared about the end of April by the name of the bird of "wandering voice." Old Walton, a true lover of nature, says, "See here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culver-keys and cowslips, all to make garlands." I have

Digitized by Google

been unable satisfactorily to make out what the culver-key really is. In Sheridan's Dictionary I found the word "culver-key, a species of flower" — a piece of information which left me as wise as I was before. I think, however, that it may be the old name for the wild geranium, sometimes called crane's-bill and dove's bill, the word culver being the Anglo-Saxon name for dove. Isaac Walton again mentions them in a song —

Red hyacinth and yellow daffodils,
Purple narcissus, like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culver-keyes.

The French call the wild geranium *pied de-pigeon.*

It has not been determined what "the cuckoo-buds of yellow hue" are. They are not the cuckoo-pints, which are arums, and often called by the children in the midlands "Lord and Ladies." How carefully do their little fingers pull off the hood and reveal the "parson-in-his-pulpit," as they call the tall spire in the centre. In Gloucestershire the children call it "Jack-in-the-box."

Shakespeare mentions the "crimson drops i' the bottom of the cowslip," which he also calls "cinque spotted" —

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dew-dross here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Little children call these rubies "peeps." The cowslip was sometimes called paigle, petty-mullein, and palsywort. The French still call it "Herbe-de-la-paralysie."

As the pansy denotes thought, so does the blue violet signify remembrance. There are three lines in *Hamlet* —

Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets grow.

And in *In Memoriam* —

And from his ashes may be made
The violets of his native land.

which imply remembrance after death.

There was a quaint legend attached to the Mandragora, or mandrake. It is said that dogs were tied to pull the plant up, and so prevent the certain death of the person who dared to attempt such a deed, and that the groans emitted by it when this was done were terrible: thus in Shakespeare —

And shrieks like mandrakes, torn out of the earth
That living mortals, hearing them, go mad.

Wordsworth's favourite flower was the Celandine, or swallow-wort —

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets
They shall have a place in story.
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.

I must pass over many poets, but I must not omit Tennyson. Trees are what he delights in most —

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime.

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch.

But here will sigh the alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river.

One willow over the river wept,

By the margin willow-veil'd.

——— Like satin shining palm
On sallows in the windy gleams of March.

In *Amphion* he gives us a long list of trees, among them "the birch tree swang her fragrant hair," and with wonderful skill has he brought out the characteristic of each tree —

The poplars in long order due
With cypress promenaded,
The shock head willows two and two,
By river gallopaded.

In the Garden Scene in *Maud* he has described the emotions of the different plants —

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear:
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
The white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

The sorrow of the passion-flower, the flush of expectation on the red rose, the paleness of hope deferred in the white, the bright, hopeful exclamation of the wiry little larkspur, the gentle resignation of the lily — with what a loving tender hand has he painted each.

In the *May Queen* the following verse occurs —

Digitized by Google

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n
its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow the faint
sweet cuckoo-flowers,
And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire
in swamp and hollow gray.

Here, by the "faint sweet cuckoo-flower," Tennyson means the lady-smocks, or meadow bitter-cress. The marsh marigold we all know. It is the "goldie" or "goolie" of Chaucer.

In the *Two Voices* he mentions the "tufts of rosy-tinted snow" on the thorn, and again —

The furzy prickle fire the dells,
The fox-gloves cluster dappled bells.

But I have still to mention the birds of the poets, and so will conclude this part of my subject with the words of the greatest of poets —

Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

In Chaucer's *Nightingale and Cuckoo* the latter is called the bird of ill omen. I confess that I consider the poor bird is very badly treated in this poem. In the first place the nightingale requests him to "move off" and leave the place to birds that can sing. The cuckoo tries to defend her song, and in doing so uses rather unparliamentary language, and rails against love. The nightingale vindicates love, but is at last overcome with sorrow by the taunts and bitter words of the cuckoo, and calls on the God of Love for help, whereupon Chaucer tells us he

——started up anon,
And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
And at the cuckoo heartily cast;
And for dread he flew away full fast,
And glad was I when he was gone.

In return for this most unprovoked assault, the

——Cuckoo, as he flay
He saidë, "Farewell, farewell, popinjay,"
As though he scorned——

The oldest sample of English secular music which we possess is arranged to the oldest of our English songs —

Summer is ycumen in
Lhude sing cucu.
Groweth sed or bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu,
Sing cucu.

It was a favourite song in the time of Elizabeth, and Shakespeare has introduced it in *Love's Labour Lost.*

In Denmark there is a curious legend regarding this bird: — "When in early spring-time the voice of the cuckoo is first heard in the woods, every village girl kisses her hand, and asks, 'Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?' And the old folks, borne down with age and rheumatism, enquire, 'When shall I be released from the world's cares?' The bird, in answer, continues saying 'cuckoo' as many times as the years will elapse before the object of their desires will come to pass. But as some old people live to an advanced age, and some girls never marry, the poor bird has so much to do in answering the questions put to her that she has no time to build her nest and lays her eggs in that of the hedge sparrow."

Wordsworth has written the finest lines to this bird —

O blithe new comer! I have heard —
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

The lark and nightingale, the Attic bird of some poets, the Philomel of others, are however the rivals for fame. Shelley has given us some beautiful lines to the sky lark, which are so well known that no quotation is needed. The poet Hogg has also written some verses so exquisite in their freshness and simplicity that I may be pardoned for giving them in full —

Bird of the wilderness, blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness, blest is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.

Wild is thy lay, and loud, far on the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth!
Where on thy dewy wing, where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen, o'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim, over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherubim, hie thee away.

Then when the gloaming comes, love in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be;
Bird of the wilderness, blest is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.

Digitized by Google

But one line of Shakespeare's —

Hark! hark!! The lark at heaven's gate sings —

alone would have sufficed to immortalize the herald of the morning.

The nightingale's song has always been called sad. Milton pronounced it —

Most musical, most melancholy.

S. T. Coleridge has answered this accusation in the following manner —

Most musical, most melancholy bird!
A melancholy bird! Oh, idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy;
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
And so, poor wretch, filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrows. He, and such as he,
First named thy notes a melancholy strain.

——— 'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant and disburden his full soul
Of all its music.

And Hartley Coleridge in his verses to the nightingale says that the song is a combination of fierce grief and wild joy —

Oh nightingale! what doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

Tennyson, however, has best described the song —

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden through the budded quicks,
O tell me where the senses mix,
O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate: fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy.

And I — my harp would prelude woe,
I cannot all command the strings;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

These two last lines describe, not only the song of the nightingale, but also that of the poem *In Memoriam*. In both it is —

The glory of the sum of things

which words and song are unable to express: and the same reason may be given for the nightingale's song that Tennyson gives for writing his poem —

I do but sing because I must.

Chaucer mentions the old superstition that the nightingale's * song enticed the leaves out of their buds —

The nightingale
That calleth forth the freshë leavës new.

And Tennyson also alludes to it when he says —

In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves
That tremble round the nightingale.

And again in the line above quoted —

Rings Eden through the budded quicks.

The superstition attached to the robin has saved that little songster from an untimely death.

It was supposed that its red breast came from the Lord's blood which was sprinkled on it when the bird attended Him to the cross. And in the following lines, by an American poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, another legend is well told —

My old Welch neighbour over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson playing at marbles stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

Nay! said the grandmother; have you not heard
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin.
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

My poor Bron-rhuddyn! My breast-burned bird!
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb.
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like him.

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth,
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well."

* The following song is said to be sung by the French peasantry, and supposed to be an imitation of the nightingale's: —

"Le bon Dieu m'a donné une femme,
Que j'ai tant, tant, tant, tant, tant, battue,
Que si'l m'endonne une autre,
Je ne la batterais plus, plus, plus, plus,
Qu'un petit, qu'un petit, qu'un petit."

Digitized by Google

Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do.

But I must finish my paper. All these beauties of flowers and birds are around us now, and will be for some time yet; and as we walk amid green fields and woods, now echoing to the song of countless visitors from far-off climes, shall we not say, with old Isaac Walton—

Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth? E. K. M. P.

A LETTER from Japan in the *Cologne Gazette* says that the religious question, which is an increasing topic of discussion among the Japanese, has again been brought before the public by a memorandum issued by two officials of the religious department. The memorandum begins by pointing out that Japan has made such immense progress that her civilization and commerce are equal to those of Europe, but that in religious matters she still hesitates between Buddhism and Christianity. It therefore proposes that public disputations should be organized between Buddhist and Shinto priests on one side, and Christian preachers on the other. Each of these disputations would take place on a specified subject, to be agreed upon beforehand by the contending parties. The speeches would be taken down by shorthand writers, and published in several languages; and an interval of ten days would elapse between one disputation and the next. By these means, the memorandum continues, the world would be able to decide which religion is the true one, and make its choice accordingly. The expenses of the proposed disputations would be covered by the proceeds of the sale of the short-hand reports. The minister of Foreign Affairs, Terashima, has declared that all foreigners in Japan will be considered amenable to the Japanese laws. This, observes the correspondent, might be admitted if the officials were sufficiently enlightened to put the new laws into execution. But the fact is that the new code is a dead letter, and that the judges in the provinces continue the old practice of flogging with bamboos and thrusting their prisoners, after they have been thus tortured, into damp dungeons. The court has decided to revoke the decrees relating to dress, it having been represented to the Empress that the Japanese costume is most in accordance with the natural productions and manufactures of the country. The two English dressmakers sent over from London by the Japanese Embassy are consequently no longer required. The railway from Kobe to Osaka was to be opened in February, and that to Kiots is in the course of construction. A gas company has been established at Hiogo. It uses chiefly inland coal, and charges at the rate of 2 1-2 dollars per 1,000 cubic feet.

OFFICIAL accounts from Rhodes tell us that the diving apparatus used for the sponge fishery, the principal branch of industry there, are exclusively imported from Great Britain and France. In 1870 those of English manufacture were unjustly taxed, the cost of a licence to fish with them being 15*l.* in excess of what was charged for the use of the French apparatus. Redress of this grievance was obtained through our Embassy at Constantinople. Though there is no difference in construction between English and French machines, with regard to the depth they can attain, or the length of time a diver can remain under water, still English produce generally proves stronger. The air-tubes are heavier than the French, and thus impede the free movements of the diver, by the tubes being caught on rocks; the floating tubes, however, which are coming into use, will get rid of that difficulty. The yearly average crop of sponges may be estimated at 120,000*l.*, of which about 50,000*l.* are sent to England. The value of them is rapidly diminishing, owing to the more abundant crops which the introduction of these apparatus enables the divers to gather. This fact, together with the increasing taxes imposed on these fisheries, will, it is anticipated, gradually restrict this industry, and cause the divers to seek a more remunerative and less dangerous work. Academy.

HALF-A-MILLION Circassians have, within the last few years, left Russian soil, and it is stated that a great number more are preparing to emigrate into Turkey in the coming spring. The chief causes of this new exodus are two:—the dissatisfaction of the Circassians with the size of their holdings, the property of former emigrants having been distributed among the Russian officers; and the influence of the priests, who are bitterly hostile to Russia. The Turkish Government intends to give these emigrants certain parts of the plains of Thessaly—to the horror of the Greeks, who fear a revival of marauding and brigandage, and pertinently ask whether the Circassians will work when they can steal? It is said that Tartar families would make infinitely better colonists. Academy.

Digitized by Google

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume VI. } No. 1568.—June 27, 1874. { From Beginning, Vol. CXXI.

CONTENTS.

I. DANTE, ... *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . . 771
II. ALICE LORRAINE. A Tale of the South Downs. Part IV., ... *Blackwood's Magazine*, . . . 789
III. EMANUEL DEUTSCH. A Memorial. By Rev. H. R. Haweis, ... *Contemporary Review*, . . . 800
IV. PEG-LEGGED BOB, ... *All The Year Round*, . . . 812
V. ORDERED SOUTH, ... *Macmillan's Magazine*, . . . 817
VI. THE OLD SCOTCH MODERATES, ... *Spectator*, ... 821
*** Title and Index to Volume CXXI.

POETRY.

TO PSYCHE, ... 770 | THOUGHTS, ... 770

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Digitized by Google

TO PSYCHE.

THROUGH what soft veil of purple mist,
Most like to vaporous amethyst,
In what still light of even-fall,
Most world-withdrawn, most mystical —
How shall dull song at all declare?
But seen as by desire intense.
Of inwardly awakened sense,
  Beyond all sight, how fair
The vision, shaped of pulsing air,
Purer than lily breath, yet quick
With life to which the sluggish creep
Of this distraught and dreamful sleep
Is deadlier than the dreary tick
Of laggard Time in midnight watch!
How shall unwingèd senses catch,
Or speech ensnare in web of words,
The subtle soul that inly gleams
Through shadow-heart of all our dreams?
Love's lute notes, wildest trills of birds,
Are less unspeakable than this,
That passes picturing, yet is
The core of hope, the heart of bliss.

What amaranth splendour wreaths that brow
Seen fitfully in pauses low
Of spirit silence, when the whirl
Of sense-seen things is wholly still,
When weakness slippeth from the will,
And Death is but a warder dim
  Beside a gate of pearl?
So still, so white, I see thee stand,
Ah, Psyche! with uplifted hand,
That pointeth — whither? Though I yearn
With uttermost desire to learn,
I cannot strain mine eyes to see,
I may not shape my lips to tell;
Yet, while thou standest it is well,
  Oh silent prophecy!
White warder of a wondrous land,
Silent — for that those lips divine
So sweetly grave, so softly strong,
Seal glorious secrets that demand
A subtler speech, a mightier song,
Than any that to earth belong.
What speech shall life's last veil remove?
What woven words shall Beauty prove?
What song shall search the heart of Love?
But radiant eye, but lifted hand,
Are they so hard to understand?
Sweet Psyche, though chill waters roar
Forever round life's island shore,
And though the darkness evermore
  Around us closes;
Though bliss hath root in bitterness,
And earthly love and loveliness
  Are but as riven roses,
Drifting adown a shoreless stream,
Though joy is but a broken beam,
That heralds no full flush of morn,
But makes the darkness more forlorn;
Yet thy dim vision through the night
Is dearer than assurèd sight
  Of earth's most full completeness;
Is sweeter than serene delight
  Of life's most perfect sweetness.

So stand, sweet Psyche, ever stand
Mist-girt and amaranth-garlanded,
Though voiceless as the silent dead;
That fadeless wreath, that lifted hand,
  My heart interpreteth.
Stronger than darkness or than death,
  Mightier than spectre fear art thou;
The Shadow's touch, the Slayer's breath
  Reach not that radiant brow.
That shining beacon hand, unstirred,
Pointeth to things unseen, unheard,
  That lie beyond thy shrining mist,
Most like to vaporous amethyst.
Full orbèd Beauty beameth there,
Nor suffereth shadow of eclipse;
And there the seraph Love with lips
  As pure as prayer,
Lord of all rapture strong and still,
Rules all the chords of heaven's attuned will.

All The Year Round.

THOUGHTS.

"THE sun set in a sea of brilliant hues,
Crimson, and gold, and azure; one by one
I saw the colours blend and interfuse,
And follow down the pathway of the sun.
I almost wished with them to fade away
Over the distant edge, and die as they."

Thus spake my friend half lightly; but my heart
Shrank, trembling at the words with sudden dread.
"And when the time shall come for us to part,
Must each go on his way alone?" I said;
"And in that unknown country shall we meet,
Or seek each other with unresting feet?

Shall we love there, as here — what thinkest thou?"
He answered slowly with a thoughtful face:
"If from my nature could be taken now
All memories, passions, hopes, the love and grace
Which is of thee, and maketh up the whole,
'Twould leave the merest shadow of a soul.

But if our lives begin anew, 'twill be
As if we ne'er had lived." With blanched cheek
I answered, "Say not that, it frighteth me."
"Why," said he, smiling, "how art thou so weak?
Why fear or wonder? Let us live our best,
And to our Father's goodness leave the rest."

All The Year Round.

Digitized by Google

From Macmillan's Magazine.

DANTE.*

I.

HIS LIFE.

THERE are two chief divisions of great imaginative artists. The one class consists of men who, with hardy and robust temperament, go forth into the world of nature and of man, and feel and know it as it really is. Gifted with strong passions and keen susceptibilities, they seem to move with the world around them, exulting in its joys, weeping with its sorrows, themselves in all things part of it. Such men, great as they may be, are still even as other men are — differing only from others in that their feelings are stronger, their enjoyments keener, their sympathies more intense, and so their expressions more vivid, more real, more entire. The other class consists of those who, while living in the world, are yet not of it; whose intellect is stronger than their passions; who while they act, are yet engaged in analyzing the action; who can never live solely in the present, for they are overshadowed by the past and are peering into the future; who can never enjoy the moment, for they can never know what it may bring forth. Of the first, the receptive and representative class, we may take Titian and Shakespeare as the two greatest examples: in the second, the reflective and analytic class, Leonardo and Dante stand out supreme.

Shakespeare, bred in the quiet of a country town, then leading a roving careless life in London, felt through the fulness of his mighty nature the strong passions, the bold aspirations, the awakening glories of his stormy times, and as he moved amongst men his heart rose up to meet their longings. Though in himself obscure and little noticed, he became in soul one with the mighty prince as with the lowly peasant; he felt with all and knew them as they were, and the spirit of his own age and of all ages breathed through him, and as he saw he felt, and as he felt he wrote, until he had mirrored in his pages the heart, the feelings of universal man. If we ask what he was in himself, we get no answer: we cannot say that one character, more than another, was his own. He himself is nothing, his work is all.

Far otherwise is it with Dante. As we read his works we can never lose sight for a page of the author, of his character, and of his position. Dante gives us with unflinching openness the record of his own soul's life, of its agonies, its troubles, its fiery trials. He gives us the history of his own age and of its politics, gives us his own opinions, pours out the ripeness of his own knowledge and of his own thought, till the age in which he lived stands out in all its details illumined by his genius. And amid the surroundings of which he has given us such full knowledge, we see Dante himself standing out colossal in the might of his individual intensity and force, like some majestic rock round which the waves of the world's tumults have raged horribly, but have only rent it into grander forms, and by washing off the crust of earth have shown the eternal strength of its foundations.

Hence it is impossible to consider Dante's writings apart from his life, and the times in which he lived: his works give us a faithful chronicle of his inner life, and in his outward actions he forms a striking feature of his own age. To understand Dante's works we must know something of his life and times: and the more we understand Dante, the more do we learn to appreciate the full meaning and importance of his age. The internal politics of the Italian cities cease to be uninteresting. The chronicles of feud and faction, of which Italian history seems to consist, assume importance as they gain in meaning, and we see the eternal conflict of principle which underlaid them. The Theology, the Philosophy, the Science of the Middle Ages, cease to be simply dull and unintelligible jargon, when we see how Dante thought through them, and before the breath of his genius the dry bones still live and move for us.

All poets are better understood by a

* A Lecture delivered at the London Institution.

Digitized by Google

knowledge of their life, and of the events in which they took part: but especially is this knowledge necessary in the case of Dante, if we would understand him at all. Dante begins from himself and from the occurrences around him. The facts of his own life he so transfuses by the intensity of his feeling and the profundity of his thought that, while himself remaining clear cut in his individuality, he still swells into proportions so gigantic that he becomes a symbol of the life of man. So, too, his time, with all its interests, though exclusively Italian and mediæval in details, expands into a type of every age, with its political and social problems clearly traced.

Hence it comes that Dante demands and repays study and attention. Many of his beauties are open to all: much meaning, much instruction, is found by almost all who read him with any care. On the other hand, he lends himself to many different interpretations, and no one wonld venture to say that he understood him thoroughly. During the six centuries that have passed since Dante wrote, he has been understood and interpreted in many different ways and almost every class of earnest and active men have claimed him as their own special exponent. In truth, the greatness of his meaning lends itself to almost every partial interpretation. If, however, we would endeavour to understand that meaning in its fulness, and go beyond the arbitrary limits which our own interests would otherwise assign to it, we must begin by an attempt to see the writer's character, and feel the influences under which it grew. So we too may grow with it, and feel, as Dante did, the individual life and the particular time fade into colossal symbols of the life of man and the development of the ages.

Dante degli Alighieri was born in Florence, in the month of May 1265. His family was one of old nobility. It is probable that he was born while his father was in exile with the rest of the Guelfic party, so that his cradle was overshadowed by a presage of his own fate. In two years' time, however, the Guelfs were restored, and Dante's father was again in Florence, holding a high position in that busy city, which the great crisis of the war between Pope and Emperor had stirred into intellectual as well as political and commercial activity. Italian politics were indeed difficult in those days, for every Italian city was a little republic, and had to settle for itself which side it would take in the great conflict. Every citizen felt that his own fortunes and those of his city depended on his own political activity and success. Let us try to understand the political principles which divided them.

Mediæval Italy had inherited directly the traditions of Imperial Rome; its ruler must be still, as of old, the Emperor, the great ruler of the world: yet the Emperor whom Italy recognized from time to time, was the German King in whose election she had no voice. To his power she yielded all titular respect, while asserting continually against it particular privileges and special rights. Italy, in this strange way, and with these strange restrictions, was still the seat of the Roman Empire, and was still inspired by the old political ideas of Rome. But the Empire alone did not direct Italian politics. A new power had emerged in the days of Constantine, for which Rome's old institutions had not provided a place. The Empire had become Christian; men had learned that they must live for another world as well as for this; the State could no longer supply all man's wants; the Church had arisen, and claimed by its organization to provide for the spiritual, as the State for the temporal, wants of man.

The Church organization had gradually approached more and more in form to the organization of the State. Rome became the head of the Universal Church as she was of the Universal State. One Pope and one Emperor — these powers were to sit side by side, and Christendom was to consist of provinces subjected to their authority. A great ideal, but difficult to realize, for disputes soon arose hard to be settled. What was temporal, and what was spiritual? what belonged only to the Church, and what only to the State? How were the two

Digitized by Google

powers to be kept independent, yet united? For two centuries war raged in Italy to solve this abstract question, which still had a terribly concrete meaning. It was a war which became intenser and more bitter as it went on — a was in which the spiritual power learned to use only too skilfully temporal weapons — a war in which religion suffered more from its champions than from its foes — a war in which the Church became secularized in heart and soul, till a mighty revival found its expression in St. Francis of Assisi, round whose new Order, rather than round the old ecclesiastical system, the spiritual aspirations of the men of the thirteenth century clustered and grew. This struggle with all its results is mirrored in the pages of the "Divina Commedia." At present, all I wish to notice is, that in this war both parties appealed for help to the Italian Towns, which prospered and increased in consequence. At last the people of the towns tended to side with the Pope, as being more Italian, while the nobles sided with the Empire. Then came the victory of the Pope, the fall of the great Emperor Frederick II., and the extinction of the Suabian house. The Pope called in the French to his assistance, and made Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Lewis, his vassal king in Naples and Sicily. The Imperial power was broken, and the Italian Towns of the north, of which Florence was one of the chief, might settle their questions of internal politics as seemed to them best. The hated Germans were gone, the power of the Ghibelline nobles was destroyed. There was a slight breathing space of quiet, before they were to find that the friends of the Church could be more cruel, more perfidious, than its foes; that the treacherous greed of France, the Pope's champion, was worse than the impetuous ferocity of Germany, the Pope's foe.

Florence was at this time a busy, bustling town, one of the chief commercial cities of Europe, with many industries. Already it had begun to show signs of the luxury and refinement, the mental cultivation and intellectual activity, which were soon to establish it for nearly three centuries as the capital of European art and literature. Here is a description from an old chronicle: —

"Built under the auspices of Mars, rich, exulting in an imperial stream of sweet water, with temperate air, sheltered from hurtful winds, and, though poor in territory, abounding in useful produce: well populated also, and by its air encouraging increase of population: its citizens well-mannered, its women beautiful, and knowing how to deck their beauty: its buildings most beautiful: a city full of needful arts beyond all others in Italy, so that many came from distant lands to see it, through the goodness of its trades, its arts, its beauty, and its adornments."

In such a city, and under such conditions, there were endless possibilities of distinction before the young Dante. A slight incident, that would in others have passed for a mere boyish fancy, gave his deeply susceptible mind a form for its imaginative longings, and stamped him as a poet. At the age of nine he accompanied his father to a festivity at the house of a rich merchant, Falco Portinari, and there saw his daughter Beatrice, a child of eight years old. She was attired in a dress of the most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, and at that moment, says Dante, "the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words, 'Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur'"* (Behold a god stronger than myself, who comes and shall bear mastery). The vague longings of the boyish heart found in the fair young face of Beatrice a centre round which they might gather, an image which they might worship, a bodily shape which might express to them their meaning. All the unrecorded aspirations, all the beautiful imaginings of youth, which flit before the eyes of all, but perish before they find expression, and are forgotten entirely by the mature

* Vita Nuova. Translated by D. G. Rossetti.

Digitized by Google

man as his soul has hardened, and the stern forms of thought have dispelled the phantoms of the imagination,— these, in their most splendid forms, found in the image of Beatrice their home and habitation.

So with this background of lovely fancies in his heart, the boy mused, and read, and learned. He sought from time to time to see Beatrice, and gaze on the face of that "youngest of the angels," and find in those features the record of all his first dreams of beauty, his noblest thoughts and highest aspirations. Each time he saw her, she assumed to him a fuller meaning, and her significance as his soul's record grew with his growth.

He was taught by one of the most renowned scholars of the time, Brunetto Latini, secretary to the Florentine Republic, an old lawyer, who in exile in France had learned much of the world. His "dear and good paternal image," as he taught Dante "how man makes himself eternal"* was always fixed with gratitude in the poet's mind. From Casella, whose sweet strains could arrest in Purgatory the souls who were hurrying to accomplish their purification, Dante learned music and "the use of amorous song."† To painting also and the arts of design which, under the great Arnolfo and Cimabue, were beginning to revive in the congenial air of ambitious Florence, he seems to have given some attention. Moreover the poems of Guido Guinicelli, of Bologna, whom he calls his master, and the master of all those his betters, who ever used "sweet and graceful rhymes of love,"‡ stirred him to generous emulation.

So he grew up in body and in mind till, when he had reached his eighteenth year, his mingled thoughts and feelings became articulate, and the poet nature found its expression in song. After meeting Beatrice and receiving from her a salutation more courteous than usual, he returned to his room and there fell asleep; as he slept "there appeared to be in his room a mist, of the colour of fire, within which he discerned the figure of a lord of terrible aspect to such as should gaze upon him, but who seemed therewithal to rejoice inwardly that it was a marvel to see." In one hand he held a lady covered in a blood-red cloth, in the other hand a flaming heart. He spoke many things, of which Dante could understand few, but amongst them he said this, "I am thy master."

This Vision of Love Dante expressed in a sonnet which he spread among his friends. He was at once recognized as a poet, and gained the friendship of Guido Cavalcanti, himself an accomplished man and a distinguished poet, fifteen years older than Dante.

For the next seven years we have Dante's own account of his inner life in that most wondrous of all youthful books, the "Vita Nuova," the chronicle of his soul's devotion to Beatrice. She was to him the fairest and the best of God's creatures, an embodiment of all that was pure and noble in life, the mistress of his mind. To see her, to receive her gracious salutation, to be greeted by her sweet smile, this was all his love required, and round this gathered the young man's glorious visions, and lofty thoughts. He wished for no further possession of his beloved. She before whose glance all that was base and wicked fled away, she who was more like a daughter of the gods than a mere mortal maiden — how could Dante think to appropriate such a treasure to himself, or try to call her his? No such thought seems to have crossed his mind; but his etherial love received a blow, which he could hardly explain even to himself, when, in 1287, Beatrice married Simone de' Bardi. But the shock, if such there were, soon passed away, and his relations to Beatrice remained unchanged. She was still, as she had been before, the mistress of his mind, the embodiment in her own fair form of all he thought and all he strove for. Each time he sees her, each greeting he receives, his fervent fancy sets the trivial occurrence in a background of splendid colouring, yet subdued, and pure, and tender in tone, as is a picture of Sandro Botticelli. There is no disorder, no tinge of wild passion in his utterances; all is regular and orderly; his thoughts and feelings are all subjected to the rigid restraint of law before they find expression.

So the young poet's inner life developed around the person of Beatrice, and he learned to know himself in the light of his love for her. Yet he was no mere dreamer, but a diligent student, an accomplished man of letters, and an active citizen. In 1289 he bore arms in the Florentine ranks at the Battle of Campaldino, when the Ghibelline party met with its most fatal repulse. But in the year 1290, when Dante was twenty-five years old, came a crisis of his life which shook

* Inf. c. xv. 84.
† Par. ii. 107.
‡ Par. xxvii. 99.

Digitized by Google

at first his soul's foundations. Beatrice died, and for awhile the world seemed out of joint, and the city seemed to sit desolate and mourning over this fatal loss. Dante's mind was overwhelmed with grief, but he abstained from unmanly lamentations and nourished his pain within his own breast. He discharged as before his duties to the State, and in the autumn of the same year took part in the war of the Florentines against the Pisans, and felt keenly the human interest of war and siege.* Nay, more: when he had reached the age of twenty-seven, in obedience to his friends' wishes, and prompted by his own rigid sense of duty towards the State, he married Gemma de' Donati, attracted perhaps by her genuine sympathy for his distress at the loss of Beatrice. Gemma became his wife, and he seems to have cherished her. During the ten years of their life together she bore him seven children; but she is never mentioned in his poems; she was the wife of his house and family, but she was not, and could not be, the mistress of his mind. That place had long been filled up; and as Dante's writings concern only his intellectual life, it need be no cause for wonder that Dante never mentions her or his children.

But still the grief and pain of his bereavement was seated within Dante's heart too deep for any outward consolations: Beatrice was dead, and Dante's heart was filled with "dolorous imaginings." The joy of his early life was gone. His simple pleasure at the sight of Beatrice, his contentment in building round her image his fervent thoughts, his joy at her salutation, his exultation in her presence — all this was lost forever. There was left instead a dull sense of pain that could not be deadened — an aching void that could not be filled up: there was the sense of doubt and perplexity and weariness in life. The years that followed the death of Beatrice Dante looks back upon with shame and regret, as being a time in which he lost his hold on duty, and let go the simple confidence and trust which till now had guided him through life. Dante, it is true, did nothing to merit the reproach of those around him; on the contrary, this was the time in which he engaged in public life most keenly. To satisfy the requirements of the triumphant democracy of Florence, he laid aside his nobility, and enrolled himself in the trade guild of the apothecaries, that he might be eligible to civic office. His talents were soon recognized, and he is said to have been employed on several important embassies. Moreover, these years were years of study — study undertaken, at first, in search of consolation, but ending in becoming itself an absorbing pursuit. Dante, as he says himself, was like one who goes seeking for silver and finds gold. Still with all this, Dante was not happy. Neither activity in public life, nor study in private gave him the peace and satisfaction he had enjoyed before, for the purity and singleness of his first motive was gone. His life was no longer lived in the midst of those noble thoughts and high desires which had gathered round the name and face of Beatrice. The pleasures of the world, the joys of sense, the desire for praise, the thirst for power, the insolence of knowledge, the pride of intellect — all these were motives before which he wavered to and fro. In the bustle of public life, in the business of family life, in the excitement of intellectual effort his first simplicity died away, and Beatrice was forgotten, or floated only as an almost disregarded phantom across the shadowy background of his busy life —

> He turned his steps into deceitful ways,
> Following therein false images of good,
> That ne'er fulfil the promise which they make.*

This is the condition of mind from which the "Divina Commedia" commemorates his deliverance. Dante is wandering in a wild mood, his way is stopped by savage beasts, when Beatrice, moved by compassion, sends Virgil to guide him through the dread scenes of the Inferno, and the purifying realms of Purgatory to the Paradise of God's love. When Beatrice appears to her lover, as he has passed out of Purgatory his first feeling is one of utter shame; he is awe-struck as a child before the stern majesty of an offended mother, and Beatrice's first words to him are words of sharp reproach.

But Dante, though he might stumble, was too strong to fall; he was not to relapse into the mass of ordinary men, and to remain swayed by the world and its allurements, by the passing life and its ambitions, by current opinions and the rewards they brought. He studied and he thought until philosophy, in the highest sense in which a knowledge of wisdom is a knowledge of God, took possession

* Inf. xxi. 94.

* Purg. xxx. 130.

Digitized by Google

of his soul. This philosophy became to him a new mistress, yet not a new one; for the new life of reflection recognized its relationship with the old life of fancy — the new world of thought was the same as the old world of feeling; and Beatrice resumed her sway — not now the simple maiden who swayed the youthful heart by her beauty, but the stately yet kindly teacher who was to rule the manly mind.

Henceforth Dante's inner struggles and perplexities were at an end. He had passed through the fiery trial, and had learned "how to refuse the evil and choose the good;" he had got a foothold outside the world's changes; he was no longer tossed to and fro by his ambition or his desires; he had caught the meanings of life; he had found the key to the world's riddle; he had secured a guide whom he could trust to lead him through life's wild wood to the shining hill beyond; he had gained the consciousness of inward freedom because he had recognized life's eternal law.

I have dwelt on this not merely fancifully, but because the significance of a poet's life — and especially the life of such a poet as Dante — lies not in outward circumstance, but in inward development. Moreover, this phase of Dante's mind gives us the key to one side of the meaning of his great work. Into this I do not now enter: it is enough to notice that this crisis of Dante's life took place in the year 1300 — the year in which he lays the action of the "Divina Commedia."

And indeed, if we look at the events of Dante's life in the world, we shall see that he required all his inward strength to guide him through the difficult paths of public life in Florence. The city, as it advanced in wealth and intelligence, and saw itself free from fear of outward foes, felt more keenly the pressure of social questions within its walls. Old family feuds, the heritage of former aristocratic state, the jealousy of the rising commercial class against the nobles, the struggles of the artisans against the more wealthy merchants, the remnants of the old political parties of Guelf and Ghibelline,—all these elements of discord smouldered in the city, and were fanned by any trivial circumstance into a flame. So in the year 1300 civil discord waxed high in Florence. The social jealousy of the old noble family of the Donati against the rich merchant family of the Cerchi; the blood feud founded on family vengeance of the Neri and Bianchi, which had been introduced into Florence from Pistoia — these divided the minds and embittered the passions of the citizens of Florence. Daily quarrels disturbed the streets, and law and order were powerless against faction fights. In this state of things Dante became one of the priors, or governing council, of Florence for the months of July and August, 1300. This priorate Dante calls the source of all his woes. In it he earned the hatred which a wise and moderate man always receives from the factious and the violent. Dante wished to calm the city without having recourse to any external aid. Though himself a noble by birth, his sympathies seem to have been with the more democratic party — that of the Cerchi. He seems to have regarded it as less harmful than the violent faction headed by Corso Donati, a proud and haughty baron, who was willing to intrigue with the Pope to obtain influence for himself in Florence. Dante's priorate was signalized by two great events — an open breach between the Florentine magistracy and the Pope's legate, and next, the impartial banishment from Florence of the most factious of the two contending parties. This was a measure which might have been effectual if it had been carried out consistently by the succeeding priors, but the exiles were arbitrarily allowed to return. Corso Donati left his place of banishment and openly claimed the protection of the Pope, Boniface VIII., a bold and unscrupulous politician, who was at that time expecting the arrival in north Italy of a French army under Charles of Valois, who was coming to assert the claims of his house to the throne of Sicily. If the Pope were to espouse violently the cause of the Donati, matters looked ill for Florence. So Dante was sent, in 1301, as ambassador to the Pope to try and counteract the machinations of party intrigue. He never saw Florence again. The Pope gave him equivocal answers, and managed to detain him on various pretexts at Rome, till matters had been settled in Florence by the arrival of Charles of Valois, the recall of the exiles, the triumph of Corso Donati, a reign of terror, and the proscription and banishment of all whom the victorious party feared, chief amongst whom was Dante. Dante felt he had been tricked by Pope Boniface, and his stay at Rome seems to have given him an insight into Papal politics which he never forgot.

So Dante was now driven away from everything he loved most dearly — his native city, his wife, his family, his friends.

Digitized by Google

He knew that it was for no misdoings of his own that this punishment had fallen upon him; he had always been loyal to Florence, and had refused to become a violent partisan, at a time when faction was everything, and both parties "hungered for him." * He had tried to labour for the good of the State, and form a party of moderates who might interpose against violence and excess. He went forth strong in his integrity of purpose, with a clear conscience, prepared to meet any blow that fortune might direct against him. Still, however strong he might be in conscience, the blow was hard to bear. Exile meant to Dante utter poverty, complete loss of any sphere in which his activity could be displayed, entire death to his practical energy, entire severance from all his old interests, from all the overwhelming associations of his early days. Dante had to experience "how salt was the taste of another's bread; how hard a road it was to go up and down another's stair." † But the thing that first oppressed him most was the fact that his life was spent amongst his fellow exiles from Florence, whose pitiful intrigues to procure their restoration moved Dante's deep disgust. With this "wicked and senseless company," as he calls them, he soon quarrelled, for they were as unable to understand him, as he was to sympathize with their futile schemes. He parted company with them and wandered forth alone, poor and unfriended, seeking from place to place a patron who would give him shelter; searching in vain for a congenial soul; hoping to no purpose that he might find among the princes and rulers of Italy some one whose mind could soar above the paltry politics of his little town — some one who could understand the duties of power — some one who would dare to face the task of uniting Italy, of healing her dissensions, and fitting her for her great position of leader of Christendom and mistress of the world.

We cannot follow Dante in his wanderings at Verona, at Bologna, at Lunigiano — meeting everywhere with small comfort. In Florence the wisdom of his counsels would seem to have been proved; for Corso Donati, his chief foe, made an attempt to seize upon the seigniory of the city, and make himself lord of Florence. He failed and was put to death; still there was no hope for Dante, no steps towards his recall. So Dante seems to have turned his attention solely to study, and to have shaken off the dust from his feet in testimony against the land that knew not how to use her noblest son. In 1309 he was at Paris, attending lectures at the University; he is said, though without much probability, to have visited Oxford. Be that as it may, his student life was shattered by the news of the election of a new emperor, Henry of Luxemburg. Eager hopes of a glorious future, of the splendid realization of all his dreams for Italy, throbbed in Dante's breast. He hastened to Italy to await the coming of Henry in 1311.

The Emperor Henry VII. was the chivalrous ideal of all noble hearts in Italy, who wished to see her divisions come to an end. Dante hailed his coming with rapture. Already in his treatise, "De Monarchia," had he proved the necessity for one empire, whose seat must be in Rome, and whose power was derived directly from God, without any need of Papal intervention to give it further validity. Now, when this long-expected ruler actually appeared, Dante again employed his pen in his favour. He wrote an impassioned letter to the princes and people of Italy, painting in glowing colours the coming of their deliverer; he wrote to Florence warning her of the coming reckoning for her misdoings; he wrote to Henry urging him to come quickly and fulfil his glorious mission. "Rejoice," he exclaims, in tones of the noblest patriotic enthusiasm, "rejoice, oh Italy, for thy bridegroom comes — the joy of his age, the glory of thy people: dry, oh fairest one, thy tears, lay aside the trappings of thy widowhood; for he is nigh at hand who will free thee from the prison of the evildoers, who will smite the workers of felony, and will let out his vineyard to other husbandmen who shall render him the fruits of justice in due season. But will he not have compassion? — yea, he will have compassion on all who ask it; for he is Cæsar, and his pity flows from the fountain of pity."

It was the last glow of hope that shone on the exile's path. Henry died of a fever in 1313, without accomplishing anything that left permanent results. Any one who looks upon Henry's statue by Tino da Camaino, now standing in the Campo Santo at Pisa, and sees the broad head, square forehead, and high cheekbones contrasting strangely with the finely-cut mouth and sharp, delicate chin,

* Inf. xv.
† Par. xvii. 58.

Digitized by Google

must feel that he, too, was a dreamer who would never have unravelled the tangled thread of Italian politics, and must think it was better that he should have disappointed Dante's hopes by an early death rather than by a painful failure.

It was a hard blow to Dante, but he had learned endurance in the school of adversity; he bore it without repining, and found, more than before, his strength within himself alone. He resumed his labours at his great work, and found comfort in musing with his own heart.

"After Henry's death," says an old biographer, Leonardo Bruni, "Dante spent the rest of his life in great poverty, in various parts of Lombardy, Tuscany, and Romagna, under the protection of various lords." First in Lucca, with the Ghibelline leader Uguccione della Fagguola, he stood by silently and sadly, till he saw him fall before the exile Castruccio Castracani,—a fall brought about by his own precautions to avert it. As he left Lucca he heard that Florence had recalled her exiles, if they would submit to a short imprisonment and do public penance.

To Dante this was impossible: it would have been a death-blow to his inner self, which could not confess to a wrong-doing of which it felt no guilt. The misery "of seeing his dear country only in dreams" was not so heavy a weight as would have been the consciousness of dishonour falsely assumed. Dante writes in words of lofty scorn to a relative, who besought him to accept the offered terms: "Is this the glorious way in which Dante Alighieri is recalled to his country after the miseries of an exile of fifteen years? Is this the desert of my innocence, which all men know? Is this the fruit of my long labours and the fatigues endured in study? Far from a man consecrated to philosophy is such short-sighted baseness. This is no way of return to my country. If Florence cannot be entered in an honourable way, I will never enter it. What, are not the sun and the stars to be seen in every land? Shall I not be able under every part of heaven to meditate sweet truth, unless I first make myself inglorious, nay, ignominious to my people and my country? Bread at least will never fail me."

Stronger and stronger grew the heart within him; less and less did the things of the world affect him; more and more did the realm of truth open to his view.; and as he soared into the regions of thought, less and less important became the small details of to-day. It mattered little whether he spent his few remaining years in comfort; it mattered much that he should not make his life a lie. So he turned his face away from Florence, content to live bravely. Henceforth he gave his attention only to his great work, and laboured at it incessantly till his death.

First he abode at Verona, at the court of Cangrande della Scala, who had been appointed by Henry VII. Imperial Vicar for Italy, and from whom Dante had once hoped to see great political enterprises. But Cangrande, though kindly and genial, was not a thoughtful man, and Dante wearies of the luxury and grandeur of a life which was engaged in trivialities, while a noble field of action lay before it. In 1320 Dante left Verona and became the guest of Guido da Polenta at Ravenna, where he might enjoy greater quiet, and find fewer distractions in finishing his great work. There, in the solemn glades of the mighty pine forest that skirts the sea, Dante mused and pondered on the lofty themes that fill the last cantos of the Paradiso. Still the exile's path was cheered with hope. That restoration which he had vainly hoped to gain by outward help, might still be won by his own talents. When his great poem should be finished, "on which both heaven and earth had laid their hands,* while for these many years he had grown thin with toil," then surely Florence would recognize that he was indeed unworthy to be an exile; the cruelty, which kept him from the fold where he was born, would be overcome; and by the font where he was baptised, in his fair church of San Giovanni, he yet might receive upon his brow the poet's laurel, from a people who, though late, at last had learned his worth.

Such tender yearnings, such dreams of a happy end of weary days still filled his heart; but he did not live to see them put to the test. Almost immediately after finishing the Paradiso, in his 56th year, on Sept. 14, 1321, he passed † "from things human to things divine, from time to eternity, from Florence to a people just and sane."

A strangely solemn feeling must come over the mind of any one who, wandering through the grass-grown streets of Ravenna, comes upon the tomb of the greatest of the many mighty sons of Florence, in that last resting place so far away from all he loved with an intensi-

* Par. xxv.
† Par. xxxi.

Digitized by Google

ty of patriotism, which at the present day we find it hard to understand. Dante in exile has always been an example of the terrible irony of fate upon man's short-sightedness. Of this, however, I will say nothing; it has been my purpose to speak only of the occurrences of Dante's life so far as they influenced the development of his genius. To this his exile gave the crowning seal. It came at the time when in mature life, and with mature powers, he felt his whole soul recoil before the grossness of practical life, with its degrading pleasures and no less degrading cares; it came when he had recurred with deliberate purpose to the imaginative ideal of his youthful days, and of his boyish love,—an ideal now amplified and glorified by his developed thought, even as all that was fleshly had dropped from the image of his loved Beatrice, and she was a disembodied spirit who watched heedfully, from on high, his soul's progress. In such a condition of mind, Dante, living comfortably at Florence, engaged in public affairs, a citizen amongst his fellow-citizens, would still no doubt have lived an inner life of rare nobility, but would have lived it to himself, or only in the sight of a favoured few; he would never have left us the majestic picture of the world as transformed by his mighty mind. Dante in Florence would no doubt have become a great name in Florentine literature, but never could have had the same significance as Dante, the undeserving exile. It was adversity that brought him face to face with the realities of things; from the furnace of affliction his beliefs and thoughts came out refined and purified; his ideals endured a fierce conflict with calamity in which they could prevail only by their own inborn strength. Dante's love tended to make him a dreamer, Dante's learning tended to make him a pedant, but exile compelled him to bring his knowledge into use, to take his dreams as guides for life, or else abandon them forever. Dante was shaken, was startled into self-knowledge by the blow that fell upon him.

For a little while life was doubtful to him; then his part was taken and he stepped boldly forward determined on his path: let fortune ply her wheel and the peasant his mattock; one was to him as natural as the other, and he heeded both equally little, for he felt his own strength, he knew his own freedom, he was to himself both priest and king, and mitred and crowned over his own realm he went upon his way. Still we seem to trace his actual mind in his poem: gloomy, sad, and yet with thoughts of vengeance when he wrote the Inferno; calmed by study and meditation into a repose, that has ceased to feel the sting of misery but is too languid to be happy, when he wrote the Purgatorio; at last with mind weaned from the world by disappointments, soaring aloft and becoming etherialized in the contemplation of God's love, he ends his days with the adoring hymn that closes the Paradiso.

II.

HIS WRITINGS.

I HAVE attempted to describe the way in which the outward circumstance of Dante's life affected his inner development, till sorrow wrought out, in the long years of dreary exile, the aspirations which in boyish days love's touch had first revealed. I would now trace in Dante's writings his own record of his inner life, the workings of his mind, and the meaning of his pursuits.

Dante is known amongst us chiefly as a poet, but he wrote also on politics, on theology, on philology, on philosophy. He was deeply versed in all the learning of his day, and was, above all other things, a diligent and careful student. Not only does he sum up, in his great work, the social and political life of his time, but also all its knowledge, all its thought and all its science breathes through his poem and takes fresh form from his genius.

It is this that specially distinguishes Dante from all writers who have lived before or since, that he sums up in himself all the life of his time with all its problems and all its thought. His time moreover was one of singular interest, and likely to remain of singular interest to all thoughtful men; a time not too remote from our own to cease to affect us, yet not so closely allied to our own as to wear the same form. He lived in noticeable days, and is himself the most noticeable feature of them. They were days in which the Christian religion still ruled over Christendom in all the grandeur of its ideal unity, though men had already begun to seek deeper than its outward rites for the sustainment of the individual conscience. The Roman Empire still claimed to rule the temporal kingdoms of the earth with undivided sway, though outward submission was already the thin cloak for the fullest assertion of individ-

Digitized by Google

ual freedom. The growing sense of men's power and the world's beauty was finding fit expression for its joyousness and thankfulness in song and music, in painting and sculpture, in the adornment of civil life by stately buildings and the expresssion of holy thought by fitting symbol. Italy had set clearly before herself life's problem in much the same shape as that which now it wears to us, but had set it in a frank and manly way, and was solving it with the straightforward sincerity of faith without the perplexity that comes from previous failure, without the one-sided intensity that comes from long effort, without the languor that comes from disappointment. It was a time which, as we read the pages of Dante, we cannot fail to recognize, and feel with, and know to be our own; but know faintly and dimly, as an old man who, aroused for the moment by some boy's simple enthusiasm, struggles to recall the experiences of his own youthful days.

Truly Dante had many experiences from which to learn — lover, student, citizen, statesman, philosopher, exile; travelling from place to place, now an ambassador, now almost a beggar; mixing with all, yet always superior to all; with a keen, observing eye, and a powerful mind that knew no rest from thought. The world as it was seems to have passed before him, and piled for him all its products and poured at his feet all its treasures. Dante laboured incessantly, and pondered deeply; he is most learned, but his learning does not strike us so much as his deep thoughtfulness; it was not for him enough to know — he must draw his knowledge into himself, and reap its full harvest, and turn it to his own profit, and grow stronger by its support. He was a poet, but his imagination is never allowed to wander uncontrolled: his fancy is not employed to mirror unconsciously his passions' wayward course; rather it is only the most serious products of his mature thought that receive the stamp of his poetical treatment, and are, after careful sifting, sent forth as current in the mouths of men. It was not the lightness but the seriousness of Dante's mind that made him a poet; not the ease with which he received outward impressions, but the care with which he revolved them when they came; not the passion but the intensity of his nature. His thoughts passed beyond the limits in which they could be expressed by ordinary words: he must tell them in imaginative symbols, which he who can must learn to interpret and unravel for himself.

It would seem, at first sight, as if the earliest of Dante's works, the "Vita Nuova" — the story of his love for Beatrice, written when he was between the age of 20 and 26 — did not justify this general estimate of his writings, but might be classed with other tales of youthful love, as the genuine outpouring of an enthusiastic soul, which transformed the world in the light of its own passionate feeling, and was intent solely on expressing its own joys and sorrows. But a slight examination soon convinces us that we have here no ordinary love-tale, no mere overflow of intense passion, no expression of merely individual feeling. It is rather the chastened product of mature thought — thought quickened by feeling, but never carried away by it — thought working through passion and reducing it, without any loss to its supreme ideal beauty, to due subordination. It is for this very reason, perhaps, that Dante's love seems so inexplicable, so unlike any feeling with which we are made familiar by modern analysis. It is not that Dante's love was different in its origin to that of common men. But Dante was not content with merely receiving impressions; he took them to himself and meditated on them; he did not regard them as mere vivid moments, fleeting and therefore precious, to be seized while they remained and recorded in the most forcible forms in which they could be conceived and imaged. They were not isolated forms to be gracefully arranged at leisure in their most striking manifestations, but they were to him part — the most valuable part — of his daily life, which, as they became part of his being, found noble expression from a noble mind. Their imaginative form was the expression of thought and reflection, not feeling and passion — was the outcome, not of the first moments of pleasure, not of the excitement of the senses, but of the working of the whole moral and intellectual nature, of the efforts of the mind and soul to apprehend the passing emotions, and fix their permanent results in an enduring shape. Hence, after agonies of tears in the dim visions of the night, or in the meditative solitude of the day, the figure of Love, an awful yet gentle master, would detach itself from the surroundings of his life, and utter dark sayings which had to be followed beyond the verge of ordinary expression, and

Digitized by Google

then shadowed forth in the mysterious forms in which the imagination could apprehend them in the region of poetry and fancy. Hence he says, as the key-note to the understanding of his book, "Albeit the image of Beatrice, that was with me always, was an exultation of Love to subdue me, it was yet of so perfect a quality that it never allowed me to be overruled by Love without the faithful counsel of reason, whensoever such counsel was useful to be heard." * And this "counsel of reason" so wrought upon his life that Love bred in him an overpowering sweetness; and when Beatrice vouchsafed him her salutation, "such warmth of charity," he says, "came upon me that most certainly in that moment I would have pardoned whosoever had done me an injury; and if one should then have questioned me concerning any matter, I could only have said unto him 'Love,' with a countenance clothed in humbleness." † Such were his feelings, not fantastic, not unreal, not coming from onesidedness or weakness of nature, but only chastened, purified, solemnized by earnest thought, till all which was merely earthly had dropped from them, the dross was all burned up, and the fine gold, ten times purified in the fire, alone remained.

The Vita Nuova is the record of his youthful passion; but it was written after Beatrice was dead, when the full light which deep sorrow alone can shed upon the past, had shown him what was real, what was abiding in his soul's experiences. The Vita Nuova is no ordinary love-story, breathing unrest and feverish desire; it is the careful record of one who has loved and knows what love unrequited, as men call requited, had left him as its lifelong legacy. A deep sense of the seriousness of his subject was present with Dante in every page. He mistrusts even the imaginative form of his poems, and tries by explanations, always obscure and often pedantic, to show more intelligibly his purpose in writing them. Of the sonnets which he wrote to Beatrice only a selected few are inserted in the Vita Nuova, a few others survive amongst his miscellaneous poems, but many are doubtless lost. From those which he thought worthy of a place in this record of his new, his regenerate life, all which express repining and hopeless sorrow are carefully excluded. He is anxious to separate the deep truths of his individual self from all that was merely transient; he endeavours to show the inmost recesses of his soul's treasure-house after all that is worthless or unworthy has been cleared away.

Hence Dante's Lyrics express the highest form which Love can ever reach — Love, not in the form in which he appears to the ordinary man, or in the way in which he develops in the unreflecting mind, but in the highest and most abiding shape in which he can become the heart's possession, in the way in which he nestles in the mind where he is to find his eternal dwelling-place.

So Dante's love for Beatrice followed her, after her death, into the everlasting regions, till his thought pressing after her was stopped by doubts and hesitations and mysteries hard to be understood, yet which the mind could dimly feel after, and realize in some way, though it could not express. "It was given unto me," he says, at the end of the Vita Nuova, to behold a very wonderful vision, wherein I saw things which determined me that I would say nothing further of this most blessed one, until such time as I could discourse more worthily concerning her. And to this end I labour all I can, as she well knoweth. Whereof if it be His pleasure through whom is the life of all things, that my life continues with me a few years, it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman. After the which, may it seem good unto Him who is the Master of Grace, that my spirit should go hence to behold the glory of its lady: to wit, of that blessed Beatrice who now gazeth continually on His countenance qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus. Laus Deo."

So with this aim before him, of finding a fitting expression for the thoughts which Beatrice had awakened, the revelation which she had made to him of life and the world and their purpose, Dante turned with renewed interest to his studies, determined in the pursuits of practical life to find their full meaning. I have already shown how Dante's public life met with no success. His moderate counsels met with no hearing from those inflamed by passionate hate. Moreover, he himself felt, in the retrospect of later years, that during the time of busy activity his nobler self had grown dim. Still in the cares and anxieties of public life Dante's mind was active and inquir-

* Vita Nuova, Rossetti's translation.
† Vita Nuova, Rossetti.

Digitized by Google

ing: he was investigating the origin and meaning of politics, the end of a state, the method of its good government, the source of its obedience. His treatise "De Monarchia," composed probably before his exile,* is the first work of modern times that treats of the problems of speculative politics.

In Dante's days political theory was busy with the dim abstractions of the Papacy and the Empire, and round these shadowy forms political ideas gathered. At the present day we talk of the Italian cities as Republics, and we are justified, as we look back upon them, in classing them as self-governing and democratic states. They were not, however, so regarded by those who lived under them. Their independence was purely municipal independence. They were distinct, it is true, one from another, but all recognized themselves as parts of one great political system. None of the parties which their politics developed, looked upon these Republics as self-organized, or as possessing inherent rights to absolute self-government. Their aim rather was, to secure free scope for personal or party intrigue by weakening the central authority, by setting Pope against Emperor and Emperor against Pope. Their desire was to organize anarchy, in which they could pursue the small local interests of the separate Towns to the sacrifice of any care for the common good of Italy. Against this view, which underlies all the politics of Mediæval Italy, Dante directs his arguments. He wishes to set forth in its fulness the idea of a comprehensive and orderly political system. He wishes to free the State from the theocratic idea, to assert for it its proper place and its true dignity as the ruling power of the life of man. The greatness of the Imperial system, its eternal seat in the city of Rome, its immediate authority from God, its freedom from Papal control — these are the central points of Dante's system. His method is not our modern method; his end of peace on earth, and concord amongst all, of a common union for the common good, of orderly subordination to righteous law, must always be the end of all right political speculation and practice. He sighs with true patriotic anguish over the wretched waste of human energy in efforts of self-assertion. "O miserable race of men, by how many storms and shipwrecks, by how many destructions must you be overwhelmed, while like a many-headed monster you pull in different ways. Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity." *

Dante's next work, begun in the first few years of his exile and never finished, was a treatise, "De Vulgari Eloquentia," about the Vulgar Tongue. Its aim is thus set forth in the opening sentences: "Seeing that no one before us has treated of the science of the Vulgar Tongue, whereas we see that such tongue is necessary to us all, since not only men, but women and children, strive after it as far as nature allows, we wishing in some way to illumine their discretion, since they are now walking blindly through the streets, for the most part thinking what is last is first — will try in the help of the Word from above, to be of some service to the Vulgar Speech."

Here, again, it is Dante's intention that is of importance to us, not the actual value of the book at present. Dante had none of the materials for a science of Philology, but he discusses the origin and growth of language, the separation of the Romance languages from the Latin, the various Italian dialects and their literary capacities. Here again unity is his object — to form a common Italian tongue from careful observation of the different dialects, avoiding their harshness and combining their beauties. As in politics he would have his countrymen obey one law, and submit themselves to one system, so in language he would have them overcome their purely local usages and form one common and noble vehicle of speech. His object was in no small degree accomplished by his "Divina Commedia." It was not the speculative precept but the positive example which drew his country's speech to assume a common form through common admiration of the noblest utterances that any Italian tongue had framed.

Similarly, in his next work, the "Convito," is the progress of Dante's interests expressed. It was undertaken in his student days, and is the record of his intellectual labours, which were broken off never to be resumed, by the news of the advance into Italy, so long forsaken, of the newly-elected Emperor, Henry of

* I regard Witte's argument, founded on the omission in the "De Monarchia" of any reference to the struggle between Pope Boniface VIII. and Philip IV. of France, or the writings which it produced, as conclusive proof that the treatise was written before 1311, to which date it is currently assigned.

* De Monarchia, sub fin.

Digitized by Google

Luxemburg. It is a strange book, strange both in its form and in its contents. Its form is that of a commentary upon some of his sonnets: fourteen were originally selected for exposition, but only four were completed. If the work had been finished it would have been a mediæval encyclopædia without any order or arrangement. Taking the sonnet as his text, Dante follows out his own train of thought, and discusses, in the philosophic language of his time, such questions as arise, — the nature of love, the planet-heavens, the different methods of verbal interpretation, immortality, the nature of true nobility. On questions such as these he brings to bear all his learning, illustrates them with copious quotations from every side, and examines them in the recognized forms of mediæval logic. We forget in glancing over the pages that the author was a poet.

Such are the labours in which Dante was engaged as a preparation for the "Divina Commedia." As we turn over its pages it is impossible not to contrast the eternal value of the soul's insight with the transient worth of intellectual labour. Dante engaged with equal honesty of purpose, with equal depth of meaning, in his poems and in his treatises; but his poems, the record of his own heart, have been among the world's most precious possessions since his time — his learned works have long ceased to do more than attract the notice of the curious, or win a wondering attention from those who are drawn to them for their writer's sake. The same ideas prevail in both, the same deep power of thought has put its stamp upon all, but round the one the writer's vivid fancy has woven the spell of his soul's perpetual presence; the other is but a heap of dry bones from which all life and meaning have long since passed away.

The forms of fancy may live forever, while the forms of thought perish with the age that gave them being, and leave at the best a mass of ruins, to be used by new builders in the generations to come.

It is true Dante gives us in his great poem all his thought, as well as all his fancy. The pages of the Divina Commedia are full of philosophy, theology, astronomy, and natural science: but thought and fancy blend together, and their mixture lends the book its deepest meaning, and fitly represents Dante's own soul, and the influences in which it grew and waxed strong. There are many points of interest in the "Divina Commedia;" many meanings may be given it, and it may be read in many different ways; but one thing certainly it means — the absolute victory over all around it of the soul, whose source of strength is within itself. The passionate love of the "Vita Nuova" has led to an intellectual insight as deep as the first emotion was tender; Dante's mind is as responsive to the stray indications of the real truth of things, as his heart was to the salutation of Beatrice when she passed him in the way.

The Divina Commedia was the work of the last years of his life, after he had enjoyed, and laboured, and suffered, and thought. In it he unfolds in calm decisiveness the mystery of the world's being, as it had slowly become manifest to his eyes. Those to whom Dante seems sentimental in the Vita Nuova will regard him as unduly stern or presumptuous in the Divina Commedia. The two sides of his genius hold closely together: only deep sensibilities could obtain such profound insight: only one who had loved and suffered much could see and know much: only one to whom the small things of life were of momentous importance could understand the bearings of its mighty issues, and dare to follow them to their furthest point.

The Divina Commedia has been called a vision, but Dante never calls it so himself; it is rather the literal transcript of his soul's progress and of his life's teaching, thrown into the most serious form which the artistic representations of his time brought before the ordinary mind.

To the great sages of the ancient world, life's problem was confined within the limits of life itself, and their endeavour had been to introduce order into its confusion, and reduce its jarring elements into a system within which the individual might move with dignified and decorous freedom. The early Christians had looked on this life as the preparation for another, had found in it an awful seriousness, and had laid down strict rules of self-denial, by which the soul might enfranchise itself from its surroundings, and look forward with humble expectation for its full development elsewhere. Under this idea, dimly apprehended and fitfully acted upon, had grown up the moral life of Dante's time. The pleasures, the excitements, the passions, and the interests of which his active age was full, were kept in check by stern reminders of what was soon to follow upon them all. Startling pictures were drawn by the preaching friar of the torments or

Digitized by Google

blessedness of the life to come. The sculptures round the arch of the doorway through which worshippers entered the house of God; the bold reliefs that met the eye of the careless each time they passed it on their daily way; the pictures or mosaics on which in prayer the weary heart gazed with fervent devotion — all these had for their favourite subject, the representation of the "Day of Doom," and the severance of mankind to happiness or misery. Nay, more than this, the subject, terrible and serious in itself, was chosen for dramatic performances, not only by the Church, but by any society or club that wished to give a spectacle to the people. Here is an account given by Giovanni Villani, of a Florentine May-day Festival in 1304: —

"The Companies of Comfort throughout the city, that were wont to make joy and festival, assembled and did the best they could, or knew how to do. Amongst the others, those of the Borgo S. Priano, wishing to make a newer and more diverse amusement, sent out a message, that whoever wished to hear news of the other world should come on May 1 to the Ponte alla Carraia. Then they arranged planks on boats and little ships in the Arno, and made there the resemblance and image of Hell, with fires and other pains and torments, with men representing devils, horrible to see; and there were others, that bore the appearance of naked souls, being thrust into divers torments, with great crying and groaning and clamour — a thing loathsome and terrible to hear and see. For the novelty of the amusement, many of the citizens came to see it." There came in fact such crowds, that the wooden bridge gave way, and many were drowned. "So that," as Villani concludes his account, "the amusement turned to reality, and many went indeed to hear news of the other world, to the great grief of the city."

I have quoted this at length, to show the simple realism of an age, whose effort was to apprehend the forms that surrounded it and adapt its simple life to them. The Florentines shrank from nothing. They wished to see what life was, and they were prepared to live accordingly. They had no fear of irreverence, no desire to drop the veil and be content to go no further, lest they should be bewildered. They did not shrink from what was horrible, because it was horrible. They would know and understand it as fully as possible, and art should be employed in reminding them continually, and in a definite form, of what they genuinely believed, but were always tending to forget.

This temper of mind, which alone can afford the conditions under which great works of imagination can be produced. must be clearly realized by the readers of Dante. Many are repelled from reading him by a shrinking sense of irreverence, of cruelty, of audacity, attaching to the very plan of the Divina Commedia. Yet Dante's subject was quite in accordance with the ideas of his own age. He was free from that modern form of reverence, which is founded on a desire not to see too clearly; he was stern because he was just; he was bold because he had no doubts.

Thus it was that Dante took the largest and most comprehensive form that could be found, in which to express his own soul's pilgrimage in characters large enough for every age to read. He took himself, and not another — himself even such as he was, and not an idealized self; and brought himself face to face with the awful realities of the future. His individual thoughts and experiences should be applied to the highest, the deepest of human interests, should be set in the clearest atmosphere, and viewed in the purest and whitest light that could be reflected upon them. "Dante Alighieri, a Florentine by birth, not by manners," would set forth to whoever would listen the lessons which life had taught him. His object, as he says himself, was "to remove the living in this life from a state of misery, and lead them to a state of happiness." * This he would do, not in the abstract form of philosophy, but in the most solemn shape in which Art appealed to the feelings and imagination of the ordinary man. Himself, his own life, his own character, his own friends, the great men of his age, the great questions of his day, all these are set forth and represented against the awful background of eternal destiny, where passion and triviality become impossible, where seriousness is at once ensured without repeated demands, where things lose at once the sordour of common life, and nothing is insignificant, where everything assumes the most gigantic proportions of which it is capable.

This is the chief significance of the Divina Commedia, the feature which distinguishes it from all other works. It

* Epistle to Cangrande.

Digitized by Google

takes a real individual character, surrounded by all the actual facts of his life; it takes a piece of the world's history with all its actors, with all its efforts and all its ideas, political, religious, and social; it detaches them from their place in the world of fact, and erects them into a monument of surpassing grandeur, by representing them with reference to their eternal meaning, when all the world's trappings have been stripped from them, and they are laid bare, as they are in themselves. Hence comes the air of stern reality that the whole book wears. It was not Dante's purpose to produce merely a vague and general impression. Vices and virtues were alike made manifest in the forms of real men whose fate had a deep interest for his reader. His ancestor Cacciaguida tells him, in his course through Paradise, to smite only the lofty, that the force of the example may be greater.*

I have said that Dante nowhere calls his poem a vision, nor does he treat it as such. The same desire for reality that made him weave his poem around himself, and his own life and times, has made him aim at vigorous reality in every point of imaginative detail. His narrative is given with perfect minuteness in every point. We have a circumstantial account of his actual pilgrimage through the realms of the Inferno, of Purgatory and Paradise. The Inferno is a funnel-shaped pit, going down to the centre of the earth where Lucifer is frozen up forever. The circles of the pit grow smaller and smaller, in proportion as their punishments are more severe and their inhabitants are greater sinners. The island of Purgatory rises out of the side of the earth opposite to Jerusalem, and is a sloping rock with terraces going round, corresponding to the circles of the Inferno. On the top of this rock, corresponding to Lucifer at the bottom of his pit, is situated the earthly Paradise, the original garden from which our first parents fell. Then, leaving the earthly Paradise, Dante rapidly traverses the sphere of air, and passes into the planet-heavens, where are the souls of the blessed in the form of stars. The seven heavens contain each of them saints celebrated for some particular virtue, just as the circles of the Inferno had been assigned to particular vices, and the ledges of the mountain of Purgatory peopled by penitents for different classes of sins. The souls of the blessed are the stars that people these heavens; and as Dante mounts among them, they circle round him in a ceaseless dance of joy, testifying the delight with which the vision of the divine love had filled them. Still onward and onward Dante goes, till he reaches the Empyrean, or motionless heaven of pure light, where he sees the celestial host, and fainting at the sight of the vision of the Trinity can say no more of these unspeakable things. His heart sinks under the contemplation of the love that rules the world, and in that all else is swallowed up. The reader, who has followed him so far, is left in possession of his secret: —

> But now was turning my desire and will,
> Even as a wheel that equally is moved,
> The Love which moves the sun and other stars.*

In this mysterious pilgrimage Dante is never carried away by his subject to forget himself. He is fatigued in climbing the rocky defiles of the Inferno. He is terrified, and clings to Virgil like a child to its mother, at the sight of the grotesque fiends who rule over some of its abysses. He toils up the mount of Purgatory, himself a penitent and slowly ridding himself of the burden of his sins. In Paradise he is led upwards by Beatrice, his early love, and the earthly grossness of his faculties often provokes her rebukes. We never lose sight of Dante's personal presence. Many of those whom he meets have been his friends in the other world. In the Inferno, one of his dead relatives hides behind an archway to avoid his gaze, and makes mocking gestures at him as he passes, to show contempt towards the family which has allowed his untimely death to be so long unavenged. In Paradise Dante rejoices to be hailed by the soul of his great ancestor, Cacciaguida, who died on the Emperor Conrad's crusade — nay, such delight does he show at meeting so distinguished an ancestor, that he gives way to the paltry feelings of pride of birth, till Beatrice, by her laughter, admonishes him of his unseemly folly.

Nor is Dante's personality shown only thus. Much of his actual life is told him prophetically. There are many denunciations of Florentine cruelty, many assertions of his own innocence and worth, many clear indications of his own appreciation of the value of the poem on which

* Par. xvii. 125, &c.

* Par. xxxiii. 141.

Digitized by Google

he was engaged. Brunetto Latini, his old master, foretells his calamities and his glory. When he enters the limbo in which live the great men of antiquity, he is received with honour by the poet band; Homer, Horace, Ovid, Lucan and Virgil hail him the sixth member of their illustrious circle.

Moreover, the relation of Dante towards those whom he meets varies with his progress. In the Inferno he is superior to the tormented sinners, and behaves as such; as a man possessed of a good conscience he feels himself superior to them; he asks them questions with an air of authority, and demands an answer. He has been called cruel for his conduct towards those whom he saw in the Inferno, especially when he thrusts the mocking sinner under the waters of Acheron, and when passing through Caina, where the traitors are frozen up, he incautiously kicks one of the heads projecting above the ice, and shows no compunction — nay, when the head refuses to tell its name, he threatens to pull its hair to enforce compliance. This charge of cruelty is an unjust one, and shows an ignorance of Dante's point of view. He was being led, as a means for his own moral perfection, through the region where God's immutable decrees against sin were being fulfilled. Was it for him to spend the precious time in unavailing tears? Was it for him, for whom this signal mercy was being wrought, to venture to arraign God's justice, by daring to pity those whom a loving Father had condemned?

On one occasion Virgil bids him restrain his grief, saying —

> Here pity lives when it is truly dead;
> What man is there more guilty than the one,
> Who 'gainst God's judgments dares to feel ill will?*

Very noticeable are the two occasions on which Dante tells us he wept — once at the sight of the soothsayers, who had their heads turned round upon the shoulders in mockery of their impostrous attempt at foresight. Here Dante's tears were occasioned, as he says himself, by the sight "of man's image so depraved." The other punishment which awakes his tears is that of the sowers of civil and religious discord, whose bodies are torn asunder and divided as they had attempted to divide others. Dante, on both occasions, weeps not through pity at the sufferings which he sees, but through grief at the degradation which might come upon the noble human body through the misdeeds of the soul of which it was the unwilling covering. He could not endure to see the outward symbol of man's dignity abased.

In like manner it is noticeable that the sinners become vulgar, spiteful, mean, and given to little bickerings, as they approach lower depths of sin, and as their punishments become consequently more severe. In the pit of the falsifiers, Dante is severely reproved by Virgil for stopping to listen to a ribald altercation between two wretches, one labouring under dropsy so that he could not move, the other racked by raging fever. So too is it with Dante's fiends. They are not majestic embodiments of evil, but are simply low, contemptible, vulgar wretches, who delight in coarse jokes and hideous gestures, full of impotent malice, and regarding lying as an amusement.

Dante had no sympathy with deliberate sin. To him it had none of those stately proportions with which more modern times have loved to clothe it. It was not only wrong, because contrary to Divine law, but it was in itself contemptible, because degrading to human nature.

In the Purgatorio, again, Dante mixes with his equals, with those who were not deliberate sinners, but who were purging away their earthly dross before being fit for admission to Paradise. Here Dante is no longer a spectator, but is himself a humble penitent, from whose forehead, as he clambers up the mount, the marks of the seven deadly sins have to be painfully effaced. Here breathes an air of quiet and repose — a holy calm, a peaceful expectation of the coming of the time when sin's stains shall have been done away. Here all is love and tenderness, and each with good will helps the other. Old hostilities are forgotten; Charles of Anjou and Peter of Aragon, who fought in desperate rivalry for the fair isle of Sicily on earth, sit there side by side and join in the same evening hymn of praise. The whole mountain trembles with a joyous throe when a soul's purgation is accomplished, and a song of gladness bursts from the spirits left behind, when a brother leaps up to depart from among them. Here Dante walks girt with humility, and owns that pride was the sin whose punishment he had most to dread.

Far otherwise is it in Paradise. There Dante hides himself timorously behind his guide, Beatrice, from whose gaze he

* Inf. xx. 28.

Digitized by Google

has to draw support for his enfeebled faculties, which are all unequal to endure the unwonted strain. Here he himself is but a lowly learner, whose mind, too small to comprehend all that he sees and hears, still struggles to gain what knowledge he can on every subject. He learns the reason of the spots on the moon, he strives to grasp the grounds of moral desert, to solve the difficulties of the freedom of the will, to comprehend the working of the Divine Will in the method of man's redemption. He sees the splendour of Heaven grow dim as St. Peter speaks of the sins of those who had in Dante's day disgraced his seat. He hears the failings of the Church bitterly lamented, and sees in the light of Heaven's fulness the weaknesses and shortcomings of earthly systems. Higher and higher as he soars, the more intense becomes the celestial brilliancy of Beatrice. Never in Paradise does he look on her as his earthly love: there she is entirely the lady of his mind, the source to him of heavenly enlightenment, till as he reaches the highest sphere she parts from his side to take her place in the adoring band which encircles God's abode. So all that is personal has passed away, and all is absorbed in the eternal Source of Love, with the faint vision of which the poem ends.

Thus Dante begins from himself, and his own life and character and place in the turmoil and conflict of the world. He passes through the realms of sin, and learns its extreme bitterness by the examples of those whom he had known on earth, or those whose sins had left their mark deeply imprinted on the minds of his age. He purges himself in the realm of purification, among those whom he had loved and reverenced on earth, and those whose characters had appealed to the interest and admiration of his time. He learns in Paradise, among the wise and holy of all times, to know and understand God's purposes even as they are; and the sole remnant of his earthly self is his youthful love, the source to his mind of all its pure and lofty impulses, whose touch had first awoke him to the divine side of life, and whose spiritual influence had led him to develop his soul's strength. In this way the teaching of his work becomes more abstract: the individual Dante fades away, and becomes the symbol of man's life and thought.

Thus the Divina Commedia is one mighty symbol, and each separate part of it is full of symbolism of its own; but if the general meaning be apprehended, the meaning of the separate parts may be readily adapted to it. Dante's age was one of noble symbolism, as may be seen at once in the church of St. Francis at Assisi, or in the façade of the cathedral at Orvieto. It is impossible not to feel in Italy how entirely the religious symbolism of the next age was derived from Dante; how Giotto and his school, how Giovanni Pisano, and through him the long line of Tuscan sculptors, owed almost all their didactic impulse to the master mind of Dante, and to the clear cut forms of which the Divina Commedia is full. On one point Dante's symbolism was curiously affected by his political beliefs and his historic feeling. He knew that his nation was half ancient after all, that Italy had her roots deep in the past, and that the glorious heritage of the old Roman world in some sense lingered round her still. He was severely a Christian, and knew no salvation for the pagan, nor any higher fate for their noblest souls than painless repose, where

Rarely they spoke, with softly-sounding voices.*

Still he felt that the new religion grew up under the shadow of the old Empire — as in many pictures of the Nativity, the manger is built under the shadow of an old ruined temple, or, it may be, the Holy Child is laid to rest by some votive altar, or some memorial of Rome's conquering power. Hence to Dante a sanctity still hung round the ancient heroes of the great city, that so long had ruled the world and still claimed to give to Christendom its temporal and spiritual heads. He quotes the great men of Rome, as examples of virtue, side by side with saints of the Old or New Testament; the indolent are warned against their besetting sin by the example of Mary, who rose in haste and went to the mountains to visit Elizabeth, and of Cæsar, who, on his way to Spain, to besiege Ilerda, made an attack upon Marseilles, and then hurried onwards. This is characteristic, it may be said, of Dante's Ghibelline politics; he wished to take the side of the Empire and maintain its equal sanctity with the Papacy; but it is characteristic, at the same time, of the real breadth of Dante's views, which did not fear to read the entire past in the light of his own knowledge.

Dante's wonderful variety of interests,

* Inf. iv. 114.

Digitized by Google.

keenness of observation, depth of knowledge, great breadth of view, and real insight into human character might be illustrated by many examples of many different kinds. He draws a simile from the way in which the beaver stands with his tail in the water to attract the fish (Inf. xvii.), from frogs standing with their nose only out of the water (Inf. xxii.), from the apparent increase of water's speed as it approaches the mill-wheel (Inf. xxiii). Nothing could excel the clear knowledge of country life in the following: —

When the hoar frost upon the earth pourtrays
  The image of her sister fair and white,
  Tho' brief time lasts the temper of her pen;
Then the poor peasant, who has scanty store,
  Rises and looks, and sees the country side
  All whitened o'er, — whereat he smites his thigh,
Returns to house, and here and there laments,
  Like a poor wretch who knows not what to do.
  Soon he returns, and plucks up hope again,
Seeing the world has wholly changed her face
  In little time, and takes his vine-wood staff,
  And forth his little flock to pasture drives.*

Contrast it with the following for its knowledge of another phase of life: —

When players part them from a game of dice,
  The loser sorrowfully stays behind
  Going o'er the throws and learning with regret;
But round the winner throngs the company;
  One goes before, one plucks him from behind,
  One at his side recalls himself to mind.
He walks straight on, now one, now the other hears;
  Who once has grasped his hand no longer stays;
  So from the thronging he defends himself.†

These also are very subtle in their various kinds: —

Like as advances still before the blaze
  Over a paper upwards the brown mark,
  Which has not yet turned black, though the white dies.‡

And like as one who dreams his own disaster,
  Who as he dreams prays it may be a dream,
  Wishing 'twere what it is, as though 'twere not so.§

The following, again, shows a very fine appreciation, which was rare in Dante's time, of natural beauty: —

* Inf. xxiv. 3 &c.
† Purg. vi. 1, &c.
‡ Inf. xxv. 64.
§ Inf. xxx. 136.

The dawn was conquering the morning hour,
  Which fled before it, so that from afar
  I caught the tremulous quiver of the sea.*

In this, again, his observation is still more remarkable: —

Bethink thee, reader, if among the Alps,
  The clouds have shrouded thee, through which thou seest
  No otherwise than through his skin the mole.†

The ancients always thought the mole was blind, and only in the present century have naturalists established that it has rudimentary eyes beneath membranous covering.

Quotations might be multiplied endlessly, but these may suffice to show the wide scope of Dante's knowledge, and the way in which he could bring it all to bear, however incidentally, upon his main purpose.

I might mention many different aspects of Dante's genius, and point out this or that small merit, or defect, which the taste or sentiment of our own age might approve or condemn. But this is eminently not the way in which a poet like Dante can be apprehended. It is true he is full of beautiful passages which are known to all, but it is not in these felicities of expression that his greatness lies. The real cause of the attraction which he has had for six centuries, and still has, on those who read him, lies in the vast comprehensiveness of his intellectual view, combined with the deepest and tenderest human feeling. No poet has exercised so wide an influence; no writer has been so deeply studied, so often commented upon, so closely investigated. A few only in each generation read Dante at all, but those who read him once are certain to recur to him again and again, finding each time new meaning, finding depths of serious teaching which they had entirely overlooked before. No one would venture to say he quite understood Dante; no one would boast he had got to the bottom of him. He has satisfied so many different minds, and has inspired so many different lines of thought, that it is useless to try and bind up his meaning within the rigid limits of our own modes of thought and action.

In this lies the secret of Dante's greatness, that he combines the deepest individual passion and intensity with mighty intellectual power and entire obedience

* Purg. i. 115.
† Purg. xvii. 1.

Digitized by Google

to supreme law. His work is entirely individual, yet the system which it sets forth is a universal system. The life of the affections merged with him into the life of thought. He is entirely human, yet he passes with fearless steps beyond the farthest verge of what man's mind may reach. We know him and all his surroundings, — Dante Alighieri, a poor wandering exile, a Florentine who lived 650 years ago, with deep-rooted prejudices and strong loves and hates. But as we follow him page after page he overcomes us by his immense capacities for feeling and for thought, and we merge his clear individuality in the ideal forms of wisdom and goodness. The Divina Commedia was the first sign to modern times of the completely enfranchised spirit; it still remains the grandest memorial of its power. Dante still shows us, as no other writer does, how he took the fruit of knowledge for his food, how he lived through life and overcame it, till his spirit moved in the realm of moral freedom which, in no figure of speech but in very earnest, is the earthly paradise to every toiling man — paradise, at whose entrance Virgil, so long his guide, parted from Dante — the mere earthly reason had no longer place — and, parting, said to him these words of wondrous import: —

Expect no more my speech nor my direction,
Free, upright, healthy henceforth is thy will,
And 'twould be wrong to act not at its bidding:
So o'er thyself I give thee crown and mitre.*

M. CREIGHTON.

* Purg. xxvii. 139.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALICE LORRAINE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THESE doings of Hilary and his love — for his love he declared her to be forever, whether she would have him for hers or not — seem to have taken more time almost in telling than in befalling. Although it had been a long summer's day, to them it had passed as a rapid dream. So at least they fancied, when they began to look quietly back at it, forgetting the tale of the golden steps so lightly flitted over by the winged feet of love.

Martin Lovejoy watched his daughter at supper-time that Sunday; and he felt quite sure that his wife was wrong. Why, the girl scarcely spoke to Lorraine at all, and even neglected his plate so sadly, that her mother was compelled to remind her sharply of her duties. Upon which the Grower despatched to his wife a smile of extreme sagacity, which (being fetched out of cipher and shorthand, by the matrimonial key) contained all this,— "Well, you are a silly, as you always are when you want to advise me. The girl is cold-shouldering that young fellow, the same as she does all the young hop-growers. And well she knows how to do it too. She gets her intellect from her father. Now please not to put in your oar, Mrs. Lovejoy, another time, till it is asked for."

Moreover, he thought that if Mabel took the smallest delight in Hilary, she could not have answered as she had done, when that pious youth, in the early evening, expressed his sincere desire to attend another performance of Divine service.

"I had no idea," said the simple Gregory, "that you made a point of going to church at least twice every Sunday. I seldom see you of a Sunday in London. But the very last place I should go to, to find you, would probably be the Temple church."

"That is quite a different thing, don't you see? A country church, and a church in London, are as different as a meadow and a market-place."

"But surely, Mr. Lorraine, you would find the duty of attending just the same." Thus spoke Mrs. Lovejoy, who seldom missed a chance of discharging her duty towards young people.

"Quite so, of course I do, Mrs. Lovejoy. But then we always perform our duties best when they are pleasures. And besides that, I have a special reason for feeling bound, as one might say, to go to church well in the country."

"I suppose one must not venture to ask you what that reason is, sir."

"Oh yes, to be sure. It is just this. I have an uncle, my mother's brother, who is a country clergyman."

"Well done, Master Lorraine!" said the Grower, while the rest were laughing. "You take a very sensible view, sir, of things. It is too much the fashion nowadays to neglect our trade-connections. But Gregory will go with you, and Phyllis, and Mabel. The old people stay at home to mind the house. For we always let the maid-servants go."

"Oh father," cried Mabel; "poor

Digitized by Google

Phyllis is so overcome by the heat, that she must not go. And I must stop at home to read to her."

So that the good Lorraine took nothing by his sudden religious fervour, except a hot walk with Gregory, and a wearisome doze in a musty pew, with nobody to look at.

With fruit-growers, Monday is generally the busiest day of the week, except Friday. After paying all hands on the Saturday night, and stowing away all implements, they rest them well till the Sunday is over, having in the summer-time earned their rest, by night-work as well as day-work, through the weary hours of the week. This is not the case with all, of course. Many of them, especially down in Kent, grow their fruit, or let it grow itself, and then sell it by the acre, or the hundred acres, to dealers, who take all the gathering and marketing off their hands altogether. But for those who work off their own crops, the toil of the week begins before the daystar of the Monday. At least for about six weeks it is so, according to the weather and the length of the "busy season." Before the stars fade out of the sky, the pickers advance through the strawberry quarters, carrying two punnets each, yawning more than chattering even, whisking the grey dew away with their feet, startling the lark from his nest in the row, groping among the crisp leaves for the fruit, and often laying hold of a slug instead.

That is the time for the true fruit-lover to try the taste of a strawberry. It should be one that refused to ripen in the gross heat of yesterday, but has been slowly fostering goodness, with the attestation of the stars. And now (if it has been properly managed, properly picked without touch of hand, and not laid down profanely), when the sun comes over the top of the hedge, the look of that strawberry will be this — at least if it is of a proper sort. The beard of the footstalk will be stiff, the sepals of the calyx moist and crisp, the neck will show a narrow band of varnish, where the dew could find no hold, the belly of the fruit will be sleek and gentle, firm however to accept its fate; but the back that has dealt with the dew, and the sides where the colour of the back slopes downward, upon them such a gloss of cold and diamond chastity will lie, that the human lips get out of patience with the eyes in no time.

Everybody was so busy with the way the work went on, all for their very life pretending scarcely to have time to breathe, whenever the master looked at them, that the "berries" were picked, and packed, and started, long before the sun grew hot, started on the road to London, the cormorant of the universe.

Hilary helped with all his heart; enjoying it, with that triumphant entrance into any novelty, which always truly distinguished him. He carried his punnets, and kept his row, (as soon as they had shown him how) as well as the very best of them, dividing his fruit into firsts, and seconds, and keeping the "toppers" separate. Of course he broke off many trusses entire — ripe fruit, green fruit, and barren blossom — until he learned how to "meet his nails," and how much drag to put on the stalks. A clever fellow learns all that from an hour or two of practice.

But one thing there is which the cleverest fellows can learn by no experience — how to carry the head for hours upside down without hurting it. How to make the brain so hard that it cannot shift; or else so soft that the top is as good as the bottom. The question is one for a great physician; who, to understand it, must keep his row, and pick by the job. Then let him say if he has learned how to explain the well-established fact that a woman can pick twice as fast as a man; for who could assent to the reason assigned by one of themselves sagaciously — that "they was generally always used to keep their heads turned upside down"?

Leaving such speculative inquiries to go on forever, Hilary (who knew better than to say a word about them) came in for his breakfast at six o'clock, and ate it as thoroughly as he had earned it. The Master, a man of true Kentish fibre, obstinate, placable, hearty, and dry, made known to his wife and to everybody else, his present opinion of Hilary. Martin Lovejoy never swore. He never went beyond "God knows," or "The Lord in heaven look down on us," or some other good exclamation, sanctioned by the parish vicar. As a general rule — proved by many exceptions — the Kentish men seldom swear very hard.

"Heart alive, young sir!" He exclaimed, piling Hilary's plate, as he spoke, with the jellied delights of cold pigeon-pie; "you have been the best man of the morning. Ah, don't you be in a hurry, good wife. No tea, or coffee, our way, thank ye. No, nor any cask-wash. We've worked a little too hard for that. Mabel, whatever has come to you, that

Digitized by Google

you keep always out of the way so? And I never saw you anigh the baskets. Now don't pipe your eye, child. I'm not going to scold thee, if thou didst have a little lie-a-bed. Here, take this here key, child. A wink's as good as a nod — ah, she knows pretty well what to do with it."

For Mabel was glad to turn away as quickly as possible, after a little well-managed curtsy to Hilary, whom she had not seen for the morning — certainly through no fault of his — and without a word she went to the dresser (for in these busy times they took their breakfast wisely in the kitchen), and from the wooden crook unhung a quaint little jug, with a narrow mouth and a silver lip and handle. With this she set off down a narrow passage and some steps to a little stone cellar, where the choicest of the home-brewed ale was kept. Although it lay well beneath the level of the ground, and no ray of sun pierced the wired lattice, the careful mistress of the house had the barrels swathed closely with wetted sacks. The girl, with her neat frock gathered up — for she always was cleanliness itself — went carefully to the corner cask, and lifted the wet sack back from the head, lest any dirty water should have the chance of dripping upon her sleeve. Then she turned the tap, and a thin, bright thread ran out of it sideways, being checked by some hops in the tube, perhaps, or want of air at the vent-peg. But Mabel held the jug with all patience, although her hand shook just a little.

"Now," said the Grower, when she came back and placed the jug at her father's side, without a word to Hilary; "Master Lorraine, let me pour you a drop, not to be matched in Kent; nor yet in all England, I do believe. Home-grown barley, and home-grown hops, and the soft water out of the brook that has taken the air of the sky for seven mile or more, without a drain anigh it. Ah, those brewers can never do that! They must buy their malt, and their musty hops, and pump up their water, and boil it down, to get the flint-stones out of it. But our brook hath cast the flint-stones and the other pebbles all along. That makes a sight of difference, sir. Every water is full of stones, and if you pump it up from the spring, the stones be all alive in it. But let it run seven miles or eight, and then it is fit to brew with."

"Ah, to be sure. Now that explains a great many things I never understood." Hilary would have swallowed a camel, rather than argue, at this moment.

"Young sir, just let me prove it to you. Just see the colour it runs out, and the way the head goes creaming! Lord, ha' mercy, if she has gived us a glass, or a stag's horn from the mantelpiece! Why, Mabel, child — Mabel, art thou gone? Nobody wants to poison thee."

"I think, sir, I saw your daughter go round the corner by the warming-pan, this side of where the broom hangs."

"Then all I can say is, she is daft. She worked very hard last week, poor thing. And yesterday she was a-moving always, when the Lord's day bids us rest. I must beg your pardon, Master Lorraine. Our Kentish maids always look after our guests. When I was at school, I read in the grammar that the moon always managed the women; but now I do believe it is the comet. Let the comet come, say I. When the markets are so bad, I feel that I am ready to face almost anything. And now we must drink from the jug, I reckon!"

Hilary saw that his host was vexed; but he felt quite certain in his own heart that Mabel could never be so rude, or show such resentment of any little over-sweetness on his part, as to go away in that sour earnest, and make the two of them angry. A dozen things might have happened to upset her, or turn her a little askew; and her own father ought to know her better than he seemed to do. And lo, ere the Grower had quite finished grumbling, Mabel reached over his shoulder unseen, and set his own pet glass before him; and then round Hilary's side she slid, without ever coming too nigh to him, and the glass of honour of the house, cut in countless facets, twinkled, like the Pleiads, at him!

"Adorn me!" said the Grower; "now I call that a true good girl! Girls were always made, Master Lorraine, for the good of those around them. If anybody treats them any way else, they come to nothing afterwards. Mabel, dear, give me a kiss. You deserve it; and there it is for you. Now be off, like a good maid, and see what they be at in Vale Orchard, while Master Lorraine and I think a bit over these here two glasses."

The rest of the day was much too busy, and too much crowded with sharp eyes, for any fair chance of love-making. For they all set to at the cherry-trees, with ladders, crooks, and hanging baskets, and light boys to scale the more difficult antlers, strip them, and drop upon

Digitized by Google

feather-beds. And though the sun broke hot and bright through the dew-cloud of the morning, and quickly drank the beaded freshness off the face of herb and tree, yet they picked, and piled, and packed, (according to their sort and size) the long-stalked dancers that fringe the bough, and glance the sun so ruddily.

"You must have had a deal too much of this," young Lovejoy said to Hilary; when the noon-day meal had been spread forth, and dealt with, in a patch of fern near a breezy clump: "if I had worked as you have done, my fingers would scarcely be fit for a quill, this side of next Hilary term."

"My dear fellow, be not, I pray you, so violently facetious. The brain, when outraged, takes longer to resume its functions than the fingers do. Moreover, I trust that my fingers will hold something nobler than a quill, ere the period of my namesake."

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt; I hope you will do nothing of the sort;" said Gregory, with unwitting and unprecedented poetry.

"Lovejoy, my wits are unequal altogether to this encounter. The brilliancy of your native soil has burst out so upon you, that I must go back to the South-down hills, before I dare point a dart with you. Nevertheless, on your native soil, I beat you at picking cherries."

"That you do, and strawberries too. And still more so at eating them! But if you please, you must stop a little. My mother begs, as a great favour, to have a little private talk with you."

Hilary's bright face lost its radiance, as his conscience pricked him. Was it about Mabel? Of course it must be. And what the dickens was he to say? He could not say a false thing. That was far below his nature. And he must own that he did love Mabel; and far worse than that — had done his utmost to drag that young and innocent Mabel into love with him. And if he were asked about his father — as of course he must be — on the word of a true man he must confess that his father would never forgive him if he married below his rank in life; also, that though he was the only son, there were very peculiar provisions in the settlement of the Lorraine estates, which might throw him entirely upon his own wits, if his father turned against him: also, that though his father was one of the very best men in the world, and the kindest and loftiest you could find; still there was about him something of a cold and determined substance. And worst of all (if the whole truth was to be shelled out, as he must unshell it), he knew in his heart that his father loved his sister's little finger more than all the members, put together, of his own too lively frame.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Lovejoy sat far away from all the worry, and flurry, and fun of picking, and packing, and covering up. She had never entirely given herself to the glories of fruit-growing; and she never could be much convinced that any glory was in it. She belonged to a higher rank of life than any of such sons of Cain. Her father had been a navy-captain; and her cousin was Attorney-General. This office has always been confounded in the provincial mind, with rank in a less pugnacious profession. Even Mrs. Lovejoy thought, when the land was so full of "militia-men," that her cousin was the General of the "Devil's Own" of the period. Therefore she believed herself to know more than usual about the law; as well as the army, and of course the navy. And this high position in the legal army of so near a relation helped, no doubt, to foster hopes of the elevation of Gregory.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lorraine," she began, as Hilary entered the bower, to which she had just retired, "for calling you away from a scene, which you enjoy perhaps from its novelty; and where you make yourself, I am sure, so exceedingly active and useful. But I feared, as you must unluckily so very soon return to London, that I might have no other chance of asking what your candid opinion is upon a matter I have very near at heart."

"Deuce and all!" thought Hilary within himself, being even more vexed than relieved by this turn of incidence; "she is much cleverer than I thought. Instead of hauling me over the coals, she is going to give me the sack at once; and I didn't mean to go, for a week at least!" Mrs. Lovejoy enjoyed his surprise, as he stammered that any opinion he could form was entirely at her service.

"I am sure that you know what it is about. You must have guessed at once, of course, when I was rude enough to send for you, what subject is nearest to a mother's heart. I wish to ask you, what they think of my son Gregory, in London."

Lorraine, for the moment, was a little upset. His presence of mind had been

Digitized by Google

worked so hard, that it was beginning to flutter and shift. And much as he liked his fellow-pupil, he had not begun to consider him yet as an object of public opinion.

"I think — I really think," he said, while waiting for time to think more about it, "that he is going on as well as ever could be expected, ma'am."

If he had wanted to vex his hostess — which to his kind nature would have been one of the last things wanted — he scarcely could have hit on a phrase more fitted for his purpose.

"Why, Mr. Lorraine, that is exactly what the monthly nurses say! I hope you can say something a little better than that of Gregory."

"I assure you, Mrs. Lovejoy, nothing can be finer than the way he is going on. His attention, punctuality, steadiness, and everything else, leave nothing to be desired, as all the wine-merchants always say. Mr. Malahide holds him up as a pattern to be avoided, because he works so hard, and I think that he really ought to have country air, at this time of year, and in such weather, for a week; at the very shortest."

"Poor boy! Why should he overwork himself? Then you think that three days' change is scarcely enough to set him up again?"

"He wants at least a fortnight, ma'am. He has a sort of hacking cough, which he does his best to keep under. And the doctors say that the smell of ink out of a pewter inkstand, and the inhaling of blotting-paper — such as we inhale all day — are almost certain, in hot weather, to root a tussis, or at any rate a pituita, inwards."

Mrs. Lovejoy was much impressed, and tenfold so when she tried to think what those maladies might be.

"Dear me!" she said: "it is dreadful to think of. I know too well what those sad complaints are. My dear grandfather died of them both. Do you think now, Mr. Lorraine, that Mr. Malahide could be persuaded to spare you both for the rest of the week?"

"I scarcely think that he could, Mrs. Lovejoy. We are his right hand, and his left. Your son, of course, his dexter hand; and my poor self the weaker member. Still if you were to write to him, nicely (as of course you would be sure to write), he might make an effort to get on, with some of his inferior pupils."

"It shall be done, before the van goes —— by the very next mail, I mean. And if they can spare you, do you think that you could put up with your very poor quarters, for a few days longer, Mr. Lorraine?"

"I never was in such quarters before. And I never felt so comfortable;" he answered, with a gush of truth, to expiate much small hypocrisy. And thereby he settled himself for ever in her very best graces. If Mrs. Lovejoy had any pride — and she always told herself she had none — that pride lay in her best feather-beds.

A smile, quite worthy of her larger husband and of her pleasant homestead, spread itself over her thoughtful face; and Hilary, for the first time, saw that her daughter, after all, was born of her. What can be sweeter than a smile, won from a sensible woman like that?

"Then you give us some hope that we may endeavour to keep you a few days more, sir?"

"The endeavour will be on my part," he answered with his most elegant bow; "as all the temptation falls on me."

"I do hope that Mr. Malahide will do his best to spare you both. Though to lose both his right hand and his left must be very melancholy."

"To a lawyer, Mrs. Lovejoy, that is nothing. We think nothing of such trifles. We are ready to fight when we have no hands, nor even a leg to stand upon."

"Yes, to be sure, you live by fighting, as the poor sailors and soldiers do. The general of the Attorneys now is my first cousin, once removed. Now can you tell me what opinion he has formed of my Gregory? Of course there must be a number of people trying to keep my poor boy back. Pressing him down, as they always do, with all that narrow jealousy. But his mother's cousin might be trusted to give him fair play, now, don't you think?"

"One never can tell," answered Hilary; "the faster a young fellow goes up the tree, the harder the monkeys pelt him. But if I only had a quarter of your son's ability, I would defy them all at once, from the Lord Chief-Justice downward."

"Oh no, now, Mr. Lorraine; that really would be bad advice. He has not been called to the Bar as yet; and he must remember that there are people many years in front of him. No, no; let Gregory wait for his proper time in its proper course, and steadily rise to the top of the tree. With patience, Mr. Lorraine, you know, with patience all things come to

Digitized by Google

pass. But I must go to the house at once, and write to Mr. Malahide. Do you think that he would be offended, if I asked him to accept a basket of our choicest cherries and strawberries?"

"I scarcely think that he would regard it as a mortal injury; especially if you were to put it as a tribute from his grateful pupil, Hilary Lorraine."

"How kind of you to let me use your name! and you have such influence with him, Gregory is always telling me. No doubt he will accept them so."

However, when she came to consider the matter, Mrs. Lovejoy, with shameful treachery, sent them as a little offering from that grateful pupil her own son: while she laid upon Hilary all the burden of this lengthened mitching-time; as in the main perhaps was just. Moreover, she took good care that Shorne should have no chance of appearing in chambers, as he was only too eager to do; for her shrewd sense told her that the sharp wits there would find him a joy forever, and an enduring joke against Gregory.

It is scarcely needful to say, perhaps, that throughout the rest of the week, Lorraine did his utmost to bring about snug little interviews with Mabel. And she, having made up her mind to keep him henceforth at his distance, felt herself bound by that resolution to afford him a glimpse or two, once in a way. For she really had a great deal to do; and it would have been cruel to deny her even the right to talk of it. And Hilary carried a basket so much better than anybody else, and his touch was so light, and he stepped here and there so obediently and so cleverly, and he always looked away so nicely, if anything happened to her frock — as now and then of course must be — that Mabel began every day to think how dreadfully she would miss him.

And then, as if it were not enough to please her ears, and eyes, and mind, he even contrived to conciliate the most grateful part of the human system, as well as the most intelligent. For on the Tuesday afternoon, the turn of the work, and the courses of fruit, led them near a bushy corner where the crafty brook stole through. As clever and snug an ingle as need be, for a pair of young people to drop accidentally out of sight and ear-shot. For here, the corner of the orchard fell away, as a quarry does, yet was banked with grass, and ridges, so that children might take hands and run. But if they did so, they would be certain to come to grief at the bottom, unless they could clear at a jump three yards, which would puzzle most of them. For here the brook, without any noise, came under a bank of good brown loam, with a gentle shallow slide, and a bottom content to be run over.

"Trout, as I'm a living sinner!" cried Hilary with a fierce delight, as he fetched up suddenly on the brink, and a dozen streaks darted up the stream, like the throw of a threaded shuttle. "My prophetic soul, if I didn't guess it! But I seem to forget almost everything. Why Miss Lovejoy, Miss Mabel Lovejoy, Mabel Miss Lovejoy, (or any other form, insisting on the prefix despotically) have I known you for a century or more, and you never told me there were trout in the brook!"

"Oh do let me see them; please to show me where;" cried Mabel, coming carefully down the steep, lest her slender feet should slip: "they are such dears, I do assure you. My mother and I are so fond of them. But my father says they are all bones and tail."

"I will show them to you with the greatest pleasure, only you must do just what I order you. They are very shy things, you know, almost as shy as somebody ——"

"Mabel, Mabel, Mab, where are you?" came a loud shout over the crest: and then Gregory's square shoulders appeared, a most unwelcome spectacle.

"Why, here I am to be sure," she answered; "where else do you suppose I should be? The people must be looked after, I suppose. And if you won't do it, of course I must."

"I don't see any people to look after here, except indeed — however, you seem to have looked so hard, it has made you quite red in the face, I declare!"

"Now, Greg, my boy," cried Hilary, suddenly coming to the rescue; "I called your sister down here on purpose to tell me what those things in the water are. They look almost like some sort of fish!"

"Why, trout, Lorraine! Didn't you know that? I thought that you were a great fisherman. If you like to have a try at them, I can fit you out. Though I don't suppose you could do much in this weather."

"Miss Lovejoy, did you ever taste a trout?" Hilary asked this question as if not a word had yet passed on the subject.

"Oh yes," answered Mabel, no less oblivious; "my brother Charles used to

Digitized by Google

catch a good many. They are such a treat to my dear mother, and so good for her constitution. But I don't think my father appreciates them."

"Allow me to help you up this steep rise. It was most inconsiderate of me to call you down, Miss Lovejoy."

"Pray do not mention it, Mr. Lorraine. Gregory, how rude you are to give Mr. Lorraine all this trouble! But you never were famous for good manners."

"If I meddle with them again," thought Gregory, "may I be adorned, as my father says! However, I must keep a sharp look-out. The girl is getting quite independent; and I, — oh, I am to be nobody! I'll just go and see what Phyllis thinks of it."

But Mabel, who had not forgiven him yet for his insolent remarks about her cheeks, deprived him of even that comfort.

"Now, Gregory dear, you have done nothing all day but wander about with cousin Phyllis. Just stay here for a couple of hours; if you can't work yourself, your looking on will make the other people work. I am quite ashamed of my inattention to Mr. Lorraine all the afternoon. I am sure he must want a glass of ale, after all he has gone through. And while he takes it, I can rout out Charlie's tackle for him. I know where it is, and you do not. And Charlie left it especially under my charge, you remember."

"That is the first I have heard of it. However, if Lorraine wants beer, why so do I. Send Phyllis out with a jug for me."

"Yes, to be sure, dear. To be sure. How delighted she will be to come!"

"As delighted as you are to go;" he replied; but she was already out of hearing; and all he took for his answer was an indignant look from Hilary.

An excellent and most patient fisherman used to say that the greatest pleasure of the gentle art was found in the preparation to fish. In the making of flies, and the knotting of gut, and the softening of collars that have caught fish, and the choosing of what to try this time, and how to treat the river. The treasures of memory glow again, and the sparkling stores of hope awake to a lively emulation.

Hilary's mind had securely landed every fish in the brook at least, and laid it at the feet of Mabel, ere ever his tackle was put to rights, and everything else made ready. At last he was at the very point of starting, with his ever high spirits at their very loftiest pitch, when Mabel (who was scarcely a whit behind him in the excitement of this great matter) ran in for the fiftieth time at least, but this time wearing her evening frock. That frock was of a delicate buff, and she had a suspicion that it enhanced the clearness of her complexion, and the kind and deep loveliness of her eyes.

"You must be quite tired of seeing me, I am as sure as sure can be. But I am not come now to tie knots, or untie; and you quite understand all I know about trout, and all that my dear brother Charlie said. Ah, Mr. Lorraine, you should see him. Gregory is a genius, of course. But Charlie is not; and that makes him so nice. And his uniform, when he went to church with us — but to understand such things, you must see them. Still, you can understand this now, perhaps."

"I can understand nothing, when I look at you. My intellect seems to be quite absorbed in — in — I can't tell you in what."

"Then go, and absorb it in catching trout. Though I don't believe you will ever catch one. It requires the greatest skill and patience, when the water is bright, and the weather dry. So Charlie always said, when he could not catch them. Unless you take to a worm, at least, or something a great deal nastier."

"A worm! I would sooner lime them almost. Now you know me better than that, I am sure."

"How should I know all the different degrees of cruelty men have established? But I came to beg you just to take a little bit of food with you. Because you must be away some hours, and you are sure to lose your way."

"How wonderfully kind you are! Mabel, you must be Mabel now."

"Well, I suppose I have been Mabel ever since they christened me. But that has nothing at all to do with it. Only I came to make you put this half of cold duck into your basket, and this pinch of salt, and the barley-cake, and a drop of our ale in this stone bottle. To drink it, you must do like this."

"Do you know what I shall be wanting, every bit of the time, and forever?"

"Oh, the mustard — how stupid of me! but I hoped that the stuffing would do instead."

"Instead of the cold half duck, I shall want every atom of the whole duck warm."

"Well, there they are, Mr. Lorraine, in the yard. Fourteen of them now com-

Digitized by Google

ing up from the pond. Take one of them if you can eat it raw. But my mother will make you pay for it."

"I will pay for my duck," he said, lifting his hat; "if it costs me every farthing I have, or shall ever have, in this world, or another."

And so he went fishing; and she ran up-stairs, and softly cried, as she watched him going; and then lay down, with her hand on her heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE trout knew nothing of all this. They had not tasted a worm for a month, except when a sod of the bank fell in, through cracks of the sun, and the way cold water has of licking upward. And even the flies had no flavour at all; when they fell on the water, they fell flat, and on the palate they tasted hot, even in under the bushes.

Hilary followed a path through the meadows, with the calm bright sunset casting his shadow over the shorn grass, or up in the hedge road, or on the brown banks where the drought had struck. On his back he carried a fishing-basket, containing his bits of refreshment; and in his right hand a short springy rod, the absent sailor's favourite. After long council with Mabel, he had made up his mind to walk up stream, as far as the spot where two brooks met, and formed body enough for a fly flipped in very carefully to sail downward. Here he began, and the creak of his reel, and the swish of his rod, were music to him, after the whirl of London life.

The brook was as bright as the best cut glass, and the twinkles of its shifting facets only made it seem more clear. It twisted about a little, here and there; and the brink was fringed now and then with something, a clump of loose-strife, a tuft of avens, or a bed of flowering water-cress, or any other of the many plants that wash and look into the water. But the trout, the main object in view, were most objectionably too much in view. They scudded up the brook, at the shadow of a hair, or even the tremble of a blade of grass; and no pacific assurance could make them even stop to be reasoned with. "This won't do," said Hilary, who very often talked to himself, in lack of a better comrade: "I call this very hard upon me. The beggars won't rise, till it is quite dark. I must have the interdict off my tobacco, if this sort of thing is to go on. How I should enjoy a pipe just now! I may just as well sit on a gate and think. No, hang it, I hate thinking now. There are troubles hanging over me, as sure as the tail of that comet grows. How I detest that comet! No wonder the fish won't rise. But if I have to strip, and tickle them in the dark, I won't go back without some for her."

He was lucky enough to escape the weight of such horrible poaching upon his conscience. For suddenly to his ears was borne the most melodious of all sounds, the flop of a heavy fish sweetly jumping after some excellent fly or grub.

"Ha, my friend!" cried Hilary; "so you are up for your supper, are you? I myself will awake right early. Still I behold the ring you made. If my right hand forget not his cunning, you shall form your next ring in the frying-pan."

He gave that fish a little time to think of the beauty of that mouthful, and get ready for another; the while he was putting a white moth on, in lieu of his blue-upright. He kept the grizzled palmer still for tail-fly, and he tried his knots, for he knew that this trout was a Triton.

Then, with a delicate sidling and stooping, known only to them that fish for trout in very bright water of the summer-time — compared with which art, the coarse work of the salmon-fisher is as that of a scene-painter to Mr. Holman Hunt's — with, or in, and by a careful manner, not to be described to those who have never studied it, Hilary won access of the water, without any doubt in the mind of the fish concerning the prudence of appetite. Then he flipped his short collar in, not with a cast, but a spring of the rod, and let his flies go quietly down a sharpish run into that good trout's hole. The worthy trout looked at them both, and thought; for he had his own favourite spot for watching the world go by, as the rest of us have. So he let the grizzled palmer pass, within an inch of his upper lip; for it struck him that the tail turned up in a manner not wholly natural, or at any rate unwholesome. He looked at the white moth also, and thought that he had never seen one at all like it. So he went down under his root again, hugging himself upon his wisdom, never moving a fin, but oaring and helming his plump spotted sides with his tail.

"Upon my word, it is too bad!" said Hilary, after three beautiful throws, and exquisite management down stream; "everything Kentish beats me hollow. Now, if that had been one of our trout, I would have laid my life upon catching

Digitized by Google

him. One more throw, however. How would it be if I sunk my flies? That fellow is worth some patience."

While he was speaking, his flies alit on the glassy ripple, like gnats in their love-dance; and then by a turn of the wrist he played them just below the surface, and let them go gliding down the stickle, into the shelfy nook of shadow, where the big trout hovered. Under the surface, floating thus, with the check of ductile influence, the two flies spread their wings, and quivered, like a centiplume moth in a spider's web. Still the old trout, calmly oaring, looked at them both suspiciously. Why should the same flies come so often, and why should they have such crooked tails, and could he be sure that he did not spy the shadow of a human hat about twelve yards up the water? Revolving these things he might have lived to a venerable age—but for that noble ambition to teach, which is fatal to even the wisest. A young fish, an insolent whipper-snapper, jumped in his babyish way at the palmer, and missed it through over-eagerness. "I'll show you the way to catch a fly," said the big trout to him; "open your mouth like this, my son."

With that he bolted the palmer, and threw up his tail, and turned to go home again. Alas! his sweet home now shall know him no more. For suddenly he was surprised by a most disagreeable sense of grittiness, and then a keen stab in the roof of his mouth. He jumped in his wrath a foot out of the water, and then heavily plunged to the depths of his hole.

"You've got it, my friend," cried Hilary, in a tingle of fine emotions; "I hope the sailor's knots are tied with professional skill and care. You are a big one, and a clever one too. It is much if I ever land you. No net, or gaff, or anything. I only hope there are no stakes here. Ah, there you go! Now comes the tug."

Away went the big trout down the stream, at a pace very hard to exaggerate, and after him rushed Hilary, knowing that his line was rather short, and that if it ran out, all was over. Keeping his eyes on the water only, and the headlong speed of the fugitive, headlong over a stake he fell, and took a deep wound from another stake. Scarcely feeling it, up he jumped, lifting his rod, which had fallen flat, and fearing to find no strain on it. "Aha, he is not gone yet!" he cried, as the rod bowed like a springle-bow.

He was now a good hundred yards down the brook, from the corner where the fight began. Through his swiftness of foot, and good management, the fish had never been able to tighten the line beyond yield of endurance. The bank had been free from bushes, or haply no skill could have saved him; but now they were come to a corner where a nut-bush quite overhung the stream.

"I am done for now," said the fisherman; "the villain knows too well what he is about. Here ends this adventure."

Full though he was of despair, he jumped anyhow into the water, kept the point of his rod close down, reeled up a little, as the fish felt weaker, and just cleared the drop of the hazel-boughs. The water flapped into the pockets of his coat, and he saw red streaks flow downward. And then he plunged out to an open reach of shallow water and gravel slope.

"I ought to have you now," he said; "though nobody knows what a rogue you are; and a pretty dance you have led me!"

Doubting the strength of his tackle to lift even the dead weight of the fish, and much more to meet his despairing rally, he happily saw a little shallow gut, or backwater, where a small spring ran out. Into this by a dexterous turn he rather led than pulled the fish, who was ready to rest for a minute or two; then he stuck his rod into the bank, ran down stream, and with his hat in both hands appeared at the only exit from the gut. It was all up now with the monarch of the brook. As he skipped and jumped, with his rich yellow belly, and chaste silver sides, in the green of the grass, joy and glory of the highest merit, and gratitude, glowed in the heart of Lorraine. "Two and three quarters you must weigh. And at your very best you are! How small your head is! And how bright your spots are!" he cried, as he gave him the stroke of grace. "You really have been a brave and fine fellow. I hope they will know how to fry you."

While he cut his fly out of this grand trout's mouth, he felt for the first time a pain in his knee, where the point of the stake had entered it. Under the buckle of his breeches blood was soaking away inside his gaiters; and then he saw how he had dyed the water. After washing the wound and binding it with dock-

Digitized by Google

leaves and a handkerchief, he followed the stream through a few more meadows, for the fish began to sport pretty well as the gloom of the evening deepened; so that by the time the gables of the old farmhouse appeared, by the light of a young moon, and the comet, Lorraine had a dozen more trout in his basket, silvery-sided and handsome fellows, though none of them over a pound, perhaps, except his first and redoubtable captive.

Herewith he resolved to be content, for his knee was now very sore and stiff, and the growing darkness baffled him; while having forgotten his food, as behoved him, he was conscious of an agreeable fitness for the supper-table. Here, of course, he had to tell, at least thrice over, his fight with the Triton, who turned the scale at three pounds and a quarter, and was recognized as an old friend and twice conqueror of the absent Charlie. Mrs. Lovejoy (as was to be expected) made a great ado about the gash in the knee — which really was no trifle — while Mabel said nothing, but blamed herself deeply for having equipped him to such misfortune.

For the next few days Master Hilary was compelled to keep his active frame in rest, and quiet, and cosseting. Even the Grower, a man of strong manhood, accustomed to scythe-cuts, and chopper-hits, and pole-springs, admitted that this was a case for broth, and low feeding, and things that the women do. For if inflammation set up, the boy might have only one leg left for life. It was high time, however, for the son of the house to return to his beloved law-books; so that he tore himself away from Phyllis, and started in the van, about noon on Friday, having promised to send back by John Shorne all that his fellow-pupil wanted.

Lorraine soon found that his kind and quick hostess loved few things better than a cheerful, dutiful, and wholesome-blooded patient; and therefore he rejected with scorn all suggestions as to his need of a "proper doctor." And herein the Grower backed him up.

"Adorn me, if any one of them ever lays finger on me, any more than on my good father before me! They handle us when we are born, of course, and come to no manner of judgment; but if we let them handle us afterwards, we deserve to go out of the world with them."

This sound discretion (combined with the plentiful use of cold water and healing herbs) set Hilary on his legs again in about eight or ten days' time. Meanwhile he had seen very little of Mabel, whether through her fault or that of others he could not tell — only that so it was. Whenever his hostess was out of the way, Phyllis Clitherow, or else the housemaid, did their best to supply her place; and very often the Grower dropped in, to enjoy his pipe, and to cheer his guest. By means of simple truth they showed him that he was no burden to them, even at this busy time.

After all this, it was only natural that Hilary should become much attached as well as grateful to his entertainers. Common formality was dropped, and caste entirely sunk in hearty liking and loving-kindness. And young Lorraine was delighted to find how many pleasant virtues flourished under the thatch of that old house, uncoveted and undisturbed, inasmuch as their absence was not felt in the mansions of great people.

This affection for virtue doubtless made him feel sadly depressed and lonely, when the time at length arrived for quitting so much excellence.

"In the van he came, and in the van he would go," he replied to all remonstrance; and the Grower liked him all the better for his loyalty to the fruit-coach. So it was settled when Crusty John was "going up light" for a Thursday morning, that Hilary should have a mattress laid in the body of the vehicle, and a horse-cloth to throw over him, if the night should prove a cold one. For now a good drop of rain had fallen, and the weather seemed on the change awhile.

"I must catch you another dish of trout," said Hilary to Mrs. Lovejoy; "when shall I have such a chance again? The brook is in beautiful order now; and thanks to your wonderful skill and kindness, I can walk again quite well now."

"Yes, for a little way you can. But you must be sure not to overdo it. You may fish one meadow, and one only. Let me see. You may fish the long meadow, Hilary; then you will have neither stile nor hedge. The gate at this end unlatches, mind. And I will send Phyllis to let you out at the lower end, and to see that you dare not go one step further. She shall be there at half-past six. The van goes at eight, you know, and we must sit down to supper at seven exactly."

Upon this understanding he set forth, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and meeting Miss Clitherow in the lane, he

Digitized by Google

begged her, as an especial favour, to keep out of Mrs. Lovejoy's way for the next two hours only. Phyllis, a good-natured girl on the whole, though a little too proud of her beauty perhaps, readily promised what he asked, and retired to a seat in the little ash coppice to read a poem, and meditate upon the absent Gregory.

Lorraine was certainly in luck to-day, for he caught a nice basket of fish down the meadow; and towards the last stickle near the corner, where silver threads of water crossed, and the slanting sunshine cast a plaid of soft gold over them, light footsteps came by the side of the hedge, and a pretty shadow fell near him.

"Miss Lovejoy!" cried Hilary: "how you amaze me! Why, I thought it was Phyllis who was coming to fetch me. I I may call her Phyllis, oh yes, she allows me. She is not so very ceremonious. But some people are all dignity."

"Now you want to vex me the very last thing. And they call you so sweet-tempered! I am so sorry for your disappointment about your dear friend Phyllis. But I am sure I looked for her everywhere, before I was obliged to come myself. Now I hope you have not found the poor little trout quite so hard to please as you are."

"At any rate, not so shy of me, as somebody has been for a fortnight. Because I was in trouble, I suppose, and pain, and supposed to be groaning."

"How can you say such bitter things? It shows how very little you care—at least, that is not what I mean at all."

"Then, if you please, what is it that you do mean?"

"I mean that here is the key of the gate. And my father will expect you at seven o'clock."

"But surely you will have a look at my trout? They cannot bite, if I can."

He laid his fishing-creel down on the grass, and Mabel stooped over it to hide her eyes; which (in spite of all pride and prudence) were not exactly as she could have wished. But they happened to be exactly as Hilary wished, and catching a glimpse of them unawares, he lost all ideas except of them, and basely compelled them to look at him.

"Now, Mabel Lovejoy," he said, slowly, and with some dread of his own voice; "can you look me in the face, and tell me you do not care twopence for me?"

"I am not in the habit of being rude," she answered, with a sly glance from under her hat; "that I leave for other people."

"Well, do you like me, or do you not?"

"You do ask the most extraordinary questions. We are bound to like our visitors."

"I will ask a still more extraordinary question. Do you love me, Mabel?"

For a very long time he got no answer, except a little smothered sob, and two great tears that would have their way. "Darling Mabel, look up and tell me. Why should you be ashamed to say? I am very proud of loving you. Lovely Mabel, do you love me?"

"I—I—I am—very—much afraid—I almost do."

She shrank away from his arms and eyes, and longed to be left to herself for a little. And then she thought what a mean thing it was to be taking advantage of his bad leg. With that she came back, and to change his thoughts said, "Show me a trout in the brook now, Hilary."

"You deserve to see fifty for being so good. There, you must help me along, you know. Now just stand here, and let me hold you, carefully and most steadily. No, not like that. That will never do. I must at least have one arm round you, or in you go, and I have to answer for your being 'drownded'!"

"Drowned! You take advantage now to make me so ridiculous. The water is scarcely six inches deep. But where are the little troutsies?"

"There! There! Do you see that white stone? Now look at it most steadfastly, and then you are sure not to see them. Now turn your head like that a little, not too much, whatever you do. Now, what do you see, most clearly?"

"Why, I see nothing but you and me, in the shadow of that oak-tree, standing over the water, as if we had nothing better in the world to do!"

"We are standing together, though. Don't you think so?"

"Well, even the water seems to think so. And what can be more changeable?"

"Now look at me, and not at the water. Mabel, you know what I am."

"Hilary, I wish I did. That is the very thing that takes such a long time to find out."

"Now, did I treat you in such a spirit? Did I look at you, and think, 'Here is a rogue I must find out'?"

"No, of course, you never did. That

Digitized by Google

is not in your nature. At the same time, perhaps, it might not matter so long to you, as it must to me."

She met his glad eyes with a look so wistful, yet of such innocent reliance, to assuage the harm of words, that Hilary might be well excused for keeping the Grower's supper waiting, as he did that evening.

From The Contemporary Review.

EMANUEL DEUTSCH.

A MEMORIAL.

BY REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

A VOLUME of the late Emanuel Oscar Menahem Deutsch's literary remains has just appeared. To an immense outside public Mr. Deutsch was simply the gifted author of the *Quarterly Review* article on the Talmud, which made such a sensation in 1867; but to a very large social circle he was known as a man of deep sympathies, keen wit, rare humour, immense range of brilliant conversation, encyclopædic knowledge, and not only the finest living Semitic scholar, but the most genial and true-hearted of friends.

For nearly two years before his death, he had practically disappeared from the world, and for one year at least he was hardly seen by some of those who had been his most intimate associates. As he passed the greater part of that sad time in my house, I cannot refuse to accede to a request which has frequently been made to me, and I now send a few pages written some months ago, believing that much of the following account will not only give a sad satisfaction to many of his friends, but will be read with interest by that wider circle who are about to be made acquainted with his literary remains.

I feel that I shall best perform my task by putting together the following brief summary of words, incidents, letters, and reflections. And I will begin from the time when I first knew Mr. Deutsch, about 1865.

I was in the habit of meeting him occasionally at Sydenham, soon after the appearance of his famous Talmud article. He was then stout and well and full of spirits, passing from the absorption of study to the relaxation of society with an ease and thorough enjoyment which was highly characteristic of him. The whole man was in every action and word — nor was there any action or word unworthy of the whole man. This was his thoroughness. His light flow of spirits was amazing, his ready wit and simple geniality boundless and unfailing. But even at this time, the immense strain of work was beginning to tell upon him, and strange to say, the immense success of his Talmud article began to oppress and sadden him. The article had been thrown off — a colossal fragment indeed, but a mere foretaste or hint of the general character of that special work which he believed would some day culminate in an important contribution to the literature of the world. The Talmud article would have been the Preface to that work.

He told me with what mingled excitement and fear he first became aware of the sensation which this fragment was producing. At first when it was upon all men's lips he felt inclined to hide himself and avoid the public praises which followed him. There was something to him premature and incommensurate about the stir which he had himself created. The exceptional genius, the years of absorbed enthusiasm and research could, indeed, no longer be hid away from the world; but still he was jealous of himself, he did not wish to be judged on the Talmud article, careful and thorough and masterly as he knew it to be; and he was oppressed at having awakened so soon expectations that it would take him years of health and labour to realize. There were times when he bitterly regretted, for this and for other reasons, ever having written it. So completely at sea then was the first *Times* paragraph — which appeared in the week of his death, and which hinted that, encouraged by the success of his Talmud article, he contemplated writing a larger work. He was encouraged by nothing, and he was discouraged by nothing. He had his own work — not the cataloguing of books at the British Museum, but the work he was specially born into the world to do,— he knew what this work was, and no applause would have encouraged, and no official worry been able to turn him aside from that his mission — more sacred to him than anything else on earth.

Of this work it is not my intention here to speak particularly. The immense gap which no scholar now living can fill up, must be dwelt upon by others. The irreparable loss to literature will be felt and acknowledged sooner or later throughout the civilized world. The publication

Digitized by Google

of a few of the letters received by him from the greatest living scholars in all parts of the world, would soon settle for the general public the question of Mr. Deutsch's absolute supremacy in his own sphere. For this supremacy he had been slowly fitted by nature and culture. He has often told me how, when he was a little boy, his father would read out to him passages of the Talmud and explain their touching import, unfolding to him their deep connection with Jewish modes of thought and character, until the barest ceremony would stand out full of tender spiritual meaning, and the boy often melted into tears as the ancient page became lit up for him once more with that sacred charm which made every letter of it so dear to the Jews of old. To the Talmud and the Rabbinical literature from boyhood he thus brought a peculiar insight and enthusiasm, allied to unrivalled powers of application and combination — sympathies of an almost universal reach, which enabled him to bind the Past and the Present together, and to interpret the one by the other, — to express in terms of to-day the secrets of other ages, to trace the unity of human thought and passion, the common springs of human delusion, the common sources of human aspiration. These and other rare qualities of the poet, the critic, the linguist, the philosopher, and the littérateur met in one, and made Mr. Deutsch so especially fit to rehabilitate the transition period of the Jewish history, to lay bare the mental condition of the Eastern world at and previous to the time of the coming of Jesus Christ, and to trace the subtle relations which existed between the religions of the old world and the religions of the new. But nothing of this can strictly belong to my personal narrative of him.

It was, I think, late in the summer of 1869 that I first spoke seriously to Mr. Deutsch about the state of his health. We met at a country house, and after dinner I walked up and down the lawn with him alone for about an hour, and instead of listening to him as I was always glad to do, I talked almost incessantly. I missed in him the spontaneous light-hearted flow of spirits, his gaiety seemed more forced, he was excited and restless, he looked worn and anxious. He told me he got no sleep, and I then had a very strange and strong presentiment that all was not right — so strong, that, although a mere acquaintance I charged him with overworking himself and implored him to rest in time. We spoke of some eminent men who had lately broken down under the strain of work. I found that he was in the habit at times of writing all night; the three famous *Times'* articles (amongst the Remains) for which he was paid £100, were produced under enormous pressure. Throughout he was determined that neither his special studies nor his literary work should interfere with the exact discharge of his official duties at the British Museum; and the morning often found him still pen in hand after a night spent in sleepless toil. Then he would hastily swallow some breakfast, and appear at the British Museum at the regulation hour. There his mid-day meal was often neglected or omitted altogether; he was trading madly upon an iron frame.

When something of all this burst upon me, I wondered that his friends were not more anxious about him. But he was still so merry and brilliant, that I suppose every one was thrown off their guard. I remember urging him to marry, and I then became acquainted with his peculiar view upon the subject, which he he has often repeated to me since. Never to marry was a settled principle in his life. He thought it at all times a hazardous experiment for two people to make, especially in a country where legal separation was very difficult. Personally, as regarded himself, he was extremely open and explicit, and I never knew him waver; he said, — "I should never marry, if I lived a hundred years. *I* don't want to be a 'happy man.' My mother longs so for me to find a wife, but a man either marries or becomes great. The more diverse his interests the worse for what ought to absorb his whole life — his work;" and when the cases of illustrious married men were quoted, his wit, readiness, and encyclopædic knowledge, supplied him with a torrent of ready answers. Socrates married to learn patience; Napoleon tried it twice and failed; Nelson, Byron, Shelley, were other apposite cases; if a man had been great and happy married, still he might have been greater single. His own father, he would say, would have been a most remarkable man had he never married, and that had been a lesson to him.

His view of women was quite Jewish — he regarded them as distinctly inferior to men, although he was full of tenderness and respect towards them; nor did he in the least underrate the genius of many illustrious women of his acquaintance — exceptions which he did not care to ac-

Digitized by Google

count for — still nothing could reconcile him to the woman's rights movement; woman's sphere was home, and his talk upon this matter would have pleased the "oldest inhabitant," a joke of which he was particularly fond. Yet he was a sturdy advocate for the better education of women — it was the platform woman he hated.

He was a great favourite with women, and full of sweetness and high-minded chivalry towards them; only to them he was the Sir Galahad of *Savans*, they never turned him away for one moment from the Holy Grail of his ardent pursuit. He took pleasure in their society, with the ease and simple unconstrained pleasure of a child; in this way he was on intimate terms with several, but in no other way, and over the rumours of his being in love, or intending marriage, which were sometimes abroad, he himself laughed heartily, though he never contradicted them. Those who knew him at all would not believe them, and as for the rest he did not care; "Let them clank," * said he, with his peculiar haughtiness and serene pride and confidence in his own character. At bottom he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, with a true Pharisee's contempt for the weaknesses of common men and for tittle-tattle. He had the most genuine loathing for immorality of any man I ever knew, but it did not partake of the nature of saintly asceticism in him at all. It was merely the taste of a scrupulously clean man who would not touch pitch. He once said to his doctors he would never stoop to pick even health out of a dung-hill. This was his egotism. In some circles, he was often twitted upon the serene nature of his attachments. He was not hard upon others, — he thought them weak, he seldom believed them to be bad, — but of himself he would say with an intensely Jewish, and what some will call an extremely anti-Christian pride — "I am I."

This pride of integrity marked him from an early age. He told me that when he first became his own master, some meddling friend, or some mistake, made his parents suspect him of irregular conduct. He was deeply hurt, but too proud to explain or deny; it was to him inconceivably galling to be misunderstood by those whom he loved, and who loved him. He absented himself from them, he would not speak to them, he was miserable, his affectionate nature longed for reconciliation, but the wrong done to his integrity was too bitter, and those who had wronged him were compelled to make the first move. He carried this kind of reticence to an extreme length in after life — he seldom contradicted a rumour — hardly ever refuted a lie — some things were too mean for him to notice, others were too dirty for him to touch: "Let them clank," "I am I."

Mr. Deutsch slowly, very slowly awakened to the fact that, with a few exceptions, he was officially surrounded by men, not only mentally, but, with a few exceptions, morally smaller than himself. He entered upon his official duties eighteen years ago with a light heart, a burning enthusiasm, an immense constitution, and such qualities for the attainment of supreme results as rarely meet in any one student. He had ambition, but his ambition was of the noblest order, not to achieve, but to deserve fame — he, therefore, of all men was content to wait, and he did wait — and work in happy obscurity for eighteen years. He was the most joyous, the most helpful, the most generous, the most guileless of men. Right and left he was used by scholars and students; if anything was wanted in the Museum, Mr. Deutsch was the man; if any other department was in difficulty, — an insoluble problem, an illegible inscription, characters that no one could read, books no one could catalogue, references no one could make out, — Mr. Deutsch was applied to, and never applied to in vain. He did not seem to notice that men unworthy of him often sucked his brains; he was never jealous that others should get the credit of work done by him. The work was done; "The cause, the good cause," he would often say, referring to the advance of his own special studies, "had been helped on."

"What does it matter?" was his constant reply, when I remonstrated with him for allowing himself to be pumped right and left. But when in one moment he leapt into fame with the Talmud article; when constant inquiries for him at the British Museum brought his obscure name perpetually before his superiors; when an official invitation to the opening of the Suez Canal arrived from the Viceroy of Egypt to Mr. Deutsch, of the British Museum; when it was known that a public banquet had been given to him at Edinburgh; that flattering invitations had reached him to visit the

* Artemus Ward.

Digitized by Google

United States and deliver lectures; when the Royal Institution opened its doors to him for the same purpose; when one of our Royal Princesses considered herself fortunate in securing the first MS. page of the Talmud article; when Mr. Deutsch became, against his will, the Lion of a London Season, an honoured guest at the table of the Prime Minister, and even a stock subject of public comment at the popular entertainments of the day; when, in short, *Savans* arrived to see him at the institution where he was a mere subordinate, and letters of gratitude and eulogy reached him from all parts of the civilized world, from those who were themselves masters in his own department of learning; when the Talmud article was published in an "*édition de luxe*" by the French Academy des Bibliophiles, and translated into German, French, Italian, Dutch, Russian, Danish, Swedish, and even Icelandic,— things began to change.

It was discovered, for the first time, that Mr. Deutsch was too valuable a public servant to be spared to go to the opening of the Suez Canal. The authorities began to have in Mr. Deutsch's case, a high sense of what was due to the public service, and their scrupulous integrity was summarily vindicated at his expense. In fact, no personal feeling was allowed to interfere with what they doubtless conceived to be their duty as administrators of a great public trust. They carried the principle so far, that when a document numerously signed, by the Dean of Westminster, Lord Strangford, Rawlinson, Lane Layard, and others, (every one of whom stood at the head of his own department in special learning,) petitioning parliament to appoint Mr. Deutsch keeper of Semitic antiquities at the British Museum, was handed to the authorities of that institution, to be through them presented in due form to the trustees, the document being slightly inaccurate in its technical terms of address, was quietly shelved and never presented at all.

Mr. Deutsch was very slow to take in the bearing of all this. It was difficult for him to believe that others were actuated by motives too exalted to influence him, or even to enter his head. He retreated inch by inch from any friendship, intimacy, or tie once contracted — it took him a long time to reverse the whole temper and tone of his conduct to those by whom he was daily surrounded, and from having been the most open, generous, good-natured, and amiable of men, to become at last the most reserved, cold, cautious, and suffering of the subordinates in the British Museum. But I am anticipating.

A letter, dated March 22, 1870, in answer to an invitation, gave us the first definite warning of that dreadful storm which took three years from that time to shatter his life. "Alas! I am invalided, and my Æsculapius makes a wry face at the very notion of my ever getting out of his soft clutches again." A month or so later came a similar letter, in which he says, "If I can crawl (or take a crawler to do it for me) to the festive board — I cannot dispose over my next few hours without a groan and a D. V. (which shall be explained orally — it differs slightly in my version), I yet shall do my little utmost to come."

At the end of the summer we went abroad, and the next note I received from him, in December, 1870, was dated from 47A, Welbeck Street, only a few doors from my own house. A kind and devoted friend employed like himself at the British Museum had at last literally dug him out of his lodgings and brought him, at the command of his kind medical attendant, Sir Henry Thompson, within easy reach of his constant aid. He underwent there some test operation. "I marvel," he writes, "that I live to tell the tale. I now am opiated, and hocussed, and stupefied."

Being utterly unfit for work, after a considerable amount of negotiation and haggling, he obtained, in addition to a temporary absence, some months of sick leave. Other obscure men had had it for the asking, but the interest of the country demanded more caution in Mr. Deutsch's case. I at once stepped over to see him. I could not gather how ill he was all at once. His rooms were generally full of visitors. Some brought him flowers — others fruit and delicacies. With one or two exceptions those who knew of his whereabouts came to see him, and a few were in almost constant attendance upon him. Amongst these was Sir Henry Thompson, to whom and to his wife Mr. Deutsch's gratitude was unbounded. He would often say, "I owe Sir Henry Thompson what I can never repay — he has been as tender and good to me, and as gentle, as a woman." Such expressions of gratitude were rare from Mr. Deutsch, for although no man felt more deeply what was done for him, he seldom spoke of it — he knew h

Digitized by Google

friends would understand a look or pressure of the hand better.

One night I found him alone in great suffering,—he never seemed to know what to do, or how to do it — a life of robust health had left him absolutely awkward and helpless in sickness, so that he was thankful for my aid. He shrunk from ill-health — he could not bear to be touched — fomentations and blisters were horrors to him, not because of the pain, but because of the unnatural and miserable processes involved,— of all which things he had a peculiar loathing; he was also intensely, with all a Jew's sensitiveness, open to physical pain. All this must be remembered when we think of the last three years of his life, which consisted of nothing but a series of medical and surgical appliances, some of inconceivable horror, and a succession of protracted bodily agonies, disappointments, and bitter humiliations which those who were witness of can never remember without tears.

One night I left him after administering the usual opiates, and the next morning I found him before his untouched breakfast. I saw that no casual care could now help him through, however kind and devoted. He could not eat — his bell was incessant — the lodging-house, now little but a thoroughfare for Mr. Deutsch's friends, began to be up in arms — his meals were worse cooked — his bell unanswered — he was left at times at night in a dead swoon on the floor in his struggles to pull a bell which no one heeded. I wondered that none of his friends took him in to nurse him. I think some asked him to stay, but as he had concealed his state from as many as he could, he naturally declined; besides none lived near enough to Sir Henry Thompson. I lived in the next street. I did not think that such a man ought to be left to die so.

With Sir Henry's leave, he came over — just across the way — to our house. I took him for a little turn in the sunshine, one morning at twelve o'clock; he seemed full of a gush of hope and spirits. We got as far as Regent Street; he chatted cheerfully — looked already better — came back to our house to lunch — ate and drank well for the first time for weeks, and from that day never went back to his lodging over the way.

I wish now to be particularly explicit, for the sake of Mr. Deutsch's numerous friends and acquaintances — for it was from the time that he first took up his abode with us (January 13th, 1871), that he first began to be invisible to most of the incessant callers.

Mr. Deutsch had a little private sitting-room near the street door, downstairs, to which his friends might have ready access when he desired; he also had the use of the adjoining dining-room for the same purpose. He slept upstairs, within call. We never took the responsibility of seeing any of his friends without exact and special directions from him of what we were to say. He gave his own directions to the servants, with which we never interfered.

I say this to show how completely his relations with his friends to the last were independent of us. It is not possible to deny that more and more he refused to see the people that called, and from those who did gain access to him he tried to conceal carefully his real state. For this secrecy there were valid reasons. He was watched, and any rumour of his being permanently disabled would, he knew, lead to a summons to resign his only means of subsistence; and in such a state to seek any other was out of the question; — that state had, therefore, to be concealed as carefully as possible. On his reappearing at his post, a medical certificate was insisted upon, quite contrary to precedent, certifying that he could do his work. But all this concealment made my position a very difficult one. My office, however, was merely to deliver his messages and keep his counsel, and I never stirred an inch beyond my commission. The troubles, small and great, that overwhelmed him in connection with the British Museum, I of course could not be a stranger to — but of this later.

We could not tell at first, from one moment to another, how he would be. Sometimes unexpectedly for an hour he would be almost without pain — then prostrate. Any change did him good for the moment, and his immense energy gave him hope. He would, when able to see us at all, laugh and joke with flashes of his old manner, but a deep depression had settled upon him, and he began to feel that his respite from work was doing him no permanent good. It soon became evident that the most skilled physicians and surgeons could not touch his malady, and towards the spring of 1871 he longed wearily for a change of air. He left us and went down to Bournemouth by himself.

"How do I sit solitarily!" he writes.

Digitized by Google

"Moses on the ruins of Carthage and Alexander in the old Thames Tunnel are really not to be compared to my state. As to that state . . . I shall prefer a mother's care to both the landscape and the mineral waters. Ahimé! I didn't know that I could again be longing to such an extent for some of my fellow-creatures — *some* only, I beg to add at once! — my pen is as weary as my poor body." At his own urgent entreaty, we joined him at Bournemouth. He came out of the hotel to welcome us, with that quick, light step which he retained up to the last few months of his life, when his walk became a mere agonized crawl. We took him into lodgings with us after a battle-royal over the monstrous hotel bill, in which he fought the whole of the hotel single-handed with incomparable energy, until he had cowed them into something like honesty. Our rooms overlooked a pine wood — our window opened low on to a green lawn. There was one bird kept singing all day the same note, for which we invented sundry meanings, he supplying generally the comic ones. This change seemed to do good. He kept drinking some new bottled water, which for two days had a wonderful effect on him; then came the usual relapse. We left him in about a week, with a feeling that no real good had been done, and he soon came back to us. In that summer he made a few of those prodigious efforts at mastering his malady that were to me so astonishing, and which certainly had the desired effect of completely blinding his friends.

Once or twice he took his seat at our table with a mixed company and talked as brilliantly as ever. Several times he went out with us to dinner, and got through his evenings somehow. He then seemed always in wild spirits — laughing and joking. He told me afterwards that he dared not stop — his agony was so great; but he kept it under until he got home, to pass those fearful nights of which perhaps he and I alone knew all the horrors. Under the heaviest opiates he could never sleep more than half an hour or three-quarters at most; he was then hunted up by his agony, and had to go through by himself in a drowsy and stupefied state a difficult surgical operation, the pain of which no doubt roused him thoroughly, and which had to be repeated sometimes ten times a night. This was his life day and night for the last two years — whether at home or abroad — here or in the midst of work at the British Museum.

In the autumn of 1871 we left him at 16, Welbeck Street, and went to Scotland, and then to Venice. His letters to us are always the same curious mixture of satire, wit, and despair which continued down to the last.

Aug. 26th, 1871. — "No further excitement from S—: I have told every one that 'I'd come when I could,' and since I couldn't and shall not could, for some time — there is no more to say."

Aug. 24th. — "I am in a state of blind drunkenness owing to a few quarts of laudanum taken overnight."

Sept. 2nd. — "Who turned up the other day but the lonely? — he gave a bachelor dinner, and wanted me, which I however politely yet firmly declone. I wonder whether *anything* will ever take me out into those regions again."

Sept. 21st. — "I am simply engaged in shivering and shaking all day long. I am not quite so bad as when you left."

His leave was up in June; and, infinitely worse than when he began it, he braced himself up to return to his duties at the British Museum. I did not think it was possible that he could survive this many weeks, and we watched the effect it produced upon him with intense anxiety. But this change at first seemed, like so many others, actually to do him good. Friends, when he re-appeared, noticed that he looked worn and thin — he refused to go anywhere or see any one, but beyond this few saw much amiss; nevertheless, his life was even then as I have described it above. But he was determined not to break down.

After one of his terrible nights he would rattle off in the morning in a cab which shook him to pieces, go through his tale of bricks, and return about half-past four. I dreaded to meet him on these occasions. His face appeared sunken and cadaverous, with a pitiful, almost savage look of dull pain fixed upon it; he seemed after the strain to lose all control over his features, and the muscles relapsed and fell anyhow. For the next hour or two the reaction was complete. Sometimes he was fiercely hungry, but could eat nothing, his digestion being already half-destroyed with opiates. At others he would lie down in a kind of shivering fit, and fall into almost deathly insensibility, from which he awoke in dreadful pain. About eight or nine in the evening there would often be a short

Digitized by Google

respite; he would sit up, and we would join him — he would smoke and chat, and forget himself and take a little tea. With the slightest respite his spirits and courage returned, together with his considerateness for me — his regret for a hasty word wrung from him by pain — his hope that he might pull through — then suddenly in the midst of merriment, "Go," he would say, waving his hand, and his face would fall, and we left him alone with his dark enemy to prepare himself for another night of opiates and agony. Latterly no opiates seemed to touch him; opium had then to be introduced externally at short intervals. Still he obstinately opposed all suggestions of hired attendants, and had the utmost horror of strangers about him.

He complained bitterly, like many others, of the ventilation and heating of the British Museum. One day every one was oppressed with the closeness and heat; the next every one was shivering with cold. He complained that he was kept needlessly standing in draughty passages; was refused the use of a screen where he sat all day in a draught; suffered from cold feet, his mat having been removed for several days. The books it was his speciality to catalogue, were taken from him, and hack work, well paid for as he would say at £40 a year (his own salary was £300), was given him to do; indeed, he said that an attempt had been made to take him from his place and set him to work with clerks of an inferior official grade. At this he rebelled successfully. But after all, was not Mr. Deutsch bound to do as he was bid, and was it the business of the authorities to attend to his comfort more than to that of any one else? Such paltry complaints, such mere official details, could hardly be made public; if they were, they could be explained, and it could always be said, as it was said, that he *imagined* things. This, I think, was the most bitter pill he had to swallow. Even some of his friends told him that every one wished him well at the British Museum, that the persecution was quite imaginary. He imagined that certain persons had signed a document about him which had been shelved; he imagined that fitting work was taken from him, and unfitting work given to him; he imagined the draughts and the bad air. He imagined, too, that after serving the country for eighteen years, he ought to have had some kind of recognition as well as many others who had served it for less; he imagined that there was some difficulty in getting even a paltry rise of £20 a-year at the last; he imagined that some who were his friends to his face, were his enemies behind his back; in short, there were no limits to his imagination.

No, Mr. Deutsch's imagination was not quite so active as that of some of his friends; at all events, I, who from day to day witnessed his sufferings, could not be quite blind to some of the paltry, but not imaginary, details which aggravated those sufferings tenfold, and destroyed the little peace which might have been his.

At last he could bear the journey no longer, and we were glad to think that, in taking lodgings close to the British Museum, he passed practically under the care of another devoted friend. We were still his constant, and I think, only visitors; but his own words and letters, and some notes made by my wife, will now best continue the narrative: — "It was in the midst of the trouble and persecution at the British Museum," writes my wife, "that Mr. Deutsch first told me how utterly hopeless he was; we were standing by the window, and he was in great pain and worried to death; we were talking about things in general, and I was trying to comfort him by holding out hopes of a speedy change. He became much agitated. 'It is useless to deny it, or to be blind to it, I am dying, and they are hunting me down in every way they can devise.'"

Days now passed when he was unable to see even us — every now and then he took out parts of what he grimly called his "holidays." The "day's holidays" were the days when he was in too much pain to quit his bed. The "week's holidays" were when he was to be kept unconscious for days at a time. This meant undergoing some new operation or treatment; the greatest physicians and surgeons having given him up, he not unnaturally tried a weary succession of wild experiments which exhausted his slender exchequer and left him rather worse. We got letters from him, sometimes almost illegible, nearly every day.

Oct. 18th, 1871. — "The bottled lobster is grateful, though he is to be treated with care being very fragile, in his relation to myself, I mean. I know you (*my wife*) went out toiling in the sun to get it for me, and that would be quite enough

Digitized by Google

to set me eating it till daybreak. . . . I am as lively as a cat to-night; but the night cometh. . . ."

The next morning, 19*th.*—"Woe is me, Alhama! what a night! These intervals of 'balmy rest' now form the most maddening part of my existence."

Dec. 9*th.*—"I'll do my extremest to come (*to see us*), though having experimentally worked the arsenic shaft (*a medical joke*) to-day, and intending to do so to-morrow, I know not what my state may be."

Dec. 9*th.*—"I am a little easier to-day; but oh! so weak and prostrate, and my back refuses to write. There is a band outside playing, and rather well, old German tunes, to which I used to be young and merry once. . . . If I can crawl I'll crawl to you on Christmas."

Dec 13*th.*—"No, woe is me, I cannot come. I'm doing the 10 to 4 (*at the British Museum*) like a one-er, and my state when I return, and for hours after, is something piteous. Even I begin to commiserate my case. Lying down in absolute helpless dumbness with three backbiters on me (mustards, you know,) is my only chance. Then I rally towards the foods, chiefly the drinks . . . and then I collapse bedwards, preceded by a train of bottle-bearers. Meanwhile you *shan't* fret . . . or I promise to get much worse, and you know my powers of will."

He had to write to his family, from whom he had to conceal his state, as he told us his aged parents would break their hearts to hear of it. He was greatly troubled to invent excuses for omitting his customary biennial visit; his motives were naturally misconstrued, and the letters which he received from home grieved him.

Jan. 16*th.* 1872.—"There are rocks ahead in my family circle, if I don't account for my absence in a more satisfactory way."

Jan. 19*th.*—"I do verily begin to believe that my course is not yet run—quite. There be casual flashes—I mean as of life again . . . but hush! likewise all the more cotton wool. It would be great larks if the monomaniac reappeared on the stage again to receive the homages of the whole crew."

Jan. 22*nd.*—"I fear I crowed a little too early. I have had another knock-down blow, and am still staggering. The doctor is permanent every afternoon now, staying hours, and his assistant spends p rt of the night with me. But I'll conquer yet!"

Jan. 27*th* [Very badly written].—"I'm not quite 'the thing' yet, am muchly shaken. To-morrow, uninterrupted bed; but give me me time."

The following gives his own description of his days:—

Jan. 31*st.*—"Again have I entered the dark recesses—with a vengeance. And vastly as I yearn to see you and R., I don't see how it can be accomplished in my very faint state. I get home at four; lie down utterly helpless till about five, when the doctor comes, who sits an endless time, evidently trying to lay the demon, or at least find out where he is at work. At half-past six my meal comes up, and as regularly goes down again. The assistant often stays till I am in bed, where I stay and drowse away by half-hours till eight next morning, when I rise well beaten and sore distrest. Nobody has been let near me for about twelve days now, as I am in permanent acute misery and pain. I can scarcely see what I write. The morphias deprive me now, alas, of the fulness of my sight. There is dimness and diminution and veiling over all objects. . . . P.S.—Do you know of a respectable dog with a frill? for I really seem now to grow blind and blinder."

Feb. 14*th.*—"It was an ugly episode, but I did not miss half-an-hour of my British Museum time."

Feb. 16*th.*—"I am more anxious to see you than I can say. I think the murderers will be gone to-morrow by six."

Feb. 20*th.*—"I did get to the concert and heard one Beethoven—"

The following is a specimen of the kind of messages that he charged us to deliver to his friends:—

March 15*th.*—"I am 'not quite well' just now; but this is quite private information. As to —— it would be best to taboo my name utterly, or to 'change the conversation.' Yes, mention the promotion—quite casually as a thing got for me by my friends just a year and a quarter after its being due to me. Also that I have made my peace all round now with the British Museum, and am no longer a 'grievance'—rather the contrary. As to my health it was very good with a little 'care' . . . never missed half-an-hour . . . the which prevents my going out much, or receiving friends here—which I *never* do . . . That's all the information for *him.*"

April 2*nd.*—"These roses are passing sweet and beauteous, and if I were of a cryable nature, I'd howl now. Life has

Digitized by Google

precious few allurements left for me, but when I think of one or two things . . . the sight of roses or palm-trees somewhere about the Phœnician coast, I could blubber or break somebody's bones in impotent rage. But ho! hi without! we are observed! let's dissemble. Who's afraid? and I wish you wouldn't make the thought of departure bitter in my mouth by caring."

About this time he had what he calls one of his worst and longest paroxysms. In one letter he speaks of his sufferings as so unexampled, that a book ought to be written about it all. He complains that not all medical and surgical art could at this time give him half-an-hour's respite.

Soon after this he actually turned up at the Royal Academy, and tried to look at the pictures.

June 10th he writes,—"There is nothing left but an agonized bundle of bone and nerve," but the rest of this letter is merely comic.

The summer vacation was now at hand. He meant to make an effort to go abroad. We wanted him to come to us. *August* 10*th* (very badly written),—"Can't — doctor — very low — opium — bed — *so* sorry." He soon afterwards went abroad. We heard from him several times from Brussels and Spa. The letters were full of entreaties to us to join him there, and as we were going to Holland, we went out of our way and joined him at Spa.

Spa was crowded with visitors. I found him with difficulty in one of the large, dirty, noisy hotels — a wretched little stuffy room, full of mosquitoes, tawdry hangings, and his innumerable medicine bottles. I lost no time in packing his things, and my wife walked him off to some lodgings we had taken apart from the town. Quiet, delicious air, overlooking a green valley, within sight and hearing of mountain springs, and within view of noble pine woods. Before he went he had one of his battles-royal with the hotel folk; indeed, the cheating at the Spa hotels surpassed anything that I have ever met with in France, Italy, or Germany; the extortion was simply monstrous. They threatened to lock him into his room; they threatened this dying man with the police; but they were at last cowed by his terrible and trenchant invective. Even at such absurd moments the force of his character broke out. One after another shrunk away from him as he stood at bay with his little black bag full of nothing but bottles and instruments of torture; and I verily believe that, weak and staggering as he was, he would have kicked the whole crew downstairs, had they not left him in undisputed possession of the field. I confess that I went into such convulsions of laughter that I could hardly finish the packing.

The air at Spa seemed to revive him. We all walked about incessantly; he walked as much as we did, and drank a great deal more Spa water; but the change only lasted a day or two. All the symptoms returned, and then we noticed with pain the development of an excessive irritability which at times made it impossible to know what to do or to say. He was bound to go to the Rhine; we were bound for Holland. He now used every effort to induce us to accompany him and change all our plans. There were reasons which made it impossible for us to agree to this, my wife's health amongst others. He seemed to forget that we had already come out of our way to be with him, and his disappointment led him to accusations of fickleness and unkindness which we could not feel that we had deserved. In referring to this, my wife writes in her notes, "It is necessary to record this, to show that two years of incessant suffering had left their mark on even a character of singular beauty, bravery, and patience. It seems to me now that this was a turning point in his illness: the last smouldering remnants of hope and resolution to conquer which irritated and maddened him. The evil spirit seemed to tear him before leaving him. He had never been so irritable before; he never was afterwards." His letters to my wife in Holland are full of regrets; full of unimpaired affection for both of us, though our parting had been so unsatisfactory. After all, it was only for a few weeks, and we required breathing time ourselves from a certain incessant wear and tear. Touching these things he wrote sadly from Baden-Baden —"You *must* not mind me; I am not always a responsible agent now."

From that time a significant change came over him, he was no longer to be taken in by any respites. His bitterness to those whom he thought had neglected him, or injured him, vanished; he felt the game was up; he was beaten, and the time to forgive the British Museum and every one else, had arrived. Of one and another who had spoken ill of him, or forgotten him, or worked against him, he

Digitized by Google

would say, "He is a droll," "He is a weakling," "He is a chatterbox." When he met people whom he knew, abroad or elsewhere, he ceased to avoid them. Some one wrote to him "all of a sudden" with much affection: "I answered him," he writes, "in the same strain." Not that to the end he ever changed his opinions of things or people; his significant words about them were always "Go down;" after which, however bland his speech or conciliatory his letters to them, they never rose again.

When he returned to his work at the British Museum, he was absolutely without hope and without anger. He told me that latterly he had nothing to complain of there — all persecution was at an end. They let him alone. He was even thankful that the work given him was trivial, absurdly trivial. There was no longer any doubt about his appearance. His face was shrunken and drawn with pain, and he could now hardly walk. It was tolerably evident to every one at the British Museum that he was dying, and meant to drop at his post. He was not likely to decipher any more inscriptions, or write any more Talmud articles, or give any more trouble.

Days and days passed now, and we stayed away at his own request. We only knew that his horrors were increasing.

In one of his lucid moments he said to my wife, "Do you know, mother," that was his name for her, "there is a frightful curse — a nameless curse — laid on the man who touches or divulges certain sanctities in the Talmud, and I, the first man for hundreds of years who could read the secrets, have done it, and the curse is come upon me."

His studies to him were so sacred he would hardly ever speak of them. Inwardly we knew that he was constantly brooding over his unfinished work. On this my wife writes: — "The long protracted agony of three years' suspense and perpetual pain, with all one's life before one; the consciousness of rare and unlimited powers and nothing done, seemed to him an inexpressibly hard lot. The death of shame, too, came at the end, for to his mind a world-wide reputation based only on possibilities, and a name raised up on high with little or nothing to show for it, all eyes expectant of what never came, seemed to him a shame and a reproach." Latterly his celebrity maddened him. When he went abroad he found his "name in every little dirty French, Swiss, Italian and even Egyptian sheetlet" — so much so that he "felt like a runaway forger." "I have done nothing," he would say. "What is it all for? I will not have my name held up as a rebuke."

One night after long silence, his noble courage and manly endurance well-nigh forsook him. My wife, who was sitting by him, said she had never seen him mentally at so low an ebb. Any expression of weakness or giving in was usually abhorrent to him. Scarcely a groan ever escaped him; now, he said, "I am so low and shaken, so weak, that I shall weep presently." I cannot bear to trace even for the eyes of his friends, many other touching details. But strangely, at other times, down to the last, he could never resist a joke or a repartee. One Sunday, to rouse him from some depressed train of reflections, my wife said, "How you do moralize; you ought to keep a Sunday-school." "So I do," he answered, "that is why I have no fire to-day" — looking at the cold ashes. "What do you mean?" "I have no fire in order that I might keep my Sundays cool." When he said this he had become almost insensible with acute pain.

At last he began to feel that further work at the British Museum was impossible, and just at this terrible and anxious crisis he received unexpectedly leave to go to Egypt for his health. Influence had been used in high quarters unknown to him; but although he had always had powerful and willing friends, partly because they did not know, partly because it was hard to see quite what to do, everything that was done came too late. Three years ago Egypt, which he pined for, might have saved him — he now merely hastened there to his grave.

Very sad was my last farewell to him. I think he was then busy destroying his papers; he desired to leave nothing incomplete that could be published. Scattered articles of priceless value he left in print. Whether any MSS. of value escaped I do not know. He was very quiet and collected and business-like that afternoon. He had no ill word for any one left; no sneer, even at the British Museum. He wished to be at peace with all men. He was very hopeless. He told me he had paid all his debts, torn up his letters, and settled his affairs, and I bade him farewell with tears, feeling sure that I should never see him again, and remembering the months and now the

Digitized by Google

years that he had been uppermost in my thoughts.

Unexpectedly he called on the very day he left for Egypt, but I missed him, and he bade my wife farewell. No one living could have tended him with more care and forethought than she had done, and he knew this and felt it deeply. H was very dejected, and though meaning only to stay five minutes kept lingering till the afternoon was nearly gone.

He should think of us much. He should hope to meet us on his way back. He asked for our little boy, of whom he was extremely fond, for he loved little children — even little gutter children delighted him. The little fellow, two years old, ran up to him and kissed him, and kept saying over and over again, "Poor Uncle Deutsch! poor Uncle Deutsch." It seemed to my wife like a fatal omen "revealed to babes."

"You'll come back," she said half lightly, "and you won't care a bit for us; after six months' absence you will have wholly forgotten us." He said very earnestly, "No, I shan't." I do not think he believed in any recognition or re-union beyond the grave. And after this the last personal link was severed and nothing remained to us of him but the letters he wrote to us from abroad.

We heard from Paris and Turin; he wrote in good spirits. We heard from Rome, two long letters, very closely and clearly written; his disease was playing him the old trick — he was better. At this time he says of Sir Henry Thompson again, "I do owe him a great debt."

In one letter there is a touching allusion to the spells of enjoyment which divided his spells of agony, and which shows how little his nature was soured by his disappointments and sufferings.

ROME (last day of 1872).

I am like one not in a dream, but tumbling from Heaven into Heaven, and my soul is one shout of Gloria and Hallelujah. What a blessing this cursed illness has been to me! I shan't describe or tell — I can't. It's like several ninth symphonies piled one atop of the other. . . . Had I not strictest orders to go and seek a tomb among the stuffed crocodiles, here I'd remain, and if the end came I'd choose a spot I wot of (where I copied some strange inscriptions yesterday), and where the birds sing and the red flowers wave their heads gently, and where I'd mix with ashes nobler than anywhere else in the wide world. I can't fall in, though I have tried, with the notion of the futility of life, which is supposed to come over you so very strongly here. I am now a staunch believer in immortality, in the goodness and in the unfathomable greatness of man, and out of those golden links that riveted the tender beauty of Hellas to the iron will of Rome, and to the graceful strength of the Renaissance (until the full blaze of this day has made one harmony of them all), there arise to my ears sounds as of distant melodies, half-broken, yet passing glorious.

God bless us — what crooked ways I had to be led to this consummation! Had I not lain groaning for nigh three years in dark misery, this sun would not appear to me half as golden, nor would my mind have been wrought to such morbidly swift and almost painful sensitiveness, that it feels and hears and sees and laughs out of ten millions of pores which were blocked up before.

And now the strange fascination which the East always seemed to have for him made him forget himself, even in his last extremity — it was the last yielding up of his mind to the scenes and emotions which were most dear to him, most inseparably connected with what had been his life-work.

CAIRO — MOONSHINE, Jan. 11.

Ya Lélé ya chabibi, — I have not gone mad, nor is the above German or Irish. It only means, "O night, O beloved," and is the burden of every Arab's song. Indeed, their Nile repertoire consists chiefly of these words. It would have done your little heart good to sit at the feet of a wild, illegitimate kind of violin, played by a blind old patriarch, together with a small drumlet that tinkled, and an elegiac fife, that went piercing your body and soul, with *me*, that is — for I have just returned from an incoherent ramble through the gleaming white city of Kahira the stupendous, swimming in a flood of mellow moon. . . .

CAIRO, Jan. 16.

. . . I think I had better make friends with old Sphinx, who wagged her battered old nose audibly at me this time, and they have not much time before them to whom she beckons. *Soit* — I had within the last few days such vile pains again, that I first groaned for you, and then looked out for a bath of chloroform and opium, and between them I got the bowl under, after three days' and nights' helpless misery and forlornness. And how I loathe that night raven who bawls out that prayer is better than sleep!

After this we got a letter dated Jan. 18, three o'clock A.M., from Cairo, and written in the middle of the grand ball given on the occasion of four royal weddings, full of glowing description that reads like the "Arabian Nights." At this time he seemed pretty well to his friend Mr. Lang, from whom, hitherto, he appears to have concealed the mortal nature of his disease.

Digitized by Google

I give the few following extracts from letters addressed to my wife: —

Feb 1.

Talk of the glories of the East, I would have sold the whole of that decoration for one ha'porth of peace in the midst of the drizzliest fog that ever darkened Tavistock; but *nous avons changé*, and so forth. I am better again and in tolerable cue. One more day, and I drop up the river. . . . I smoke more than is good for me; but then everybody must work, you know, so I make cigarettes, and smoke them all day and many a long night, when only I and the moon and the dogs and the holy cads on the minarets are awake. It is a queer atmosphere to make a man dream away his little span of woe-begone life. . . . The stars are out, a-shining like young dollars, but much bigger and merrier, and there is a young crescent against a green-blue sky, and the palm hands stretched out against the transparent darkness, — sentimentally, beseechingly — and then comes (it's a fact) a Schubert Impromptu floating in on the back of a caressing little windlet all violet and wild jessamine fragrance. Dead as I am, I rise to it like a silly old salmon. . . . Ahimé! what life there is in the old skeleton yet. . . . There are fireworks "away" in the Regal Gardens, and I see the rockets going up and bursting into ten millions of green and blue and golden suns and moons and stars, and the distant sound of cymbals and trumpets strikes melodiously, like a far-away hunt on my ears, and it all feels somehow like an early German spring, all softness and caress, and no school this afternoon, with a full sixpence to spend freely on lollipops. I often wonder (Hamlet-like) whether it was better to give me this last "fillip" before the curtain fell. . . . However, the gods be praised for what I have got, whatever and whenever the end be. . . .

Luxor, which is Thebes, somewhere about the twentieth of February. . . . The Nile and the temples and the mountains of Lybia and the desert and I, we look at each other, and there is none to interfere with our silent communings, morn and noon and star-time, save, perhaps, a palm or two that will come between with uplifted tender hands, beseeching, blessing. . . . I have bought you some baskets, and hope to bring them safely back. Likewise myself. And here's the rub. I have not got on quite so fast as I hoped. . . .

The last autograph letter we got from him is dated Cairo, 31st March. There he was dangerously worse, but, thoughtful to the last, he did not tell us this, and I feel certain that he himself believed that he would be able to get back in time to die with us,— a thought which was uppermost in his mind when he left us.

Your letters have gone on to a place in the desert whence I shall most likely never recover them. I was too eager for them, and telegraphed, as I came down, from a desert station where there was an unclad savage playing at wires, and he has done accordingly.

He then describes how all has gone wrong with him, even in this letter enforcing silence on us by his customary "hush," and how, for the moment, he is better again, and concludes,—

O that I could have you to take a little care of me . . . I have no lack of friends here. . . . But it's hard work. . . .

I would not let the mail go without sending you however small a token of life and affection, and endless fond greetings to the dear ones (myself and our little boy). — ADDIO, thy shadowy Δ.

Mr. Deutsch was soon after this removed to Alexandria. Leaning on the arm of his good friend, Mr. Lang of the Ottoman Bank, he managed to walk to his carriage, and drove straight to the Hospital of the Prussian Sisterhood, which he was never destined to leave. There he had every comfort, and the details of his last days are now, through the kindness of Mr. Lang, in the hands of his friends. Into these it is needless for me to enter here at length. Suffice it to say that from that time Mr. Deutsch began to sink rapidly. When at last he became convinced that his end could not be far off, with his usual extraordinary mental energy he resolved to get "home," and a cabin was actually engaged and his passage paid. It was then that, too ill to write himself, he dictated a few lines to Mr. Lang for my wife. Even then our suspicions were not fully aroused, so carefully was the message worded so as not to alarm us. He was going to start for Southampton,— we should hear again, — and we were to meet him there.

The full import of this last message is clear enough now. He thought he might be able to struggle just so far. When we received his last message he was already dead — and dead amongst strangers. That was his last disappointment. So eager had he been to get back to us, so fully had he made up his mind that he would not die there, that he refused to give any messages or instructions until too weak even to speak.

To the last his mind was clear; to the last he was dignified, and calm, and patient to an astonishing degree; so much so that on feeling the approach of death he would not doze off under opium as he was glad to do at other times, but kept himself with great effort awake that he might not, as he said, die in his sleep.

Digitized by Google

Such was the dignified close of his most blameless life. Much remains to be said of his work, his character, and his opinions; but I could not, at the present, bring myself to discuss any of these, even were I competent to do so. It is as much as I have been able to do to record here the fate of the most gifted, the sweetest, the gentlest, and bravest of men, whose friendship I enjoyed too late and lost too soon.

From All The Year Round.

PEG-LEGGED BOB.

YES, sir, I'm what you call a sub—a sub-contractor under Mr. Tracey. Me and my wife Sal, and Bos, the curly-haired dog, are pretty well known up and down wherever there's a bit of excavating going on. But as for sending me a letter, I don't hardly know where to tell you to direct it. You might hear of me at the Three Pigeons, Stonycross, Brummagem, if I happened to be out of work, which ain't often. Last time I was wrote to, was Providence Terrace, Banktop Cutting, Killarney, Ireland, and the postman broke his leg trying to get it to me. So perhaps you'd better not write; but if you should want to send me any money just you hand it over to Mr. Tracey's office in Great Parliament-street, and tell 'em it's for Peg-legged Bob. I shall get it all right some time or other. As to how I got the name, why that's pretty obvious I should think, looking at these timber toes of mine. It wasn't gave me by my godfathers and godmother, but you may say that I was christened by four hundred tons of rock and rubbidge as tumbled right atop of me.

This was how it happened. Me and a mate of mine was working in a butty gang on one of Mr. Tracey's lines. It was in the old man's time. Yes, he was a very decent fellow, old Tracey. There was a kind of a go about him, as made you like to work for him, even so be as you didn't make much out of it. And he was precious near. Not himself, you know, so much, as the men that was under him; but bless you, he picked 'em out just for that, else he was a free-handed sort, if you took him on the right side, and he'd never see you ruinated through any of his jobs, if you stuck to 'em plucky. Not but what perhaps there was a bit of policy about that, too, for you see you'd cut things a bit closer, knowing as if they turned out unkimmon cross, old Tracey 'ud ease you off some trifle.

I was a able bodied young chap when it happened, and could do a day's work with anybody. I was butty of the gang, and we'd took about a thousand yards of rock and rubbidge to drive a cutting through, and was getting on very well with it, too. We was making three pounds a week, every man in the gang, for it had turned out a very plummy piece; only perhaps we was in too much of a hurry, and used our powder a little too free. It was in Staffordshire county, a sort of red sand and rock, we had to cut through, a soft kind of stone as come away in great chunks like slices of pudding. We'd cut away at both ends of our piece and had left a big lump sticking up in the middle, and we'd made up our minds to give him a jolly good shaking, with twenty pounds of powder droved twenty feet into the rock. Me and my chum, carrotty Sam we called him then, had agreed to tamp the hole and fire the shot. We'd just rammed in the charge, and Sam had got a lump of clay in his hand to slap it into th' hole, when of a sudden I heard a sort of fizzling noise under my feet, and lo and behold I'd struck out a spark with my hob-nailed boots, and the powder as we scattered here and there had took the spark, and the flame was running along all about like wildfire. "Run, Sam," says I; and we started off for our lives. There was the chance you see that the charge wouldn't catch, or that if it catched it would "blow" without bringing the rock down upon us. But there was no such luck. I heard a gruff sort of a bang behind me, the ground wobbled about under my feet, and down I went, tumbling over my mate, all in darkness like. There was just a minute when I felt as if I was fireworks, and turning into all kinds of lights, and then I felt one twist of dreadful pain. After that I don't remember aught till I come to myself in a sort of a dream, as it might be the nightmare. Not that I could make out where I was or nothing, only I was feeling badder than I've got words to tell you.

When I did come to myself sufficient to know where I were I didn't feel any better. I was buried alive, sure enough, and I felt bad all over, I can tell you. Then I moved a bit with my arm and felt something soft alongside me, that groaned as I touched it.

"Sam," says I, in a gruff kind of way. "Hullo, Bob," says he. "Good-bye, old man," says I. "Good-bye, Bob," says

Digitized by Google

he. And after that we lay quite still without speaking. How time passed I didn't know, but I felt getting colder and colder, and the feeling went out of me, so as I didn't feel no more pain, and my head was clear; and I thought, aye, I thought a deal o' things. Then I spoke to Sam again, and he never answered; and I spoke again, but not a sound from him. So, thinks I, he's dead, and I'll have my groan out. And I cried out; ah, you wouldn't have thought there was strength enou' in me to have sung out as I did.

And when I'd had my cry out, now thinks I, it's all over, and I may give up the ghost. Then I heard another cry, as seemed as if it came out of the bowels of the earth, and after that there was a sound of picks and spades. Next thing I hears a voice, "Bob!" quite faint like. "Hallo," says I, "what, Sam, are ye alive yet?" "Aye," says he, "was that you as shrieked just now?" "Aye," says I, a little bit nettled as Sam should have heard me. "But keep up, mate," says I, "here's help a coming;" and presently there came a shine of light and somebody sings out "Here they are."

Ah, but we'd a precious bad time of it too, after they found us. A great stone had rumbled on our legs and smashed 'em dreadful, one of mine and one of Sam's, his left leg and my right. The stones had collapsed together like, so as we warn't killed outright; but they'd been digging for us the wrong way, and would never have got us out alive, if it hadn't been for that shout I give, as I thought was my last. The doctors whipped our legs off fast enou' after they got us out, and then I lay on my back, in a bit of a bothie alongside the cutting, for months and months. And there it was I made acquaintance with Sal, who was Sam's sister, and come to nurse him, and she looked after me, too, first-rate. Only I never thought about getting wedded then, being, as I was, very down in the mouth, wondering what was to become of me through having lost my leg.

Howsoever, Mr. Tracey, he came down one day to see how his chaps was getting on, and he comed into the hut to have a look at me and Sam. "Well, lads," he says, "how are you by this time?" "All right, governor," I says, "what there's left of us," says I, "the doctors took so much of us away, they'd ought to have joined me and Sam together, as might make a man between us." And Tracey, he laughed, and said, "Well Bob," says he, "you allus had a wooden head, and now you'll be head and foot all alike," says he. Well, I knowed by the old gent being so cheerful as there was something more behind, and says he to a man outside, "Tom, bring in them timbers!" and lo and behold there was a pair of wooden legs he'd brought from London; very neat looking things they was, too, with brass rims round the hoofs of 'em, and varnished beautiful. It seemed as the man as made them was proud of them, for there was burnt into the wood, right in the middle of each of the legs, the 'nitials of his name, P. L. B., meaning Philip Lee Bow, Mr. Tracey told me. But one of my mates, as was a bit of a scholard, coming in by-'n-by, he takes up my leg, and says he, "P. L. B., what does that mean? Why, Peg-legged Bob," says he, and that name stuck to me ever since.

But I was telling you about Mr. Tracey; well, that wasn't the last visit he paid me, and next time he came, he says, "Bob, you won't be much use for a navvy now," says he, "but you're a knowledgeable man, and has got your wits about you; take a contrack under me," says he. "'An't got the brass, Mr. Tracey," says I. "I'll lend you some," he says, "enough to start you; no interest to pay; but, mark you, I shall look for my money back some day." And with that he wrote me out a cheque for a hundred. Now Sam had a great fancy for a public-house, and Tracey helped him too, so he and I parted. But afore then Sal and I was wedded, and with Sal I took to Bos, the curly-haired dog as had been her father's, a valyble animal, sir, as hunted silent, and brought me in many a hare and rabbit in days gone by.

I did pretty well as a sub on the whole; ups and downs, and sometimes only bread and cheese for my pains, with a pound or two to the good now and then to pay back Mr. Tracey. Sam didn't do as well in the public line—made a break of it in fact, and then came back among his old pals, and kept a sort of a sly grog shop.

Well, I'd been working a good piece with Mr. Tracey in Ireland, a starvation sort of job, as melancholy a business as ever I knowed. When we'd got through that, I heard as Mr. Tracey was making a line in Wales. Thinks I, that's working home like: so I takes the steamer to Holyhead and jogs along to the wars. Tracey was working this job at both ends, with one set at this end in Blamarginshire and another at the t'other end in Magonyshire. Well, I saw there wasn't

Digitized by Google

a likely job for me in Blamarginshire, and so I worked on through the country. I may tell you I heard of Sam, as was doing a bit of business among the lads, but I didn't trouble to look him up, not being over friendly with him just then.

Howsoever I took a stiffish cutting at the other side of the country, Magonyshire end you know, and soon repented of my job I can tell you. I never see such a mixed sort of a place as that Wales. Everything higgledy piggledy, gravel and rock, slate and rubbidge all twisted up anyhow. There was no lodgings to be had near our cutting, so we made a sort of a camp, a row of huts, as we christened Prospect Villas. And with there being no town near, Sal set up a shop to sell groceries and pork and so on. It was a thing Mr. Tracey set his face against in a general way, any of us subs setting up shop. "'Taint right for the men," he'd say, "and it's the beginning of truckwork as I can't abide." But in this case he'd nothing to say against it. "Only," says he, "Bob, don't you go selling drink." Which I didn't, except as it might be to a friend, you know.

We hadn't been there long when who should turn up, one day, but Sam, my wife's brother. He was a big lump of a chap, just like myself, and about the same height. "I'm in a bit of trouble, Bob," says he; "lend us a pound or two, and get us run on to Brummagem." And he stayed a night with me, and I took him off afore daylight, and got him on to the ballast engine as was working on the line, and then he was all right. I never axed him what the trouble was as he'd got into; it wouldn't a' been polite, you know; and Sam never told me, only that it was in Blamarginshire, where he'd been doing a bit of business among the navvies as was working at the other end of Mr. Tracey's line.

I was standing atop of the bank, one day, looking over the men as was filling a set of waggons for the tip. The road ran close by, and a gig was coming along, and I thought for a minute it was Grinwell, our gaffer, coming to have a look at us; and I stumped off to the road to meet him. But it wasn't him, but a rather solemn-looking chap, with a frill of black whiskers round his face. And he stops and passes the time of the day with me. "Been in the army?" says he, pointing to my leg. "No," says I; "fall of rock." And he seemed to prick up his ears at that, and asked me a lot of questions as to how it happened, and so on. And then he begins admiring my leg—the wooden 'un—and would I mind putting it upon the step for him to see. "Ah," says he, "a nice bit of timber that; and them letters, why, you've got your 'nitials on it, I see: P. L. B. Thank'ee; good day," says he, and drives off sharp, as if to make up for lost time.

Well, me and Sal was having our tea that night atop of the counter—we was a bit squeezed for room, there being only the shop and a back parlour and a little cook-house, and four or five lodgers and the children and Bos—and a knock came at the door, and Bos he sets a-barking, like mad. "Come in," says I, with my mouth full of bread and cheese; and in walks two policemen and the gent I'd seen in the gig in the morning. "There's your prisoner," says he to the police; "take him off." "Why; what have I done?" says I, my heart sinking into my boot. "Oh," he says, "selling liquor without a licence." "But," I says—for my mind wasn't quite clear as I mightn't have transfixed the law, through being too careful to go as near to it as might be without breaking it,—says I, "Ain't I to have my trial?" "Trial! nonsense!" says he. "Who are you?" I says. "Are you kings, lords, and commons, and judge and jury, too?" says I. Says he, "I'm the supervisor of the excise, my boy; and here's the warrant to take you to prison. You know all about it; so it's no use pretending you don't." Well, Sal cried, and Bos howled, and the children screamed, and some of my men began to get wind of what was up, and gathered about the door. "Look sharp," says the exciseman; "they'll be trying a rescue next." And with that they hurried me out, and across the line to where a dog-cart was waiting, and away we went. And, presently, we came to a town called Lanpigstie, or some such name as that. Now, it so happened as I knew a man there, a lawyer—a regular hearty sort of chap—as was doing a bit of work for Mr. Tracey; and I spoke up, and said, "you must let me see my lawyer." "Your lawyer," sneered the police; "who's your lawyer?" "Why, Mr. David Evans," I said. And with that there was a whispering going on; and, presently, they said as they'd stop for half-an-hour at the Goat, and bait the horse; and I might send for the lawyer, if I pleased. And so Mr. David came to see me, as I was sitting in the tap-room, as glum as you please, between two policemen.

"Why, policemen," says he, as soon as

Digitized by Google

he saw me, "what's all this about?" "Revenue case," say they. "Let's look at your warrant," says he; and he turns it over in his hands. "All right," says he. "Now, what do you want me to do?" turning to me. "Well, sir, I want to have my trial like an Englishman," says I. "But," he said, "it tells me there, in that paper, as you have been convicted already before the magistrates of the county of Blamarginshire." "Never," says I; "no such thing. I never had my trial." "Well, that doesn't matter," he says; "if you get out of the way, and don't appear, you've only yourself to thank." "But I was never summoned or nothing." "That's difficult to prove," he says, dryly, "if they swear you was, unless you can make out an alibi. You don't deny being in Blamarginshire when this took place?" Well, I thought it over, and I couldn't deny but what I had been there, having stopped there a week or so on my way, to see if I could get a job to suit me. "Well, then," says he, "I'm sorry to say, if you can't pay the penalties and costs, two hundred and seventy-five pounds, you must go to prison." "And even that wouldn't do," says the policeman; "for there's another warrant out against him." "And what's that for?" "For assaulting the excise." Says I, "You're a parcel of lying scoundrels; and, peg-legged as I am, I'll fight you, to prove the truth of your words." "Oh, hush!" says the lawyer, laying his hand on my arms. "Why," says I, "is it feasible, as a poor lame chap, like me, should go and assault the excise?" "Well," says he laughing, "it's within the bounds of imagination. But," he says, "if you really say you ain't the man, I'll go and see Mr. Gauger, and ask him if he's quite convinced he's got the right end of the stick."

Well it was no manner of use, the exciseman was as sure he was right as if he'd been omniscious. "I've got him," says he, "he's giv' me a deal of trouble; they're a bad lot, these railway chaps, and I ll make an example of him. As for his not being the man, why that's what they all say; they've as many aliases as thieves," says he, "but we've got this man tight, anyhow, and we'll keep him." There was nothing more to be done, and they took me right off to Blamargin Castle, and locked me up in prison. And Mr. David stuck to me like a brick, and drove all the way after us in a hired car, and stopped the night at Blamargin to be ready for the court next day.

For you see they was obliged to bring me before the magistrates through the warrant for the assault, else they'd have had me in limbo up to now, I dare say.

Well, I spent a bad night, I can tell ye. You see I was right in the middle of my work, everything hanging on to me, all my money in the mud, as you may say, and only me as could pick it out. And Mr. Tracey depending on my work being finished too, and would have no mercy on me now, through having been deceived in me, as he'd say. It was almost as bad a night as I'd had under the rock. For tho' I knowed I was innocent, I knowed too as nobody would believe as I was.

Next morning, at eleven, I was walked up to the court-house, and there was the magistrates sitting all of a row, a little man with a big nose being the principal of them, and a white-haired gent with a pleasant rosy face, coming next. And alongside the magistrates, who should be sitting but Mr. Tracey. And I felt reg'lar ashamed of myself, as he should see me like this, and could hardly hold up my head.

There was a flashy young lawyer jumped up as said he represented the Crown, and Mr. David sat at the other end of the table, and represented me. He was a fat-faced little chap, with a merry twinkling eye, and a round paunch, in a grey tweed suit, as he'd slept in the night afore. But he was all there, every bit of him, sharp as a needle. First, they put up a young chap who it seems was training for the excise business — and he gave his evidence, and told the gents all about it. How he had information, two months ago, that a man they called Peg-leg had set up, within the last few days, a kind of sly grog shop; how he'd gone there with a spirit level in his hand, pretending to be one of Mr. Tracey's men, and got served with a glass of whisky, for which he'd paid fourpence. How he'd been served by a one-legged man, who he intensified as the prisoner at the bar, and who seemed to be the master of the house.

"And what particular reason have you," says the lawyer for their side, casting a sort of sweeping glance round the court, as much as to say, here's a clincher for them, "what particular reason have you for intensifying him?" "Well," says the young man, "when I first went into the shop, the man had taken off his wooden leg, and was sitting without shoe or stocking on, and smoking a pipe. And

Digitized by Google

I took up the leg," he says, "and observed," says he, "as it had the initials upon it, P. L. B., and I made a note of that and told the supervisor about it afterwards, and he tells me that this man's leg is marked in the same way." "Stop," said Mr. David, jumping up. "Gentlemen, I object." "You're quite right," said the magistrate with the big nose, "that's not evidence, and we shall dismiss it from our minds." "Well! I shall call the supervisor to prove that," then said the other lawyer. "Now, as to the assault. After you had drunk your whisky — you did drink it, eh?" "Yes, sir," said the young man. "It didn't choke you going down, eh?" said the lawyer, looking round to the 'semblage as much as to say, "You see I'm not one with these chaps, although I'm bound to work for 'em."

But the little magistrate caught him up sharp and told him not to waste time; and then the lawyer pulled up his shirt-collar and looked as if he could say a good deal if he chose, but wouldn't. And he went on. "Well, after you'd drunk your whisky, you told him who you really were." "Yes, I did, sir." "And what happened then?" "He called me a bad name, sir, and jumped up and said he'd kick me out of the place." "What, on one leg? did he jump up on one leg?" cried the little magistrate. "No, he'd got his leg strapped on by that time, sir." "Screwed on by that time, ah; well, what followed?" went on Mr. Lawyer. "I dared him to do it, and he made at me and I ran out." "And did he actually kick you?" "He did, sir." "You're quite sure that a kick was actually delivered?" "I've proof positive, sir. I've got it in my hand, sir;" here the young man hastily undid a brown-paper parcel, and drew out a black cut-away coat. "The floor of the shop was a fine white clay, sir, and rather damp, and you'll perceive that the man's foot left a clear impression upon the skirt of my coat. I've kept it carefully ever since." The young man held up the coat for the magistrate to see, and there, sure enough, was the print of a naked foot, two dabs of white for the heel and ball of the foot, and then the marks of the five toes, all in a row.

I was quite bewildered-like for a minute, knowing as no such thing had ever happened; and then all of a sudden it struck me what the truth of it was. They'd took me for Sam — but how was I to prove the difference — Stop a bit! and with that I makes signals to Mr. David, and he jumps up and comes over to the dock and I whispers something in his ear. He nods several times, and his eyes twinkles like dimonds and he goes back to his seat.

"Well!" says the other lawyer, stroking his mouth with the palm of his hand, as if he was trying to get the creases out of it. "Ha, hum! I don't want to ask you anything more," so he sits down, and up jumps my man, full of fight. "Allow me," says he, "to have a look at that coat as you hold in your hand, witness!" "Certainly," says the young man, politely, and hands it over. "Ha!" says my little lawyer, holding up the coat as if he was an old clothes-man. "That's a pretty plain footprint. You're quite sure you didn't make them marks yourself." "I've sworn otherwise," says the young man, quite dignified. "Hum, sworn otherwise; you swear in fact that this footprint was indented by the man who assaulted you." "I do most solemnly!" "You'll observe, gents," said Mr. David, holding up the coat before the eyes of the magistrates, "that this is the impression of a right foot." "Eh, ah, yes!" says the hook-nosed gent, looking through his gold eyeglass. "Clearly we can see that for ourselves." "I think," cuts in the other lawyer, with a grin on his face, "my friend will find it is the wrong foot for his client." The excise seemed to relish this joke amazing, and likewise the police, but little David looked at them quite scornful. Says he in a soft, oily voice, "Robert — defendant, will you have the kindness to show the magistrates your right foot!" Whereupon I whisks my peg-leg on to the top of the rail of the prisoner's dock.

You never saw people look as blank as them as was against me. That young chap as went and proved too much got it hot, I expect, from his gauger, and that was nothing, I reckon, to what the super got from his head-quarters. Their lawyer did his best for them, I must say. First, he pooh-poohed the count altogether; it wasn't an element in his case at all, he said; and when he saw that wouldn't do, he tried to make out that people's toes weren't always on the inside edge of their feet. Then he put it that praps, being a one-legged man, I'd got a right foot on my left leg. At that I offered to show the gents my other foot, but they didn't want that. The magistrates said that clearly the excise had made a mistake, and they hoped I should be properly compensated for what I'd

Digitized by Google

suffered, and so they set me free without more ado.

And when that job was finished Tracey beckoned me aside into a corner of the room, and says he, "Who was it, Bob, that did it? Was it Sam?" "How can I tell, Mr. Tracey," says I; "it warn't me, anyhow." "Ah," says he, "I remember now — the two wooden legs, P. L. B. Well," he says, looking quite solemn all in a minute, "You've made a better use of yours than Sam did. But, Bob," says he, "here's a fiver for you for expenses, and let it be a warnin' to you, and don't you go breaking the law."

Whereupon I thanked him, and said I never would, and didn't neither as long as I was in that part of the country, for there were eyes upon me all round after that, as you may be sure.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ORDERED SOUTH.

By a curious irony of fate, the places to which we are sent when health deserts us are often singularly beautiful. Often, too, they are places we have visited in former years, or seen briefly in passing by, and kept ever afterwards in pious memory; and we please ourselves with the fancy that we shall repeat many vivid and pleasurable sensations, and take up again the thread of our enjoyment in the same spirit as we let it fall. We shall now have an opportunity of finishing many pleasant excursions, interrupted of yore before our curiosity was fully satisfied. It may be that we have kept in mind, during all these years, the recollection of some valley into which we have just looked down for a moment before we lost sight of it in the disorder of the hills; it may be that we have lain awake at night, and agreeably tantalized ourselves with the thought of corners we had never turned, or summits we had all but climbed: we shall now be able, as we tell ourselves, to complete all these unfinished pleasures, and pass beyond the barriers that confined our recollections.

The promise is so great, and we are all so easily led away when hope and memory are both in one story, that I daresay the sick man is not very inconsolable when he receives sentence of banishment, and is inclined to regard his ill-health as not the least fortunate accident of his life. Nor is he immediately undeceived. The stir and speed of the journey, and the restlessness that goes to bed with him as he tries to sleep between two days of noisy progress, fever him, and stimulate his dull nerves into something of their old quickness and sensibility. And so he can enjoy the faint autumnal splendour of the landscape, as he sees hill and plain, vineyard and forest, clad in one wonderful glory of fairy gold, which the first great winds of winter will transmute, as in the fable, into withered leaves. And so too he can enjoy the admirable brevity and simplicity of such little glimpses of country and country ways as flash upon him through the windows of the train; little glimpses that have a character all their own; sights seen as a travelling swallow might see them from the wing, or Iris as she went abroad over the land on some Olympian errand. Here and there, indeed, a few children huzzah and wave their hands to the express; but for the most part, it is an interruption too brief and isolated to attract much notice; the sheep do not cease from browsing; a girl sits balanced on the projecting tiller of a canal boat, so precariously that it seems as if a fly or the splash of a leaping fish would be enough to overthrow the dainty equilibrium, and yet all these hundreds of tons of coal and wood and iron have been precipitated roaring past her very ear, and there is not a start, not a tremor, not a turn of the averted head, to indicate that she has been even conscious of its passage. Herein, I think, lies the chief attraction of railway travel. The speed is so easy, and the train disturbs so little the scenes through which it takes us, that our heart becomes full of the placidity and stillness of the country; and while the body is borne forward in the flying chain of carriages, the thoughts alight, as the humour moves them, at unfrequented stations; they make haste up the poplar alley that leads toward the town; they are left behind with the signalman as, shading his eyes with his hand, he watches the long train sweep away into the golden distance.

Moreover, there is still before the invalid the shock of wonder and delight with which he will learn that he has passed the indefinable line that separates South from North. And this is an uncertain moment; for sometimes the consciousness is forced upon him early, on the occasion of some slight association, a colour, a flower, or a scent; and sometimes not until, one fine morning, he wakes up with the southern sunshine peeping through

Digitized by Google

the *persiennes*, and the southern pâtois confusedly audible below the windows. Whether it come early or late, however, this pleasure will not end with the anticipation, as do so many others of the same family. It will leave him wider awake than it found him, and give a new significance to all he may see for many days to come. There is something in the mere name of the South that carries enthusiasm along with it. At the sound of the word, he pricks up his ears; he becomes as anxious to seek out beauties and to get by heart the permanent lines and character of the landscape, as if he had been told that it was all his own — an estate out of which he had been kept unjustly, and which he was now to receive in free and full possession. Even those who have never been there before feel as if they had been; and everybody goes comparing, and seeking for the familiar, and finding it with such ecstacies of recognition, that one would think they were coming home after a weary absence, instead of travelling hourly farther abroad.

It is only after he is fairly arrived and settled down in his chosen corner, that the invalid begins to understand the change that has befallen him. Everything about him is as he had remembered, or as he had anticipated. Here, at his feet, under his eyes, are the olive gardens and the blue sea. Nothing can change the eternal magnificence of form of the naked Alps behind Mentone; nothing, not even the crude curves of the railway, can utterly deform the suavity of contour of one bay after another along the whole reach of the Riviera. And of all this, he has only a cold head knowledge that is divorced from enjoyment. He recognizes with his intelligence that this thing and that thing is beautiful, while in his heart of hearts he has to confess that it is not beautiful for him. It is vain that he spurs his discouraged spirit; in vain that he chooses out points of view, and stands there, looking with all his eyes, and waiting for some return of the pleasure that he remembers in other days, as the sick folk may have awaited the coming of the angel at the pool of Bethesda. He is like an enthusiast leading about with him a stolid, indifferent tourist. There is some one by who is out of sympathy with the scene, and is not moved up to the measure of the occasion; and that some one is himself. The world is disenchanted for him. He seems to himself to touch things with muffled hands, and to see them through a veil. His life becomes a palsied fumbling after notes that are silent when he has found and struck them. He cannot recognize that this phlegmatic and unimpressible body with which he now goes burthened, is the same that he knew heretofore so quick and delicate and alive.

He is tempted to lay the blame on the very softness and amenity of the climate, and to fancy that in the rigours of the winter at home, these dead emotions would revive and flourish. A longing for the brightness and silence of fallen snow seizes him at such times. He is homesick for the hale rough weather; for the tracery of the frost upon his window-panes at morning, the reluctant descent of the first flakes, and the white roofs relieved against the sombre sky. And yet the stuff of which these yearnings are made, is of the flimsiest: if but the thermometer fall a little below its ordinary Mediterranean level, or a wind come down from the snow-clad Alps behind, the spirit of his fancies changes upon the instant, and many a doleful vignette of the grim wintry streets at home returns to him, and begins to haunt his memory. The hopeless, huddled attitude of tramps in doorways; the flinching gait of barefoot children on the icy pavement; the sheen of the rainy streets towards afternoon; the meagre anatomy of the poor defined by the clinging of wet garments; the high canorous note of the North-easter on days when the very houses seem to stiffen with cold: these, and such as these, crowd back upon him, and mockingly substitute themselves for the fanciful winter scenes with which he had pleased himself awhile before. He cannot be glad enough that he is where he is. If only the others could be there also; if only those tramps could lie down for a little in the sunshine, and those children warm their feet, this once, upon a kindlier earth; if only there were no cold anywhere, and no nakedness, and no hunger; if only it were as well with all men as it is with him!

For it is not altogether ill with the invalid, after all. If it is only rarely that anything penetrates vividly into his numbed spirit, yet, when anything does, it brings with it a joy that is all the more poignant for its very rarity. There is something pathetic in these occasional returns of a glad activity of heart. In his lowest hours he will be stirred and awakened by many such; and they will spring perhaps from very trivial sources; as a friend once said to me, the "spirit of de-

Digitized by Google

light" comes often on small wings. For the pleasure that we take in beautiful nature is essentially capricious. It comes sometimes when we least look for it; and sometimes, when we expect it most certainly, it leaves us to gape joylessly for days together, in the very home-land of the beautiful. We may have passed a place a thousand times and one; and on the thousand and second it will be transfigured, and stand forth in a certain splendour of reality from the dull circle of surroundings; so that we see it "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth saw the daffodils by the lake side. And if this falls out capriciously with the healthy, how much more so with the invalid. Some day he will find his first violet, and be lost in pleasant wonder, by what alchemy the cold earth of the clods, and the vapid air and rain, can be transmuted into colour so rich and odour so bewilderingly sweet. Or perhaps he may see a group of washerwomen relieved, on a spit of shingle, against the blue sea, or a meeting of flower-gatherers in the temperate daylight of an olive-garden; and something significant or monumental in the grouping, something in the harmony of faint colour that is always characteristic of the dress of these southern women, will come home to him unexpectedly, and awake in him that satisfaction with which we tell ourselves that we are the richer by one more beautiful experience. Or it may be something even slighter: as when the opulence of the sunshine, which somehow gets lost and fails to produce its effect on the large scale, is suddenly revealed to him by the chance isolation — as he changes the position of his sunshade — of a yard or two of roadway with its stones and weeds. And then, there is no end to the infinite variety of the olive-yards themselves. Even the colour is indeterminate and continually shifting: now you would say it was green, now grey, now blue; now tree stands above tree, like "cloud on cloud," massed into filmy indistinctness; and now, at the wind's will, the whole sea of foliage is shaken and broken up with little momentary silverings and shadows. But every one sees the world in his own way. To some the glad moment may have arrived on other provocations; and their recollection may be most vivid of the stately gait of women carrying burthens on their heads; of tropical effects, with canes and naked rock and sunlight; of the relief of cypresses; of the troubled, busy-looking groups of sea-pines, that seem always as if they were being wielded and swept together by a whirlwind; of the air coming, laden with virginal perfumes, over the myrtles and the scented underwood; of the empurpled hills standing up, solemn and sharp, out of the green-gold air of the east at evening.

There go many elements, without doubt, to the making of one such moment of intense perception; and it is on the happy agreement of these many elements, on the harmonious vibration of many nerves, that the whole delight of the moment must depend. Who can forget how, when he has chanced upon some attitude of complete restfulness, after long uneasy rolling to and fro on grass or heather, the whole fashion of the landscape has been changed for him, as though the sun had just broken forth, or a great artist had only then completed, by some cunning touch, the composition of the picture? And not only a change of posture — a snatch of perfume, the sudden singing of a bird, the freshness of some pulse of air from an invisible sea, the light shadow of a travelling cloud, the merest nothing that sends a little shiver along the most infinitesimal nerve of a man's body — not one of the least of these but has a hand somehow in the general effect, and brings some refinement of its own into the character of the pleasure we feel. And if the external conditions are thus varied and subtle, even more so are those within our own bodies. No man can find out the world, says Solomon, from beginning to end, because the world is in his heart; and so it is impossible for any of us to understand, from beginning to end, that agreement of harmonious circumstances that creates in us the highest pleasure of admiration, precisely because some of these circumstances are hidden from us forever in the constitution of our own bodies. After we have reckoned up all that we can see or hear or feel, there still remains to be taken into account some sensibility more delicate than usual in the nerves affected, or some exquisite refinement in the architecture of the brain, which is indeed to the sense of the beautiful as the eye or the ear to the sense of hearing or sight. We admire splendid views and great pictures; and yet what is truly admirable is rather the mind within us, that gathers together these scattered details for its delight, and makes out of certain colours, certain distributions of graduated light and darkness, that intelligible whole which alone

Digitized by Google

we call a picture or a view. Hazlitt, relating, in one of his essays how he went on foot from one great man's house to another's in search of works of art, begins suddenly to triumph over these noble or wealthy owners, because he was more capable of enjoying their costly possessions than they were; because they had paid the money and he had received the pleasure. And the occasion is a fair one for self-complacency. While the one man was working to be able to buy the picture, the other was working to be able to enjoy the picture. An inherited aptitude will have been diligently improved in either case; only the one man has made for himself a fortune, and the other has made for himself a living spirit. It is a fair occasion for self-complacency, I repeat, when the event shows a man to have chosen the better part, and laid out his life more wisely, in the long run, than those who have credit for most wisdom. And yet even this is not a good unmixed; and like all other possessions, although in a less degree, the possession of a brain that has been thus improved and cultivated, and made into the prime organ of a man's enjoyment, brings with it certain inevitable cares and disappointments. The happiness of such an one comes to depend greatly upon those fine shades of sensation that heighten and harmonize the coarser elements of beauty. And thus a degree of nervous prostration, that to other men would be hardly disagreeable, is enough to overthrow for him the whole fabric of his life, to take, except at rare moments, the edge off his pleasures, and to meet him wherever he goes with failure, and the sense of want, and disenchantment of the world and life.

It is not in such numbness of spirit only that the life of the invalid resembles a premature old age. Those excursions that he had promised himself to finish, prove too long or too arduous for his feeble body; and the barrier-hills are as impassable as ever. Many a white town that sits far out on the promontory, many a comely fold of wood on the mountain side, beckons and allures his imagination day after day, and is yet as inaccessible to his feet as the clefts and gorges of the clouds. The sense of distance grows upon him wonderfully; and after some feverish efforts and the fretful uneasiness of the first few days, he falls contentedly in with the restrictions of his weakness. His narrow round becomes pleasant and familiar to him as the cell to a contented prisoner. Just as he has fallen already out of the mid race of active life, he now falls out of the little eddy that circulates in the shallow waters of the sanatorium. He sees the country people come and go about their every-day affairs; the foreigners stream out in goodly pleasure parties; the stir of man's activity is all about him, as he suns himself inertly in some sheltered corner; and he looks on with a patriarchal impersonality of interest, such as a man may feel when he pictures to himself the fortunes of his remote descendants, or the robust old age of the oak he has planted over night.

In this falling aside, in this quietude and desertion of other men, there is no inharmonious prelude to the last quietude and desertion of the grave; in this dulness of the senses there is a gentle preparation for the final insensibility of death. And to him the idea of mortality comes in a shape less violent and harsh than is its wont, less as an abrupt catastrophe than as a thing of infinitesimal gradation, and the last step on a long decline of way. As we turn to and fro in bed, and every moment the movements grow feebler and smaller and the attitude more restful and easy, until sleep overtakes us at a stride and we move no more, so desire after desire leaves him; and day by day his strength decreases, and the circle of his activity grows ever narrower; and he feels, if he is to be thus tenderly weaned from the passion of life, thus gradually inducted into the slumber of death, that when at last the end comes, it will come quietly and fitly. If anything is to reconcile poor spirits to the coming of the last enemy, surely it should be such a mild approach as this; not to hale us forth with violence, but to persuade us from a place we have no further pleasure in. It is not so much, indeed, death that approaches as life that withdraws and withers up from round about him. He has outlived his own usefulness, and almost his own enjoyment; and if there is to be no recovery; if never again will he be young and strong and passionate, if the actual present shall be to him always like a thing read in a book or remembered out of the far-away past; if, in fact, this be veritably nightfall, he will not wish greatly for the continuance of a twilight that only strains and disappoints the eyes, but steadfastly await the perfect darkness. He will pray for Medea: when she comes, let her either rejuvenate or slay.

And yet the ties that still attach him to the world are many and kindly. The

Digitized by Google

sight of children has a significance for him such as it may have for the aged also, but not for others. If he has been used to feel humanely, and to look upon life somewhat more widely than from the narrow loophole of personal pleasure and advancement, it is strange how small a portion of his thoughts will be changed or embittered by this proximity of death. He knows that already, in English counties, the sower follows the ploughman up the face of the field, and the rooks follow the sower; and he knows also that he may not live to go home again and see the corn spring and ripen and be cut down at last, and brought home with gladness. And yet the future of this harvest, the continuance of drought or the coming of rain unseasonably, touch him as sensibly as ever. For he has long been used to wait with interest the issue of events in which his own concern was nothing; and to be joyful in a plenty, and sorrowful for a famine, that did not increase or diminish, by one half loaf, the equable sufficiency of his own supply. Thus there remain unaltered all the disinterested hopes for mankind and a better future which have been the solace and inspiration of his life. These he has set beyond the reach of any fate that only menaces himself; and it makes small difference whether he die five thousand years, or five thousand and fifty years, before the good epoch for which he faithfully labours. He has not deceived himself; he has known from the beginning that he followed the pillar of fire and cloud, only to perish himself in the wilderness, and that it was reserved for others to enter joyfully into possession of the land. And so, as everything grows greyer and quieter about him, and slopes towards extinction, these unfaded visions accompany his sad decline, and follow him, with friendly voices and hopeful words into the very vestibule of death. The desire of love or of fame scarcely moved him, in his days of health, more strongly than these generous aspirations move him now; and so life is carried forward beyond life, and a vista kept open for the eyes of hope, even when his hands grope already on the face of the impassable.

Lastly, he is bound tenderly to life by the thought of his friends; or shall we not say rather, that by their thought for him, by their unchangeable solicitude and love, he remains woven into the very stuff of life beyond the power of bodily dissolution to undo? In a thousand ways will he survive and be perpetuated. Much of Etienne de la Boetie survived during all the years in which Montaigne continued to converse with him on the pages of the ever-delightful essays. Much of what was truly Goethe was dead already when he revisited places that knew him no more, and found no better consolation than the promise of his own verses, that soon he too would be at rest. Indeed, when we think of what it is that we most seek and cherish, and find most pride and pleasure in calling ours, it will sometimes seem to us as if our friends, at our decease, would suffer loss more truly than ourselves. As a monarch who should care more for the outlying colonies he knows on the map or through the report of his vicegerents, than for the trunk of his empire under his eyes at home, are we not more concerned about the shadowy life that we have in the hearts of others, and that portion in their thoughts and fancies which, in a certain far-away sense, belongs to us, than about the real knot of our identity — that central metropolis of self, of which alone we are immediately aware — or the diligent service of arteries and veins, and infinitesimal activity of ganglia, which we know (as we know a proposition in Euclid) to be the source and substance of the whole? At the death of every one whom we love, some fair and honourable portion of our existence falls away, and we are dislodged from one of these dear provinces; and they are not, perhaps, the most fortunate who survive a long series of such impoverishments, till their life and influence narrow gradually into the meagre limit of their own spirits, and death, when he comes at last, can scotch them at one blow.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From The Spectator.

THE OLD SCOTCH MODERATES.

THE Duke of Richmond's Bill for the Abolition of Lay Patronage in the Church of Scotland casts a vivid light on the change which has come over that institution, and recalls an interesting set of Churchmen. Patronage was once the battle-ground of the two great parties into which that, like every other Church, is divided. On the one side was the party which walks by faith, and on the other that which prefers to walk by sight so long as the sun is up. On the

Digitized by Google

one side were clergy fervent in spirit and prone to push earnestness to the length of bigotry, while the clergy on the other were inclined to test all arguments by the edge of the naked reason, to be impatient of heroics, to look with scepticism on the promptings of enthusiasm, and to hew away the portals of the faith until the way should be broad enough to admit even the crowds of the market-place. The old Evangelicals of Scotland were cast in much the same mould as the Low Churchmen of England were fifty years ago, and they were not unlike what Mr. Spurgeon's congregation would be to-day, if it were made up of hard logical heads as well as of believing hearts. But it is not so easy to find an English parallel to the old Scotch Moderates. They have a character of their own, which is an insoluble puzzle to those impatient students who, like Buckle, fancy that they know Scotch Presbyterianism when they have studied a few books of Cameronian divinity; when they have applied their philosophical measuring-wand to the "godly Mr. Renwick" and to Richard Cameron; and when, with a happy union of insolence and ignorance, they have devoted a few pages of rhetorical sneers to a nation which could throw its rare intellectual capacity at the feet of what they are pleased to term a besotted fanaticism. Buckle would scarcely have understood the retort that the "fanaticism" even of the Covenanters was never "besotted," and that he himself would have had a slender chance of victory if he had tried a fall in the field of logic with some of the fanatics on whom he showered the philosophic scorn that he had borrowed from Comte. Mr. Froude, who does see the real spirit of Scotch Calvinism, treats it with a respect and an admiration which form a happy contrast to the insolent contempt of the historian who fancied that the world could be healed of its woes by the glad tidings of statistical tables. And the truth is, that the theological extravagances of the Covenanters became a quickening intellectual agent, because they forced the people to think for themselves. By presenting to the mind of unlettered peasants metaphysical problems, which were only theological renderings of the deepest questions of the schools, they gave the thoughts of those wayfaring men such a range, and often such a sublimity, as will never come to any like body of people who draw their inspiration from merely secular knowledge. And meanwhile, many of the Scotch clergy and laity fought as stoutly against the fanaticism of the Covenanters, and the temper of the whole Evangelical school, as Mr. Buckle himself, although they could not match the rancour of his monkish intellectual bigotry, for the reason that they knew what they were speaking about. Knowledge is the strait-waistcoat which prevents fury from doing mischief to itself.

A "Moderate" minister of the old school was a Calvinistic Broad Churchman, at least as much a lawyer as a theologian, a man of the world rather than a saint, and a human creature who did not disdain the inspiration of conviviality. As his name implied, he aspired to be "moderate" in all things. He preached Calvinism moderately, he moderately told men to be moral, he preached moderately long sermons, and he rebuked fanaticism with moderate warmth of contempt. In the same spirit did he interpret the command to preach the Gospel to the whole earth. The divine behest implied, he thought, that the Gospel was a very good thing when taken in moderation, but that it would be rash to push missionaries — especially if they were Evangelicals — into the placid and happy ignorance of a heathen village. There was only one subject which made him lose his moderation, and that was fanatical attacks on patronage, for these were attacks on himself. But for patronage, he would never have had a good stipend and a comfortable manse. No body of worshippers would ever have chosen him, if they had been left to the freedom of their own will, and if their impulses had been governed by that sense of responsibility which comes with liberty. Hugh Miller once drew a striking picture of a divinity student who rose to the ministry by sheer dint of his scholarship and his keen brain, but whose character was open to such suspicions that no congregation would ever give him a "call." His hope lay in the good offices of a patron; but the power of Veto which the General Assembly gave to congregations seemed to blast them forever, and he left the country. Had he remained a few years, he would have found the decree of the General Assembly set aside by the Court of Session and the House of Lords, and his own chances brought back again for a brief space of time. Although painted by the hand of an Evangelical, that picture does not unfairly represent the old race of

Digitized by Google

rural "Moderates." Many of them were clever, and their skill in debate showed that they would have been capital lawyers or politicians. Many of them could write English with elegance, and they did not allow their style to jolt over the "corderoy road" of Calvinistic logic, but they took the smoother way of the moral law. Stout Cameronians, "Old Lights," and all the grim zealots of Secession, turned aside with disgust from the "cauld morality" of the Moderates, saying that it had not an ounce of the Gospel from one year's end to the other, and that it was little better than heathenism. It was precisely the dislike to that "cauld morality" that caused the Disruption. The parishioners of Auchterarder did not pretend that Mr. Young was morally bad, nor did those of Marnoch specify any such blot in the character of Mr. Edwards as could have been seen by a Court of law. Each band of devotees thought merely that the man of the patron's choice had not unction enough to be a fit teacher of the Gospel, and they refused to accept "cauld morality" in its place. But the Moderate minister was as certain of the laird's or the lord's favour as of the devotees' frown. A deposed minister once pathetically pleaded that he had been deprived of a manse, a stipend of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the privilege of periodically dining with his Grace the Duke of Argyll. The Moderates further disdained the fanaticism which fled from whisky, and, when whisky took the etherealized form of toddy, they believed in its virtues much more fervently than they credited the Confession of Faith. Many a deep carouse did they comfort themselves with when they met at Presbytery dinners, or when the business of the Gospel drew half a dozen of them to the same manse. They bore the scars of spirituous battles on their glowing faces. The rich coppery hue of many a reverend countenance had been got only by dint of long and persistent effort,—by nightly touching and retouching, by the laying of tint on tint, by the determination never to throw away an opportunity of giving mellowness to the alcoholic colouring of years. Some of their faces could not have been tinted for less than five or six hundred pounds, and if they had drunk old port instead of toddy, the operation might have cost them half as many thousands. There were "drunken Presbyteries," filled, of course, with theologians who, even in the last stages of articulation, boasted that they were Moderates. One, which played a great part during the Ten Years' Struggle of the Disruption, consumed as much toddy as would have drowned the General Assembly.

Even the leaders of the Moderate party did not disdain the spirituous comforts of this life. "Jupiter Carlyle," as the stately and convivial minister of Inveresk was called, sends up a steam of toddy from his wonderful diary, when he does not soak it in claret. Indeed, he and the rest of the intellectual Moderates drank as hard as the lawyers of their time; and it would not be easy to find a more vigorous comparison. That they were also a band of clever and cultivated men, it is needless to say, when they included Robertson, Blair, Hill, and other writers or preachers of only one degree less mark. These men deliberately set themselves to the task of stripping Scotch Presbyterism free from provincialism, and so triumphant were they that most of their sermons might have been preached in a Catholic church or in a heathen temple as fitly as in St. Giles's. They taught the moral law with politeness; they made philosophy the handmaid of Christianity with well-bred moderation; and they so handled the grimmer tenets of Calvin as to hurt no susceptibilities. They were masters of theological deportment, and they would have been Fathers of the Church, if the Church had been a school of manners. Hence, their supreme effort was to write a good style. They aspired to rank with the men of letters who were making Paris and London the New Jerusalems of Literature. Robertson polished his sentences as laboriously as an old Covenanter would have tried to smooth the way unto eternal life, and we fear that he rather disdained the jerky rhetoric of St. Paul. He treasured the compliment of Horace Walpole that his style was fine, as fondly as a Cameronian might have nursed the remembrance of the day when he was hunted to the hills by the dragoons of Claverhouse, or when he smote those messengers of Satan hip and thigh at Drumclog. Blair was even more careful to smooth his rhetoric until it should satisfy the imperative decorum of the Schools, and he has had his reward in the fact that his sermons, if they do not yield inspiration to the theologian, are valued in grammar-classes for the Pharisaic cleanness of their style. The leaders of the Moderates were men of the world, as well as writers and theologians. They could play whist with a skill worthy of an Episcopalian training;

Digitized by Google

they went to the theatre as freely as if the Covenanters had never lifted up a testimony against unhallowed amusements; they were on excellent terms with David Hume; and they did their best to prove the justice of his glowing compliment that their Church was more favourable to Deism than any other in Christendom.

The storm of the Disruption blew away the old Moderates from their place of power. Their ability and culture had been sensibly declining before that revolution; the wave of earnestness which brought the change having also lifted the most powerful and original minds of the Church into a region of aggressive Calvinism which stunted the growth of philosophic indifference to dogma, or of such a style as would have satisfied Dr. Blair. Cook, Bryce, and Robertson of Ellon, the leaders of the Moderate party, were all able men; but they were far more than outmatched, both in the pulpit and in debate, by Chalmers, Cunningham, Candlish, Welsh, Guthrie, Begg, and the other leaders of the Non-Intrusionists. The Disruption carried the flower of the clergy to the Free Church. But before many years had passed, it began to be seen that they were to have no successors. The very zeal of the Free Church had generated an impatience of independent thought and a demand for the rigorous Calvinism of the Covenant which were strangely out of harmony with the growing Liberalism of the age. Young men of real power did not find such fetters congenial, and the Free Church is paying the penalty which always awaits those institutions that shut themselves into an iron shroud of dogma. The leaders whom it followed into the Wilderness of Voluntaryism are all dead, with the exception of Dr. Buchanan, a respectable debater, and Dr. Begg, who had the most earthy mind of them all, and who is indeed a vigorous political agitator rather than a theologian; a debater who would have become the equal of any man in the House of Commons in the power of sheer hard hitting, if he had been caught young enough; a born pugilist, an incarnate denial of the precept "Blessed are the meek," but not a Father of the Church. The only worthy successor of the vigorous band is Dr. Rainy, and he stands alone. Bold minds, like Mr. Knight, of Dundee, can find no resting-place in the Free Church, and hence it is undergoing a process of intellectual starvation. The traditions of the Establishment, on the other hand, have been so much more favourable to individual freedom, that it affords a better field of work to the men who do not choose to forget that this is the nineteenth century, and that the theological point of view cannot be the same to-day as it was two centuries ago. Hence the Established Church has been gaining command of mental power as fast as the Free Church has been losing that regulating fly-wheel of influence. It has found room for a Broad-Church party, led by such men as Principal Tulloch and Dr. Wallace. Those men represent the old Moderates, but they are as different from them as this age is from the last. Intellectual prudence has ceased to be their chief distinction, and in truth it has given place to an intellectual boldness which Knox and Melville would have smitten with anathema. They represent as faithfully as Dean Stanley himself that rationalistic influence which is shaping the dogmas of traditional Christianity to suit the subtle intellectual and moral demands of an essentially scientific age. They further differ from Robertson and the old chiefs of Moderatism in the indifference or the hostility with which they look at patronage, the sheet-anchor of their school a hundred years ago; and the Duke of Richmond's Bill is a confession that the old Moderates of the Scottish Church have passed away.

END OF VOL. VI.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

AUG 21 1939

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google